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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS.

A Happy Family, ... 345
Acta Sanctorum, The Bollandist, . . . 81
Aliscamps, The, ... 43
American Novel, The, ... 325
An Imperial Conspirator, ... 289

Babette, ... 549
Ballymurry, ... 207
Barriers between Labor and Capital, . . 230
Bismarck's Peace Negotiations, . . . 817
Blanche Blake's Choice, ... 790
Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, ... 81

Canova, ... 243
Cardinal Manning, ... 762
Chambly, Recollections of, ... 102
Christianity, Protestant Criticism of, . . 88
Civilization and its Laws, ... 605

Dr. Newman and Dr. Pusey, ... 184

Education, Technical, ... 511
Encyclical, The Pope's, ... 849
English Poetry, Protestant Element in, . . 105

Felix Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, . . 538
Fernando, ... 828
From an Irish Country-House, . . 261, 530
Fulda, the Monastery of, ... 301
Fall of Liberius, The Pretended, . . . 110
Fourvières, Heights of, ... 172

Grace, Mazzella's Treatise on, ... 131
Guardian Angel, What it Costs to be a, . . 379

Heights of Fourvières, ... 172

Italy and the Pope, ... 461

Jasmin, ... 591
Jews in Rome, The, in Heathen Times, . 336

Lady Chatterton, Memoirs of, ... 145
Labor and Capital, Barriers between, . . 230
Liberius, Pretended Fall of, ... 110
Letter of Pope Leo XIII. to Cardinal Nina, . 413

Knowledge, Reality of, ... 721

Madame de la Rochefoucauld, ... 395
Madame Duchesne, Life of, ... 685
Mazzella's Treatise on Grace, ... 131
Material Mission of the Church, . . . 659
Memoirs of Georgiana, Lady Chatterton, . 145
Monastery of Fulda, ... 301

Newman and Pusey, ... 184
New School of Philosophical Fiction, The, . 837
Nicodemus a Slave, ... 119
Novel, The American, ... 325

Our Roman Letter, ... 710

Pearl, ... 13, 159, 311, 442, 619, 735
Père Monsabré, ... 651
Plain Chant, . . . 32, 269, 407, 636, 774
Protestant Criticism of Christianity, . . 88
Protestant Element in English Poetry, . . 105
Protestant Theology in Short Clothes, . . 672
Pusey and Newman, ... 184

Reality of Knowledge, ... 721
Reality of the World, ... 577
Recollections of Chambly, ... 102
Rome's Recruits, ... 433
Rome under the Popes, ... 701, 754

Sister Mary Agnes, ... 56
Socialism and Communism in *The Independent*, ... 808

The Aliscamps, ... 43
The First Vow, ... 368
Technical Education, ... 511
The New School of Philosophical Fiction, . 837
The Pope's Encyclical, ... 849
Tom Ffrench's Christmas, ... 486
Two Famous Deans, ... 481

What it Costs to be a Guardian Angel, . . 379
World, Reality of the, ... 577

Year of Our Lord 1878, ... 563

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

A Child's Desire, ... 309
A Day's Lesson, ... 205
A Mountain Echo, ... 101
A Provence Rose, ... 806
A Valentine, ... 761
Art Sonnets, ... 158, 344, 441, 619

Beati Pauperes Animo, ... 714

Cradle and Cross, ... 418

Epiphany, ... 509
"Extra Ecclesiam—Nulla Salus," . . . 827

In Memoriam, ... 424

King Oswy of Northumbria, ... 1

Longing, ... 41

Mater Dolorosa, ... 753

State-Craft's Pilot, ... 118

The Flowers' Homily, ... 79
The Bollandist Fathers, ... 87
The Brooklet, ... 671
To SS. Peter and Andrew Crucified, . . 848

Vision of Marie de l'Incarnation, . . . 648

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Lytel Boke for ye Maryemonth, . . . 141
A Strange Village, and Other Stories, . . 144
Acts of the Early Martyrs, ... 143
Alzog's Universal Church History, . . . 283

Aspirations of the World, ... 430
Cantiones Sacræ, ... 140
Cardinal Wolsey, ... 143
Catechism of History of Ireland, . . . 142
Christian Life and Virtues, ... 143
Compendium of Philosophy of Ancient History, ... 142
Cyprus, ... 431

De Re Sacramentaria Prælectiones, . . 285
Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, . . 284
Epistles and Gospels, ... 288
Excerpta ex Rituali Romano, ... 720

God the Teacher of Mankind, . . . 431

Heroic Women of the Bible and the Church. 431
Histoire de Mme. Duchesne, ... 425
History of Roman Literature, ... 719
Hours with the Sacred Heart, ... 719

Interest Tables, ... 432

Lady Nell, ... 431
Latin Grammar, ... 139
Latin Exercises, ... 139
Lectures on Mediæval Church History, . 426
Lloyd Pennant, ... 144
Libri Quatuor de Imitatione Christi, . . 429
Life of Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, . . 142
Little Treatise, ... 719
Lives of the Irish Martyrs and Confessors, . 429
Lives of the Early Popes: St. Peter to St. Sylvester, ... 859

Manual of Sacred Chant, ... 140
Month Dedicated to the Seraphic Patriarch St. Francis by his Children and Devout Clients, ... 860

O'Connell Centenary Record, ... 288

Picturesque Ireland, ... 429
Points in Canon Law, ... 717

Raphaela, ... 430

Sensible Etiquette, ... 428
Shadows of the Rood, ... 141
Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism, ... 428
Society of Jesus, History of, ... 140
Songs, Legends, and Ballads, ... 287
Sufferings of the Church in Brittany, . . 427
St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, . . . 860

Theologia Dogmatica, ... 139
The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1879, ... 720
The Jesuits, ... 715
The Jesuits: Their Trials and Triumphs, . 720
The Little Good-for-Nothing, ... 429
The Protestant Reformation, Anglicanism and Ritualism, ... 859
The Poet and his Master, and Other Poems, . 859
The Rule of Faith, ... 720
The Teacher of our Faith, ... 143
True Love of God, ... 141
True Men as we need Them, ... 288

Young Girl's Month of November, . . . 432

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXVIII., No. 163.—OCTOBER, 1878.

KING OSWY OF NORTHUMBRIA.

A CHRONICLE POEM, TAKEN CHIEFLY FROM THE VENERABLE BEDE.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

L'ENVOY.

'MID quiet meads, or cities midnight-stilled,
Well pleased the indweller hears from distant Alps,
Wakeful by night, on fitful breeze the voice
Of torrents murmuring down their rocky beds:—
The rude old Chronicles of ancient days,
Reader, might thus content thee. This is one.

Young, beauteous, brave—the bravest of the brave—
Who loved not Oswin? All that saw him loved:
Aidan loved most, monk of Iona's Isle,
Northumbria's bishop next, from Lindisfarne
Ruling in things divine. One morn it chanced
That Oswin, noting how with staff in hand
Old Aidan roamed his spiritual realm, footbare,
Wading deep stream, and piercing thorny brake,
Sent him a horse—his best. The saint was pleased;
But, onward while he rode, and, musing, smiled,
To think of these his honors in old age,
A beggar claimed his alms. "Gold have I none,"
Aidan replied; "this horse be thine!" The king,
Hearing the tale, was grieved. "Keep I, my lord,
No meaner horses fit for beggar's use
That thus my best should seem a thing of naught?"
To whom old Aidan: "Beggar's use, my king!"

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"What was that horse? The foal of some poor mare!
The least of men—the sinner—is God's child!"
Then dropped the king on both his knees, and cried:
"Father, forgive me!" As they sat at meat
Oswy was mirthful, and, the jest scarce made,
His hungry thanes laughed loud. But great, slow tears
In silence trickled down old Aidan's face:
These all men marked; but no man question made.
At last to one beside him Aidan spake
In Irish tongue, to all save them unknown,
"God will not leave such meekness long on earth."

Who loved not Oswin? Not alone his realm,
Dëira, loved him, but Bernician lords
Whose monarch, Oswy, was a man of storms,
Fierce king, albeit in youth to clerist baptized,
At heart half pagan. Swift as northern cloud
Through summer skies, down swept he with his host
Upon the rival kingdom. Face to face
The armies stood. But Oswin, when he marked
His own a little flock 'mid countless wolves,
Addressed them thus: "Why perish, friends, for me?
From exile came I: for my people's sake
To exile I return, or gladlier die.
Depart in peace." To Gilling Tower he rode,
And waited there his fate. Thither next day
King Oswy marched, and slew him.

Twelve days passed;
Then Aidan, while through green Northumbria's woods
Pensive he paced, steadying his doubtful steps,
Felt death approaching. Giving thanks to God,
The old man laid him by a church half raised
Amid great oaks and yews, and, leaning there
His head against the buttress, passed to God.
They made their bishop's grave at Lindisfarne;
But Oswin rested at the mouth of Tyne
Within a wave-girt, granite promontory
Where sea and river meet. For many an age
The pilgrim from far countries came in faith
To that still shrine—men called it "Oswin's Peace,"—
Thither the outcast fled for sanctuary:
The sick man there found health. Thus Oswin lived,
Though dead, a benediction in the land.

What gentlest form kneels on the rain-washed ground
From Gilling's keep a stone's-throw? Whose those hands
Now pressed in anguish on a bursting heart,
Now o'er a tearful countenance spread in shame?

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What purest mouth, but roseless for great woe,
With zeal to youthful lovers never known
Presses a new-made grave, and through the blades
Of grass wind-shaken breathes her piteous prayer?
Save from remorse came over grief like hers?
Yet how could ever sin, or sin's remorse,
Find such fair mansion? Oswin's grave it is;
And she that o'er it kneels is Eanfleda,
Kinswoman of the noble dead, and wife
To Oswin's murderer—Oswy.

Saddest one
And sweetest! Lo, that cloud which overhung
Her cradle swathes once more in deeper gloom
Her throne late won, and new-decked bridal bed.
This was King Edwin's babe, whose natal star
Shone on her father's pathway doubtful long,
Shone there a line of light, from pagan snares
Leading to Christian baptism. Penda heard—
Penda, that drew his stock from Odin's loins,
Penda, that drank his wine from skulls of foes,
Penda, fierce Mercia's king. He heard, and fell
In ruin on the region. Edwin dead,
Paulinus led the widow and her babe,
The widow, Ethelburga, Bertha's child
And Ethelbert's, the twain that ruled in Kent,
Back to that southern shore.

The infant's feet
Pattered above the pavement of that church
In Canterbury by Augustine raised;
The child grew paler when Gregorian chants
Shook the dim roofs. Gladly the growing girl
Gave ear to stories of her ancestress
Clotilda, boast of France, but weeping turned
From tales low-whispered by her Saxon nurse
Of Loke, the spirit accursed that slanders gods,
And Sinna, Queen of Hell. The years went by;
The last had brought King Oswy's embassage,
With suit obsequious, "Let the princess share
With me her father's crown." To simple hearts
Changes come gently. Soon, all trust, she stood
By God's high altar with her destined lord:
Adown her finger as the bride-ring slid
So slid into her heart a true wife's love:
Rooted in faith, it ripened day by day—
Behold the end of all

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There as she knelt
A strong foot clanged behind her. "Weeping still!
Up, wife of mine! If Oswin had not died
His gracious ways had filched from me my realm,
My thanes so loved his meekness!" Turning not
She answered low: "He died an unarmed man."
And Oswy: "Fool that fought not when he might;
So had his slaughtered war-troop decked his grave!
I scorned him for his grief that men should die;
And, scorning him, I hated; for which cause
His blood is on my sword!"

Yet Oswy's heart,
In wrath so wild, had moods of passionate love.
A warrior of his host, Tosti by name,
Plague-stricken lay: both kith and kin had fled:
Whole days the king sustained upon his knees
The sufferer's head, and cheered his heart with songs
Of Odin, strangely blent with Christian hymns,
While ofttimes stormy bursts of tears descended
Upon that face upturned. Ministering he sat
Till Death the vigil closed.

The priests of God
Had faced the monarch and denounced his crime:
They might as well have preached to ocean's waves:
Anger he felt not: he but deemed them mad,
And smiling went his way. Thus autumn passed:
The queen—he knew it—when alone wept on:
Near him the pale face smiled: the voice was sweet:
Loving the service; the obedience full:
Neither by words, by silence, nor by looks
She chid him. Like some penitent she walked
That mourns her own great sin.

One winter night
Oswy from distant hunting late returned,
And passed by Oswin's grave. The snow, new-fallen,
Lay thick upon it. In the blast she knelt,
While coldly glared the broad and bitter moon
Upon those flying flakes that on her hair
Settled, or on her thin, light raiment clung.
She heard him not draw nigh. She only beat
Her breast, and, praying, wept: "Our sin, our sin!"
There as the monarch stood a change came o'er him:
Old, exiled days in Alba as a dream
Redawned upon his spirit, and that look
In Aidan's eyes when, binding first that cross
Long by his pupil craved, around his neck,

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He whispered: "He who serveth Christ, his Lord,
Must love his fellow-man." As when a stream,
The ice dissolved, once more grows audible,
So came to him those words. They dragged him down:
Beside his wife he knelt, and beat his breast,
And said, "My sin, my sin!" Till earliest morn
Glimmered through sleet that twain wept on, prayed on:
Was it the rising sun that lit at last
The fair face upward turned;—enkindled there
A lovelier dawn than o'er it blushed when first
Dropped on her bridegroom's breast? Aloud she cried:
"Our prayer is heard: our penitence finds grace":
Then added: "Let it deepen till we die;
A monastery build we on this grave.
So from this grave, while fleet the years, that prayer
Shall rise both day and night, till Christ returns
To judge the world—a prayer for him who died;
A prayer for one who sinned, but sins no more."

Where Gilling's long and lofty hill o'erlooks
For leagues the forest-girdled plain, ere long
A monastery stood. That self-same day
In tears the penitential work began;
In tears the sod was turned. The rugged brows
Of March relaxed 'neath April's flying kiss:
Again the violet rose, the thrush was loud;
Mayday had come. Around that hallowed spot
Full many a warrior met; some Christians vowed;
Some muttering oft of Odin. Near to these
Stood one of lesser stature, keener eye,
More fiery gesture. Splenetic, he marked,
Christian albeit himself, those Christian walls
By Saxon converts raised. He was a Briton.
The day was dim: feebly through mist the woods
Let out the witchery of their young fresh green
Backed by the dusk of older trees that still
Reserved at heart the old year's stubbornness,
Yet blent it with that purple distance glimpsed
Beyond the forest alleys.

In a tent
Finan sang Mass: his altar was that stone
First reared where Oswin died. Before it knelt
The king, the queen: alone their angels know
Their thoughts that hour. The sacred rite complete,
They raised their brows, and, hand-in-hand, made way
To where, beyond the portal, shone blue skies.
The throng—for each with passion it had prayed—
Divided as they passed. From either face

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Looked forth the light of that conceded prayer,
The peace of souls forgiven.

From that day forth
Hourly in Oswy's spirit soared more high
The one true greatness. Flaming heats of soul,
At last subjected to a law divine,
Wrought Virtue's work. The immeasurable strength
Had found at once its master and its goal,
And, by its task ennobled, soared to God.
In all his ways he prospered, work and word
Yoked to one end. Till then the Kingdoms Seven,
Opposed in interests as diverse in name,
Had looked on nothing like him. Now, despite
Mercia that frowned, they named him king of kings
Bretwalda; and the standard of the seven
In peace foreran his feet. The spirits of might
Before his vanguard winged their way in war,
Scattering the foe; and in his peacefuller years
Upon the aerial hillside high and higher
The golden harvest clomb, waving delight
On eyes upraised from winding rivers clear
Gladdened with milky sails. His feet stood firm,
For with his growing greatness ever grew
That penitence its root. The cloistered choir,
Year after year pleading o'er Oswin's tomb,
Still sang, "To him who died thy Vision, Lord;
To him the slayer, penitence and peace;
Let Oswin pray for Oswy."

Day by day
Meantime with tempest clave to Penda's brow,
Chief hater of the Cross, of pagan gods
Chief champion. This not Edwin learned alone:
Eight years on Oswald Penda fixed his eye;
Then smote him. Earlier yet East Anglia's king
Had bled beneath his vengeance—Sisibert,
Who, issuing from the sacred cloistral shades,
Fought for his own, and perished. Anna next
Succeeding, shared his fate: earlier than these
Had Egeric died. Thus perished five great kings
Slain by this portent of false gods and foul.

What answered Penda when the tidings came
Of Oswy glorying in the yoke of Christ,
Of Oswy's victories next? Grinding his teeth,
He spake what no man heard. Then rumor rose
Of demon-magic making Oswy's tongue
Fell as his sword. "Within the sorcerer's court,"

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It babbled, "stood the brave East Saxon king:
Upon his shoulder Oswy laid a hand
Accursed and whispered in his ear. The king,
Down sank, perforce, a Christian!" Lightning flashed
From under Penda's gray and shaggy brows;—
"Forth to Northumbria, son," he cried, "and back;
And learn if this be true."

That son obeyed,
Peada, to whose heart another's heart,
Alcfrid's, King Oswy's son, was knit long since
As David's unto Jonathan. One time
A tenderer heart had leaned, or seemed to lean,
The self-same way, Alcfleda's, Alcfrid's sister,
Younger than he six years. 'Twas so no more:
No longer on Peada's eyes her eyes
Rested well-pleased: not now the fearless hand
Tarried in his contented. "Sir and king,"
Peada thus to Oswy spake, "of old
Thy child—then child indeed—would mount my knee;
Now, when I seek her, like a swan she fleets,
That arches back its neck 'twixt snowy wings,
And, swerving, sideway drifts. My lord and king,
The child is maiden: give her me for wife!"
Oswy made answer: "He that serves not Christ
Can wed no child of mine." Alcfleda then
Dropping the broidered tapestry, gently raised
Once more that dewy light of child-like eyes
And spake, "But he in time will worship Christ!"
Then, without blush or tremor, to her work
Softly returned. Silent her mother smiled.
That moment, warned of God, from Lindisfarne
Finan, unlooked for, entered. Week by week
An honored guest he preached the Saviour-Lord:
Grave-eyed, with listening face and brow hand-propt,
The prince gave ear, not like that trivial race
That catch the sense ere spoken. On his brow
At times the apprehension dawned, at times
Faded. Oft turned he to his Mercian lords:—
"How trow ye, friends? He speaks of what he knows!
Good tidings these! At midnight when I muse
Distinct they shine like yonder mountain range;
At morn the mists conceal them." Passed a month;
Then suddenly, as one that wakes from dream,
Peada rose:—"Far rather would I serve
Thy Christ," he said, "and thus Alcfleda lose,
Than win Alcfleda, and reject thy Christ!"
He spake: old Finan first gave thanks to God,

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Then took his hand and led him to that cross
On Heaven-field raised beneath the Roman Wall—
That cross King Oswald's standard in the fight,
That cross Cadwallon's sentence as he fell,
"That cross which conquered";—there to God baptized;
Likewise his thanes and earls.

Meantime, far off
In Penda's palace-keep the revel raged,
High feast of rites impure. At banquet sat
The monarch and his chiefs; chant followed chant
Bleeding with wars foregone. The day went by,
And, setting ere his time, a sanguine sun
Dipped into tumult vast of gathering storm
That soon incumbent leant from tower to tower
And rocked them to their base. As high within
The revel mounted, meeting storm with storm,
Till cried that sacrificial priest whose knife
At morn had pierced the willing victim's throat,
"Rejoice! already with the gods we feast;
Hark! round Valhalla swell the phantom wars!'
So spake the priest: then sudden from his seat
Uprose the warrior Saxo, in one hand
The goblet, in the other Alp, his sword,
Pointing to heaven. "To Odin health!" he cried:
"Would that this hour he rode into this hall!
He should not hence depart till blood of his
Had reddened Sleipner's flank, his snow-white steed:
This sword would shed that blood!" In wrath upleaped
Warriors sixteen, and for a moment rage
Made the hall rock. But Saxo waved his sword,
And, laughing, shouted, "Odin's sons, be still!
Count it no sin to battle with high gods!
Great-hearted they! They give the blow and take!
To Odin who was ever leal as I?"
As sudden as it rose the tumult fell:
So sudden ceased the storm: but with it ceased
The rapture and the madness, and the shout:
The wine-cup still made circuit; but the song
Froze in mid-air. Strange shadow hung o'er all:
Neighbor to neighbor whispered: courtiers slid
Through doors scarce open. Rumor had arrived,
If true or false none knew.

The morrow morn
From Penda's court the bravest fled in fear,
Questioning with white lips, "Will he slay his son?"
Or skulked apart. Then Penda by the throat
Catching a white-cheeked courtier, cried: "The truth!
What whisper they in corners?" On his knees

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That courtier made confession. Penda then,
"Live, since my son is yet a living man!
A Christian, say'st thou? Let him serve his Christ!
That man whom ever most I scorned is he
Who vows him to the service of some god,
Yet breaks his laws; for that man walks a lie.
My son shall live, and after me shall reign:
Northumbria's realm shall die!"

Thus Penda spake
And sent command from tower and town to blow
Instant the trumpet of his last of wars,
Fanning from Odin's hall with ice-cold airs
Of doom the foes of Odin. "Man nor child,"
He sware, "henceforth shall tread Northumbrian soil,
Nor hart nor hind. I spare the creeping worm:
My scavenger is he." The Mercian realm
Rose at his call, innumerable mass
Of warriors iron-armed. East Anglia sent
Her hosts in aid. Apostate Ethelwald,
Though Oswy's nephew, joined the hostile league,
And thirty chiefs beside that ruled by right
Princedom or province. Mightier far than these
Old Cambria, brooding o'er the ancestral wrong,
The Saxon's sin original, met his call,
And vowed her to the vengeance.

Bravest hearts
Hate most the needless slaughter. Oswy mused:
"Long since too much of blood is on this hand:
Shall I for pride or passion risk once more
Northumbria, my mother;—rudely stain
Her pretty babes with blood?" To Penda then,
Camped on the confines of the adverse realms,
He sent an embassage of reverend men
In order ranged. Twelve caskets bare they heaped
With gems and gold, and thus addressed the king:
"Our lord, Northumbria's monarch, bids thee hail:
He never yet in little thing or great
Hath wronged thee; yet thine amity he wooes:—
Depart in peace." Penda with backward hand
Waved them far from him, and vouchsafed no word.
In sadness they returned: but Oswy smiled
Hearing their tale, and said: "My part is done:
Let God decide the event." He spake, and took
The caskets twelve, and placed them, side by side,
Before the altar of his chiefest church,
And vowed to raise to God twelve monasteries,
In honor of our Lord's Apostles Twelve,

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On greenest upland, or in sylvan glade
Where purest stream kisses the richest mead.
His vow recorded, sudden through the church
Ran with fleet foot a lady mazed with joy,
Crying, "A maiden babe! and lo, the queen
Late dying lives and thrives!" That eve the king
Bestowed on God the new-born maiden babe,
Laying her cradled 'mid those caskets twelve,
Six at each side; and said: "For her nor throne
Nor marriage bower! She in some holy house
Shall dwell the Bride of Christ. But thou, just God,
This day remember England!"

When that night
Was deepest through Northumbria's sighing woods
Penda in musings marched, and by his side
A Cambrian prince, gray-grown, that rode and slept,
And, sleeping, dreamed. In dream once more he stood
Where Severn parts from Wales the Wessex bound,
And marked twelve bishops in a circle ranged
With monks from Bangor. Mitred, he from Rome,
The midmost, sat—Augustine. Hour by hour
The British bishops hurled defiance stern
Against his head, while Cambrian peaks far off
Darkened, and thunder muttered. From his seat,
Slowly and sadly as the sun declined
(So dreamed that prince, recalling what, a child,
His eyes had seen), that stranger rose and stretched
A lean hand t'ward that circle, speaking thus:
"Hear then the sentence of your God on sin!
Because ye will not peace, behold the sword!
Because ye grudged your foe the Faith of Christ,
And scorned to lead him on the ways of life,
Behold, for that cause from the Saxon hand
Destruction is upon you!"

Windwaed field
Heard, distant still, that multitudinous foe
Trampling the darksome ways. With pallid face
Morning beheld their standards, raven-black—
Penda had thus decreed, before him sending
Northumbria's sentence. On a hill, thick-set
Stood Oswy's army, small, yet strong in faith,
A wedge-like phalanx, fenced by rocks and woods;
A river in its front. His standards white
Shone with the Mother-Maid and Babe Divine:
From many a crag his altars rose, choir-girt,
And crowned by incense wreath.

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An hour ere noon
That river passed, in thunder met the hosts;
But Penda, straitened by that hilly tract,
Could wield not half his force. Sequent as waves
On rushed they: Oswy's phalanx like a cliff
Successively down dashed them. Day went by:
At last the clouds dispersed: the westering sun
Glared on the spent eyes of that Mercian mass
Which in its blindness each the other smote,
Or, trapped by hidden pitfalls, fell on stakes,
And died blaspheming. Little help that day
Gat they from Cambria. She on Heaven-field height
Had felt her death-wound, slow albeit to die.
The Apostate Ethelwald in panic fled:
The East Anglians followed. Swollen by recent rains,
Sudden the river burst its bound, and rolled
In ruin o'er the devastated plain
Till cry of drowning horse and shriek of man
Rang far and farther o'er that sea of death,
A battle-field but late. This way and that
Briton or Mercian where he might escaped
Through wave or forest. Penda scorned to fly.
Thrice with extended arms the fugitives
He met, and cursed them. Headlong as they passed
He flung his crownèd helm into the flood,
And bit his brazen shield, above its rim
Levelling a look that smote with chill like death
Their hearts that saw it. Yet one moment more
He sat like statue on some sculptured horse
With upraised hand, close-clenched, denouncing Heaven:
Then burst his mighty heart. As stone he fell
Dead on the plain. With reverence due his foe
Honored his corse, that found in Mercian earth
Ancestral grave. Not less in after times
Full many a Mercian said, "Without a wound
King Penda died, although on battle-field,
Therefore with Odin Penda shares not feast."

Thus pagan died old Penda as he lived:
Yet Penda's sons were Christian, kindlier none;
His daughters nuns; and lamb-like Mercia's House
Lions erewhile made end. King Oswy raised
His monasteries twelve. Benigner life
Around them spread: wild waste, and robber bands
Vanished: the poor were housed, the hungry fed,
And Oswy sent his little new-born babe
All dewy with her mother's tears, Elfleda,
Like some young lamb with fillet decked and flower,

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But dedicated not to death, but life,
To Hilda sent her, on her sea-washed hill,
Who made her Bride of Christ. The years went by,
And Oswy, now an old king, glory-crowned,
His country from the Mercian thraldom loosed,
And free from sea to sea, in heart resolved
A pilgrim, Romeward faring with bare feet,
By Peter's tomb and Paul's to make his rest.
God willed not thus. Within his native realm
The sickness unto death clasped him with hold
Gentle but firm. Long sleepless, t'ward the close
Amid his wanderings smiling, from his couch
He stretched a shrivelled hand, and pointing said,
"Who was it fabled she had died in age?
In all her youthful beauty holy and pure,
Lo, where she kneels upon the wintry ground,
The snow-flakes round her circling, yet with face
Bright as a star!" So spake the king, and taking
Into his heart that vision, slept and died.
His daughter, abbess then on Whitby's height,
In her fair convent laid her father's bones
Beside her grandsire's, Edwin. Side by side
They rested, one Bernicia's king, and one
Dëira's—great Northumbria's sister realms;
Long foes, yet blended by that mingling dust.

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN DARVALLON.

On the Saturday following "the catastrophe" which Colonel Redacre had so long vaguely prophesied there was great excitement in Paris about the threatened dismissal, or resignation, of the ministry. Everybody was busy naming a new cabinet, and proving that their nominee was the one man who could save the country—that arduous feat which every new minister has been called upon to perform in France this century past.

These perpetually-recurring opportunities of saving the country offer great chances to men like M. Léopold—deputies who go to bed common men, with the possibility of waking up amongst the Immortals. They are conscious of no reasons why a portfolio should not be offered to them; there are palpably many why it should.

Colonel Redacre took a great interest, as a rule, in French politics, and was always very active in crises like the present, choosing his own man and vehemently opposing everybody else's. But his mind was just now too painfully occupied by personal anxieties to care much about politics. His wife's salon was not open this evening, Balaklava had been driving him mad for some days, and Polly had a headache. These were the reasons given for not admitting the few friends who rang at the entresol between eight and nine; but the greater number did not present themselves. What was the use of intruding on people who were so full of trouble? It would only be a mockery to go and drink their tea and talk gossip to them.

Mrs. Monteagle had spent the afternoon with Alice, helping very efficiently with her clear head and nimble pen, and still more even, perhaps, by her offers of material help, so generously made in her outspoken, downright way that it was very hard to persist in rejecting them.

Pearl went up after dinner to have a talk with her alone over possible plans and the future in general.

"I wonder if anybody would take me as a governess?" she said. "I could teach English and French and German and music; singing, too, but not so well as the rest."

"You could teach it better than nine-tenths of the conceited dunces who set up for finishing governesses. But I won't hear of your doing anything of the sort; you must wait quietly a little and see how things turn. Who knows? There may be a nice, good husband getting ready for you, my dear. You are much better suited for that than for the governessing."

"I don't know," said Pearl dubiously; she looked very tender and sweet, leaning her head on her hand, as she sat in a low causeuse

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on one side of the fire. "I don't see why people take it for granted that every girl is suited to be married any more than that she is suited to be a governess or an actress. You never hear anybody say that one is not suited to have a husband; yet it seems to me that one wants special capabilities for making a good wife quite as much as for making a good governess, and one must be born with them, too."

"And you think you were born without them?" said Mrs. Monteagle, looking hard at Pearl over her spectacles.

"I don't know. I sometimes think I was. I think Polly was meant to be a wife; I am sure she was."

Pearl heaved a sigh as she said this.

"And so she will be, please God. Why should you speak of it in the past?" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Oh! we have no money now; nobody would marry her now, although she is *so* beautiful!"

"No Frenchman; but I hope she does not want to marry a Frenchman. I should be ashamed of her if she did."

"I don't think she wants to marry any one—not just now, at any rate."

"Who can this be?" said Mrs. Monteagle, as the hall bell sounded.

"M. le Capitaine Léopold et M. le Capitaine Darvallon!" called out the servant.

Pearl started and stood up, irresolute whether to go or stay. Léon shook hands and M. Darvallon bowed.

"Sit down, my dear," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Madame, I avail myself without delay of your gracious permission to present my friend to you," said Léon. "You were kind enough to say we might come any evening."

"Yes, I seldom leave my *coin du feu* once the winter sets in. It is very good of you two young men to come and see an old woman like me. I can't imagine why you should think it worth while, for I am neither young nor handsome, nor good for anything."

"*Jeune, peutêtre, madame; belle, vous l'êtes toujours,*" protested Léon with his most solemn face.

"Goodness me! what story-tellers you Frenchmen are. But it is very pretty and very amusing, I must say, and when one knows it means nothing it does no harm. But don't you lend an ear to their nonsense, my dear," said the old lady, lifting a warning finger at Pearl. "Never you believe one of their pretty compliments; you will regret it if you do!"

Pearl blushed and laughed merrily.

"Madame! you are cruel," protested the two gentlemen in chorus.

"Not a bit of it. You are all born *menteurs*. But I like you very much in spite of it."

"Madame, we need that word of consolation," said M. Darvallon.

"There, you are just as bad as your friend, I see," retorted Mrs. Monteagle; "and yet you have a very honest face. I beg you won't pay me any compliments, for I might believe them on the strength of your face."

"Madame, I entreat you, reserve that confidence for me," said Léon. "He is an arch-deceiver; the woman who listens to him is lost."

"Ah! my dear, that warning is evidently meant for you," said Mrs.

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Monteagle, nodding at Pearl. "But what business have you to bring such a dangerous man into my house? How do I know but he may whisper something in mademoiselle's ear the moment he gets my back turned, and break her heart on the spot?"

"I will keep my eye on him," said Léon; "but I think mademoiselle would be proof against even this ruthless conqueror."

Pearl felt herself grow crimson as Léon, with these bantering words, turned his black eyes on her. What business had he to say what she was proof against? Was it that he had fancied she had been proof against himself, and that he resented it? She had been very uncomfortable that night at the Tuileries; Mme. Léopold had been so facetious about her son, and then the sudden change in her manner had been puzzling and offensive.

"You have been under fire together, messieurs, have you not?" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Yes; we fought side by side in the Crimea," said M. Darvallon. "We were both wounded on the same field; we won our spurs and our red ribbon together."

"And you are not jealous of one another?"

"Nay, madame, soldiers never are; we shoot one another when we disagree, but we have souls above such a pettiness as jealousy."

"That is because you have not been tested yet. If you both fell in love with the same woman, would your magnanimity hold, I wonder?"

"If that misfortune befell us," said Léon, "my friend would immediately blow his brains out and hand over the object of our united affections to me."

"And she would, of course, consent to be handed over? You entertain no doubt, evidently, on that score. What vain animals men are, my dear!"

This last remark was to Pearl, who looked round at Léon, laughing; but she fancied there was a sudden embarrassment about him. M. Darvallon, meantime, had fixed his eyes on her with an expression of curious interest; it may have been the magnetism of this glance as much as the contagion of Léon's shyness that made Pearl's color rise and forced her to look away.

"*Mon Dieu!* madam, what a piece of fairy-work you are creating there," exclaimed M. Darvallon, seized with a sudden interest in Mrs. Monteagle's tapestry, which was indeed very pretty and artistic—a Watteau scene painted on pale green cloth with the loveliest silks.

"Ah! you have an eye for works of art," said the embroidress, flattered; "it is not the fashion nowadays for ladies to do much of this sort of thing; they are too busy dressing themselves. But tell me something about politics. Are the ministers going out? Are we going to have war?"

"No such luck!" said Léon—"I mean about the war. They are going to make it up. I felt sure it was all swagger and that the government meant to make it up with England."

"And so much the better for you if the government succeeds. You would get beaten till you had not a leg to stand on," said Mrs. Monteagle. "And serve your vanity right. Not that anything would ever cure it. No amount of beating will take the conceit out of you French; if you were thrashed every three years, you would be as bumptious as ever at the end of a century. But things are looking very black

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just now; you may boast as much as you like, but in your hearts you all know that France is in a very bad way. I saw three deputies yesterday, and I could see they were looking uncommonly glum."

"Deputies always do; that is part of their business," said Léon.

"Who is this? Another visitor?" said Mrs. Monteagle, as the bell sounded again. "M. de Kerbec! This is very kind of you, I am sure."

"Ah! you were caught like me, you two," said M. de Kerbec when he saw Léon and his friend: "you went to the entresol, and they would not let you in, so you came on up here."

"We did nothing of the kind," said Léon. "We had not the least intention of calling on Mme. Redacre; we came on purpose and solely to present our respects to madame," bowing to the hostess. "Did we not, Darvallon?"

But before M. Darvallon could answer Mrs. Monteagle went into peals of laughter.

"How silly of me not to guess how it was! But I am delighted to see you all the same; and whenever you can't get in down-stairs—"

"Madame, I protest most solemnly," broke in Léon; but Pearl was laughing outrageously, and M. Darvallon, after a strong effort to withstand the effect of this merriment, and Léon's indignation, and M. de Kerbec's face of blank amazement, gave it up and laughed outright too.

"What is all the fun about?" said Mr. Kingspring, who came in while it was still at its height. A fresh peal of laughter answered him.

"You are one of the victims, too!" said Mrs. Monteagle. "You could not get in down-stairs?"

"No; it seems Redacre is not very well, so I thought I would try if you were at home. Now may I hear what the fun is about?"

"*Mais c'est brutale! J'appelle cela de la dernière brutalité!*" protested Léon, glaring coldly at the Englishman—"to tell a lady that you came to see her as a *pis-aller!* I would be shot before I owned it."

Pearl's laugh rang out in fresh peals, in which the rest joined, at this chivalrous protestation. Mr. Kingspring crossed over to shake hands with her, and began to inquire about her father. So the incident was closed, as the French Chamber says; but Léon Léopold still threw occasional glances of savage scorn at the English brute and the French idiot who had given rise to it.

"Is anything definite settled?" Mr. Kingspring inquired in a confidential tone under cover of the three Frenchmen's voluble talk.

"Papa is to go to London the moment he feels equal to the journey; the lawyer says he must."

"If it is anything that any one else could do for him, I would go with the greatest pleasure and represent him," said Mr. Kingspring. "I wish you would tell him so."

"You are a good friend," said Pearl with feeling.

"I mean what I say, at any rate, though I am a brute, according to Léopold. What is that other man doing here? He came, it seems, to spend this evening at your house."

"Not if we are to believe M. Léon," she said, laughing.

"But he as good as owned it. Did Darvallon ask to come and see you the other night?"

"No."

"He does not seem a bad sort of fellow, considering."

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"Considering what?"

"That he is the son of a blacksmith, or some such distinguished profession."

"He is the nicest Frenchman I have ever met," said Pearl; "he is more like an Englishman, he is so quiet in his manners."

"Humph! he is good-looking; I suppose you girls would say so, at least."

"I don't know what we girls would say about his looks, but we would all say he looked like a gentleman," said Pearl.

"Yes, it is wonderful, really. I should think he must feel rather like a fish out of water, though, amongst people so completely above him."

"People as much above him as the Comte de Kerbec, for instance. What an absurdity it does seem that because Shakspere and Molière are not born gentlemen, they are to look up to Captain Fitznoodle and Sir Lavender Dunce as their social superiors!"

"Why, you have become a little howling radical, I declare," said Mr. Kingspring, looking at her in surprise. "Who has done it?"

"It came of itself. I think it is very mean to be always casting a man's birth in his teeth when he has every other qualification that makes a gentleman. I wonder how you would like it in his place."

"I should not like it much; but if I were in his place I should stay there."

"If you had been born the son of a blacksmith you would have been a blacksmith too? I don't believe you would; you have intelligence and ambition enough to want to be something more—though the smith's profession is as grand and poetic in its way as any. I could fancy M. Darvallon looking very picturesque striking the anvil with the furnace flaming round him."

"He would be immensely flattered if he knew the interest you take in him and his original career. I suppose, as a small boy, he wielded the hammer and stood amidst the flames. I dare say he would tell you all about it if you asked him."

"Perhaps I may one of these days." Pearl said this in merest jest, moved by a spirit of contradiction and by a generous impulse that threw her sympathies on the side of a man whom she thought hardly used by the aristocratic prejudices of the world; but Mr. Kingspring saw more in the words than this, and the look of surprise and annoyance that he turned on her made Pearl feel he had given them a more personal interpretation.

"Come and dispense the tea, my dear," called out Mrs. Monteagle. "The least we can do for these poor young men is to give them some tea, and put plenty of sugar in it. They like their tea like syrup; how they can drink it I can't imagine."

"Madame, I beg leave to protest for my part," said M. Darvallon. "I take it *à l'anglaise*."

"No, no; that is more of your French flattery. I know your ways; my dear, put six lumps into monsieur's cup, and let them be big ones."

M. Darvallon hastened to rescue his tea from this terrible sentence, and Pearl complied with his entreaty to let him off with two lumps.

"Has your mind been quite poisoned against us by your friend, mademoiselle? Do you think we are all *menteurs?*" he inquired, as Pearl poured in the cream for him.

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"I am afraid I have imbibed some of the poison. I suspect you are fond of saying pretty things without meaning them."

"How can you know that we do not mean them? It is uncharitable to make rash judgments, especially when you must know how sensitive we are where your good opinion is concerned. But, perhaps, there again you will say that there is no chivalry amongst Frenchmen nowadays; Mme. Monteagle has been assuring us that we are utterly degenerate in that respect, too."

"There does not seem to be much romance amongst modern Frenchmen, certainly," said Pearl.

"That is a serious charge; but perhaps society is more to blame for it than we are. Society nowadays is out of sympathy with romance; it is in too great a hurry to dream; it can't take breath even to think, and we are driven on with its furious pace. In olden times men had leisure in their lives for romance; now they have none. We are like machines set going by steam; we are governed by the telegraph and by *les convenances*. Our hearts have lost all individual freedom, and, what is worse, all desire for it. We marry when our family think the time is come for us to do so, and we take the wife they have chosen for us without doubts and without illusions, satisfied that the family have secured the necessary conditions exacted by *les convenances*. This is the law, and we all bow to it; we Frenchmen rebel against every other law, but you seldom find one of us rebelling against this one. The slavery of *les convenances* has become second nature to us."

"But it has always been so in France, has it not?" said Pearl.

"Why do you speak of *les convenances* as if they were a modern invention."

"Alas! you are right, mademoiselle: it has always been so. We have only changed the form of our slavery, though we have, it is true, gained in some ways by even that change. But if things were worse under the old *régime*, the system of loveless marriages was more excusable then than nowadays. A noble under the old *régime* was bound by so many obligations to his order that to violate them through any promptings of personal feeling would have been little short of treason in his eyes. This old order of things has passed away; *nous avons changé tout cela*, nevertheless the traditions then in force have come down to us in a modified form and control our lives with a tyranny that no longer finds its justification in existing circumstances. There is no reason why we should not make a revolution against this tyranny, and constitute personal choice and sympathy the rule of our marriages; but we do not."

"Then it is really true, as Mrs. Monteagle says, that Frenchmen *never* marry except when and whom their family tells them?" said Pearl, taking up the conversation when she had provided cups of tea for every one.

"Very seldom. It is not, perhaps, quite so rare a phenomenon in the middle classes; they are not so completely governed by *les convenances* as the upper ones; they don't owe everything to the family; they have to shift for themselves, and so they sometimes take the liberty of marrying to please themselves."

"Then I should think that Frenchmen are much better off

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who don't belong to the upper classes," said Pearl, laughing.

M. Darvallon smiled.

"There are compensations, no doubt."

It was a tacit admission that he felt the need of them. And yet it seemed to Pearl, as with a rapid mental glance she compared him with the well-born men of her acquaintance, that he might have dispensed with compensations or found them abundantly in his own personality, for instinctively she recognized in this son of the Alsatian blacksmith a royal nature, a conqueror born to rule his own soul with undisputed sovereignty, if destiny denied him a wider kingdom. She herself was already subdued by his calm strength, as we all are by the imperious power of genuine superiority. Pearl had been accustomed to take captive the men she came in contact with, almost unconsciously, as by a law of nature which compelled them to bow down to the charm and graces of her womanhood; but here was a man who was in some mysterious way subduing her, destroying her prejudices, the whole formula of her social life. There was something in the contact of his calm energy, in the expression of his eyes, so earnest, so quietly intense, in the clear, deep tones of his voice, full of "larger meaning" than his words, that seemed to open out to her suggestions of some stronger, nobler life than she had yet awakened to—something different from the frivolous activity, the fitful effort, the harmless self-indulgence, the narrow proprieties which had hitherto constituted life to her. It was very vague, like the break of martial music borne to us across the hills on a summer's day, stirring our lazy pulses to a quicker beat, and bearing to us the echo of some life beyond our own, onward, vigorous, triumphant. Pearl made a silence within her and listened till the sounds died away.

"What are you two talking about so seriously?" said M. de Kerbec, bringing back his tea-cup and sitting down beside her. "May I listen, or shall I be in the way?"

"Not the least," said Pearl. "Monsieur has been confessing to me what mercenary, cold-hearted creatures you Frenchmen are; you never fall in love, and you never marry for anything but *les convenances*."

"Nay, mademoiselle, never is a terrible word," protested M. Darvallon. "I only hope it may be the good fortune of one of my countrymen some day to prove to you that there are exceptions to the rule."

"*Never* that, certainly!" said Pearl emphatically, and she looked at him with laughing eyes. "I have no *dot!*"

"You are severe on us, mademoiselle; but we deserve it."

He looked pained. Pearl was sorry she had spoken so harshly. Not that it signified anything to her whether she pained or pleased this friend of Captain Léopold's.

CHAPTER V.

A DINNER AT CAPTAIN JACK'S.

THE Redacres were at breakfast next morning, Sunday, when the English letters were brought in. There was one for Col. Redacre bearing the post-town stamp of Broom Hollow. He opened it with

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some surprise, for he knew nobody in that neighborhood but Dean Darrell, and it was not his writing.

"My God! This is a piece of news! Darrell is dead!" he exclaimed after glancing at the letter.

Mrs. Redacre and the girls echoed in an awe-stricken chorus, "*Dead!*" There was a moment's pause while the colonel read the letter again to himself.

"Yes," he said, "dead! This is from his man of business, Mr. Jervis, who writes from Broom Hollow. Poor Darrell! I am heartily sorry for him. A better man never lived."

"Does Mr. Jervis say anything about—does he give any particulars?" inquired Alice, with a look that her husband perfectly understood.

"The poor fellow died very suddenly; there was nobody near him at the time. He had been in his usual health the day before. The moment his death was discovered Briggs, his old servant, telegraphed for Mr. Jervis."

"But, papa, has he left us his money?" said Polly, in a tone that said plainly enough, "What else need we care about?"

"My dear, this is not the moment to think of that," replied her father sternly. "I had a great regard for Darrell, and you will all of you remember how often I have expressed a hope that his life might be long spared, if such were the will of the Almighty."

Mrs. Redacre knew now, as well as if she had read the letter, that it was all right about the will.

"But since it has been the will of the Almighty to take him away, I hope he has left us his money, papa?" persisted Polly, who looked ready to cry.

"Mr. Jervis says that I am the sole legatee, poor Darrell having made his will to that effect some year and a half ago. You, Pearl, were specially remembered, it seems, and have been very handsomely provided for. You will always cherish a grateful recollection of your godfather, I hope."

"O papa! how wonderful that it should come just at this moment," cried Pearl, her eyes filling with tears of thankfulness. "All our troubles will be over now, will they not?"

"I hope so. Poor Darrell! He was an excellent fellow, with all his eccentricities."

"He was indeed!" said Polly heartily. "I am so glad he has left you a good lot of money Pearl; I am more grateful to him than if he had left it to me." And she got up, and went to her sister and kissed her in the prettiest way.

"My dear children! dear Hugh!" said Mrs. Redacre; and the tears streamed down her face as she looked from one to the other.

"I told you Providence would pull us through, if we only kept a stout heart," said the colonel.

"Yes, dear Hugh, and I was very cowardly. It seems now as if it would have been so easy to have trusted!" she said, laughing gently. "Let me see the letter, dear."

He tossed it over to her.

"Here is something written across," she said after perusing it. "Did you see it? Poor man, he was in the act of writing to you when death overtook him; there was a sheet of paper before him, dated that day, and beginning, '*My dear Hugh, I have just heard, to my inexpressible surprise, . . .*' How strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Redacre, looking up. "Good gracious! what is the matter, darling?"

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Polly had fainted, and must have fallen if Pearl had not caught her in her arms.

"Open the window! Give her air!" cried Mrs. Redacre, and her husband hastened to do so.

"Poor child! she is so sensitive," he said, taking her in his arms and carrying her to the sofa. "This good news, after the emotion of the last ten days, has been too much for her."

Polly soon revived, and the conversation and breakfast were resumed. She took little part in either; but this was naturally accounted for by the violent emotion that had momentarily overcome her.

"You are to go over at once, papa?" said Pearl.

"Yes. I must be there at the opening of the will," said Col. Redacre.

"But it has been opened! How would Mr. Jervis know what was in it if it had not?"

"It was he drew it up for Darrell. He wrote this letter before there was time to look for it; but he tells me what the contents were to set my mind at rest on the subject at once. It was very considerate of Jervis; there is more real kindness in the world than people are apt to think."

"Shall we go and live at the Hollow now?" said Pearl.

"Certainly; it is the only place in England where the climate is endurable. I never knew a day's ill health there; and when I returned to England years afterwards I was driven mad with rheumatism."

"I hope mamma will be able to live there," said Pearl, with an anxious look at her mother.

"My darling, I shall be well anywhere that I see you all happy. Everything has all come so suddenly that I can't realize it. Hugh, are you quite sure we are all wide awake and that this letter is not a dream?" said Alice, rubbing her eyes with a pretence of sleep.

"The Almighty is very good to us," said her husband with becoming reverence; "but I always told you he would come to our assistance."

"I suppose there will be money enough that you can put your hands on at once to pay off the bill," said his wife presently.

"I should say so. I don't know how poor Darrell had his property invested; but I know that he had a strong predilection for the funds, and a positive horror of anything above four per cent. He was a very liberal man in most things, gave largely away in charities and that sort of thing; but he had peculiar views about the sacredness of money. A man who jeopardized his capital to the extent of £100 was a sort of criminal in Darrell's eyes. This was why I was so averse to letting him know of our misfortune; he would have been so shocked at my imprudence that he would have been capable of disinheriting me. Poor fellow! I wonder if he knows anything about it now."

"That sentence at the beginning of his letter to you looks as if he had heard something before he went," said Alice.

"Ay, so it does; well, the news evidently came too late to bring its punishment. We have every reason, indeed, to be grateful to Providence," said the colonel, stroking Balaklava, who was not very comfortable in spite of the glad tidings that rejoiced his master.

"I suppose you will start by this evening's mail, dear?" said Mrs. Redacre.

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"I suppose I ought; but if the Channel is as rough as it has been these last twenty-four hours, I shall have to wait at Calais. The boat won't put out while the gale lasts."

"Is it absolutely necessary for you to go, papa?" said Pearl. "Must you hurry over at once?"

"I need not hurry at all, except to be in time for the funeral. Of course, at any inconvenience, I must pay that mark of respect to poor Darrell; it is to take place, Jervis says, on Saturday, if that suits me. This gives me five clear days to wait, if I choose."

"Then, dearest, you had better wait till Tuesday at any rate," said Mrs. Redacre.

And so it was settled that he would not start till Tuesday.

The news, meantime, spread with incredible rapidity that the Redacres had inherited a fortune and were suddenly delivered from all their troubles. Everybody was prodigal of congratulations.

"*Mon cher*," said M. Léopold, who hurried in the next day, "*j'apprends que vous avez réalisé m. votre cousin! Je vous félicite.*" And he embraced the colonel.

Mme. Léopold wrote a gushing little note to Mrs. Redacre; she was overflowing with happiness to know that her dear friends, her sweetest Pearl especially, were again as happy as they deserved to be.

Mme. de Kerbec flew in person as soon as she heard the good news, and was loud in her rejoicings.

"We have had a miserable time of it this last week," she said. "I am quite overdone with the strain of it; and now we must make a little rejoicing *en famille* to console ourselves. You will all come and dine with me to-morrow; Mr. Kingspring, you are included in the invitation," she said as that gentleman walked in.

"Delighted," he replied. "Have you heard the news? Léopold is to be minister; he has been offered the *porte-feuille* of Public Worship."

"Nonsense! Impossible!" cried Mme. de Kerbec.

"Why not? He's a capital fellow," said the colonel.

"How delighted Mme. Léopold must be!" said Mrs. Redacre, with good-natured, wifely sympathy.

"She will lose her head," said Mme. de Kerbec; "though one can't see why she should. She is very well born; you know she is *née* De X——. We thought it quite a *mésalliance* in the faubourg when she married M. Léopold. Many of her old friends dropped her; I always kept up with her, poor woman!—I think people were rather too hard on her; she had no *dot* to speak of, and he married her to get into the faubourg."

"And he never got his nose inside the door," said Colonel Redacre. "And served him right; serves any man right who marries for anything but love."

"That is what the count always says," said Mme. de Kerbec. "But is it quite true, I wonder, that Léopold is to be minister?"

"I met Darvallon at the club just now, and he told me the report had come from headquarters," said Mr. Kingspring. "Darvallon ought to be well informed."

"Who is he?" said Colonel Redacre—"one of those D'Arres-Vallons we met in Normandy?"

"No; he is not one of those D'Arres-Vallons," replied Mr. Kingspring; and involuntarily he glanced at Pearl, and wondered if she would speak. But Pearl made no remark.

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"He left his card here last evening," said Mrs. Redacre; "the girls danced with him the other evening at the Tuileries."

"He is a very nice man, papa; he and Captain Léopold are like brothers," said Polly, with a vague notion that Pearl would like her to stand up for Léon's friend.

"His father was a shoeblack, I believe," said Mme. de Kerbec.

"Oh! no, a blacksmith," cried Pearl quickly.

"Well, my dear, we'll not dispute the distinction," said Mme. de Kerbec, with a supercilious laugh—"a shoeblack or a blacksmith, whichever sounds most respectable."

Pearl blushed up and thought Captain Jack odious.

"Come, come," said Mr. Kingspring. "There is a wide difference between a shoeblack and a son of Vulcan; I protest for Darvallon."

"Why did he change his name, then?" said Mme. de Kerbec. "I despise a man who is ashamed of his father's name. I suppose he thought Darvallon sounded better than Vulcan."

There fell upon the company one of those awful pauses which occasially followed upon Mme. de Kerbec's discourses. Polly Redacre broke it by exploding into her pocket-handkerchief with a frightful noise; but luckily at the same moment Mrs. Monteagle was announced, and this made a diversion.

Mme. de Kerbec invited her also to the little dinner to-morrow, and then withdrew, sweeping away in her dark green velvet and sables with the majesty of a Semiramis.

Mrs. Monteagle outstayed everybody to have a talk with the colonel. They discussed the will and the bill, and the wise and merciful ways of Providence, and then M. Léopold's impending elevation came on the tapis.

"He's a fool, but a good-natured fool," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"No, he's not a fool," said the colonel; "he's an ass, but a good-natured ass. Nobody is more ready to oblige than Léopold."

"Yes, when it costs him nothing; but would he oblige you with a five-pound note if you were hard up? Some people get the name of being good-natured because they have a benevolent countenance and a way of pulling a long face when they talk of other folks' troubles. As to her, she is insufferable; but I won't talk of her. And that son of theirs is the greatest coxcomb I ever met. Blanche is a noodle, and a spitfire, I suspect, into the bargain, though she looks so demure; there is no knowing what those French girls are up to."

Colonel Redacre laughed.

"Why, I thought you rather liked the Léopolds?" he said, when Mrs. Monteagle had demolished the family one by one.

"Not I. I never like French people; there is no truth in them. You should have heard the lies that young Léopold told at my house last night. By the way, do you know his friend, Captain Darvallon?"

"No; he left his card here last night, but I have not seen him. They were talking of him when you came in just now. It appears he is the son of a blacksmith, or something of that sort. How did Léopold take up with him so intimately?"

"It is *une amitié de champ de bataille*, as they call it in their sentimental way. He is one of the nicest Frenchmen I have ever met,

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whoever his father was; you will like him very much."

"I will do nothing of the sort. I don't mean to make his acquaintance. What brought him here to make mine? He heard my girls had money, and he came to see if he could catch one of them, I suppose."

"He was not likely to have heard anything of the sort. As far as anybody knew, the girls had no *dot* at all last night. He heard that you had got into trouble—Léon told him—something of what had happened, and he said he should like to come and pay his respects to the young ladies whom he had been dancing with the other evening; and to you especially, as an old Crimean hero, whom he knew well by name. He particularly asked Léopold if his visit would not be considered intrusive; he meant it as a mark of sympathy."

"That was rather gentleman-like of him," said the colonel in a modified tone. "But I don't care to make his acquaintance. I disapprove on principle of men rising from the ranks; it will be the ruin of our army if that system ever gets encouraged to any extent in England, and I am sorry to say we are heading that way. A nice prospect it will be to have our sons sitting at mess with low fellows who get their epaulets, as bulls or prize-fighters might, for physical courage—fellows who don't know how to handle knife and fork, and who fancy themselves gentlemen because they have got into a uniform!"

"They will learn the use of a knife and fork before they get to the mess-table," said Mrs. Monteagle, who took a wicked pleasure in exasperating the colonel by prognosticating the reform of the army and the abolition of the purchase system. "I think myself it is a disgrace to our Christian civilization, as we call it, to say that a man is absolutely debarred from rising in his profession by the accident of his birth, and that he is never to be recognized as a gentleman because he chances not to have been born one."

"For a sensible woman, you are talking great nonsense," said the colonel, taking out his snuff-box. "Look round about you, and tell me if it is not stamped on every man you know whether he is born a gentleman or not. As to the son of a shoeblack ever growing so like the true thing as to be mistaken for it, you no more believe it possible than I do. We see the effect of race in our horses and dogs; why should we not see it still more in men and women?"

"Horses and dogs have not souls and minds whose cultivation changes their whole nature."

"I don't know about souls; but I will venture to say I have known some dogs who had more brains than many a man of my acquaintance," said the colonel; "but they were all well-born dogs—dogs who had a tradition in their family, who had inherited well-bred instincts. I suppose you believe in inherited instincts? If a man has a trick of making faces, ten to one his son will inherit it and come into the world making faces. That is the real danger of low marriages; the vulgarity gets into the family, and there is no getting rid of it."

"And do you think that well-born people, as we call ourselves, never bring any grimacing tricks into a family—nasty, lying, dishonorable tricks of drinking and gambling and swindling in horse-flesh?"

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demanded Mrs. Monteagle. "You admit, I suppose, that the sons of gentlemen may inherit these sort of things?"

"At any rate they inherit the manners of gentlemen."

"That is begging the question. Besides, manners can be taught when they are not inherited; one pays that extra twopence for them."

"A swindle, obtaining the money under false pretences; nobody but fools ever pay that twopence, and only knaves ask for it. Nothing but genius, and that of a very rare order, ever enables a man to get over the want of what they call here the *première éducation.*"

"I have known men who were no geniuses, and yet I defy you to find out that they wanted the *première éducation.*"

"Have you? If ever I meet such a man I will lay down my prejudices; but until I do I'll stick to them."

"Let me introduce Captain Darvallon to you."

"No; I won't seek the danger, lest I perish therein."

"I call that shabby to stick to one's prejudices out of sheer obstinacy," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Humph! If it comes to that, I'm not sure if one ought not to stick to one's prejudices as stanchly as one does to one's principles; in practical things they often stand one in better stead than principle."

"What rank nonsense you are talking, to be sure!" said Mrs. Monteagle. "But you are in a mood to be contradictory, so I'll go." And she stood up.

"Just tell me this," said Colonel Redacre, rising too: "is there any law that makes it a sin for a lady to marry her footman? None whatever; it is a mere matter of prejudice. Now, you won't say that society would be the better of getting rid of that prejudice?"

Mrs. Monteagle looked at him, tapped her head, and walked away.

"The fact is, you are off your head this morning," she said. "I hope you will be in a more rational frame of mind to-morrow when we meet at dinner."

"At dinner? Oh! by the bye, we were to dine at Captain Jack's; but the thing is impossible. I don't know why some one did not say so when she proposed it. We could not be so lost to propriety as to dine out anywhere before poor Darrell is buried. The woman was out of her mind to imagine such a thing; the fact is, we were all a little off our heads, as you say. And yet I have a heavy heart, I can tell you. Poor Darrell! what an excellent fellow he was."

The little dinner was put off until the following week, when Colonel Redacre should have returned from the funeral of the wealthy cousin whom he had "realized," or whom he was about to realize, for some formalities remained to be gone through before he could come into possession of the dean's property.

The weather took a turn for the better; so on Tuesday evening, as it had been arranged, he started on his journey.

"Keep your comforter well about your throat, Hugh," said Mrs. Redacre, giving it a parting pull, "and see that you don't have a draught in the train."

"I hope Balaklava won't worry you, papa," said Polly, as she kissed him for the last time.

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"That you may be sure he will," said the colonel; "the damp always plays old Harry with him. But I sha'n't think about that; I am too thankful to the Almighty for his mercies, and Balaklava may do his worst. Good-by all of you! Alice, you will write to the boys to-morrow."

"You will let us hear as soon as you are safe at the Hollow, papa?" said Pearl.

"Yes, I will drop a line to say I am there; but don't expect to hear from me again. I will take the mail on Monday, and be with you that evening, please God."

Mrs. Redacre and the girls watched the brougham out of sight from the window, as it drove away with the colonel and his man.

The late post next evening brought the promised line announcing the traveller's safe arrival at Broom Hollow. The week went quietly by, and on Monday all was pleasant excitement, expecting his return that night. But instead of himself there came, some hours before he was due, a telegram with the following message:

"*Unavoidably detained for some days. Will write to-morrow.*"

"Some tiresome law business," said Mrs. Redacre.

"I wish papa had written and told us more about it," said Pearl; "I hate telegrams; they give one a fright, and they explain nothing."

"We must send word to Mme. de Kerbec," said Polly; "she will put off the dinner, I suppose."

But Mme. de Kerbec would do nothing of the kind.

"I will give another for the colonel when he comes home," she said. "But we really must not put this one off again; it will be unlucky if we do. And what is it but a little family *pot-au-feu* after all? We shall be only ourselves, you know. Mrs. Monteagle and Mr. Kingspring don't count as strangers, do they?"

She was so earnest, in fact, that there was no getting out of it, and Mrs. Redacre had no reason particularly to hold out, for the girls were evidently anxious to go; especially Polly.

The strain and irritation of the last week or so had told more severely on Polly than on her sister, and now she was feeling the reaction. Her spirits rose to the highest pitch of excitement; she was bubbling over with laughter all day, dancing through the rooms, and kissing her mother and Pearl whenever she passed them.

"Oh! what a mercy that we are not going to be poor," she exclaimed. "I do believe I should have gone mad if we had lost all our money, mamma."

"My darling! No, you would have been braver than you think; but I don't like to hear you talk so."

"What are we to wear to-morrow at Mme. de Kerbec's?" said Polly, suddenly apostrophizing Pearl.

"Our mourning dresses, of course; what else could we wear?"

"How I detest black!" said Polly. "But with a square-cut body it won't be so near one's face."

"As if it mattered a pin with your face, you goosey!" said Pearl, kissing the pout off the full coral lips. But it grated on her to see Polly so self-absorbed just now. It was natural they should all be very happy, even while feeling a due share of regret for the dead cousin who had proved such a deliverer; but Pearl would have liked to see Polly a little subdued, a little chastened by the two events

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which within a few days of each other had so shaken their quiet, happy lives.

One result of the successive shocks that Pearl was more especially thankful for was the change in her mother's health. Alice had regained the activity of her youngest days and something of her girlish bloom. It was a wonder to see her moving swiftly about the rooms —she who for years was perpetually reclining on her sofa. When, this evening, she entered Mme. de Kerbec's drawing-room, she looked more like the elder sister than the mother of her daughters.

"Now we are going to be a jolly little family party!" said the hostess, who stood forth to greet them in a gorgeous pale pink satin, richly trimmed with black lace, and further set off with emerald ornaments, the whole forming a striking contrast to the black dresses of the Redacres.

"How splendid you are!" said Pearl, with hearty girlish admiration.

"You like my dress, dear? I am glad of that," replied Mme. de Kerbec in the subdued tone she always assumed when toilette was mentioned. "I was rather anxious as to how the Spanish point would do. Mme. Galbois feared it would be heavy. I felt it was a risk myself; but I should do something with the lace after paying two hundred pounds for it, you know. And you really think it looks well? But does it become me? Tell me frankly what you think; I had rather know the truth, and one never can trust those dressmakers."

"I don't think pink becomes you as well as other colors," said Pearl. "I think it would have suited you better if she had put more black lace about the body."

"Pearl, you are a true friend," said Mme. de Kerbec, pressing her hand. "That is exactly what I feel about it myself: the pink is trying to my complexion; it wants toning down."

"I think it is trying to everybody's complexion, except, perhaps, Polly's," said Pearl; "she can wear every color under the sun."

"That is just what I complain of in the dressmakers," continued Mme. de Kerbec. "They only think of turning out a dress that will do credit to themselves; they don't care a straw whether it becomes one or not. I call it very unprincipled, besides being selfish; they should consider us when we pay them the highest price. I always say to Galbois: 'Mme. Galbois, I don't want to beat down your prices, but consider my face'; but that is the last thing she ever considers."

The conversation, which had now become deeply interesting to Mme. de Kerbec, was here cut short by the servant's calling out "*Madame est servie!*" and every one adjourned to the dining-room. There were only three gentlemen, the host, Mr. Kingspring, and Léon Léopold.

The one department where M. de Kerbec was master in his own house was the cooking; he engaged the cook, he ordered the dinner, and he was responsible for its success or failure. There were ill-natured people who said that this was why he was allowed to take the management of it; since the mistress of the house should have some one to attack when the dinner displeased her, it was pleasanter to be able to fall foul of the count, who was on the spot, than to have to nurse her wrath until the next morning and vent it on the cook. This supremacy in the

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culinary department was, indeed, paid for at a price by M. de Kerbec: if the dinner gave satisfaction he was rewarded by seeing madame enjoy it, but he got no thanks; if it did not give satisfaction he was complimented on his cook, and not allowed to eat a mouthful in peace. He had taken great pains to give satisfaction to-day; he had held a long conference with "his cook," and submitted the *menu* to madame before finally ordering it, and she had been very kind. To his anxious inquiries as to whether she was sure she liked the various dishes, and that they would not disagree with her, madame had replied that he must not worry about that, but consider what would suit everybody else. "You know me, Jack; you know I can always dine off a mutton-chop." For many a long day this mutton-chop was served as regularly as the soup, although it was seldom touched, and, when it was, it was generally dismissed with contumely for being done to a rag, or raw, or as tough as leather; in fact, Jack shook in his shoes when his wife called for her chop, because she never did so until she had pronounced every dish on the table "not fit to eat," and then he knew what was in store for him. A great deal depended on the temper she happened to be in when they sat down to dinner. To-day, unfortunately, she was put out about her dress; Pearl had destroyed her peace of mind for the evening by confirming her suspicion that pink was unbecoming to her, and that Mme. Galbois had selfishly refused to consider her face instead of the fashion-book.

Everything went on pleasantly till the roast came on; Mme. de Kerbec had let every dish pass her, but the count, whose eye watched each dismissal with growing anxiety, made sure she would take a bit of roast chicken. To his dismay, she waved it aside and said something to the butler; he signed to another servant, who came and exchanged a few words with his mistress, and was hurrying out of the room when M. de Kerbec called out.

"What is it, ma chère amie?"

"Oh! nothing; your cook forgot to send in my mutton-chop. Don't mind me; go on with your dinner."

But this was easier said than done. The count kept his eyes nervously on the door till the servant who had gone in search of the forgotten chop reappeared—without the chop.

"O dear! O dear!" exclaimed the guilty Jack, moving uneasily in his chair.

Some words passed between madame and the footman.

"I guessed as much," remarked madame; and she sat back in her chair with the air of a victim.

"Ma chère amie, you so seldom touch it of late that I suppose the cook thought—" began M. de Kerbec deprecatingly.

"Did you order that mutton-chop to-day?" demanded Capt. Jack sternly.

"Ma chère amie, I am afraid I did not specially mention it to-day; it is so long since you have touched—"

"Jack, I think you have heard me say that I liked a mutton-chop?" said his wife.

"But, my dear, if—"

"Answer me that: have I or have I not said that I liked a mutton-chop?"

Thus adjured, the unfortunate Jack was compelled to say that she had said so, and to confess, more-

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over, that he had taken upon himself to tell his cook not to prepare the mutton-chop to-day.

"I was perfectly sure of it," said Mme. de Kerbec. "I knew the woman, bad as she is, would never have dared neglect it if you had not told her. But it does not matter; I can do without any dinner." And she folded her arms and lay back in her chair, her emeralds shining out in lustrous mockery of her woe.

"Ma chère amie, I entreat you, take a bit of chicken," said her husband piteously.

The servant presented the dish, but, after scanning it for a moment, Mme. de Kerbec said, "No, thank you," and lay back again.

"I have a delicious liver-wing that I have not touched; let me send it to you. You can always eat the liver," pleaded poor Jack. But she requested that he would attend to his dinner and not mind her. Everybody was distressed at the mishap, but it was one of those cases where it was difficult to express sympathy, and where the best thing was to ignore the misfortune altogether. So the company went on talking, and tried to seem unconscious of the sad fact that their hostess was starving while they were feasting under her eyes. It was natural enough that they should do so, but that her own husband should go on devouring his food, while she sat opposite to him, not tasting a morsel, was selfishness not to be endured.

"Count," she said presently, calling to him across the table, "since you are so kind as to offer me that liver-wing, I think I will take it; that is, if you are quite sure you don't mind letting me have it."

The count dropped his knife and fork.

"Grand Dieu! I have eaten it," he cried.

"Ah! it doesn't matter. I thought you *meant* it when you offered it to me."

"Ma chère amie, you distinctly refused—"

"I say it does not matter. Go on with your dinner."

This was almost too much for the gravity of the company; Jack's look of despair, and Capt. Jack's face expressing mingled triumph and disgust, made two pictures in the highest degree comical. It was absolutely necessary for some one to say something, or else one minute more and there would have been a general explosion; as it was, Polly Redacre was violently choking in her pocket-handkerchief. Mr. Kingspring came to the rescue.

"Talking of the wing of a chicken," he said, "reminds me of a story that a friend of mine tells of a pair who eloped to Gretna Green. They stopped on the way to get some refreshment, and there was nothing at the inn but one-half of a chicken. The bridegroom helped the young lady to the leg, and kept the wing for himself; whereupon she stood up and wished him good-morning. 'If this is how you treat me before,' she said, 'what will it be after?' And not a step farther could he persuade her to go; home she went."

"And quite right," said Mrs. Monteagle; "no girl of spirit would have done otherwise. What do you say, Pearl?"

"I think it served him right," said Pearl.

"Men are so selfish!" said Mme. de Kerbec. "If we knew them beforehand, we should all run away."

"A Frenchman would not have done that," said Léon. "With all

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our faults, we are not capable of anything so brutal; eh, M. de Kerbec?"

But Mme. de Kerbec shrugged her shoulders and said: "You are ten times more selfish than Englishmen."

"This particular man seems to me to have been a fool as well as a brute," said Mrs. Redacre, laughing.

"Yes," said M. de Kerbec, venturing a little joke, "he *was* a fool not to have sacrificed the wing for once."

"Count, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said his wife, sitting up and looking at him with a glance that must have pulverized him on the spot, if it could but have hit him; "but it only proves what I say—you are ten times worse than our own men, you Frenchmen."

Jack collapsed after this. In spite of these little skirmishes between the host and hostess the dinner went off pleasantly enough; everybody knew that everybody else was making violent efforts not to laugh at the wrong moment, and this knowledge kept up a ripple of merriment that broke out the more heartily for being every now and then forcibly suppressed. Still, on the whole, there was a sense of relief when Mme. de Kerbec gave the signal to rise.

"I suppose, in compliment to Mr. Kingspring, you will think it necessary to stay behind over your wine," she said to the host. "But I beg you won't stay long; you hear me, count?"

The count said he would find the moments hours till he rejoined *ces dames;* and as soon as they were out of the room he drew a long breath and looked like a captive emancipated. The three gentlemen drew near one another, and filled their glasses, and prepared to enjoy the respite. The topic of conversation which at once engrossed them was the formation of the new cabinet. Léon declared he had no more certain information about his father's nomination than they had; he took the affair very philosophically, not seeming to care one way or the other.

"If it had been *la Guerre* they offered him, that would have been different," he said. "One might have had a chance of war then; at least I should have had a chance of impressing on the paternal mind the desirability of going to war. But what can the minister of *Culte Public* do? It is part of his business to prevent war, to do away with fighting altogether. I think myself the *porte-feuille du Culte Public* ought to be abolished. I see no use in it."

"You can see no use in anything that does not tend to get up a fight," said Mr. Kingspring. "I never knew such a bloodthirsty fellow as you are, Léopold. Pass the Château Margaux, please."

"What is the fun of being a soldier if one has no fighting to do?" said Léon. "It is like being a barrister and having no briefs."

"You may have some fighting in the streets one of these days; I suppose you would rather have that than nothing."

"I can't say I hanker much after that kind of war; it brings no glory and it demoralizes the troops. But I don't expect we shall have any."

"No," said M. de Kerbec, "the emperor will not push things to extremities; he is too prudent. I have a great opinion of his statesmanship myself. It would not do for me to say that in public, of course; my people would not like

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it; but *entre nous*, he is the man we want. He knows how to rule us; he is a despot, but we like that—France likes to be ruled with a high hand. This I say, of course, confidentially. You will never let it go farther?"

Both his friends pledged themselves never to divulge the sentiment thus confided to them, and M. de Kerbec, emboldened by their assurance, went on to say a great many more things about the present government, growing at last quite reckless in his conversation. He gave it as his private opinion that *le roi* was a chevalier, a Bayard, but no more fit to govern the France of the nineteenth century than Godefroi de Bouillon would be if he got out of his grave.

Léon and Mr. Kingspring egged him on till he had committed himself to opinions which, he said, were they to be overheard, would ruin him for ever; his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. It was assumed, naturally, that he meant in the faubourg; and his friends repeated their promise that no word of these criminal remarks should ever reach that noble region.

The time was going quickly in this free flow of soul and with the count's generous old wine; but, luckily for the revellers, Mme. de Kerbec was holding a consultation with Pearl and Polly as to the best way of remedying the mistake which Mme. Galbois had made in her dress, so she did not notice that the regimental ten minutes had twice expired. M. de Kerbec never was himself in his wife's presence, and he expanded in self-importance during the short after-dinner episode in a way that highly diverted his friends. No man held his own more firmly than he did then; no man ruled his household more despotically.

"I like this English habit of yours," said Léon, stretching himself comfortably in his chair. "I suppose it is barbarous, as *ces dames* say, to lose ten minutes of their society for the sake of chatting together over one's glass; but it is very pleasant, especially for an unfortunate like myself who is not rich in small talk. I never know what to say to ladies. I wish it would come into fashion here to leave them a little while to themselves after dinner."

"It never will," said Mr. Kingspring; "they dislike it, and they are the masters."

"Not always, mon cher, not always," protested M. de Kerbec. "My wife has a particular dislike to the practice, but I agree with Léopold that it is a pleasant one, and I invariably adopt it whenever we have an Englishman to dine."

"But one has not always an Englishman to dine," said Léon, "and when you have not I suppose you don't have your own way about it; there would be no excuse."

"I want no excuse for having my own way," said M. de Kerbec; "I am Julius Cæsar in my own house."

"Then, Julius Cæsar, will you please to march?" said a voice behind him. And Julius Cæsar did, Léon and Mr. Kingspring following in silence, as Captain Jack led the way into the drawing-room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.*

I. OBJECT OF THE WORK.

"Converte luctum nostrum in gaudium, ut viventes laudemus nomen tuum, Domine, et ne claudas ora te canentium."—ESTHER xiii. 17.

THE surprising revolution which has taken place in the ecclesiastical life of Germany during the last decade, the rich and variegated blossoms put forth by the life-giving tree of the Catholic Church, the strenuous efforts made to preserve from decay the house of God, to cleanse and enlarge it, and to deck it with its rightful and becoming ornaments, should, we trust, prepare the way for an appreciation of our efforts to draw attention to a part of the church's inner life which in its scope and significance occupies no inferior place in divine worship. We refer to church music. Not that we believe due consideration has not already been given to this subject. On the contrary, we acknowledge that it has recently been treated, from both an historical and musical point of view, with a remarkable amount of learning and assiduity. Although thus far the results attained have not been altogether satisfactory, yet diligent researches, not unfrequently combined with great sacrifices, have in a most laudable manner enriched the treasury of the church's song, and have in many ways shed light upon the old traditions. Above all we should not underrate the deep interest, the lively and praiseworthy zeal, with which very many critics and lovers of sacred song, at times with great acumen and good taste, have endeavored to establish rules for its execution.

Nevertheless, no one can well escape the conviction that very little has as yet been accomplished. A chaotic confusion of views prevails. Some continue to their hearts' content to tickle the ear with sentimental and worldly music; the attention of some is drawn from the diamond of the liturgical text, and the pearls of the Gregorian melodies, by the splendid setting given them by the style of Palestrina; others mutilate and split into fragments both text and melody, thus destroying the spirit and meaning of both in a way positively insufferable; while we must frankly confess that we rarely find any who sing plain chant.

In such a state of things it ought not to surprise us that a highly-esteemed popular author of our times should pronounce the chant "colorless," and that we should find another asserting that "plain chant freezes the inmost soul and benumbs the heart," and "is just the thing to drive people from the church." Nor was our own opinion at all different from this until we had the good fortune not only to learn from men of extensive experience the principles of a correct execution of the chant, but also to live in the midst of those who speak faultlessly this language of angels—we mean who sing the Gregorian chant intelligently.

* This and succeeding articles under the same title are from the pen of the Very Rev. Benedict Sauter, O.S.B., formerly the prior of the Abbey of Beuron, Sigmaringen, who published the matter contained in them under the title of *Choral und Liturgie*. Those who are interested in the subject of the reform of church music, now being much agitated both in Europe and America, will peruse the work of the eminent author with as much pleasure as profit.—ED. C. W.

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Those who find the chant "colorless" and "heartrending" evidently have in their minds the rendering of it to be heard at the present time in our churches, but surely not that chant of which St. Augustine says: "How did I weep during thy hymns and canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of thy sweet-attuned church! The voices flowed into mine ears, and the truth distilled into my heart, whence the affections of my devotion overflowed, and tears ran down, and I was happy therein." They cannot mean that chant which for millions of holy souls has been an indispensable spiritual nourishment, a living fountain of graces springing up unto eternal life—that chant once heard by the Christian folk with holy joy, to whose tones kings and emperors in their leisure hours delighted to unite their voices.

How comes it, then, that plain chant, pure and simple, has so few friends, that the common opinion is that, to make it barely enjoyable, the rare sublimity of its noble tones must be set forth with every kind of artificial appendage? Is it because the pure Gregorian melodies have not yet been definitely ascertained and restored? It is plain that this pretext is inadmissible. Is there, then, a lack of zeal in the cause of plain chant? It would hardly be fair to maintain this, although many more sacrifices by far of time and labor have been devoted to every other branch of music. Perhaps, then, the fault lies in some deficiency in the text? But the words are almost all from Holy Scripture, the dictations of the Holy Ghost. Must we find the obstacle in some peculiarity of the melodies? Yet these melodies were noted down by holy men, under the influence of divine inspiration, and for centuries have produced the effects of which we have just spoken.

We may trace the opposition to the chant on the one hand to its defective execution, on the other to the perverted taste of the last centuries. This corrupted taste will vanish when we have remedied the defects which have given rise to it. But it would be absurd to look for a reformation in the popular taste while we ourselves continue to violate good taste in our rendering of church music. Let us improve our singing of the chant, and an intelligent and appreciative taste will certainly follow.

What is first of all necessary to this end is not mechanical instruction in the modes of the chant, nor merely learning to sing or accompany them—books with this aim are in superabundance—nor even the discovery of the genuine Gregorian melodies. For of what use is the correctness of a version, if it cannot be read? The remarks of the learned Abbot Gueranger of Solesmes are here to the point: "The correct execution of the Gregorian chant is so indispensable for this that, even were we in possession of the antiphonary used by St. Gregory himself, it would be of no use to us if we had to hear his wonderful melodies performed without knowledge of the rhythm and without the correct execution. We could a hundred times better endure our worst and most faulty editions, if the chant were but rendered in accordance with rules known and followed of old."

A correct execution is therefore of especial importance in the singing of the chant. But presupposing such elementary knowledge as is absolutely indispensable, the

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first condition for a correct execution of the chant is a just conception of its significance in Christian worship and its essential connection with the liturgy.

We beg, therefore, the reader to follow us with attention in our explanations on this point with which we must necessarily preface the special rules for the singing of plain chant; for by such a discussion alone can the principles be understood which we intend to set forth in the later chapters upon the nature and essence, the rhythm, the tonality, and the modes of the liturgical chant.

II. A GENERAL ESTIMATE OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT.

In the preface to a recent edition of the *Book of St. Gertrude* we find words so clearly expressing our view that it seems appropriate to begin with them:

"If the holy hours together with the liturgical sacrifice made up the apostolic divine service, the daily routine of the first Christians, then it must without hesitation be asserted that these blessed first-born children of the church, with psalmody and hymnody, steeled their souls for the mighty struggle of martyrdom. *Officium* and *Sacrificium—i.e.*, Holy Scripture and the liturgy—these two consecrated vessels filled by the Holy Ghost and set up in the sanctuary of the New Covenant, yielded to those happy disciples of the apostles the sole substance of their spiritual nourishment. From out of them with joy they daily drew the heavenly manna that strengthened and refreshed their heroic souls upon their desert pilgrimage to the land of promise. What the fiery tongues of the Holy Ghost had spoken in the apostles quivered anew, in the holy songs of the hours and of the liturgy, upon the tongue of every baptized Christian; so that the church, the bride of Jesus Christ, offered to her heavenly Bridegroom a full, worthy, undivided, undiminished praise; and thus the whole church, not alone the sacrificing priesthood, was like a mighty harp of David, whose golden chords the Finger of God's Hand, the Holy Ghost, wondrously played to the sweet praise of the Most High and of the Lamb."

In this attractive passage we find the sacrifice and the office or the liturgical chant brought into the closest connection. Indeed, so essential is their mutual relation that one stands and falls with the other. Where the dogma of the Real Presence was abandoned, there also the canonical hours had to disappear. The religious worship of Protestants, if we can speak of any such thing among them, furnishes us with the readiest proof of this. And where, upon Catholic ground, the canonical hours, the public liturgical prayer of the church, have been hushed, there, instead of the original strong faith and the fulness of fervent religious life, have crept in at least lukewarmness, scepticism, and cold indifference to the supernatural. The existence of this deplorable state of affairs is only too frequently attested by the voice of the clergy.

It needs but a hasty glance at the beginnings of Christian worship in order to establish the divinely-willed connection of the liturgy with its chant. As the angels sang when the Eternal Word was made flesh, so also sang the God-Man with his apostles in the cœnaculum when for the first time he wrought the sacramental change of bread into his body (Matt. xxvi. 30); and after the Spirit of God had been poured out upon the church the apostles continued, and exhorted the faithful to continue, this holy singing (Eph. v. 19). Thus the liturgical chant grew and was perfected along with the growth of the church and the

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development of Christian worship.

Among all those peoples whose religious systems were sufficiently organized to admit of a regular worship, we invariably find sacred music in the service of religion and of the Sacrifice. To begin with the chosen people, we have the antiphonal song of Moses, Aaron, and Mary (Ex. xv.), the song of the children of Israel on the borders of Moab (Num. xxi. 17), the song of Deborah and Barak (Judges v.). David, the royal singer, was expressly called by Jehovah to set in order the liturgical song of God's people. Although the manner in which this chant, as David arranged it, was executed can hardly be ascertained, yet at all events the supposition is plainly untenable that its recitation was less of a chant than a declamatory delivery, with a fixed punctuation and an elevation of the voice to some extent arbitrary. It is altogether more probable that under David there existed for the service of God a fully-developed melodious chant, as surely may be inferred from the headings to many psalms, which, according to the opinion of weighty commentators—Le Blanc, for instance—in some cases give the names of popular songs to which each particular psalm was to be sung. Thus the twenty-first Psalm was to be sung to the "Hind of the Dawn," or, as another reading has it, "For the morning protection"; the fifty-sixth Psalm to the "Mute Dove of the Distant Places." Sometimes the appropriate instrument for the accompaniment of the psalm is named, as at the beginning of the eighth Psalm, "For the Gittith," an instrument so called on account of its resemblance to the winepresses. We must consider, also, that the royal prophet not only appointed two hundred and eighty-eight singing masters for the instruction as singers of four thousand Levites, and thus caused the music of the temple to be performed systematically, but he was also in the possession of instruments whose employment necessarily presupposes a knowledge of regulated modulation. We mention only David's favorite instrument, the *kinnur*, or cithara (1 Kings xvi. 23), and the *nebel*, or nablium, a kind of harp (Ps. xxxii. 2). Besides, who can doubt that the Holy Ghost inspired the royal singer with melodies appropriate to his sublime language? Or would Jehovah, who prescribed with the greatest exactness not only the ceremonial but even the construction and furniture of the temple, down to the smallest detail—would this Jehovah, ever zealous for the honor of his house, abandon to human ingenuity and the primitive musical appliances of the time, without his divine ruling and guidance, so important a thing as the music of his sanctuary? Useless then would have been the vocation of David, of whom St. Augustine so beautifully speaks: "Erat David vir in canticis eruditus, qui harmoniam musicam non vulgari voluptate sed fideli voluntate dilexerit, eaque Deo suo, qui verus est Deus, mystica rei magnæ figuratione servierit; diversorum enim sonorum ratio nobilis moderatusque concentus concorde varietate compactam bene ordinatæ civitatis insinuat unitatem" (*De Civ. Dei*, c. xiv.) We will only add that this music of the temple, founded and introduced by David, had afterwards a continual pious cultivation

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in the schools of the prophets. From the Hebrews the knowledge of instrumental and vocal music came at a very early date to the Greeks, and so long as their simplicity of life was not supplanted by luxury its exclusive use was in praising the gods and the deeds of their forefathers (*Odyssey*, i. 388). Nor is the case different with ancient Rome, where we also find it principally dedicated to the service of religion, for which reason Horace calls it "amica templo." Finally, it is an established fact that among the ancient Germans the singers were at the same time priests, as the Gallic bards were also Druids, and they not only started the war-songs but sang hymns in honor of their gods.

The passage we have quoted from the *Book of St. Gertrude* shows, secondly, that the office, as consisting of liturgical prayer and singing, has been sanctioned by the Holy Ghost. Of this there can be no doubt. The office is made up partly of Biblical extracts, partly of the traditional language of the church, the mouthpiece of the selfsame Spirit.

Our citation further goes to prove that the liturgical prayer and chant were not intended for the exclusive edification of any particular class or caste of Christian society, but were rather meant to be a living bond enclasping the whole church on earth, a holy service in which, by divine ordinance, the entire mystical body of Christ, clergy and laity, should share, just as all partake of the sacramental wells of grace, and as all join in the central act of Christian worship, the unbloody Sacrifice of the altar.

Neumaier, in his *History of Christian Art* (vol. i. § 81, p. 368), gives us a correct idea of this general participation of the people in the liturgical singing. He remarks that in the early church the singing was partly congregational (*populi concentus*) and partly antiphonal, the choir and the people singing by turns (*populi succentus*), but that the rendering of the music by a few well-drilled singers was a practice unknown in the primitive church. The Apostolical Constitutions prescribe this common participation of the faithful in the service: "Peractis per binos lectionibus, quidam alius Davidis hymnos psallat et populus extrema versuum succinat" (lib. ii. c. 37)—"When the lessons, read each by two persons, are over, let some one else sing the hymns of David, and let the people chant in reply the ends of the verses." St. Clement of Alexandria calls the music of the church "the common voice of the faithful"—φωνὴν τὴν κοινήν—and St. Basil "the common bond of charity and concord" (*Epist. ad Neocæsar*). "Bonorum maximum, caritatem conciliat psalmorum cantus, qui concentum ceu quoddam vinculum ad concordiam jucundam adinvenit, populumque ad chori unius symphoniam congregat. . . . Tandem a precatione surgentes ad psalmodiam transeunt. Et nunc quidem in duas partes divisi alternis succinentes psallunt. . . . Postea rursus uni committentes, ut prior canat, reliqui succinunt"—"Charity, the greatest of all goods, is won by the singing of psalms, which devises harmony as a bond unto joyful concord, and collects the people in the unison of one choir. . . . At length, rising from prayer, they pass to psalmody. And now, divided into two parts, they sing al-

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ternately. . . . Again committing it to one, as the prior sings the rest chant in reply." St. Ambrose likens the holy singing of a Christian congregation, in which young men and maidens, old men and children, unite in praising God, to the majestic roaring of the sea: "Ut cum undarum leniter alluentium sono certent cantus psallentium, plaudant insulæ tranquillo fluctuum sanctorum choro, hymnis sanctorum personent; unde mihi ut omnem pelagi pulchritudinem comprehendam, quam vidit operator? Et quid plura? Ecquid aliud ille concentus undarum, nisi quidam concentus est plebis. Unde bene mari plerumque comparatur ecclesia, quæ primo egredientis populi agmine totis vestibulis undas vomit; deinde in oratione totius plebis tanquam undis refluentibus stridet, tum responsoriis psalmorum, cantus virorum, mulierum, virginum, parvulorum consonus undarum fragor resultat" (*Hexæm.* iii. c. 5). The words of St. Athanasius on this point are particularly beautiful: "Praestabat certe istud, hinc enim unanimitatem cernere erat, hincque Deus est ad exaudiendum promptior. Si namque juxta ipsius Salvatoris promissionem duobus ob quamlibet causam convenientibus, quodcunque petierint, dabitur illis: quid si tanti populi convenientis una vox proferatur, qua Deo dicunt: Amen?"

We have similar testimony from St. Chrysostom (Hom. 36 in i. *ad Cor.*), St. Leo (Serm. 2 in *Annivers. Assumpt.*), and others. Sozomen ascribes it to this practice of the Christians that St. Athanasius found the means of escaping from his enemies (lib. iii. c. 5; cf. Socrates, lib. ii. c. 8). These fine passages inform us how very contrary to the practice of the primitive church is the use of our modern figured music, and what a poor exchange it is for plain chant. Of this more hereafter. Since we have no idea of trying to remodel the church on the primitive plan, we take ecclesiastical authority as our guiding star in the exposition of our principles.

But let us anticipate a possible objection. Should any one assert that the chant of the first Christians was but a crude medley, since it was not figured music in the modern sense, we can bring forward a passage which clearly points out by what spirit this mode of singing in common was not only brought into being, but, through constant inspiration, regulated. It is from St. Chrysostom's Homily on the 145th Psalm: *Ἐψαλλέ ποτε ὁ Δαυὶδ ἐν ψαλμοῖς, καὶ ἡμεῖς μετὰ τοῦ Δαυὶδ σημεῖον . . . καὶ γὰρ καὶ γυναῖκες καὶ ἄνδρες καὶ πρεσβύται καὶ νέοι διήρηνται ὑμνωδίας λόγον. Τὴν γὰρ ἑκάστου φωνὴν τὸ πνεῦμα περάσαν μίαν ἐν ἁπάσιν ἐργάζεται τὴν μελωδίαν*—"David chanted then in psalms, and we after his example, . . . men and women, old and young, lifting up the voice of hymnody. For the Spirit maketh the voice of each one to perform with all one and the same melody." This was the so-called symphonic chant, soon afterwards united with the antiphonal, *cantus responsorius*, *ὑπακοή*, *populi succentus*, the method of which is to this day perfectly preserved in the public recitation of the office. Of this antiphonal chant St. Gregory the Great remarks that the singing from side to side is a token of mutual charity, as at the end all join in the antiphon as with one voice.

In these three points—the connection of the liturgical chant with

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the liturgical sacrifice, its text, and its general prayerfulness—we have the fundamental principles which are to guide us in determining the place due to plain chant in our worship. They are so essential not only to a full appreciation of the chant, but also for the establishment of principles for its execution, that we must enter into them more particularly.

III. THE CONNECTION OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT WITH THE LITURGICAL SACRIFICE.

The liturgical sacrifice offered upon our altars is the continual unbloody representation of that inconceivably mysterious drama once for all enacted in its fulness in a bloody manner upon Golgotha. There was the act of redemption accomplished; here must the graces of redemption be bestowed upon a race thirsting for salvation. Thus the difference between the two sacrifices lies in the manner of the external offering, and in the way in which men partake of the benefits of each. There it was a deicide, with all the dreadful circumstances attendant upon such an act; here it is a glorious sacrifice of love, offered with all the pomp of ceremonial which only the inventive love of the Bride, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, could devise for the perpetual celebration of her union with her heavenly Bridegroom—a sacrifice of love, performed amidst an august choir of deathless spirits, there bringing to the Lord their homage, in union with a singing and rejoicing priesthood, an exulting multitude thirsting after blessings. The Christian altar is the holy place of the New Covenant, chosen by God for his communings with his people in a blessed, never-ending union, where above all things it is his delight to be with the children of men, where he will be their God and they shall be his people.

This communion of God with his people is not a dumb, lifeless quiescence. It is rather accomplished with active and vital movements, and mutual converse of the soul and heart with the angels and saints, and with the sacred humanity and divinity of our Saviour. There is an effusion of joy, praise, and thanksgiving; then a sighing, a compassionate sorrow, and heartfelt sympathy; then a wonderfully sweet, heavenly consolation, the communion, so full of mystery, of the Bridegroom with the dear soul, his bride; then again, as from one voice, a far-resounding cry of joy and homage from countless voices. There to the King of Heaven, enthroned upon the altar, is offered by redeemed humanity the highest act of reverence and homage, while, in the pomp of Christian worship, material things vie with human ingenuity in honoring the God-Man. For in that hallowed place is performed the sublime drama whose scene is laid upon the hill of Calvary, whose mysterious plot, woven and worked out in every Mass, shall be fully solved only at the end of time, when the Hero, our Divine Redeemer, shall lead his bride, still followed by the hellish dragon, home to his Father's house, to perpetual nuptials. This is the great and sublime drama at which, while men take a visible part through the medium of the offering priesthood, singing angels invisibly assist; in which the Eternal Word, Jesus Christ, our Paschal Lamb, lies a victim upon our altars, while the Holy Ghost conducts the faithful

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people to him, praying in them with groanings unutterable, and the eye of the Heavenly Father is fixed upon the act that paralyzes the arm of his justice and opens the floodgates of his mercy unto benediction.

Everything that constitutes and accompanies this sublime drama of the altar is included when we speak of the liturgy. Among all these accompaniments, such as the ceremonial, vestments, ornamentation of the altar, the liturgical chant holds the most important place as the *text* of the drama—now narrating historically, now illustrating and interpreting, now sighing and moaning, now mounting to vaulted roofs in glad shouts of victory; then with lovely sweetness adoring and giving thanks to the Saviour on the altar, then again representing him in converse with his beloved souls; now plunging into the secret depths of the mystery, and then with heightened and more piercing tones inviting all creation to a common song of praise. This is the task and office of the liturgical chant. It is, in short, in the accomplishment of the sacrifice, the quickening word, in the application of the sacrifice, the intelligible language between God and his people, between the people and their God.

Let us go yet a step further. The sacrifice of the Mass does not stand alone without relation to the other parts of Christian worship. Its rays of light are shed like sunbeams upon the entire circle of the Christian year. To quote Dom Gueranger again, in the introduction to his *Liturgical Year* we read as follows:

"Jesus Christ is the beginning and the end of the liturgy. The church's year is nothing but the manifestation of Christ, and the mysteries relating to him, in the church and in the devout soul. It is that divine cycle in which all the works of God, each in its appropriate place, beam forth—the week of creation, the Pasch and the Pentecost of the ancient people, the advent of the Word made flesh, his sacrifice, his triumph, the sending of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Eucharist, the unutterable glories of the all-pure Virgin Mother of God, the brightness of the angels, the merits and victories of the saints—so that we can say that this cycle takes its starting-point under the laws of the patriarchs, receives a still further development in written laws, and ever waxes towards completion under the law of love, to receive its final consummation only when it shall lose itself in eternity; even as the written law fell of itself on the day when the invincible blood of the Lamb rent by its might the veil of the Temple. . . . How happy should we be could we portray all the glory which the adorable Trinity, our Lord, the Virgin Mary, the blissful angels and saints receive from the yearly celebration of so many wonders! If the church year by year reneweth her youth like the eagle's, it is because through this liturgical cycle she receives in proportion to her needs the visitations of her celestial Bridegroom. Each year she sees him once more a child in the manger, fasting on the mount, offering himself on the cross, rising from the grave, ascending to the right hand of the Father; and the graces flowing from these heavenly mysteries are continually renewed in her, so that this garden of delights, fertilized according to its wants beneath the breathing winds from north and south, ever sends up to the heavenly Bridegroom a most precious odor (Cant. iv. 16). Each year she draws a new increase of life from the maternal bounty of the Blessed Virgin, poured forth upon the days of her joys, her sorrows, and her glories. And, finally, the dazzling constellations formed by the blended rays of the nine choirs of the holy angels, and the various ranks of the saints, the apostles, the martyrs, the confessors, the virgins—these also shower down upon the church mighty and unspeakable consolations."

We have here, in the words of the learned abbot, a glowing picture of the true nature and scope

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of the church's liturgy, and with it we get also an idea of the importance and wide range of the liturgical chant. Christ our Lord is the central point of both the sacrifice and the liturgy. As far as the sacrifice sends forth its rays of light are heard the strains of the chant that accompanies it. Our Lord is followed whithersoever he goeth by the chants and prayers of angels and faithful souls. The whole ecclesiastical year is therefore filled up with plain chant, which thus becomes as essential a part of the liturgy as the ceremonial.

The important position that is held by the music of the church has been unfortunately lost sight of in those places where its intimate connection with the sacrifice and the altar has been dissolved; where the singers, far removed from the sanctuary, stand in no other relation to the sacrifice and the sacrificing priest than still to sing a few responses, and to be silent or sing at the proper places. The music in this case, instead of accompanying step by step the holy action at the altar, is entirely separated from it; and thus forming of itself an independent element in the service, it either most improperly governs the priest at the altar, or, if he ignores it, is badly spoiled. In many of our churches the celebrant must be recollected to an extraordinary degree if his thoughts are not disturbed by the performances of the choir. Fancy, then, the effect upon those poor people who are unfortunate enough to possess an acute ear and a discriminating taste.

What an altogether different picture of the holy service of the altar is presented to us by the early church! A pious band of clerics, surrounding the altar in the presbytery or sanctuary, intoned the holy chants, which were re-echoed, if not always in the mouths, at least in the hearts, of the assembled Christian congregation, enabling them to join even in the smallest details of the holy action. This has ever been the ideal of Christian worship, as is proven by the venerable and irrefragable testimony of all Christian antiquity, and to-day the mind and intention, and to some extent the practice, of the church are the same. Therefore we cannot refrain from branding as imperfect, and as under some circumstances reprehensible, any practice opposed to this essential spirit of the church. Let it be remembered that we here lay down principles true in themselves and historically provable, but which we know are not readily realized. Our trust is in Almighty God, who has surely yet much to do for the glorification of his church.

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LONGING.

By maples wrought, above my head
  Hangs veil of shadowy green
Shot through with golden thread the sun
  Spinneth the dark between,
Flinging his shuttle to and fro,
  As lifts the wind the leaves,
Till through the mottled tapestry
  The sky its azure weaves.

No cloud hides aught of heaven to-day,
  No cloud-shade dims the earth,
Though clear-cut hill and clean-winged wind
  Alike of storm have birth.
And hides no storm-wrack in the glens,
  Forging a misty chain
To bind the sunlit peaks that hold
  The blessing of the rain

That speaketh in the fuller voice
  Of spendthrift streams that fling
Unto the sunshine and the shade
  Great diamonds glittering.
Seemeth the robin from the wood
  To call with note more clear—
As if the chastening storm had left
  Heaven to earth more near.

With earth so fair and heaven so near,
  My heart yet wandering flies
Beyond the blue line of the hills
  That fade in far-off skies;
Seeking in restless thought a spot
  Less fair than these great hills,
Where sound of feet on stone-bound street
  Mingles with voice of bells;

Where from the broad, salt river's edge
  A forest tall doth rise
Of barren masts and leafless spars
  Fine-lined 'gainst sunny skies.
Barren, save here and there a flower
  Of bright-hued bunting spread,
And leafless, save for light-reefed sail
  With smoke discolored.

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Seeketh my heart a grassy square
  Noisy with children's glee,
Where west wind scattereth wide to-day
  The fountain's charity;
Where falls no note of mountain bird—
  Pure, heart-unburdened song—
Breaks only tuneless twittering
  Of songless sparrow throng;

Where stirs the wind no murmurous chant
  As in yon pine-wood sighs—
Too scant the struggling growth to breathe
  The forests' symphonies.
Still on beyond the sunny square
  My heart seeks resting-place—
Even thy altars, Lord of Hosts!
  Thy smile, dear Queen of Grace.

Fair are the altars of the hills,
  Lessons sublime are theirs,
Shadows of Sion's holy gates
  Where enter all our prayers;
But fairer in heart's sight to-day
  The far-off smile of grace,
The damp-stained walls that gird about
  The consecrated place.

Dearer to-day than sculptured peak
  The pinions white and still
Of angels twain that with clasped hands
  In adoration kneel
Where, lifting thought through earth to heaven,
  A light celestial falls
From faces of brave saints of God
  Shining from rugged walls.

Nobler than all the lesser hills
  Yon mountain crest doth rise,
Crowned with a wreath of purest flowers,
  Kissed by the tenderest skies;
So 'mong the glorious holy ones
  Our Mother dear doth shine,
Crowned with the wreath immaculate
  Of purity divine;

Bearing within her arms the light
  That softens dreariest skies,
That with its tenderness o'erfills
  The heaven of her eyes.

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Longeth my wandering heart to rest
Beneath that blessèd gaze,
While lack the music of the pines,
The birds' glad-hearted lays,

The blue hills' silent harmony
One note of love divine
Whereto, to-day, my heart replies
Alone in far home-shrine
Where, sweeter than the wind-tuned psalm
Or sun-waked voice of bird,
Tinkles the consecration-bell
In holy silence heard;

Where, fairer than these hills of God,
To-day seems thought of man—
The foot-way visible whereby
Th' invisible we span.
By painted semblance upward led
Weak souls find rest in Heaven,
Whence God descends that Heaven's peace
Even on earth be given.

O wandering heart, that this calm day
Seekest thy love so far,
He is beside thee; here, as there,
His arms about thee are;
Yet ever long, O heart of mine,
To be of him possessed—
He who hath made us for himself
Only can give thee rest.

THE ALISCAMPS.

PROVENCE, in spite of the cloudless azure of its heavens, the blueness of the sea that washes its shores, the arrowy Rhone and turbulent Durance that fertilize its valleys, the soft olive-woods and groves of flowery almonds that cover its slopes, the sun-bleached mountains perfumed with the lavender and wild thyme—in spite of ancient ruins which rival those of Italy, and of modern towns prosperous and fair—is more indebted for its reputation to the poetic fancy of its troubadours than the country and climate for the most part merit. There are miles where the land is of astonishing roughness, almost beyond the reach of cultivation, with only an occasional oasis to break the dreary monotony. There are pools and broad marshes from which rise pestilential miasmas, that are even more melancholy than

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the parched and desolate plains. As you go down from Orgon towards Aix, for instance, along a road bordered with sickly, mutilated willows, olives gray as ashes, all nature clothed in pale neutral tints, with a lonely farm-house here and there among tall cypresses that only add to the dreariness, you would never imagine yourself in rose-flushed Provence sung by the poet and romancer. Add to this the impetuous blast of the mistral filling the air with clouds of dust, and a burning sun withering the last remnant of vegetation after months of dryness, and the shrill notes of the cicada wearying the air with their ominous sound, and the picture seems to be anything but attractive.

Southeast of Arles, on the left bank of the Rhone, is a district twenty or thirty miles in breadth, overspread in some remote prehistoric age with an immense deposit of stones, worn by friction, from the size of one's head to that of an egg. This desolate plain is called the Crau by the peasants. To the ancients it was known as the *campus lapideus*. Here and there a spot has been brought under cultivation by artificial means, but it is mostly abandoned to coveys of partridges, herds of wild, shaggy cattle, and vast flocks of sheep. Geologists ascribe this layer of stones, twenty yards or more in depth, to the agency of water, and affirm them from their nature to have been brought down from the Alpine valleys; but all lovers of the marvellous and legendary will prefer to give credence to the ancients, who claimed to be full as familiar with the secrets of nature, and far more so with those of the gods. According to Æschylus, Hercules, after delivering Prometheus, who had been chained on the Caucasus, set out for the garden of the Hesperides. Prometheus gave him directions for the journey: "Thou wilt come to a place beaten by Boreas. Take care lest the violence of the cold winds carry thee away. There thou wilt encounter the Ligurians, and, notwithstanding thy valor, wilt find thyself left without means of defence, the Fates having decreed that thy arrows shall be spent. The earth will not even furnish thee a stone to cast at thy enemies. But Jupiter will be touched with compassion. He will cover the heavens with a thick cloud and cause a hail of round stones with which thou canst repel thy opponents." This reminds us of the Biblical account of the great stones cast down from heaven upon the five kings of the Amorites and their hosts in the time of Josue, leaving the ground covered, it is said, to this day. Strabo and Pomponius Mela attribute the Crau to the same origin, with some variations. According to the latter, Hercules, returning from Iberia, where he had been to carry off the cattle of Geryon, was stopped on the plains of Arles—the ancient Théliné, or the Fertile—by two giants, Albion and Belgion, sons of Neptune. He exhausted his arrows on them in vain, and then invoked the aid of Jupiter, who rained down great stones that killed them, making a desert of the once fruitful plain. This desolate region was once absolutely sterile, but since the time of Adam de Craponne, who was born in a little village on its outskirts, it has been undergoing a gradual transformation by canals which diffuse around them the fertilizing waters of the Durance. Wherever these extend, trees have sprung up and meadows and wheat-fields have been

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formed. Still, a large part is like the burning plains of Africa, and, as there, the excessive expansion of the air in summer that comes in contact with the smooth quartz pebbles heated by the sun causes a continual mirage which makes you think you are approaching the sea. And even the occasional oases with their poplars, mulberries, and the oak from which the vermilion is gathered, and the wild birds and wandering herds, all give a strange aspect to the whole region that belongs to another clime. About three hundred thousand sheep and goats pass part of the year here. They come down from the mountains in the winter, though it is sometimes very cold on the Crau with the icy *bise* sweeping across the broad, defenceless plain, furious as in the days of Hercules. Mistral in his pastoral, *Mirèio*, describes the descent of these flocks from the hills of Dauphiné:

"You should have seen this multitude
Defile into the stony road:
The early lambkins, heading the whole band,
Come on in merry throngs,
The lamb-herd guiding them; then come
The asses with their bells, in pairs, their foals beside,
Or in disorder trotting after them.
. . . . . .
Captains of the brigade,
With horns turned back,
Next come on abreast, jingling their bells,
And with looks askance,
Five proud buck goats with threatening heads;
Behind come the mothers
With their little mad-cap kids." *

Then the chief shepherd in his plaid, guiding his flock, the defiant rams with their muzzles in the air and their horns thrice wound around their ears, the ewes bleating to the lambs, all marked on the side, hurrying on in a cloud of dust, and kept in bounds by the dogs. The owner, with his staff, looks on, as they go past in hundreds, with sparkling eyes, and brow so wise that you would take him for the beautiful King David when he went to water his flocks at the wells of Bethlehem.

This desert, so striking to the imagination, like the Campagna around Rome, attunes the mind for entering the venerable city of Arles. For there is a certain melancholy about this old patrician place, downfallen as it is, that reminds one of the Niobe of nations. Ausonius called it in its prime, when it numbered one hundred thousand within its walls, *Gallula Roma Arelas*—the Rome of the Gauls. How much more now, when she stands

"Crownless, in her voiceless woe,"

a fallen queen indeed, for Arles was once the capital of a kingdom.

Our hotel was in the Place du Forum, and had antique remains encrusted in its walls. In every part of the city, as in Rome, are venerable Christian monuments, and still more ancient pagan ruins. Once we emerged from the narrow, gloomy streets to find ourselves among the débris of the old Roman theatre, with two stately columns rising into the clear air, and children playing in the sun amid scattered remains that attest its past magnificence. St. Hilaire has been reproached by archæologists for the destruction of this theatre, said to have rivalled that of Marcellus at Rome, as if a few marbles and columns were preferable to the triumph of Christianity over the voluptuous sensualism which then pervaded the theatre and made it really a school of vice. The classic tragedies of Greece and Rome were no longer in vogue, but the infamous plays of a degenerate age. A priest named Cyrillus, in particu-

* Mr. Grant's translation of *Mirèio*.

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lar, is said to have stirred up the people by his preaching to demolish it. Others, with perhaps as much reason, attribute its destruction to the Saracens. Several statues of merit have been found amid the ruins, among others the Venus of Arles, now in the Louvre, remarkable for the beauty of its head encircled by bandelettes. Its discovery gave rise to a famous controversy whether it was a Venus or Diana. The people of Arles naturally inclined to the latter opinion, as Diana was considered by their ancestors the tutelary divinity of the city, and M. Vertron thus replied to the author of the *Entretiens de Callisthène :*

"Silence, Callisthène, et ne dispute plus!
Tes sentiments sont trop profanes ;
Dans Arles c'est à tort que tu cherche Vénus,
On n'y trouve que des Dianes ";

which may be thus rudely rendered :

"Dispute no more, good Callisthène,
Thy sentiments are too profane :
A Venus in Arles cannot be found,
Only Dianas here abound."

Then there is the amphitheatre, capable of holding twenty-five thousand spectators, where Christians were slain by the wild beasts, and Constantine the Great used to give shows to the people. The Moors transformed it into a citadel and built the tall, square towers that still give it so unique an appearance. It is wonderfully preserved, considering the sieges and assaults it has withstood, and the open arches against the blue sky produce a fine effect. Besides these, Arles had a circus, public baths, arches of triumph, columns, temples, an Egyptian obelisk, a magnificent forum, and an imperial palace. We walked around the ramparts, now converted into a promenade overlooking the marshy plain, once an inland sea that made Arles an important port, and bethought ourselves of the two giant sons of Neptune coming in from the sea to encounter the mighty Hercules; of the old Phocæan colonists coming from the East, bringing with them the worship of Diana and a taste for the beautiful, innate with the Greeks ; of the conquering Romans who, in their turn, brought a new civilization and love for the arts ; and of the apostles of a holier religion who came to purify and elevate what was earthly and sensual.

No church in Gaul has a better right to claim an apostolic origin than Arles, and it was one of the first cities in the Roman Empire to embrace Christianity. The first apostle of Arles was St. Trophimus. He was born on the happy shores of the Ionian Sea—at Ephesus, famed for its temple of the great Diana, and dear to Christians as the see of the Beloved Disciple, with whom, according to some, the Blessed Virgin went to reside and hence ascended to heaven, leaving in her tomb roses and lilies instead of the ashes of corruption, and where, at all events, a council in defence of Catholic doctrine asserted her to be the Mother of God. From St. John, therefore, if not from Mary, Trophimus learned all the details of the Saviour's life, even many of those which the evangelist tells us were never written down. He was one of the twelve on whom St. Paul laid apostolic hands as he passed through Ephesus, and he accompanied the apostle of the Gentiles in his journey to Macedonia and Troas; was with him when he was proclaimed a god and when he was stoned ; when he stood before rulers and when he was in prison. At Jerusalem he was the cause of a great riot, for the Jews, seeing St. Paul take an uncircumcised Greek with him into

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the temple, thought it done out of contempt for the law, and laid hold of him, and drew him out, and would have slain him had he not been rescued and taken before the rulers and finally sent to Rome, where he remained two years. St. Trophimus was left at Miletum sick when St. Paul went to Rome the second time. St. Peter sent him afterwards to Gaul, as twenty-nine Narbonnese bishops wrote Pope Leo in 450: "The Gauls know, and Rome is not ignorant, that the city of Arles had for its first bishop one sent by St. Peter." The city has a monument worthy of its first apostle in the fine mediæval church of St. Trophimus. It is entered by a porch, superb with its sculptures, and its pillars resting on huge lions devouring their prey. There is Christ above coming with the twelve apostles to judge the world. Angels bear the righteous to heaven, and the wicked—O day of wrath!—are borne away in chains to hell. Among the other sculptures is the martyrdom of St. Stephen, his soul, under the form of an infant, issuing from his mouth and received by an angel. Over the door is an ancient statue of St. Trophimus with the inscription:

Cenitur eximius
Vir, Christi discipulorum
De numero, Trophimus,
Septuaginta duorum.

The interior of the church has recently been restored, which has, of course, effaced the stamp of antiquity.

Seven chapels radiate around the choir, dim and solemn. Several of the altars have sculptured marble fronts from old sarcophagi formerly in the Aliscamps. The beautiful cloister adjoining is well preserved and very curious. Nothing could be more quiet and peaceful. The grassy quadrangle, closely cropped, was green and starred with daisies. A guardian lived in a cell that opened into the arcades—an old, palsied man, garrulous as to the marvels of Arles, among which he reckoned, as pre-eminent, the beauty of the women, of the old Greek type, though he said they were not so handsome as when he came to Arles twenty-five years before. His heart had grown chill in this old cloister, or age had dimmed his eyes. He shuffled around to explain the carvings on the capitals of the double columns that support the arcades. Here are all the chief events of the life of Christ, very quaintly and beautifully told. On one are the three wise men of the East, all in one bed, and an angel coming to awake them with the glad tidings. There are three horses all saddled and bridled, and the guiding star in the Orient.

St. Trophimus could hardly have felt himself in a foreign land at Arles. The Greek language prevailed all along the Rhone from Lyons to Marseilles, and was long used even in the offices of the church. In fact, there are still many words of Greek origin in the Provençal tongue. He found Diana worshipped here as at Ephesus. Human sacrifices were annually offered her during the kalends of May on the famed *ara lata* which, according to some, gave its name to the city—an immense altar set up on marble pillars, as we are told in the nocturns of the old breviary of Mont Majour; and the apostle so effectually preached the great Sacrifice which rendered useless even the shedding of the blood of beasts that the horrid practice was abolished. He set

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up the cross in the Aliscamps, or Elysian Fields, where lay generations of pagans, and then built a chapel to which he gave the name of Mary while she was still living, according to the tradition recorded on an old stone once over her altar, but carried to Rome by Cardinal Barberini for his cabinet of antiquities: "*Hoc sacellum dedicatum fuit Deiparæ adhuc viventi.*"

The ancient necropolis of the Aliscamps is the most impressive thing to be seen at Arles, and its history, as told by the monuments —from those set up before the introduction of Christianity down to the urns dedicated to the consuls who fell victims of the pestilence of the eighteenth century—comprises the history of the city. It is on the southeast side of Arles, for no one was allowed in Roman times to be buried within the walls. Dante and Ariosto have both sung this celebrated field of the dead, where, according to the latter, repose some of the companions of Orlando,

"Presso ad Arli, ove il Rodano stagna,
Piena di sepolture è la campagna."

For as Æschylus chose the strange desert of the rocky Crau for the contest of Hercules with the giants of Gaul, so Ariosto makes Orlando, the famous paladin, combat on the same arid shore, and bury his fallen knights in the plain of the legendary Aliscamps. And it might well be the theatre of mythological traditions and romances of Christian chivalry. One should visit this *valle tenebrosa*, as M. de la Gournerie tells us, at the solemn hour of twilight, when darkness with its pensive influences is just beginning to gather around the plain. Then to go up this avenue of the dead, shaded by plane-trees, and lined with great stone sarcophagi

"Whose sacred dust was scattered long ago,"

with mortuary chapels here and there, and sepulchral monuments, and on every side fragments of old altars and memorial stones amid rank nettles and briars, till you come to the ivy-clad ruins of Notre Dame de la Grâce amid funereal cypresses, where St. Trophimus set up the first Christian altar, and look off towards the canal that comes from the Durance with its slimy waters across the melancholy plain like a fabled river of hell, the wind-mills, phantom-like in the obscurity, silently beating the dun air with their long white arms, seems like a scene from the *Inferno*. And Dante compares the place where the arch-heretics are confined in burning tombs to this very cemetery:

"As where the Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles;
The place is all thick spread with sepulchres.
So it was here, save what in horror here
Excell'd; for midst the graves were scattered flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned,
That iron for no craft there hotter needs."

And as we go slowly, thoughtfully along, looking into the enormous sarcophagi, some open, others with great heavy lids on them which we almost expect to see rise up and give issue to sad moans and dolorous sighs, such as the great Florentine heard coming from the fiery tombs, we feel the awful solemnity of a place thick with the shades of eighteen hundred years.

The Aliscamps constituted the great necropolis for the whole country around, to which even other cities in pagan times sent their most distinguished citizens to be buried. The statue of Mars, as at Rome, was set up in the centre

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to watch over the generations of the silent dead. On every hand were the protecting images of the *Dei Manes* to terrify the sacrilegious violator of tombs and cinerary urns, some of which were of silver and gold, and even the most common ones of clay often contained jewels the deceased had worn, or ornaments that adorned the purple robes which, as Virgil tells us, were laid on the funeral pyre:

"Purpureasque supèr vestes, velamina nota
Conjiciunt."

With these were lacrymatory vials, often of rare crystal, in which love and tenderness had shed the expression of inconsolable grief, and in the tombs were lamps, frequently of artistic design, sometimes, it is said, giving eternal light, symbolic of the immortality of the soul.

When the custom of burning the dead was abolished, then came magnificent sarcophagi, some hewn out within, like a mould of the human form, to contain its inmate, like many of those which still border the sad avenue of the Aliscamps; some covered with beautiful sculptures like that in the museum at Arles on which Apollo and the nine Muses are represented; some plain and massive and huge enough to contain the giants Albion and Belgion. Families used to vie with each other in these tombs, and, as Bossuet says, seemed to try to hide the shame of corruption under pompous emblems and expressions. They even denied themselves almost essential comforts to satisfy this pride. There is a melancholy interest in reading the inscriptions of eighteen hundred years ago. They all have the invocation, *Diis Manibus.* On one we read:

Fvi, non svm; estis, non eritis.
Nemo immortalis

—I was, I am no more; you are, you will not be. No one is immortal." Another says: "Let no one honor me with tears. I have paid a cruel tribute, but one common to all." One records the sorrow of a mother: "O grief! how many tears have bedewed this sepulchre in which lies Lucina—Lucina, the sweet joy of her mother. Yes, she is here under the cold marble. Would to the gods she might be animated with new life! Then would she know how great is my affliction. She lived twenty-seven years, ten months, and thirteen days. Parthenope, her unhappy mother, erected this monument."

Tradition says our Saviour descended in person, at the prayer of St. Trophimus, to bless this old pagan cemetery, and the sacred chapel of the Genouillade, analogous to that of the *Domine quo vadis* near Rome, was erected over the stone on which he left the impress of his knees. An old document at Arles gives the details of this delightful legend: how, when the church built by St. Trophimus was completed, several of the early bishops of Gaul assembled to consecrate it to the worship of the true God—St. Paul Sergius of Narbonne, St. Maximin of Aix, St. Saturnin of Toulouse, St. Martial of Limoges, St. Eutrope of Orange, and others of equally holy memory. While a saintly contest was going on who among them should perform the ceremony, Christ himself appeared in the resplendent clouds, and, after blessing the cemetery and church and the assembled multitude, disappeared, leaving behind him the imprint of the *Sainte Genouillade.*

No wonder that in this thrice-

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blessed spot angels were often heard to sing melodiously, according to the testimony of the Blessed Quirin, Bishop of Uzès, and many others of past ages. No wonder that, as we are told by Gervase of Tilbury, marshal of the kingdom of Arles in the thirteenth century, no diabolical influence could ever disturb those happy enough to find rest in this privileged spot.

"No evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue, meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
Can harm them."

All the people of the surrounding country looked forward with the hope of finally reposing in this *campo santo*. The dwellers on the banks of the Rhone, as Gervase of Tilbury relates, were so desirous of sending their dead here that they used to seal them up in a box with the *droit de mortellage*, or sum for funeral expenses, and set it afloat on the river. The current used to carry it along, and, however violent the wind, it never went beyond the old quarter of Arles called La Roquette. There it was taken possession of by the monks of St. Honorat, as the cemetery church is sometimes called, and buried with suitable obsequies. Among the marvels that were constantly occurring in those delightful days, it is related how a tun was one day seen floating down the Rhone, only guided by the finger of God, and, passing between Tarascon and Beaucaire, the people of the castle of Beaucaire drew the tun ashore, and, opening it, found the body of a knight and a large sum of money for his interment. They took possession of the money, sealed the body up again, and cast it into the river. But the strong current seemed no longer to have any power over it. The tun only floated to and fro before the castle, and finally attracted the attention of the Count of Toulouse, who was lord of Beaucaire. His inquiries led to the discovery of the robbery, and he had the money restored to the last farthing, upon which the tun resumed its course, and so came safely to Arles and the holy cemetery, where the knight received honorable burial. It is not surprising that the spirits of this river —once the great thoroughfare of the dead—are still said to dance on the old bridge of Trinquetaille, by which passed the Aurelian Way to Spain:

"Per quem Romani commercia suscipis orbis,"

as Ausonius says. Mistral, the last of the Provençal troubadours, sings how "the Rhone is full of phantoms, and ghosts, and spiritual appearances, especially on St. Medard's night, when the souls of the dead revisit the earth, seeking for some good deed of their past lives, some act of faith that may open to them the gates of Paradise." Alas! some find but heavy sins and crimes 'gainst which they stumble and seek Heaven's pardon in vain for ever.

The Aliscamps, with its sacred chapels and tombs of the saints, acquired such renown as to become a place of pilgrimage, and many pardons, or indulgences, were attached thereto and conferred on those who by their alms aided in their repairs. One noble gentleman, a Seigneur de la Roche, is mentioned as having employed his whole fortune in founding hospices wherein to lodge pilgrims in honor of Notre Dame de la Grâce. Many ancient bishops were buried here in the pagan sarcophagi whose dust had been scattered to the

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winds by the Goths and Saracens. The *Diis Manibus* was changed to *Deo Maximo*, and the pagan emblems replaced by the alpha and omega, the monogram of Christ, the vine, fish, or dove, or some other symbol of the primitive church. On some were carved the wine-press, the olive harvest, Moses smiting the rock, Jonas and the whale, etc., similar to the sepulchral carvings to be seen in the Lateran palace at Rome.

The chapel built by St. Trophimus, to which so many traditions and legends are attached, has undergone a thousand vicissitudes from time and the calamities of centuries. Threatened with ruin in the sixth century, St. Virgil, who was then archbishop of Arles, undertook to restore it and incorporate it with the church afterwards known as St. Honorat's. Every one in the city contributed either money or materials or labor. One man alone, says the legend a thousand years old, refused, and expressed ridicule and contempt of the work. But when the church was completed he could not resist his curiosity to see it consecrated, and during the ceremony was suddenly struck blind. Whereupon the assembled multitude, out of Christian compassion, when they heard his cries, fell on their knees to pray for him, and the bishop anointed his eyes with oil from the Virgin's lamp, by which he recovered his sight. The penitent man then sold all he had and became a monk at St. Honorat's, where a community of Cassianites from Marseilles had been established. The church, ruined by the Saracens, was restored and richly endowed by Charlemagne. In the thirteenth century the princes and people throughout the Christian world were called upon to aid in the rebuilding of this venerable sanctuary, again in ruins, and the appeal was so favorably received that a large edifice was erected with three naves, and in the ancient chapel of the Virgin, still preserved with veneration, was set up the black Madonna that became famous as Notre Dame de la Grâce, with the tomb of St. Trophimus for the altar. In this church, too, reposed St. Honorat, who had been torn from his sweet solitude at Lérins to be the bishop of Arles. It is said that the monks of Lérins, desirous of having the remains of their holy founder, undertook to bear them secretly away in the night, but when they opened the tomb in which he lay all the other dead in the Aliscamps, by the will of God, rose up from their graves and cried out against them, at which the monks desisted and left the body in the sepulchre. But some time after they took fresh courage and made a second attempt to obtain it, but the dead rose up again and cried out louder than before, which so terrified the monks that they abandoned their purpose. The greater part of St. Honorat's remains were, however, finally transferred to Lérins, but a portion was kept here, and his tomb served as the high altar of the church. Beneath was the crypt built by the early Christians, to which you descended by a double rampe. There was the stone altar of sacrifice on which St. Trophimus used to offer the unbloody, the clean oblation of the New Law, and around it stood seven marble tombs of admirable workmanship, containing the bodies of seven saints—St. Dorothea, the virgin of Arles, and St. Genès the martyr, and St. Hilaire, St. Eone,

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St. Virgile, St. Concorde, and St. Rolland, all bishops of this ancient see. St. Genès was a citizen of Arles, who in the time of Diocletian was appointed clerk and obliged to register the penalties against the Christians. Struck by their virtues, he became a follower of Christ and threw away his pen to take up the palm of martyrdom.

The tomb of St. Hilaire is now in the museum at Arles. It bears the inscription: *Sacrosanctæ legis antistes, Hilarius hic quiescit*, and on it is carved a cross, two doves, and a heart, symbolic of the charity of one who sold all he possessed and gave the money to the poor, who kept up in the episcopate the penitential life he had led as a monk at Lérins, denied himself even the use of a horse and always performed his journeys on foot, sold the vessels of the church to redeem captives, and, though of noble birth, said the highest degree of nobility is to be counted among the servants of Christ, in whom we are all equal. Well might St. Leo call him "Hilary of holy memory." He was so beloved by the people of Arles that the very Jews followed him to the grave, chanting the Psalms in the Hebrew tongue and filling the air with his praises. They alone could speak. The voices of the Christians were stifled by grief.

The tomb of St. Rolland used to be constantly filled with miraculous water of singular purity, to which the people had recourse in fevers and diseases of the eye. On the tomb of St. Eone was carved the Labarum, and beneath was the Emperor Constantine, wearing the paludamentum, gazing up at a cross suspended in the air surrounded by the well-known *In hoc vinces*. On the cover were his wife, Fausta, and their son. On one end was a man in a long tunic pouring water on the head of a warrior. On the other the same person was pouring water on the head of a nude infant over whom hovered the imperial eagle. This tomb, a work of the fourth century, was probably intended for one of the royal family. At all events it commemorated the miraculous apparition of the Cross to Constantine, which several grave authors assert to have taken place in the Aliscamps. We know that Arles was a favorite residence of Constantine, and when he decided to leave Rome he hesitated between this city and Byzantium. He always came here gladly, and built the palace of La Trouille, near the Rhone, the brick tower of which is still standing. Here he lived with Fausta, and here Constantine II. was born. In his reign was convoked at Arles the first council of the West, styled by St. Augustine *plenarium Ecclesiæ universæ concilium*. This was in 314, eleven years before the Council of Nice. Three English bishops took part in it—Eborius of York, Restitutus of London, and Adelphius of Chester. It was held in the church of Notre Dame la Major, built on the site of an old temple of Cybele, and its decisions related principally to the Donatists, the keeping of Easter, etc. Two other councils have been held in this interesting old church, one convoked by St. Hilaire in 439. Arles for a long time enjoyed a religious pre-eminence in Gaul, and twenty councils have been held in the city, first and last. And it prides itself on remaining pure from all taint of heresy, for which reason it is said the Sire de Joinville gave it the name of Arles le Blanc, or the Spotless.

But to return to the Aliscamps. It was here St. Césaire established

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his famous convent of nuns which gave eleven known saints to the church besides St. Cesaria, his sister, who was placed over it. At one time it numbered two hundred members. Part of their duties was to transcribe the sacred writings, in which they excelled. St. Cesaria had stone coffins for herself and the nuns ranged around their chapel, and they sang the praises of God day and night with their tombs open before them.

St. Césaire was the son of the count of Châlons, and while a mere youth became a monk at Lérins. He succeeded his kinsman, St. Eone, as bishop of Arles in the time of the Visigoths, and was so given to works of charity that he stripped the pillars and rails of the churches of their silver, and sold the sacred vessels to relieve the poor prisoners brought into the city. And when Theodoric sent him a silver vase weighing sixty pounds, with three hundred pieces of gold in it, he sold the vase and ransomed captives with the money. The inhabitants regarded him with so much veneration that, when recalled from exile under Alaric, they went out to meet him with wax tapers, singing psalms, and attributed to his instrumentality the rain that presently fell, relieving a great drought. There are many old legends respecting St. Césaire. Gervase of Tilbury relates one connected with a sea-breeze, sometimes called the *vent de St. Césaire*, peculiar to a certain valley of the kingdom of Arles called Nyons, which was densely peopled, and so completely encircled by abrupt hills that no wind could possibly enter it. The sterility of the soil was attributed to this fact. St. Césaire went down to the shore of the Mediterranean and filled his glove with the sea-wind, which he held tight till he arrived at the confines of this secluded valley. Then, in the name of Christ, he cast it against the cliff with the injunction to go on blowing for ever. And an opening was instantly made in the rock, through which the wind has never ceased to blow. It is sometimes called the Pontias wind, or *de ponto*, from the sea. This wind never extends beyond a certain limit, and is considered favorable to fertility.

In the Aliscamps is likewise the chapel of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde, near the church of St. Honorat. Here the celebrated family of the Porcelets were buried, and their *armes parlantes*, emblazoned on the walls—a pig passant sable in a field or—recalls the old tradition concerning the origin of their name, which, if not glorious for them, affords a striking lesson of Christian charity. It is said that their ancestress, then a young matron, having curtly refused alms to a beggar-woman under the pretence that the poor had no business with so many children, the woman, pointing to a certain animal lying recumbent in the sun with its young around it, in the same position in which Æneas found a similar one where rose Alba Longa, the mother city of Rome, replied: "The time will come when you will have as many at once as yonder beast has little ones." The lady is said to have had nine, who became known as the Porcelets, or Piglets. The Porcelets proved to be a noble race, even if they had nine pigs on their *écu*. A Porcelet was the devoted friend of Richard Cœur de Lion, and not only accompanied him in the Crusades but saved his life, when a Saracen was aiming a blow at him, by crying: "I am the king." At

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the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers the only Frenchman spared was Guillaume de Porcelet, on account of his virtues. He was one of the hundred men chosen as champions by Charles of Anjou when he defied Don Pedro of Aragon to mortal combat. The Porcelets enjoyed several special privileges at Arles on account of their services and eminent virtues. Every year the fishermen carried them the first sturgeon caught in the Rhone to the sound of the fife and tambourin. At one of the windows of their mansion was an iron trellis, and the condemned criminal who succeeded in taking refuge behind it was spared, as if in a sanctuary.

Another chapel in the Aliscamps was built by the Baron de Beaujeu as an expiatory monument for having killed the young lord Accurse de la Tour in a private combat by the gateway of the cemetery. It is known as the chapel of St. Accurse. The tomb of the victim is without the walls, and over it are represented the two combatants with sword in hand.

Among the other noted families of the city is that of the Arlatans, which already existed in the remote time when the Crau was infested by a monster that came forth from its den to devour men, women, and children. The first of the name, after receiving the sacraments, went forth from the city, armed from tip to toe, to slay the dragon. He found it on a heap of vermilion, and thrust his lance down the dragon's throat. When the animal was sufficiently weakened from loss of blood, he drew out the lance and gave it to his son, who had followed him. He then bestrode the beast, and, after being carried to some distance, cut off its head, and the body was drawn in triumph to the city and suspended in the church of St. Antoine, where it was long preserved beside the relics of the titular saint. The victor was regarded as the deliverer of the city, and allowed a percentage on all the vermilion gathered in the Crau—a privilege which good King René afterwards confirmed to the family.

The dragon of the Crau is said to have had for its lair the mysterious subterranean cavern called the Trou des Fées, or the Fairies' Den, that has puzzled the erudition of antiquarians to such an extent, but is generally supposed to be a Druidical excavation connected with their secret rites. There is an old legend of a Druid who, after quaffing the elixir of life, slept here for more than a thousand years. The Saracens, too, are believed to have concealed their treasures in this den, but, in spite of many explorations, they have not yet been discovered. This Trou is on the way from Arles to Mont Majour in the hill of Cordès, from which there is a fine view over the valley. The eye can trace the majestic course of the Rhone, embracing with its two arms the delta of the Camargue, and before you is Arles with its square gray towers that rise above the last hold of the Moors. It was not far distant that Charles Martel defeated the Saracens—on the spot where now stands the interesting old Romanesque chapel of Ste. Croix with its four bays, once so frequented on the 3d of May. The rock on which it stands is honeycombed with tombs, and the church above seems to extend heavenward its arms to implore rest for those within them. It was here Ariosto makes Orlando contend with the Saracens and cut them down by thousands with his trenchant blade. Vesian

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and Vuillalme, nephews of Charlemagne, are said to have fallen here in battle, and to have been buried in the Aliscamps. It was the Moors who irreparably ruined so many of the pagan and Christian monuments of Arles. They pillaged and destroyed churches and convents, ravaged the sacred enclosure of the Aliscamps, and only spared the church of St. Trophimus to exact a tribute from those they allowed to worship there. The church of St. Honorat, the convent of St. Cesaria, and the tomb of St. Césaire were among the precious monuments destroyed. Between the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and repeated invasions of the Saracens, one is astonished that there are still so many ancient remains at Arles. And long after the Huguenots rivalled them in brutality and fury, scattering the ashes of the saints and despoiling the churches. They, too, swept over the Aliscamps and ruined the church of Notre Dame de la Grâce, rifled its chapels, and laid their unholy hands on the tombs of the saints. It was they who broke in pieces the black Madonna, so long venerated, that gave its name to the church. This was afterwards replaced by a beautiful marble statue of Genoese workmanship, which, escaping at the Revolution, was borne by the sailors in the night-time by the light of torches to the church of St. Trophimus, where it now is.

But the Aliscamps underwent a fate in one sense more cruel than all these devastations, when the mercenary and the curiosity-hunter began to ransack its tombs and mounds for medals, lamps, statues, etc. Even the old sarcophagi were not spared. Thirteen were sent to Louis XIII. in 1634. Some were carried to Rome by Cardinal Barberini, which, we should say, was very much "like carrying screech-owls to Athens, or crocodiles to Egypt." Some went to Lyons, and there are a great many at Marseilles. The neighboring farmers thought they might as well have their part of the plunder, and many an old stone coffin is now used as a drinking-trough for cattle in the fields. In more recent times the railway, with its station and store-houses and workshops, has made a sad havoc in this venerable field of the dead. It was once a mile square, but is now reduced to a mere avenue not half a mile in length. The old hill of Mouleyrès, where once stood the statue of Mars, and where St. Dennis the Areopagite set up a chapel to St. Peter, has become a quarry. Nothing remains except the oratory of the Sainte Genouillade, the chapels of St. Accurse and the Porcelets, and the ruins of the church of Our Lady of Grace, its crumbling walls still covered with the emblazonry of old families, its altars stripped and unlighted, and the ancient crypt, where once lay the bodies of so many saints, damp and mouldy — everything ruined, touching, and desolate.

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SISTER MARY AGNES.

I HAVE a troublesome throat, and a husband who is troublesome chiefly in the view he takes of the care this throat requires—a view that expatriates us and makes of us birds of passage in the Old World—homeless sojourners wherever skies are sunny and breezes soft.

It was very well—a great deal more than very well—while we were only two. But people do not always stay only two. A baby is only a little creature; a baby's nurse is not an untransportable object; but a baby's wardrobe, bath, perambulator, crib, fire-guard; nurse's tea, beer, bacon, and good-humor; the soil and water whereon, the climate wherein, a baby thrives; the contagions to which it must not be exposed; the streets through which it must not be taken; the *voitures de place* in which it must not ride; the houses where it cannot live, the houses where it is not permitted to try to live; the having one's precious, innocent child inquired after by disapproving, conventionally-domiciled friends as "Tramp No. 3"—ah! believe a gipsy mother, Bohemianism in such conditions, with such limitations, is not a care-free, wholly joyous state.

Among our British cousins prevail the best traditions as to the rearing of babies, the most toleration for their needs, so we spent the first year of our small queen's life at various English spas and coast resorts, fixing ourselves for her second winter at sleepy but lovely, bland-aired Ventnor.

Here came to us, toward spring, my husband's only brother, a young man of thirty, unmarried, as yet engaged in no business or profession, the possessor of an income of comfortable amplitude, the darling of the staid, Quaker home-circle, but its great anxiety and sorrow, too, since he had become, some three years previously, an enthusiastic Catholic.

"We greatly fear," wrote to my husband one of his sisters, "that Henry goes abroad meaning to study somewhere there for the priesthood. Indeed, we fear what is worse even than that—if anything *could* be worse—that he thinks of becoming a Jesuit! Thee knows this would kill our mother, and we have not dared hint to her what we dread. But for the last year he has hardly gone into society at all; he has devoted more and more time to his superstitious observances and practices; has gone every morning to some service or other; his table has been covered with mystical and devotional books, and especially with productions of that society called, blasphemously, of Jesus. I tremble to think what next step he may take. He has been for several months getting his property into such form that it can easily be managed, and he says he can't fix the time he will stay abroad, nor is he quite sure what he is going to do there. 'Perhaps study, perhaps get married,' he said the other night. 'O Uncle Harry! is thee engaged?' Edie screamed. 'Is it somebody down South? somebody out West? Is she beautiful?'

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'I think it's somebody—now for your French, missy—somebody *là-haut*. And beautiful? What should you think of Eternal Beauty?' If we question him earnestly he puts us off with some joke, for I think he is gayer than ever. Do thee find out, Rodney, and if there's anything thee can do to turn him from a scheme that would be misery to us all, I know thee won't refuse to try."

So Harry came to us, and I, who had scarcely seen him before, lost my heart out and out to the tall, grand fellow whose childlike simplicity and gayety failed to hide a character of great strength and patience, and a nature magnanimous and sweet to the core. But he was hardly more talkative to us than to the home friends of his intentions. He was to look about him for awhile—this, in substance, was all we gained from him. We knew that he went every morning to the little Catholic chapel under St. Boniface's Down, and we believed him to be keeping a very rigorous Lent; but his piety was of the cheerfulest, most unobtrusive kind, and his fasting not done to be seen of men. Only one or two little things made us uneasy: his politeness to the two or three young ladies I knew in Ventnor was much too calm for the usual gallantry of a chivalrous young man; if possible, quietly, he avoided any engagement that would bring him into their society; and after one of his frequent journeys up to London he mentioned casually that he had been in Farm Street, and who ever heard, even, of Farm Street, save in connection with the Jesuit church there?

Early in April, when my two cavaliers had "done" the beautiful little island, from Ryde to Freshwater, in a ten days' walking trip, and had come back to complain a little of the languid breezes of the Undercliff, I let myself be persuaded that I could better spare them then than later for another bachelor excursion they wished to make—this time down among the Channel Islands. Walking with them to the station when they set off, we met on our way two ladies in the sombre garb of some religious sisterhood.

"Look, Harry!" I exclaimed, "there are some of your friends coming. To what order do those nuns belong?"

"To the order—Sham, Helen. That's not the genuine article. They're Puseyite sisters."

"They *look* real enough, I'm sure. The costume's very Roman. What makes you think they're Anglican?"

"Walk's too natural, undisciplined. Gowns kilted up as you never saw any real nun gather up her skirts out of soil's way. And" —he paused, for they were close upon us, passed us: a lady of thirty-five or so, indisputably English, blue-eyed, strong-nosed, florid-complexioned, her companion a girl of twenty, perhaps, of nationality impossible to determine, eyes large, gray, of wonderful beauty, eyebrows and hair of the darkest brown, features solid, almost heavy, pale but not pallid—an opaque white tint with golden shadows about temples, eyes, and mouth—a woman who narrowly missed the noblest beauty, and who would have looked an empress in rags—"they talk, laugh, and glance freely about as Catholic nuns never do in the streets. But, Helen, what an exquisite face, and of what an unusual type!"

Watching my baby getting her

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bath that night, nurse said to me:

"I think, ma'am, the hother hapartment is taken. Some sisters came about it, and were so delighted with the view they stayed on without looking further."

"'Sôme sisters!' Two? Are they Catholic or Ritualist sisters?"

"I think they must be 'Igh Church, ma'am, for they were hasking Mrs. Morris about the hours for service at St. Catherine's and 'Oly Trinity."

Frequently during the next few days I saw the two sisters coming and going with their piles of prayer-books, driving about in a donkey-chaise, walking, once with a macerated-looking young curate most ecclesiastical in his "get-up"—a straight collar, an M.B. waistcoat, a broad-leaved hat, and a coat down to his heels—and had exchanged greetings with them as we encountered in the house. But my baby had fallen violently in love with the younger sister—Sister Mary Agnes, nurse reported her title to be—and I used to laugh of mornings, before I had left my bed, to hear the clear little flute-voice calling impatiently down the stairs to the housemaid the items of a desired, delayed breakfast—"Otermeal, 'Liza, tote, and dam, 'Liza, dam!" burst into a delighted shout of "Jingle-jingle! O Jingle-jingle!" her name for her new friend, who would just then be coming in from her early church-going, and whose ponderous rosary hanging at her side *did* jingle-jingle as she ran lightly up and down the stairs.

"'Jingle-jingle!' That's a fine name for one of my cloth, you disrespectful sweet!" I heard Sister Mary Agnes answer this greeting one day. "And O nurse, nurse! how can you have your young lady swearing so at the top of her lungs through the house?"

"Isn't it funny to 'ear her, ma'am?" answered nurse, laughing. "You see, ma'am, it's honly lately mistress 'as hordered she's to get raspberry jam with her breakfast, and the child's crazy for it. What does baby want to eat with her toast?" and "Dam, 'Liza, dam!" again resounded loudly and profanely through the passages, and then I could hear a great frolic of shaking, kissing, flight, and pursuit. I wondered how my child had dared make her small advances to this very superb, however enticing-looking lady, play her small tricks upon her, be so hilariously affectionate; but I considered it was either a bit of that second sight I had already found baby to possess, or else who could resist my healthy, happy, loving darling?

And then suddenly I fell ill. A rather profuse hemorrhage from the throat alarmed the house a good deal, and established me very weak and white in bed; and when I began to recall what had happened, and realize that I was still left in a familiar world, I knew that, however sorely I missed my usual caretaker, my husband, I could not wish for more skilful tendance than I was getting from Sister Gertrude, the ruddy, energetic, practical senior of the Anglican nuns, my neighbors. Just how or when she took command of me I did not remember, but perfectly sure possession I found she had, and very good in a despotic way she was to me. No service was too tiring, too humble for her to render. "Why, it is my *business*," she said when I would have remonstrated. "I had begun to feel a lost and miserable

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creature with no sick body to look after, and I'm very much obliged to you for falling ill when you did!"

The younger sister did not appear in my room for some days, but one morning she came in with Sister Gertrude. "I have brought you for nurse," said the latter, putting her hand on her companion's shoulder, "the most helpless woman in a sick-room that ever was amongst all Eve's daughters. This is Sister Mary Agnes, and I want to leave you to her tender mercies three or four hours that I must spend at Shanklin. I have promised her that you shall not bleed, faint, nor do any other alarming thing whatever. And if you do not frighten her, *she* has promised to be very good and useful."

As Sister Gertrude briskly and bluntly enumerated the disagreeable things I was pledged not to perpetrate, I saw the young sister's face get fairly ashen with terror of her possible position, so I said to her reassuringly:

"Oh! I'm not at all ill now—only a little lazy, liking to be waited on, to be read to, to have dainty messes devised for my meals, and grapes and cream in spendthrift profusion. If it won't be too tiresome to sit in this or the next room, it would be a charity to Sister Gertrude and to me, and you shall employ yourself as you choose."

So Sister Gertrude left us. My empress in weeds throned herself upon a chair the furthest removed from me of any in the room. We exchanged a few civil sentences, then silence fell, and I closed my eyes as if to sleep. Feigning sleep, I really dropped off into oblivion, and when I opened my eyes again my new nurse had changed her position; she was sitting in an easy-chair beside the fire, and was quite buried in a book she had taken up. Her hand hung carelessly over the arm of a chair, her coarse stuff sleeve and loose linen undersleeve pushed up left bare a round, polished ivory wrist and lower arm one longed, from mere desire of the eye, to clasp and softly stroke.

A beautiful hand, too, not small, but beautiful in outline, faintly dimpled, taper-fingered—a hand that, like her whole person and manner, expressed strength joined with utmost grace and refinement—over-refinement, may be, for an ailing, workaday world.

She was evidently deeply interested in what she read. A light flush had risen to her cheeks. I could see her fingers now and then straighten themselves tightly together, her dress rise and fall with the deep, slow breathing that occasionally forgot itself for a space, and came then as a sigh. I could have desired no finer rendering of a Reading Muse to gaze upon.

Presently she made a smothered little half-cry, half-moan of passionate feeling, and I heard drops fall upon her page. She closed the book, sat quiet for a space, then rose to replace the volume whence she had taken it. I could see then what she had been reading—a *Life of St. Teresa*, written by herself, that Harry had brought me returning from one of his London journeys. As she turned from the table she met my eyes fixed upon her and came toward me.

"I am afraid I forgot you for a while," she said. "Have you been awake long? Have you needed anything?"

"Only a few minutes, and I've wanted nothing, thank you. When my husband is with me I have to hurry my convalescences out of pity for his anxiety; and it's such a

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luxury to know I may lie here in my bed as idle and good for nothing as I please that it takes all there is of me to enjoy that, and I'm afraid I can't live up to my privileges and be as whimsical as an invalid's right is. But Sister Gertrude spoils me so there's no telling into what I shall develop. What a capital nurse she is, and a Godsend to me! Do you suppose Providence sent you here just for me?"

"I think you may very well be Sister Gertrude's errand here, but Providence knows too well my imbecility in a sick-room to have counted on my help. Or perhaps I was to read to you; would you like me to do so now? Is there anything you fancy hearing?"

"But may one expect a sister to read 'anything'? Suppose I'm too weak for hard sense, and of a capricious appetite both for piety and poetry?"

"Still I think I may promise to read anything you please to hear."

'Were you reading my *St. Teresa?* I've had it but lately, and have scarcely opened it. But it ought to be admirable, since it's her own work. St. Teresa, for all her supernaturalness, was so human and had such excellent common sense! I've had a special drawing to her since I knew she owned she could pray better when her elbows rested on a soft cushion."

"Is that authentic?" asked Sister Mary Agnes, smiling. "And do you care so much for the human element in the saints? I'm accused of special devotion to the in-human saints, and I own my strongest attraction is not to those saints who've first, or once, been great sinners. But grand St. Teresa's not in that category, and I fling myself in the dust before her. I lighted on something in my reading just now human enough to please you, I think.

"St. Teresa was speaking to one of her prioresses—" going for the volume and silently turning the leaves for two or three minutes. "Here it is: 'If you love me well, I assure you that I return your love and like you to tell me that you love me. Oh! how true it is that our poor human nature looks for a return; and this cannot be wrong since our Lord himself looks for it from us. And though there is an infinite distance between the love we owe to Him who has so many claims to our service and that which belongs to feeble creatures, nevertheless it is an advantage to us to resemble him in anything, if it be only this.'"

She closed the book. "I remember a tender little French saying that goes with that: "Les saintes ne vont pas à aimer Dieu à force de n'aimer personne, mais à aimer tout le monde plus qu'eux-mêmes à force d'aimer Dieu plus que tout.' But what a hard saying, too! For me, I can scarcely care actively about my fellow-creatures at all. I often think I should be wonderfully happy to be deaf, dumb, and blind, or else, innocent, to be a prisoner for life with solitary confinement. Then my conscience wouldn't be for ever pricking me on my neighbor's behalf; I shouldn't be bungling at work for which I've no aptitude; I shouldn't be awkward where awkwardness means serious mischief; one's tongue would cease to be a weapon of offence—oh! the prospect grows too lovely to be gazed at."

"Lovely indeed!" I said. "But if your fellow-creatures are rather tedious to you than otherwise, would it cost you nothing to be

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shut away from all that is fine, noble in the conceptions and achievements of mankind? And could you cheerfully give up all God's beautiful outer world?"

"You will think me an utter misanthrope if I own I think I *could* bear to give up man and all his works; but it isn't pure misanthropy. As for nature—why, I'm as mere a cit as a London sparrow, and, having light, air, and a little space for peace's sake, I should never sigh for field or forest, hill or plain, mountain or sea—not even for this 'wrinkled' sea of Tennyson's, that I never saw elsewhere wear the *crêpe* look it has about the Isle of Wight; how placid, glittering, and steel-blue it looks now from the windows!"

"If you do not care for country and seaside I hope you have not had to come to Ventnor for health's sake? I know Sister Gertrude is well and strong."

"I came because I had some troublesome thinking to do, and needed to get out of my groove for quiet and freedom; and Sister Gertrude came because she loves me, and fears that just now I must be carefully looked after. But she loves nature as well as she loves care-taking, so between us all she finds Ventnor charming. No, I'm in robust health; you must not let my yellow face mislead you. I sleep enough for three, and eat frightful quantities of bread and meat."

Looking at the unworn, cool, lily face, at the nobly-drawn outlines of a figure of only average height, listening to the firm tones of a voice deep and musical as a flawless bell, I felt what a rich vitality she had, how unperturbed of sympathy or passion was her youth, and could believe she had a keen relish for the simplest food, and that her slumbers were as sound and dreamless as a tired child's.

"'Yellow' was not the word you wanted," I said; "but, if you will pardon so personal a remark, yours is a wonderfully un-English tint, and if I had any wits now to mention they'd have been sorely puzzled by it."

"Oh! I'm English," she answered, "wholly English in feeling, but I'm afraid I must own I come of a rather puzzle-blooded family. A long-way-back grandmother was an East Indian princess; a more modern one was a Greek woman; my own grandmother, living in London now, is a Pole; and however English their descendants may reckon themselves, I suppose the old race-marks will crop out. I've a younger sister who is entirely Greek — beautiful and classic enough to be cut, with fillet, bared arms, and shoulder-clasps, upon a seal; but, despite her looks, she's the intensest little Briton in the kingdom."

"And you are—mixed—but mostly the East Indian's granddaughter?"

"They say so; sluggish and lazy. But," rising and hovering aloof in a reluctant kind of way, "oughtn't you to have some drink, some medicine? Is there nothing that ought to be done for you?"

"No, nothing. I want nothing save to be, in my quality of invalid, a little less repulsive to you. I really am so inoffensive!"

"Oh! you're not repulsive, but deadly dangerous. How can I tell what you may do, and then what I ought to do? I'm hopelessly silly, and I can't help it. No woman will ever understand such an abnormal creature as a woman with only terror and loath-

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ing for the *rôle* of nurse. Since I've been a sister I was sent, to cure me and to learn nursing, into a hospital and into a men's ward. Fancy having to take care of a *sick man!*" The tragic disgust in face and accents was irresistible, and I went off in a fit of laughter, which, like an exemplary patient, I was trying to subdue when I heard Sister Gertrude's voice at the open door: "Now! now! I was afraid you'd be getting into mischief." And glancing up to where she stood with uplifted, threatening forefinger, there, over her shoulders, appeared the faces of my husband and brother, and sisters and sisterhoods went quite out of my mind.

When I had been duly happy, and petted, and pitied, and my two knights were sitting quietly beside me, my husband said: "I have brought an invalid to keep you company. Harry has to lie by for a little while, and I shall have you out in Bath chairs together. It will be the most interesting invalid procession in Ventnor, and I sha'n't know how to walk humbly enough beside it. Only a few insignificant men will look at you, madam, but think of all the tender glances that'll be fixed on Harry! 'Such a handsome young man!' 'The bloom of health on his cheek, too; I wonder what's the matter with him?' 'Poor fellow! Mysterious, isn't it?'"

"Harry!" I cried, "Harry ill?" And I looked incredulously at our brother's tall, strong figure and clear, bright-hued face.

"Oh! it is not much," said Harry. "I've given myself a little twist that will soon mend."

"We had a bit of an accident," added Rodney. "There's a very rough sea off Sark for more than half the year, and landing on the island or getting off it again during the time's a difficult, often a hopeless, undertaking. We were a little early for smooth weather, and, though we got on shore easily enough, we had some trouble to leave it again. Two days we had to give it up, and, though we fetched it on the third day, some of us got spilled into the water first—oh! we *are* here; you needn't clutch my hand so desperately—and Harry strained his shoulder and got an ugly blow in the side, so he's to be put into cotton-wool for a week or two.

"But my bag, Helen! Your birthday present—the nixies have got it! Harry's glad. He abused me all the way for being such a swell as to carry a toothbrush on a walking-trip, and this is how he chuckles over my misfortunes." And my husband drew from his pocket a Channel Islands *Guide*, whose fly-leaves were embellished with a series of sketches setting forth the adventures of the hapless dressing-bag in nixiedom—the consternation its advent created; the long-nosed, saw-nosed, cork-screw sea-creatures called in to pick the lock; a porpoise presiding over the court of inquiry held upon the monogram on the bag and its fittings; mermaids with the pomade, combs, and hand-mirror; lobsters brushing their teeth; lobsters variously overcome by their investigations into the nature of a novel fluid in the cognac flask; a sea-horse anchored to a button-hook—the whole winding up with an octopus grasping, squeezing, rolling, flattening the emptied bag, gathering it in with two or three arms to a heap of oysters beneath its monstrous, undulating shapelessness, while all the other arms were scrolling and

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unscrolling, a mass of hideous sucker pustules showing here, an inflating, self-swallowing, turning-inside-out process going on there, in the indescribable—octopoid? octo-what?—fashion.

"Reminiscences of the Brighton Aquarium," said Harry. "That devil-creature haunted me till I had to draw him to be rid of him. I nearly turned Manichee while I stood fascinated before his tank."

I was alone when Sister Gertrude came next to see after my welfare. "I'm not to be given up," I cried so soon as I caught sight of her pleasant, friendly face. "I forgot my manners this morning; but why did you punish me by running away before I could present my husband to my new friend and kind nurse?"

Sister Gertrude assured me that my nurse clung tenaciously to her convalescing invalid, and then, asking after my morning's experience with her companion, I easily drew her on to speak quite freely of Sister Mary Agnes.

"She's as good as she is beautiful," said Sister Gertrude. "Do you not find her beautiful? But though I love and admire her more than any person I've ever known, I often do not understand her, and I know she by no means returns my affection. She seems to have no love to spend upon human beings. I have heard her say that the leaving her family, when she entered the sisterhood, was rather a relief than a sacrifice to her, and that of her home she missed chiefly its luxurious comforts and her personal freedom there. But then her family, though extremely elegant and clever, are quite worldly people, with whom she could have little in common, and she thinks they, too, were relieved to have her away from them, safely and properly sheltered and settled."

"Is she a very useful member of your sisterhood?" I asked a little maliciously.

"Not at all useful in many ways," answered Sister Gertrude with a simple honesty that shamed me. "But we have no sister intellectually so valuable as she is, no one so wholly given to spiritual things, so capable of religious teaching and influence. But, in spiritual as in many other matters, I feel beside her like some grovelling earth-creature beside a soaring lark. In everything it is the supernatural aspect that strikes her, and to see her once, rapt in prayer, is to see something one would never forget. Most persons, I think, turning to Heaven with love and for help, choose rather the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, a Brother human as well as divine, an Intercessor visibly linked to their poverty and feebleness, upon whom to cast themselves; Sister Mary Agnes' devotion of devotions is to the Holy Spirit. And she wishes that we had, as they have in the Roman branch, strictly cloistered and contemplative religious orders of women—like the Carmelites, for instance. At least she *did* wish it," Sister Gertrude corrected herself, "but of late she seems scarcely to know what she wishes. An old friend of hers, who went over to Rome some years ago, has recently become a Poor Clare in London, and by that, and some other things, Sister Mary Agnes has been a good deal upset."

"You mean that she would like to follow her friend to Rome and the Poor Clares?"

"Hardly that, I hope," said Sister Gertrude, "but she thinks a Poor Clare's life would be the

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life her heart seeks. Sister Mary Agnes, of all creatures! She is fervent enough to endure very severe bodily austerities, but naturally no one was ever more sensitive to the rose-leaf crumples. But she vows we are all smothered in comforts, sunk in materialism, and declares sometimes that if heaven were only a state of natural beatitude Anglicanism would be its surest path and nearest gate. You can imagine how dreadful it must be to us to have a sister saying such wild things! Most of our sisters have given her up, and believe she will end as a pervert; but I cling to her, though when I tell you we are here now that she may consider whether she can conscientiously remain in the sisterhood or not, you will admit that my faith has need to be strong. But it holds, and I should not have said quite all I have done to you, only that I did not like you to be perplexed by things you are very likely to hear from her."

"So you have begun the *St. Teresa*," said Harry, having taken refuge with me in the early evening from an outrageously active and noisy romp in progress in the sitting-room between my husband and his small daughter, and lifting, as he spoke, the book from the stand beside my bed, where Sister Mary Agnes had hastily dropped it. "I need not ask if you read it with indifference," he added suddenly, showing me a curling, blistered leaf, which betrayed the passionate rainfall from the beautiful eyes of my deputy nurse of the morning.

"Those were not my tears," I said; "but I wish you would read me a page or two just there." And he complied, giving St. Teresa's description of her first visit to the first monastery of Discalced Friars founded by her disciple, St. John of the Cross.

What happiest worldling could hear or read all unmoved the just-touched details she gives of the almost disembodied life she found men leading, for the love of God, in that lonely barn, where all was humility, fervor, and sternest austerity and poverty, from the brothers' beds of hay, strewn close under the low eaves, with stones for pillows, the holy prior sweeping walks and passage-ways, to the rough little wood-cut of the Crucifixion pinned against the wall with thorns, before which St. Teresa burst into joyful tears?

"No wonder that moved Sister Mary Agnes," I said after a little silence; "that unearthly life would be so entirely after her own heart."

"Sister Mary Agnes is the younger of your two nurses, then?—for the elder one scarcely looks a person of ascetic tastes and tendencies."

"I'm thankful for that," I exclaimed; "she makes all the better nurse, while her beautiful young companion is about as useful in a sick-room as some princess under a baleful spell, Undine before she found her soul, or any impossible cloud creature. But she's lovely to look at or listen to, and watching her speaking or silent, moving or sitting quietly, affects me like hearing some perfect harmony."

The splendors of the Bath-chair procession projected by my husband never came to pass. When I made my first sortie into the open air but one chair was brought to the door, and then, and for a good many days afterward, both the brothers strolled beside it up and down the cliff walk and through the bowery lanes of Bon-

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church. As I grew rapidly strong, able to resume my active life on foot, the sisters joined us in our rambles, and we made together a number of the charming Liliputian excursions one may make from Ventnor, spent idle, happy, all-out-of-doors days wandering about the Landslip, stretched in the shade of an enormous boulder on the sands of some solitary cove, or nestled in some high, sunny, heath-grown hollow of the undulating downs, where we lost the Undercliff and the nineteenth century altogether, and there was no world but that mid-air stretch of buoyant swells and falls of thick-matted, dwarf-herbaged turf; where a pale-tinted, dappled arch of sky, whose low vault was filled with sun-shot haze, bent closely above us, and far, far below a beryl sea ringed us about, shimmering, silvering, darkening, widening ever to a softly-radiant horizon where cloud was sea, and sea was cloud; and no sound broke the brooding hush of spring in the airy solitude save our own speech and laughter, the rush of warm winds, the nearer or fainter tinkling bells of cropping sheep, the bleating of young lambs, the loud humming of rover bees, the sudden, brief song-ecstasies of busy, over-blissful birds, or the infrequent boom of a distant cuckoo, the notes coming mellow as clear from his miles-away covert in some sunny hill-coppice beloved of the early purple orchis, and crowded with tall ranks of juicy-stemmed hyacinths, whose thread-swung blossoms one could fancy all tremulous with the emotion of the great, near cry.

These sauntering, lounging, dreamy days pleased at least two of our number best.

"This is too delicious!" Sister Mary Agnes would say sometimes after she had sat a long time silent, her face turned seaward, her lightly-clasped hands dropped stirless on her lap. "I should like never to move again. No, no, I shall never be a country-lover," she added in response to some saying of Sister Gertrude's to that effect. "The town for me, whoever made it. Souls are the highest things on the earth, and wherever souls are gathered must be the field of incessant supernatural activities, keen spiritual life, an atmosphere pierced through and through, electric, with God's swift, endless, multitudinous graces. One would feel so much safer from being forgotten by him there!

"I never understand what people mean who talk of the innocence of the country, its freedom from temptations, and so on. Why, the very inmost, subtlest temptations seem to me to dwell there. Was not our Lord even taken into a high mountain apart when the devil would tempt him? And that ancient curse, 'Cursed be the ground for thy sake'—where has that been revoked, save in spots where his saints have lived and died, where he is served and worshipped, where his dead lie waiting his summons?

"But the stillness, the sweet air, the sweet sounds, are enchanting—for a bit; and it is so good, for a bit, to rest from one's self and the needy neighbor!"

Harry, too, liked resting best. He complained of nothing, but long walks or drives seemed more and more to tire him, and he visibly lost color, flesh, and appetite. If pressed concerning himself, he admitted a good deal of languor and a constant dull pain in the side, but he attributed the pain to

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the lingering irritation and soreness from the blow he had received, and the languor to the enervating Isle of Wight spring; there was really nothing to speak of or be anxious about. Nor were we more than lightly anxious. He was constantly bright, and I, at least, though much occupied with him mentally, gave only passing thoughts to his bodily health.

Just now I found much in him to note and speculate about. His avoidance of ladies' society seemed to have vanished, or to have vanished totally regarding our neighbors and daily companions, the sisters. He was tireless in rendering them courtesies and little services: posted their letters; ordered their carriage when they drove without us somewhere for business or pleasure; handed them in and out of it; brought them flowers and fruit; walked with them to their church on Sundays, carrying their prayer-books like the gallant cavalier he was, but scrupulously relinquishing them to their owners and bowing his adieu at the church door; even, once when they had gone to some even-song or afternoon service of a secular day, and a sudden shower dashed down, coming out of the church they found him waiting with umbrellas on the church steps to convoy them dryly home.

"Sisters of St. Barnabas" our dear new friends were, and Harry I dubbed the "Brother of St. Barnabas," though I for a time, by dint of great self-restraint, reserved this title for my private gossips with my husband. At last, however, out it came one day that I found Harry solicitously buttoning the gloves on Sister Gertrude's plump, useful hands. It was received with a scream of laughter, and "Brother of St. Barnabas" he became by acclamation.

"Harry," I asked afterward, "would you dare offer to button the gloves of one of *your* nuns?"

"Real nuns' gloves are not coquette and have no buttons," he answered me. "They are coarse wool or cotton ones—such as Sister Mary Agnes wears," he added. "But I believe I should hardly be allowed to fasten them if they *had* buttons—or have the cheek to propose it."

The Brother of St. Barnabas proffered his attentions to the sisters with the greatest impartiality, and his manner toward them, as our intimacy grew, became in truth that of a brother who had a right to be near them and protect them, and his tender deference was a pretty thing to see. Sister Gertrude had the warmest friendship for him, and declared he was the most ideally charming young gentleman she had ever known.

"But I'm afraid sometimes it's a great pity we ever came here," she would add when speaking to me alone. "I don't think he's a wolf, or, if he is, I don't think he means to be a wolf; but he's such a *good* wolf, don't you see? And of course he thinks his way is the only sure way, and Sister Mary Agnes can't help seeing and feeling his goodness, his unlikeness to young men in general, and she is sure to fancy that it's his religion makes the difference. How will it all end? But I can't leave her here alone, and she says she's not in the least ready to go back, and doubts if she ever will be!"

And "How will it all end?" I asked myself often enough. I appealed to my husband: "What does Harry mean? Is it Sister Mary Agnes or her soul he's after?

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And *can* we, *ought* we, to do anything?"

"Why need Harry mean anything," returned Rodney, "but to be civil to two uncommonly nice women, one of whom has us deeply in her debt for the greatest kindness? If, even, he means proselyting, how can we help it? Neither on your account nor on his do I think it best for us to make a move just yet. But nothing binds the sisters here; I suppose they would go if they felt uneasiness or annoyance. And how you can discern anything lover-like in him to be anxious about passes me. Why should you be anxious if there was? I should as soon myself dream of making love to a saint in niche and nimbus as to Sister Mary Agnes; but if Harry could fancy and win such a superhuman kind of a wife, since his marriage would set at rest the home dread that we are to have at least a Father Ellison among us, if not that most terrible thing, a Father Ellison, S.J., why I should be glad to see him utterly taken off his feet by this paradoxical specimen of womanhood and ritualism."

"Paradoxical for a woman to love heaven best, and for a ritualist to hanker after Rome!"

"Ta-ta!"

So the soft spring days slipped the one after the other for a time long in its passing but short in reality, for it was not yet the end of May when Sister Gertrude roused me from my happy unconcern by assuring me of her certainty that Harry grew constantly weaker, and her fear that the blow or strain at Sark had inflicted graver injury than we had suspected. 'Realize, if you can," she said, 'how little he walks now. If he starts with us he makes an excuse to stop when we have gone but a little distance, and quite lately he declines to leave his chair on the balcony or in the garden for almost any excursion. His hands are grown strangely pale and thin, and this week he has not once gone, as usual, to early Mass."

Before I could tell my husband what Sister Gertrude had said, an accident—some chance which in a frolic between Mabel and her uncle threw the child with sudden violence upon Harry's left knee and arm, the left being the injured side, and he dropped, as if shot, in a dead faint—revealed to us all that his condition was an alarming one.

The verdict of the best medical skill we could summon was, in its precision and in its vagueness, much more terrible than anything our tardily-aroused fears had suggested: the injury had resulted in tumor, of malignant character, as it seemed, but at any rate so situated that no operation was possible, and we could do nothing but wait, give careful care, and hope what we could from a sturdy constitution and a chance turn of the malady. And we should not have long to wait, he added, for the case was one of rapid advance. This of Harry—Harry, who had come to us so little while ago superb with the health and strength of unblemished young manhood!

"Doctor H——," Harry said when the physician came again, "didn't you forget to give one caution to my people here? They are so tender of me I shall be sure to suspect something!"

And then our life went on again with greater change internally than externally. No more long walks for any of us, and Harry was to

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avoid fatigue of whatever kind; but for a time a gentle drive was possible to him, and he still spent hours on the balcony, in the garden, and on the turfy lap of the first easy slopes by which, from the very garden walls of those eyrie houses facing seawards along St. Boniface's road, the hill mounts up, and ever more sharply up, up, up to the breezy height of St. Boniface's Down. Aught but cheery in his presence we could not be, he was so full of sweet brightness himself, and we gathered about him and lingered beside him more, I thought sometimes, than he ought to bear; but this he could not be brought to believe.

Frequently now we were joined for an hour or two of an evening by two of Harry's Romanist friends, made in Ventnor: the parish priest, a handsome, jovial Irishman of charming musical abilities, and a mid-England canon, staying in Ventnor on sick-furlough—"An Oxford man," said Sister Gertrude, "and one of the most dangerous of perverts." She was at first very shy of these visitors, but the reverend canon was himself so blushing and easily disconcerted that she hastily concluded his powers and dangerousness had been greatly overrated; and when she found the shy man could warm into delightful discourse, that nothing within his range escaped piercing glance and analysis, that his wit and his logic were as keen as inevitable, she had become so entirely interested in the details of reformatory work in which he was head, heart, and, more than all, his time and means engaged in his big and poorest of city parishes, so convinced that he, too, was a good wolf, that she forgot to keep persistently in mind the hidden claws and fangs. She was, moreover, a good deal occupied with Harry, having, as soon as his condition was declared, installed herself as nurse-in-chief, with my husband for her very zealous and obedient subaltern. Both joined in shelving me as an incapable in the work, but Harry diplomatized my annoyance away. "What brother of St. Barnabas ever staged it down hill so attended and waited upon?" he said. "A famous London doctor for courier over the new route; Sister Gertrude, the chief spoke in the wheel of a great hospital, at my back all day long; Rodney, too, the most tireless of lay brothers, as deputy nurse; Helen to carry on the guardian angel department, with Mabel for attendant cherub; Fathers G—— and W—— as ghostly adjutants."

"And Sister Mary Agnes, Harry?"

"Yes, Sister Mary Agnes—what *rôle* would *you* assign her? The good, the true, and the beautiful? Or shall we say that she's lectrice to his most unworthy highness?"

His faithful reader she was daily, and this was a pleasure we mostly shared with him; for, besides our desire to be near Harry, her lovely voice, which she used in reading with vivid feeling and expression, drew us all like a spell.

Middlemarch was then just completed, and we had *Middlemarch*—a reading which, with all its enjoyment, gave a first hard blow to the intense loyalty of certain of our number to George Eliot. Harry revelled in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, which the canon brought us, and could not enjoy enough the songs and the vanishing grin of the Cheshire cat. Then we had Mrs. Oliphant's *St. Francis of Assisi*, and a little French me-

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moir which, aside from its intrinsic merit, touched us keenly, because its subject, a priest of that fervid time in the Gallican Church of such priests as Fathers Lacordaire and Ravignan, such laymen as Montalembert, Rio, and Ozanam—a subject full of *esprit*, *élan*, graces of mind and manner, and on fire with heavenly love—died in the rare promise of his early manhood. There was constant mention in the book of one and another of his friends among the leaders of Catholic thought and work in France; at one of them, a name new to us, Sister Mary Agnes dropped the book upon her lap and looked at Harry. "I knew that man," she said, "Father P——. God bless him wherever he is! If ever man wore the visible beauty of holiness, he did. He was like an alabaster vase, translucent and softly radiant from lamp burning within it. He was very young when I saw him, and his youthfulness of aspect lent his sanctity something pathetic, angelic, irresistible. I don't think I was in his company for more than one hour, but that hour changed all my life, I hope."

"Did he say something that moved you, or was it his look simply?" asked Sister Gertrude.

"A little thing he did; and I had been, from the first moment, very much impressed by his look and manner. It was between four and five years ago. I was just eighteen, and mamma had celebrated my own and a sister's release from governess and lesson-books by a Swiss summer, from which we returned *via* Paris, stopping there a month for sight-seeing.

We had gone to see Father P——'s church, and a note of introduction we carried to him from a Polish cousin who is a nun procured us our interview with him and his personal guidance about the church.

"We were an entirely worldly party—churchwomen, oh! yes, and I was even reckoned a Puseyite, and much berated by my aunt therefor. She was of the party, a faithful reader of *The Rock*, and of course bitterly anti-Roman, but the rest of us were quite indifferent—contemptuous, if we had thought about it, but sufficiently condescending to find much enjoyment in our inspection of the church, which we treated as an art museum simply.

"Returning from our tour through the side chapels, we had, to reach the sacristy whence we had entered, to cross directly before the high altar, before which, of course, the sanctuary lamp was burning. You can imagine how we crossed—heads erect, knees stiff, staring at, and audibly commenting upon, the altar and the picture above it. I was next to Father P——, and he the last of the party. I turned, after walking past the gates of the sanctuary, for another look, or to address him some complimentary observation, but in time to catch a look of pain and horror upon his face, and to see him throw himself upon his knees on the steps before the gates with such impetuous *abandon* that his forehead even was pressed against them. It was over in an instant, but like electricity the consciousness flashed through me how our graceless irreverence had shocked and hurt him, and that he had flung himself down, offering his love and homage in reparation of our rude scorn. In the same moment came my first real thought about the Real Presence and what it must mean to one who truly believed. I knew I had had a glimpse of a bared soul—a soul fused with

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love and absolute certainty. Years could not have convicted me more entirely of the relation to each other of things temporal and things spiritual in that man's mind—our Lord *all*, and the heaped gifts of earth, without him, only smoking flax. It was all so swift, I was so overwhelmed, so personally humiliated, that without reason, only that I *had* somehow to do it, I dropped upon my knees where I stood. Father P—— waited for me to rise, and we were soon all in his parlor again. There he insisted upon offering us cakes, fruit, wine, and gave each of the party a little memento of our visit—crosses of olive-wood, lace pictures, and to me a little medal of Our Lady. 'I should like to give *you* this,' he said. 'Should you dislike or be afraid to wear it?'

"'Certainly not afraid, *mon père*; but I can't promise that I will.'

"'*Bien.* At least I am sure you will not treat with disrespect what I give you with so many good wishes.' And when we took our leave he added a special little word to me.

"'*Adieu, mon enfant.* I shall not forget you. *Au ciel!*—if I never see you again on earth.'

"'And—see the wily popery of the man!—I meant *not* to wear the medal, but I think he prayed it on to me, for so soon as I could get a chain I put it on my neck, and there it has been ever since!"

When July came hope for Harry had well-nigh left us. He could no longer get down-stairs, but was still able to sit up some hours daily, and to bear being wheeled from his sleeping-room to our sitting-room on the same floor. The fainting-fits were of frequent recurrence, he was but the wan ghost of himself, and the doctor could say no more than that there was still a chance for life. Harry, however, complained of nothing. He would have all our life to go on as nearly as might be, as if he were not ill; he was interested in all our small events, the sunshine of days whose every lapsing hour we felt menaced by a terror of darkness. Sister Gertrude he had taken altogether captive.

"You are so good, Harry," she would say, "that I feel as if I were tending some stray angel."

Even Sister Mary Agnes lost her fright at illness. "Who would dream," she said to me, "that a sick man, or sickness at all, could be like that? He is like a star fading out in a morning sky. I don't know if this is dying, but, if it were, who could, for him, be aught but happy?"

She read to him still, but not for long now, and chiefly what he could no longer read for himself—the Gospel of the day, a chapter of *The Following of Christ*, something wholly devotional.

Both the sisters had become very dear to us all, and seemed in no way aliens, but of ourselves, in this bitter-sweet time. As for Sister Gertrude, she was our staff; yet I could but wonder sometimes she was left to us so long.

"How is it with Sister Mary Agnes?" I asked her. "Do the troubled waters of her spirit subside at all? Does she seem nearer ability to make her decision about the sisterhood?"

"I fear it is no longer staying in the sisterhood that's in question," Sister Gertrude replied. 'I feel such a fraud to be going about in this dress,' she told me lately. 'But I've no other garment to put on, and perhaps the keeping in these a little longer won't make my

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crime any blacker.' I ask her nothing; I'm afraid to listen when she begins speaking to me earnestly. For a while, when we first came, she read some doctrinal books, but they've long been put aside. I know she has lately had several talks with Canon W——, and she spends hours, when there's no service going on, in the Catholic chapel. I implored her to consider the scandal of an Anglican sister haunting a Romish chapel, coming and going before all eyes, in the broad day—and now she goes after dusk, when I can go with her. It's a poor little place enough, but the glories of the grandest cathedral wouldn't lighten, to me, the heavy minutes I wait there for her. But it might be heaven, to hear her: 'Can't you feel it?' she cries to me—'the peace, the surety, the Presence? Our Lord waiting there, and not withholding himself from even such a hesitating, cowardly skulker by night as I am?' Surely she has said enough to me, and some of our friends are already gravely displeased that I linger here with her, and above all that we maintain close relations with a household containing such dangerous elements and allies. Indulgence I am sure won't last much longer; I shall have to leave with her or go without her. How hard the latter looks I cannot tell you. People treat with respect the close friendship that may exist between men, but reckon lightly the strength of the affection women feel for each other. My love for Sister Mary Agnes is the strongest earthly sentiment I have known, and it is weak to say that death looks easier far to me than a life estranged from her in spirit and abiding-place. But I blame nobody—least of all Sister Mary Agnes herself. Sometimes I think it was ordered—our coming here, and the worst that can happen!"

It was but a few days after this that our sad, hastily-thrust-aside forebodings for Harry became an anguished certainty: we *must* let him go.

"I ought to tell you that there is no longer room for hope," declared the doctor. "I find this morning a fatal sign whose coming I have never known life to outlast a fortnight. There is less than usual prostration — his young strength makes a brave battle—but, if there are matters he would wish to settle, better not delay too long. The end may be at the furthest limit I have mentioned, and it may be—any time!"

In the afternoon we were sitting, my husband and I, in Harry's room beside his bed. We were sorrowful, but in great peace—we two; Harry serene and joyous as one who starts on a long-desired, long-planned journey. We had talked freely of what was so nearly come, or, rather, Harry had talked, and we listened, clinging to him with eyes and hands. He was so calm, so happy, we could not be all unconsoled. Time and the world shrivelled as from their boundaries we gazed, with him, through the opening gates at life real, infinite.

"As for my worldly affairs," said Harry, "there are still some things to be done. You, Rodney—" he paused at a knock at the door, and Sister Gertrude entered, her face flushed and disfigured with much weeping.

"Harry, Helen, Mr. Ellison," she began hurriedly, "I find I must go up to London to-night, and I have come to say good-by, and to see what arrangements can be

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made for supplying my place here with Harry."

"Rodney and I will take care of Harry," I said; "but you are coming back? You do not mean we are to say good-by finally?"

"I hope it is not a final good-by," she answered, "but I certainly go with no intention of returning. Don't think me quite forgetful and selfish; I *must* go now, and I carry a great grief with me. I have lost Sister Mary Agnes! She is no longer a Sister of St. Barnabas; she was baptized a Romanist by Canon W—— at the chapel this morning. I hope you, at least, are satisfied?" she finished, looking reproachfully at Harry.

"Thankful and pleased, dear Sister Gertrude," he returned, "but not quite satisfied. I could be more nearly that if you and my two dear people here were 'such as I also am except these bonds.'"

"And does Sister Ma—*can* I learn to say Miss Rotheray?—does she remain?" I asked.

"Yes, for a little, while she waits for letters from her family," was the answer. "It is not quite suitable, her staying in lodgings by herself, but I am more troubled by what will become of her afterward. Some members of the family will be very violent at her having become a per—" she hesitated.

"We'll compromise, Sister Gertrude," cried Harry. "I won't say *con*, and you won't say *per*: we'll call her a *'vert!*"

"A 'vert, then," said Sister Gertrude, smiling faintly. "Her mother will not be bitter—Romanism is rather the high uncommon fashion of late—but she is a great lady of limited means, with a brilliant family of sons and daughters to settle in life—sons and daughters as worldly as their mother—and to have so unsympathetic a daughter, whom she thought disposed of, returned upon her hands and her purse will be as uncomfortable for her as the home life will be intolerable to the daughter. Even in its material aspects it is a sad business."

"I wish, Sister Gertrude, that you would be so kind as to beg Miss Rotheray to come here with you for a few minutes," said Harry.

She looked at him doubtfully, but resistance was impossible. "I'm an arch abetter of 'verts and popery myself," she murmured, but she left the room.

"Rodney," said Harry, "you must not be hurt at anything I am going to say. It is a good many months now since I devoted a portion, and the larger portion, of my property to a special purpose quite distinct from claims of affection or kindred. The smaller portion goes in gifts and legacies already provided for; the larger is to be deposited in a lump in the Bank of Heaven, and you, Rodney, are to administer the whole. You see I'm providing trouble for you when I shall be out of the way of furnishing it personally."

"What you have is your own, dear boy, to do with exactly as you see fit," Rodney answered, and then we were silent till the door reopened to admit Sister Gertrude and her lost lamb.

Miss Rotheray was no longer the Anglican sister in garb. She wore a black cashmere gown, plainly made, but fashioned like the gown of the period, its sombreness relieved by an ivory cross upon her breast, and white at throat and wrists, and her head was bare, showing the dark hair rippled to its roots in long, natural waves, but combed plainly away from her face,

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and fastened in heavy braids closely about her head—long, rich, Eastern hair, such as Queen Esther must have worn. She bore some traces of the agitating scene she had had with Sister Gertrude; her eyes shone as if recently visited by tears, and there was a simple sweetness in her look that was newly there, or that I for the first time discerned. Harry held out his hand.

"I want to give you both hands," he cried, "but this left one's a soulless, stock-still member. It was a beautiful morning's work! How happy, how all at rest you are going to be! I congratulate you with all my heart, for myself and for these people here who don't know yet how much they should rejoice for you."

"Thank you," she answered. "I knew you would be glad. I wanted to send word to you yesterday that all doubt was over and that I saw my way clear, but it seemed best not. I am very happy and thankful."

"Won't you sit down?" Harry begged. "Dear Sister Gertrude, you too; please stay for a few minutes."

He closed his eyes and was silent a moment or two, then, opening them, he turned his head on the pillow so that he could the more easily see Miss Rotheray.

"This is very informal," he murmured, "yet it is formidable, too. Miss Rotheray, will you marry me?"

Sister Gertrude started violently, but her young companion beside her did not move. Instead the deep color rose to her face and passed over it wave after wave; then she grew extremely pale.

"I do not expect to marry," she said. "I have never meant to marry anybody."

"And it wouldn't be marrying anybody to marry me," returned Harry. "I am not a body, but a flying shadow! But I understand you, and I must explain myself.

"It is nearly two years now since it came to me very strongly that I was to give myself, and the larger share of such wealth as I possessed, to our Lord's special service in thanksgiving for the very especial manner in which he had sought me out and drawn me to him. I have not been clear as to what he would have of me, whether I was to serve as priest or layman. I came abroad hoping that my vocation and work might in these older homes of the faith, or in Rome, be revealed to me. I was not disappointed; we all know what my vocation is—my happiest vocation!" He stopped, rested a moment, and went on. "I am to go, but you, it is likely, may stay many years in this world. And there are my pledged worldly goods; cannot you be my steward and dispense them for me? I ask you to marry a dying man because I think that so some things may be made easier for you, and because to your own family, to some members of mine, and to the world generally it will be entirely natural that as my—widow you should hold and dispose of my property."

He stopped again and looked fixedly at the young girl, but she remained silent with eyes downcast.

"You are very beautiful," he said. "All through our Channel Islands journey I could not forget that glimpse I had had of you when starting. How it might have been with me had I come back unhurt, had I found you other than what you are, I can't say; but I could not know you without feeling that you were of those who on earth are

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to lead the angelic life, and I was at once by sister Helen, and later by yourself, so interested in your religious doubts and beliefs, and the difficulties of your position, that I had no thought for you save spiritually. But, spiritually, you possessed me. I felt in every way powerless to help you, but one day down in our little chapel, when I was yet quite unconscious that my injury was a mortal one, I offered my life to our Lord, to be at any moment yielded into his hands if but he would bestow the gift of faith upon you, lead your wandering feet into his fold. I don't know that he accepted my offering, but 'greater love,' you know, 'hath no man than this.' Have I not some claim upon you? Cannot you do for me some of the things I must leave undone—serve for me as well as for yourself?"

Still silence, but Miss Rotheray was intensely pale, and her eyes were fixed upon a small crucifix that stood upon a table placed near the head of the bed. Suddenly Sister Gertrude turned, showing a face drenched in tears. She caught hold of Miss Rotheray's arm.

"You *must*, you *know* you must!" she said.

The girl rose to her feet and looked at Rodney and me. Past speech, I waved her toward Harry with both hands in a gesture of benediction, and as silently Rodney rose, took her hand, and led her toward the bedside. Lifting the crucifix from the table, she dropped upon her knees beside the bed, placed the crucifix in Harry's hand, then clasped both her own around it.

"I am not thinking of myself," she cried. "I was frightened, adrift. You are and have been wholly generous. I see it all. I will do whatever you ask: thank God for us both as well as I can, be as faithfully your steward as I can, and you will ask him to make me worthier your trust."

Harry feebly drew the crucifix and the hands holding his to his lips.

"Thank you!" he said, and "Send for your mother"; and then sank away from us in one of the habitual fainting-fits.

Sister Gertrude promptly banished the rest of us from the room, and, when Harry had recovered, she promised to await Mrs. Rotheray's coming to deliver her daughter into her care; but the marriage, which we fixed for the second morning following the betrothal, she could and must not stay to see. Mrs. Rotheray telegraphed in response to our summons that she would arrive in Ventnor the next evening.

Rodney at once went out to make the necessary arrangements for the ceremony, and Harry sent for me.

"I want her to wear white," he said—"a real bride's dress, Helen! Can you manage it?"

A bride's dress, and two nights and one day the time in which to prepare it, in a small seaside resort several hours from London!

But I would not discourage Harry, so, answering him hopefully, I left him to go at once to the leading draper in Ventnor.

He was overwhelmed at the need for haste, but less despairing than I had feared. There was still time to get things down from London, and for the gown itself—"Entirely plain, you said, madam?" "Entirely." Well, it should be done. I might dismiss all uneasiness.

Mrs. Rotheray and her eldest son arrived the next afternoon.

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Sister Gertrude had an hour's talk with them, then bade us a tearful, loving farewell and went sadly back to her sisters and her hospital work. I suppose she and Miss Rotheray explained matters to the new-comers, and whether or not these had much difficulty in adapting themselves thereto we—my husband and myself—did not know, but we found them very polite in the brief moments we could spare them from Harry.

Rodney made them acquainted with Harry's wishes and arrangements as to the property which would be his wife's, its amount, etc. They seemed surprised that so large a sum should be left absolutely untrammelled. "My daughter is a person of quite inconsiderate generosity and enthusiasms," said Mrs. Rotheray. "I should be disposed to suggest that either a portion of this sum, or a fixed yearly income, be made inalienable." It was impossible to explain to these auditors that the money was all a heavenly loan. "I will mention your suggestion to my brother," Rodney responded, and then he took Mrs. Rotheray in to see Harry and give a formal consent to the marriage.

She came out of the room her stately repose somewhat shaken.

"How charming he is!" she exclaimed to me. "I never saw any man's face wear so angelic an expression, and his manner is perfectly winning. What an irreparable loss to his family, and I cannot but feel what a loss to my daughter and ourselves!"

There have been more joyous weddings, sadder weddings, than Harry's, but never one fuller of a sweet unearthliness. It was in the early morning, when Harry was at his brightest and strongest. The sun, across a sea of molten silver and the slate and red-rust-colored, verdure-smothered roofs of the older Ventnor, poured in level floods through the room's great eastern window of the high-hung house, and sparkled on chalice and candelabra of the altar at which Canon W—— was to say the marriage Mass, and on the gold embroideries of his white vestments. Scents of roses, honeysuckles, stocks, and carnations came through the open casements from the garden below to mingle with that of the great clumps of Annunciation lilies that filled alone the altar vases. Kind Father G—— was to serve Canon W—— at the Mass, and it was he who had arranged the altar, toiling repeatedly up and down the steep, long hillside that it might be decorated with the finest treasures of his little sacristy. Beside the bed he had placed a prie-dieu draped in white for the bride, and on its cushion lay the father's gifts to her—a missal of snowy binding and a small silver crucifix of exquisite workmanship. And the bride herself—who of us will ever forget the fair, grave vision? Her closely-fitting gown of thick white silk fell, unvexed by ornament, in flowing lines from throat to hem, but a train of sumptuous sweep, caught in Watteau folds at the shoulders, lent the severe costume grace and majesty. A fichu of finely-plaited tulle filled the square-cut neck, plaited tulle frills finished the elbow sleeves and met the half-long gloves, and her veil was a cloud of the same misty material. She wore no jewel, no flowers save a cluster of such lilies as were upon the altar at her breast, and, simple as the toilette was, it harmonized perfectly with the serious, virginal beauty of its wearer.

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"You look a true bride of Heaven," Harry murmured as, the rites over and our friends withdrawn, we, his nearest, gathered about him, "and to Heaven I give you! I shall hold you in only a moment's bondage."

It is three years since that wedding morning. A month ago Mabel and I journeyed from Hyères to Antwerp to meet my husband, who had gone home to stand beside his mother's deathbed, and, returning thence, brought with him his oldest and only unmarried sister, to rest with us from the physical and mental strain of long caretaking and great loneliness and grief.

"Take me first where Henry died," she said, "and then I will go wherever you choose."

So we crossed the Channel, went down to the Isle of Wight, and staid at Ventnor two or three weeks of the late spring. We showed her where Harry lay, the room where he died, the walks and views he loved best. Over and over again we recalled the incidents of those last months with us, what he said and did. She pointedly avoided asking any questions concerning his marriage. "It seemed to us a most inexplicable affair!" she said with stiff disapprobation, yet she listened intently to every word dropped concerning her whom we called always Sister Mary Agnes. She escaped from the room whenever Father G—— called upon us; and we thought it as well, for we could not imagine what the genial young Irishman and the elderly, precise woman of Quaker garb and speech, who never in her life made a joke, understood one, or let pass unaccounted for a fantastic expression, would make of each other.

From Ventnor we went up to London to show her the great city at its busiest, sunniest time. Discussing plans the morning after our arrival, she startled us by proposing that she should first of all be taken to see Harry's wife!

"I suppose from what thee says," she added apologetically to me, "she is too busy to go to see any one, and thee knows I *ought* to see her."

An hour later our little party of four got into a carriage at the Charing Cross Station to drive the remainder of our way. Rodney briefly did the honors of the route, which I presently discovered was zizzagging to give our sister a little notion of the neighbors of the lady we were going to visit.

"This, Beulah, is the Strand, and we're leaving it now to go to Covent Garden. Now you may brush up your history. Inigo Jones built nearly the whole region we're going to traverse. And here—here's the famous market. Stop! driver. I'm going to get out one moment. You can remember Pepys and all the rest of them while I am gone."

He was back in brief space with a basket piled with wild and cottage-garden flowers—cowslips, primroses, rock-croft, jonquils, wallflowers, lilies of the valley, and white, fringy clove pinks—sweets we had need of in our dismal round through Long Acre, Drury Lane, Seven Dials, and St. Giles. The sights, the smells, the noises, the grime, the poverty, the dreadfulness of everything, frightened, as well they might, my little girl and her carefully-nurtured and shielded Quaker aunt.

"Oh! this is awful, awful," Beulah cried. "How, Rodney, can thee keep on talking about Dryden, and

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Fielding, and the person thee calls Ellen Gwynn, and dead-and-gone folks and times, in such places as these? Who ever saw such faces on human beings? And children live in those black alleys and courts! And gin-shops everywhere! And sounds as of the pit! What a shame to London! How can the queen sleep quietly in her bed of nights? Is there any other place in the world so dreadful?"

A few moments more and we had crossed Oxford Street, had threaded a short passage-way or two, and were in a stately old thoroughfare almost deserted of life, and soundless save for the deadened roar of the busy, over-populous region and streets we had just quitted. The houses were the wide, substantial, aristocratic mansions of an early day, given up now to the professional uses of solicitors, physicians, publishers, and shabby-genteel lodging-house keepers.

Before one of the largest of the fine old houses we stopped. It had signs of ordinary household occupancy: the steps were spotless, the knocker glittered, there were window-boxes gay with daisies, and all the open windows of the upper stories had, ruffling and blowing in the fresh spring air, the short, full curtains of lace or muslin that mark an English dormitory.

"BLANK STREET DAY NURSERY AND ORPHANS' HOME,"

read Beulah from the plate upon the door as we stood waiting on the steps.

"Thee don't mean that Henry's wife lives *here?* This is never the place of her charitable school?"

"Yes, sister," Rodney answered, "and this house and its work are *in memoriam* Henry Ellison."

She said no more, and was very quiet while we waited in the little reception-room whither a tidy little maid showed us, bringing us presently "Sister Mary Agnes' dear love, and she would come to us in a very few minutes." Simple as any convent cell the room was—the floor bare and waxed, a table and some chairs, on the wall two pictures, the Good Shepherd and a photograph of Francia's *Pietà*.

Mabel stationed herself beside the door with the great basket of flowers.

"See, auntie," she screamed, lifting it up as the door opened, "all for your little children."

"And bless auntie's own darling!" returned a voice, beautiful and bell-clear as of yore, but full now of ringing joyousness. "Dear Helen and Rodney," it said, and its owner lifted herself from the child's impetuous embrace and turned towards us with flushed cheeks and welcoming eyes.

"This is our sister, Beulah Ellison," Rodney said; then, "And, Beulah, this is Harry's wife—our Sister Mary Agnes."

Beulah acknowledged the presentation with shy precision, but still remained unusually silent, and I could see she was observing her new relative very closely. I was quite willing she should, for, fascinating as Sister Mary Agnes had been in the days when we knew her first, I thought her by far lovelier now. In her expression and whole bearing was the same change one heard in the voice—a radiant content. The eyes had lost their far-off look, the cheeks were faintly tinged with pink; she wore, with all her vestal grace, the air of tender promptness and practicality

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that maternity, or an appeal to the maternal passion, gives women who have the true instinct of motherhood.

Her gown of black stuff was as severely plain as Beulah's own, but its lines, and those of her somewhat voluminous apron of white linen, with bib, could not, on her stately person, fail of elegance.

"You look at my apron, Helen," she said, catching my admiring glance, "and it *is* very domestic uniform in which to receive visitors; but I had kept you so long waiting"—she lowered her voice, that Rodney, helping Mabel at the other side the room to untie the strings on the separate big bunches of flowers, might not hear—"the truth is, a child was brought in this morning so unbelievably squalid, filthy, worse, that I could not ask anybody to undertake making her wholesome and tidy, and when I had finished with her myself nothing but a bath and an entire change of garments was possible to me. You came just as I had begun my second toilette for the day. I thought there were but you and Rodney, that you would want to go among the children presently, so the apron went on. Rodney and Helen have told you what are the uses of this house, I suppose?" she added to Beulah.

"I knew thee had a home of some kind for orphans, but what is the day nursery? And is not this a very unhealthy neighborhood to choose for the orphans, to say nothing of yourself and those who help you? I could not have believed there were such horrible places in the world as we came through near here this morning."

"It is not like the country, nor like Kensington and Bayswater, certainly, but I hope it is not *very* unsanitary. The day nursery is a place where poor mothers who work all day away from home may leave their babies and young children during their absence, sure that they will be well and kindly cared for. Indeed, poor mothers who live in dens, and who do not go out from them to work, are glad to put their puny, often half-dying children where they can be made clean, have sunshine, air, and proper food. A *crèche must* be near its patrons, and, living so near all this poverty and suffering, one finds endless opportunities for being of use. Perhaps some day we shall be rich enough to have a little place in the country for the orphans. But won't you like to go over the house? You know it is all your brother's; I am only one of the workers in it."

So in procession we set forth, beginning in the kitchen regions. Everywhere, save in the living-places of the children, we found the barest simplicity, but a shining, odorous cleanliness that extorted Beulah's warm commendation.

The children were in three rooms—the orphans, kept wholly by Sister Mary Agnes, in one, in another the elders of her loaned *clientèle*, and those who were quite babies in the largest, sunniest of the suite. Whoever has seen a *crèche* can fancy what we saw—the gay pictures on the walls, the swinging beds, the skins and mattresses spread upon the floor for the babies to tumble harmlessly upon, the babies themselves, crowing, staring, kicking, sleeping—some pretty and gleeful as babies of happiest fortune, but more dwarfed, pale, and pathetically still and patient. Sister Mary Agnes explained the care they had, and fondly picked up one and another of the little creatures

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to show us how pitiful its state was, or how it was bettered or wholly flourishing. It was noon, and two or three mothers had run in to nurse their babies; she had a pleasant word for each, and patiently listened to the vehemently-whispered tale of injury from one, and returned sympathy or hope of aid, judging from the woman's face. In the other rooms the older children clustered round her, clinging to her clothes, her hands, and when she lifted Mabel into a chair, and the distribution of handfuls of flowers began, the excitement rose to ecstasy.

"The dormitories inspected, now," she said briskly, "I am going to show you my little sick children. I have to put them at the top of the house. An infirmary's the thing we need most—a children's infirmary. My heart is broken with having to refuse poor little patients day after day, and we've not another inch of space for them. I'm waiting for a miracle. A house alongside us is for sale; £1,200 will buy it and fit it tolerably for hospital use. I can spare two hundred pounds toward it, and our Lord has all the money, so I think we shall sooner or later have the house. He has worked—just worked—a greater miracle: given me the best helper in the world to be at the head of the new infirmary. I'm the happiest woman the sun shines on! Helen, Rodney, don't be afraid for Mabel; there's nothing infectious amongst our patients, and I want you to see my miracle." She softly opened the door wide, and there, stooping over a child in a low bed almost opposite, was—Sister Gertrude!

"Rodney," Beulah said the next morning, "I've slept upon it, and I think Henry's wife must have her hospital for the little children. Thee knows all those crosses, and images, and pictures of the Virgin are dreadful to me, and I certainly have no call to help idolatry and popery! But Mary Agnes is a good woman, full of charity and mercy. Her work is blessed work, and I don't think it'll hurt me to help it a little. May be I shall never put any of my money to better use. At any rate I *mean* well, and, Rodney, thee'll help me to turn over a thousand pounds to her as soon as thee can manage it. I understand Henry's marriage now!"

THE FLOWERS' HOMILY.

I.

UNTO Blessed Paul, whom love named "of the Cross,"
  Spoke gracious words the soulless works of God,
  The gardens' delicate bloom, the forest broad;
Even the golden grain-fields' seeming dross
Of purple cockle and death-freighted head
  Of scarlet poppy in loud accents cried
  The amorous words man's rebel lips denied:
"Love God, love God, whose love is life's true bread."
All voiceless nature to the saint's wide heart
  This warm entreaty murmured evermore,
  This rosary of beads told o'er and o'er.
No frailest grass-blade but bore well its part

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In this vast unison of passionate praise
That stilled in love's fine ear all lesser lays.

II.

Dearest, when came the spring's young day, the saint
  Obedient earth's fresh-flowered ways would tread,
  Bending his earnest gaze on each fair head
In unreaped harvest lifted eloquent;
Hearing the voice that echoed from his heart
  From these love-lighted faces ever break—
  "Love God, love God, whose love doth ever wake."
Then "Silence, silence!" from his lips would start
As softly he the pleading blossoms smote,
  The perishable things whose life, renewed,
  Filled their pure veins with gratitude
While man's immortal soul stood coldly mute,
Unheeding in the spring's skies' deeps of blue
God's love more deep light's wide seas shining through.

III.

Did it so pain the saint that soulless life
  Knew need love's lesson unto men to teach
  That, soul-ashamed, he silenced its sweet speech
Lest broke his heart in sad, tormenting strife
Of love that fain would conquer earth for God?
  For dear he held the flowers' homily,
  Bidding his brothers in that beauty see
The constant call uprising from earth's sod,
"Love God, love God, who suffered for man's sake."
  So well he read the words Christ spoke of old
  When 'neath his feet the multitude unrolled
Its garments and in loud hosannas brake
Of envious hearts rebuked. "Nay, should these cease,
The very stones no more shall hold their peace."

IV.

Ah! little one of Christ, on earth cross-signed,
  On high crowned saint of Jesus crucified,
  With us to-day still bloom the ways beside
The flowers wherein the gracious words we find;
Ours too are blossoms rare for heaven grown,
  Marked with the cross and God's most loving heart,
  That, eloquent, amid our gardens start
From precious seed thy faithful hand hath sown.
And these cry out as faithless men pass by—
  So well they know thy cloister-garden speech
  So far thy lessons of old days can reach—
"Love God, love God, whom love of thee made die;
His name call out in full heart's ecstasy,
Lest silent soul be dumb eternally."

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THE BOLLANDIST *ACTA SANCTORUM.*

II.

AT the suppression of its parent society in 1773 the subordinate work of the Bollandist editors was naturally involved in the calamity. A hundred and thirty years had elapsed since the appearance of its first volume; fifty volumes had brought down the work to the month of October, at an average rate of about two years and a half to each volume. At a similar rate some thirty volumes more, at the end of about eighty years, should have brought the whole series to a close somewhere about the year 1850, or little more than two centuries from its commencement. The actual course of its history was destined to be very different indeed. The Society of Jesus had disappeared, but a wish soon began to be felt that its Bollandist *Acta* should not be interrupted. The wish was effectually supported by the Austrian government, and an arrangement sanctioned by which the library, museum, and whole stock of the Bollandists should be transferred to the Abbey of Caudenberg, at Brussels, a house of Augustinian Canons no longer existing, but of which the site is marked by the royal church of St. Jacques en Caudenberg in the Place Royale, familiar to tourists in Belgium. From this abbey issued the fourth volume of October in 1780, and the fifth in 1786. Four ex-Jesuit editors, the last of the original Bollandist line, superintended the work. Even this refuge was to fail it; Joseph II. suppressed the abbey, and the work of Bollandus had once more to seek an asylum elsewhere. It was provided, through the munificence of Godfrey Hermans, abbot of the Premonstratensian monastery of Tongerloo in Belgium, who purchased the Bollandist property for 21,000 florins (about $8,500) and set the press going once more. The first, and also the last, volume issued from Tongerloo bears the date of 1794. Its editors were no longer exclusively Jesuits. One of the original line, P. Bue, or Buæus, had trained five coadjutors, one of them a Benedictine, another a Canon Regular, and the remaining three Premonstratensians of the abbey. But Tongerloo, like Caudenberg, was doomed; the French Republic annexed Belgium, and the *Acta Sanctorum* ceased to advance for half a century. The museum and library were scattered; a part was concealed by the peasants in the neighborhood, a part fell a prey to the flames, and a part was carried off to Westphalia in carts, and much injured in its transit, before it was restored to Belgium.

Yet there was still a vitality in the Bollandist idea. While France remained mistress of Belgium inquiry began again to be made as to the possibility of reviving and completing the work. In 1801, under the Consular Triumvirate, D'Herbonville, prefect of Antwerp, was instructed to consult the editors who survived about the renewal of their labors. In 1803 the Institute revived the question and pressed the editors either to resume their

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work or dispose of their materials at an agreed price. The materials being no longer available, neither alternative was possible. Napoleon himself, in 1810, set on foot an inquiry of a similar kind, and was informed that all hope of resuming the great work must be abandoned unless the manuscript collections of Henschen and Papebroch could be recovered; and at that time it was not suspected that they had survived the destruction of Tongerloo. At length, in 1825, all that remained of the original museum and library was brought to light. Belgium then formed part of Holland; the printed books were therefore placed in the Royal Library at the Hague, with the exception of a portion sold by auction at Antwerp, and the large collection of MSS. was consigned in 1827 to the Burgundian Library, Palais de l'Industrie, at Brussels, where the traveller may, on inquiry of the polite officials, see them bound in seventy folio volumes in red morocco—a unique and invaluable storehouse of materials for the future volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum*. Then came the establishment of Belgian independence, with its numerous consequences; among them was the reanimation of the Bollandist work after a dormancy of upwards of forty years. About the year 1836 it began to be rumored that a French literary association was projected for the resuscitation of the *Acta*. M. Guizot, who was well aware of the historical value of the work, had promised a subsidy. Everything was cut and dried; three volumes were to appear annually, and all was to be finished in ten years. Whether such a scheme could have been executed within the limited time may be doubted. But its more useful effect was to put the Belgian men of letters on their mettle, and call forth their efforts to secure the honor of finishing the work for the country that had given it birth. With this view Mgr. de Ram, rector of the Catholic University of Louvain, presented a memorial to the Belgian Minister of the Interior, M. de Theux, stating what he had heard, and urging the minister to save his country from the reproach of permitting a foreign country to place the crown on such a work. It must be reserved for Belgium; and, the Society of Jesus having been restored by Pope Pius VII. in 1814, it was to its Belgian province that all eyes were turned for the completion of the *Acta*. The minister was favorable; and early in 1837 the society reported to him that three of their fathers, PP. Boone, Vandermoere, and Coppens, were prepared to resume the editorship of the work initiated by PP. Bolland, Henschen, and Papebroch. A fourth, P. Van Hecke, was soon afterwards added to the number. Free access to all public collections of materials was guaranteed them, and an annual subsidy to be voted by the Belgian Chambers, amounting to $1,200. The subsidy was paid for about twenty years, and was then withdrawn.

The Bollandists, then, were once more established and their work commenced. At first, and for several years, it consisted chiefly in reorganizing a system and collecting materials. Their French competitors, finding that the work had been appropriated by its legitimate owners, offered their co-operation as likely to promote the rapidity of publication. Their offer was declined. Speed had no particular attraction for the disciples of the original Bollandists; the new so-

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ciety was in every respect the same as the old, and foreign co-operation formed no part of its programme.

Père Boone being rector of the Collège St. Michel, Brussels, that house became the seat of the New Bollandists, just as the professed house at Antwerp had been of their predecessors. The continuity of the system was secured by the temporary co-operation of Cyprian Goor, one of the Premonstratensian Canons, who had taken part in preparing the single Tongerloo volume, and was now able to communicate what he knew of the traditional methods, as they were pursued in his day under the direction of the last ex-Jesuit, P. Bue. By the year 1845 the new library had been commenced, correspondence resumed, and the old machinery put into working order. An appropriate motto might have been affixed to their new museum: *Heri, et Hodie et in Sæcula* (Heb. xiii.1). In that year the fifty-fourth volume of the entire series, and the seventh of the month of October, was published. Nearly the whole of it was the work of P. Vandermoere, and consisted of a splendid monograph of St. Teresa—a worthy subject, and treated in a manner entirely worthy of it. A second part was issued the same year, and a subsequent volume in 1853. Again, in 1858, 1861, and 1864, respectively the ninth, tenth, and eleventh volumes of October. The last issue up to the present time took place in 1867, and included several of the saints of October 29. Several changes had in the meantime occurred in the constitution of the Bollandist society in consequence of the death and retirement of fathers. To the original members were added PP. Bossue, Victor de Buck, Tinnebroeke, Carpentier, Matagne, and Rémi de Buck. The year 1860 was a critical one for the new society. The government subsidy was then withdrawn, and the Bollandists had nothing but voluntary contributions and the sale of the work to depend upon for carrying it forward. The literary world was appealed to, and it is gratifying to know that the officials of the British Museum Library, including the principal librarian and his subordinates, put on record their opinion that the abandonment of the Bollandist scheme would be a regrettable loss to letters; that, in reference to the history of the middle ages, the aid afforded by the work is invaluable, supplying materials often to be found nowhere else, and throwing light not only on ecclesiastical and monastic institutions and affairs, but also on civil transactions, on chronology, biography, local nomenclature, genealogies, manners and customs. The philosophical writer and the archæologist alike (in the opinion of these gentlemen) find a mine of wealth in these volumes; and the great erudition displayed by its editors contributes to render the work of the utmost value. The work, then, still makes progress; but of late death, age, and enfeebled health have made inroads on the small society and seriously retarded its labors. Six names appear on the title-page of the last volume, and within eight years from that date five of them had been removed from the active list, three of them by death. Other members have since been added to the number, and in no long time the world of letters may look for the appearance of a new Bollandist volume, or perhaps of two, the last of the month of October and the

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sixty-first and sixty-second of the long series. It will also probably contain (in pursuance of a Bollandist custom to commemorate deceased members of their society) a memoir of the late Père Matagne, of whom the brightest hopes were conceived that in a few years he might have revived the best achievements of the *Acta*, but who lately died at the early age of thirty-eight. A supplementary volume may after that be expected, bringing up some arrears of former volumes belonging to October, the result of the many rude interruptions experienced by the work since the month was commenced, in 1765. In stating these future projects the writer is giving a summary of the information communicated to him for publication by P. Rémi de Buck during a visit which will presently be described.

It is impossible to look back on the history of such an undertaking without attempting some kind of forecast as to its probable progress and possible termination. The Bollandists themselves sometimes took a calm survey of a period far beyond the limit of their own lives; as when the editor of the last volume of June, writing in 1717, thus expressed himself: "We are now about to enter on another period of six months, at the end of which those who will then be engaged in this work will finally have to revise and double the months of January and February; for those months, as might be expected at the outset of the work, are more imperfect, and are deficient in many *acta* since acquired, and more particularly in 1660 by Henschen and Papebroch in their journey through Germany, Italy, and France. The other months, edited after that year, are not so deficient." There are some data to assist in forming an estimate of the probable duration of the work. The last volume of June contains an index of the saints' names comprised in the first six months of the year. Their number amounts to some ninety-six hundred. Similarly, in the first volume of October will be found a corresponding index for the preceding three months, July, August, and September. The number of names in it is about forty-seven hundred. Again, the New Bollandists, in their original appeal, *De Prosecutione Operis Bollandiani*, 1838, published an *Elenchus SS. Beatorum, etc.*, including some four thousand names. The whole sum may be taken to be from eighteen to twenty thousand. The third quarter of the year occupied twenty-one volumes. The New Bollandists have published six volumes in some thirty-five years. Assuming that the month of October contains one-third of the remaining number of 4,000, the share of the two closing months of the year would be about 2,660—a number representing, say, ten more volumes, and requiring, in point of time, some sixty years before *finis* can be written on the last page.

But even that estimate is not sufficient, if we remember the number of saints declared venerable, beatified, and canonized within the years that have elapsed since the several Bollandist months were finished in their order. Still less can that estimate suffice if we reflect on the future additions to the Canon of the Blessed, periodically attesting, and, as may be assumed, in unfailing sequence, the ever-young, ever-conquering force of grace over nature, of spirit over matter. Viewed from such a point as this, Where can the vista close?

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one is tempted to ask. Will not the *Opus Bollandianum*, or its equivalent, remain to supply a perpetual want, as long as the church of Christ is to last, in connection with the life of this world? The conception of Père Rosweyde would thus receive an extension and amplification far beyond even the estimate of Cardinal Bellarmine. The twelve volumes would find themselves expanded into an endless series.

A sketch of a visit paid by the writer to the library of the New Bollandists a year or two ago will appropriately conclude this brief history of the undertaking. An account of it which he contributed to a London monthly was widely copied into newspapers and periodicals in America and in England, and in an abridged form appears in the *Catholic Family Almanac* of the present year. The Collège St. Michel at Brussels, in which the Bollandist fathers live and work, lies very much out of the beaten track of the tourist, in one of the narrow, steep streets behind the Hôtel de Ville, the Rue des Ursulines. A visitor to the handsome church of Nôtre Dame de la Chapelle would find himself close to the upper end of the street. The first time the writer attempted to "interview" a Bollandist he was unsuccessful; but a few days later he succeeded better, and, presenting his credentials, was received with perfect courtesy by the senior of two representatives of the long line of Bollandists—by Père Rémi de Buck, whose brother, Père Victor, then incapacitated for active work by infirmities, had for many years upheld the reputation of the *Acta* editors for learning and extensive acquirements. Père Rémi, after replying to a number of queries as to the present state and near prospects of the work, acceded to the request that the writer might be permitted to walk through the library. It consists of several rooms of unequal size, *en suite*, or opening into one another. The first that the visitor enters is one of the largest, and is filled all round, from floor to ceiling, with printed volumes of saints' lives, of various nations and in many languages. Hardly anything that once belonged to the original museum is now in the possession of the fathers. What they have collected has been either by purchase or as presents from public bodies, authors, and editors. A volume was shown to the writer which had been contributed by its author, the late Bishop Forbes of Brechin—a handsome quarto volume of the lives of Scotch saints. Dr. O'Hanlon's collection of Irish saints' lives, as far as it had then advanced, was particularly pointed out as a work of real and very great value, as indeed it is. Passing out of this large room, we next entered a corridor leading to another hall, and filled with works on theology and canon law—subjects entering largely, from time to time, into the scope of Bollandist work. A smaller chamber adjoining contains a number of missals, breviaries, martyrologies, calendars, and liturgical books, some of them in Oriental languages. We next entered the second large hall, also filled with printed volumes on ecclesiastical and civil history and topography, arranged according to nationalities. France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and England are largely represented by wide spaces on the shelves, many of the works in this department being the gifts of governments; as,

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for example, the series of English State Papers published by the Record Office, under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls. On a rough calculation the entire collection in all the chambers may be estimated at from sixteen to eighteen thousand volumes. Its arrangement has a thoroughly practical air, united to a striking simplicity in harmony with the tone of a religious house. The only ornament in the hall of history is a speaking bust of the late Père Matagne, too early lost to the great work he promised to serve so well. Here, in the scene of his unfinished labors, *defunctus adhuc loquitur*.

As regards the completion of the library, the New Bollandists, at the time when they resumed the *Acta*, issued an invitation to all persons who held sacred antiquity, solid learning, and religion in honor to send them any special lives of saints, either in print or manuscript, especially if composed by contemporary writers, and any martyrologies or liturgical works of rare character; or, if not the actual works, at least their titles, dates, and places of publication or transcription. Special works on history, descriptions of provinces, dioceses, cities, or monasteries, would be welcome, as also anything relating to translations of sacred relics, well-authenticated miracles, and other evidences of the sanctity of the servants of God. The request has, to some extent, contributed to furnish the shelves of the New Bollandist library.

On the whole, a visit of singular interest, made with the recollections of the early Bollandists fresh in one's mind, left a vivid impression of the continuity of the work from first to last. Not only is the aim and object of it one—now as then—the methods of reaching them are the same; the results are the same. Nay, the fathers themselves resemble each other, as brothers of the same family might, each in his own way; with characteristic differences, indeed, but with the stamp of their common paternity indelibly impressed on them all. The type of living and recent Bollandists is the same as that which marks those living portraits one meets with here and there among the *Acta* as members of the society died at their post, and in the next published volume the art of the engraver perpetuated their features and air. The noble words of the New Bollandists in their appeal were no idle boast; their truth is apparent even to the eye of the stranger: "We need not dilate on the materials or the execution of this work of hagiography. It is no new or unknown work that we propose to continue as far as our strength and industry will permit; it is the same that our predecessors began and carried forward. The end they proposed to themselves is also the end of our work—namely, that by the devotion of ourselves and of our whole energy there may accrue, through his saints, *Regi sæculorum immortali et invisibili, soli Deo honor et gloria*" (1 Tim. i. 17).

The literary interest and curiosity awakened by the history of the Bollandists' work ought never to efface the recollection that it belongs, in its essence and in its form, to the supernatural and unchangeable (Heb. xii. 28) kingdom of grace, which lies beyond the measurement of human standards of comparison. The late Padre Galluzzi, S.J., used to say that every new life of a saint or servant of

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God was in itself a fresh pleading for divine grace, and demonstrated that divine beneficence is not exhausted, but that every state of life, every nation, and every period of time is capable of producing the fruits of sanctity. If it be so as regards one such biography, what shall be said of the magnificent monument erected in the *Acta* to the power of the cross of Christ, by one religious society, and as a single incident in their splendid history? Other biographers of saints have personally contributed valuable materials to the same end; Mabillon, for example, did for his Benedictine Order, and Wadding for his Franciscan, good and lasting work. It was reserved for the Bollandist Companions of Jesus to record the trials and the victories of all the saints.

THE BOLLANDIST FATHERS.

GREAT was the day when learnèd Rosweyd's brain
The plan conceived of gathering into one
All acts and lives of saints beneath the sun—
Of Christ's all-conquering Cross the priceless gain,
And harvest of its graces' heavenly rain.
Since the far-reaching plan was then begun
Two troubled ages and a half have run,
And, ere it end, another age must wane.
Bolland and Henschen, Papenbroch and all
Who inherited their honored toil, of fame
Ne'er dreamed, or praise, for their memorial,
Rich as the love that reared it, to the Name
Of One who is of saints the crowning Saint,
Beyond all tongue can tell or genius paint.

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THE NEW PROTESTANT CRITICISM OF CHRISTIANITY.

AMONG all the untruths which pass current with men who permit others to do their thinking for them, none is more groundless than the assertion that one of the principal characteristics of the present age is indifference to religious questions. The very opposite of this is true. There has seldom been a period in history when men were more disposed to talk about and inquire into religion than they now are. It is no doubt true that never before have men outside the Catholic Church been less inclined to practise the virtues inculcated by the Christian faith; never before have the inevitable consequences of that revolt against God's church known as the Protestant Reformation been so fully developed and so sharply defined. When Martin Luther related that in his midnight discourse with the devil the prince of the power of the air overthrew him in argument, and persuaded him to forswear his priestly vows and set up a schism founded upon spiritual pride and fleshly lust,* he unconsciously paraded before the world the real author of the Reformation—not Luther himself, but Satan working in him. Now, it is the business and the delight of the devil to win souls from God; and he had the sagacity to see that the most efficacious method of accomplishing this purpose was to lead them to believe that they could reform God's own work. Before the Reformation infidels were scarcely known in Christendom; but the Reformation itself has been the nursing-mother of infidels. "The first step that the intractable Catholic takes is to adopt the Protestant principle of private judgment," wrote the late Archbishop Spalding; "he establishes himself judge of his religion, leaves it, and joins the reform. Dissatisfied with the incoherent doctrines he then discovers, he passes on to the Socinians, whose inconsequences soon drive him into deism; still pursued by unexpected difficulties, he throws himself into universal doubt, where still experiencing uneasiness he proceeds to terminate the long chain of his errors in atheism. Let us not forget that the first link of this fatal chain is attached to the fundamental maxim of private judgment. It is, therefore, historically correct that the same principle that created Protestantism three centuries ago has never ceased since that time to spin it out into a thousand different sects, and has concluded by covering Europe with that multitude of freethinkers who place it on the verge of ruin."

These words were written twenty years ago; they have even more weight to-day. The work of Satan, beginning in this order with Luther, has gone on from conquering to conquer, until there is not a Protestant sect in the world which has not only been the mother of infidels but which to-day nourishes infidels in her bosom and feeds them with her milk. In this consists a distinguishing mark between the church and the sects: one may

* Audin's *Life of Luther*, in the appendix of which this conference is given in Luther's own Latin text.

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apostatize from the church, but an apostate cannot remain in her fold; he must go from her, because he is not of her. But in the sects, more markedly in some of them than in others, one may do as he pleases, and believe or disbelieve as he pleases, and still retain his "connection." Most true is this, in its most serious sense, of the established Church of England, whose ministers have only within a few months been restrained from "playing at Mass," not by their own superiors but by the edict of a Parliament composed of Christians, Jews, and atheists; and who are still perfectly free to believe and to preach anything they please without the slightest fear of punishment. The new law—which is flagrantly disobeyed—forbids certain acts; but a clergyman of the Establishment may to-morrow preach Unitarianism, or the denial of baptismal regeneration, or the Roman Catholic doctrine of the sacraments, or sheer infidelity, or even declare that the pope is rightfully supreme head of the church, and no one can molest him or make him afraid. The Protestant dogma of private judgment has, in a word, run its full course, and every one is left free to proclaim his beliefs or his unbeliefs.

Two prominent English writers have recently told the world what they knew about the condition of religious thought in Christendom. They both arrived at the same conclusion—that Faith is on its death-bed; that Infidelity is the coming sovereign; and that the next generation will be one that shall not know God or fear him. The devil has done his work well; and the picture of the present state of what in unconscious irony these writers call "religious opinion" is perhaps not overdrawn, if it be understood that the figures on the canvas represent only non-Catholics. In the Catholic Church we are not bothered with "opinions" or "views" regarding matters of doctrine; whatsoever we believe, we know God has revealed it by the unerring authority of the teaching church, and we have no more doubt about it than we have that water runs down hill. At no period in her long and glorious history have the children of the church been more completely of one mind and heart than they now are, or more firm in their faith The spectacle of their unity has perhaps excited their foes all the more to rail against them. But Mr. Froude and Mr. Mallock are not without reason in their assertions that the non-Catholic portion of Christendom has fought almost its last fight with Satan, and is about to surrender itself to his undisputed sway. We are not without hope that many fugitives may escape the danger and ignominy of the capitulation by seeking refuge in the church against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. The anxiety and agitation concerning the very basis of the Christian faith that now pervade the non-Catholic world strengthen this hope. This remark brings us back to the point whence we have strayed—the assertion that the minds of men to-day, instead of being indifferent and careless about religious matters, are strangely alert and anxious respecting these things. As a proof of this may be adduced the fact that the press, during the last twelve months, has brought forth an unusual, an almost incredible, number of works upon religious topics. We propose to pass in review a few of these vol-

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umes, and confining ourselves to those published in England and on the European Continent. The magnitude of our task may be estimated when we say that we have to deal, in effect, with several hundred volumes, although we shall cite the names of, or make quotations from, but a small fraction of the whole. These books—which may be taken as the best possible exponents of the non-Catholic religious and anti-religious thought and opinion of to-day, and as the latest landmarks of the sinking of Protestantism into the slough of atheism—we have divided into two classes:

1st. Works with the avowed, or at least undisguised, purpose of inculcating atheism.

2d. Books written by men who still profess belief in the Christian religion, but who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, and in the disguise of Christian philosophers teach anti-Christian doctrine.

Let us get at the first class without further remark:

The Physical Basis of Mind: being the Second Series of Problems of Life and Mind, is the title of the last production of the life and mind of George Henry Lewes—the gentleman who lived for years as the unmarried husband of George Eliot, and who has long enjoyed the worship of that numerous class of persons who are flattered by being told that they are fools. In 1874 he issued the first volume of a book entitled *Problems of Life and Mind;* in the following year the second volume of this work appeared, and was found to consist mainly of demonstrations of the impossibility of solving the problems proposed. It is difficult to make out what Mr. Lewes really believes. At times he is a materialist; again he is a transcendentalist. He pretends to be a disciple of Comte, but if Comte were alive he would denounce Lewes as a heretic. Now, being old and near the end of his career, Mr. Lewes gives to the world his confession of atheism. It is a melancholy book, since it shows how one may spend a long life in patient study, in accumulating and marshalling facts of anatomy and physiology, and arrive at the conclusion that after all he is only

"An organism built up out of matter according to some system of trial and error that has shaped him and all animals by the processes of evolution from the smallest of beginnings, said beginnings being mere atoms of protoplasm that somehow or other had been infected with the endowment of life."

Darwin is greater than Moses and the prophets, and Mr. Lewes is wiser than God, for he sneers at the "great Architect of the universe" and asks:

"What should we say of an architect who was unable, or, being able, was obstinately unwilling, to erect a palace except by first using his materials in the shape of a hut, then pulling it down and rebuilding thereon a cottage, then adding story to story and room to room, *not* with any reference to the ultimate purposes of the palace, but wholly with reference to the way in which houses were constructed in ancient times?"

The Gospel of the World's Divine Order, by Mr. Douglas Campbell, is a demonstration of the fact that Mr. Douglas Campbell is vastly wiser than God, and that "the prudent, enterprising, and steady life of Benjamin Franklin" was much better than "the improvident and unsettled life of Jesus." Moses was a very blameworthy person, since it is evident that before writing

"A history of the creation of light, or of the meanest thing on earth, it was first

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incumbent on him to describe not only the creation of its elements, but to go further back still and describe the beginning of reason, and the first creation of proportion, whereby the square of three became nine, and the angles of a triangle began to be equal to two right angles."

The History of Jesus of Nazara: freely investigated in its connection with the national life of Israel and related in detail. This is the translated title of a ponderous work by Dr. Theodor Keim, in three heavy volumes, of which the last has recently been published. We class this German writer among the teachers of atheism, for, like Rénan, whose methods he follows, he refuses to recognize Jesus Christ as God, while representing him as towering not only above the ordinary level of human nature, but far above the greatest, wisest, and best of the sons of men in all that makes humanity godlike. Dr. Keim's Jesus is a man, "the natural son of Joseph and Mary," but the greatest and best of men; he was not God, but he was God-like. Dr. Keim has been good enough to take the four Gospels as the basis of his *History of Jesus*, but in this fashion: whatever in the Gospel he has found that displeased him he has rejected and thrown aside as "unsound," "unhistorical," and "useless"; with what remained he has constructed a fancy sketch of a being who "in spirit, mind, and love was in perfect harmony and closest unity with the Eternal Father," but who, all the same, was a rank impostor. As for the miracles, they are rejected. Dr. Keim admits that Jesus healed the sick, and this, too, without medicine and only by his presence and his word. But these cures were *mirifica* and not *miracula*. He says:

"For the works of healing, and for them alone, we have also the testimony of the Acts of the Apostles, of the apostolic age, and even of the Talmud, which does not deny the works of either the Master or his disciples. Finally, these incidents of healing are confirmed by probabilities of every kind. . . . The healing itself seems, in a very preponderant degree, to have been communicated by and dependent upon a sentence uttered with infinite confidence, and with the self consciousness of one who was sure of success. . . . In most cases, in the best-attested cases, and without exception in all the cases of the healing of the possessed, such an utterance is the only means employed by Jesus to effect the cure. . . . Whilst, therefore, the cause of the great results under consideration is to be sought, in the first instance, in Jesus himself, or, more exactly, in his spiritual life with his human force of will and his religious confidence, but also with that passionate sympathy and complete self-surrender with which he approached the universal misery, it lies in the nature of the subject that we must not forget the second factor, which the lips of Jesus sufficiently emphasized. As spirit, according to its nature, is in the highest degree capable of influencing spirit, so, in these healing processes, the co-operation of the patients is beyond all doubt recognized by Jesus. In the opinion of the people of Galilee, if not at Jerusalem, where the miraculous ceased, Jesus, reverenced as the great man, the prophet, the Saviour, called forth love by his personally-manifested love, faith by his faith, volition by his volition, powerfully enough to determine and change the course of the physical life. . . . This mastery of the spirit over the flesh is, according to its nature, without definite limits. At least experience teaches that the agitation of vivid imaginings and volitions has suddenly and completely either overcome or produced physical obstacles and pains."

Such of the miracles as cannot be accounted for in this free-and-easy fashion Dr. Keim gets rid of by plainly denying their authenticity; and he exhausts his critical skill in elaborate efforts to show that the Gospels consist of a mass of fables grafted upon a frail branch of truth.

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The third volume of *Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation*, is not less notable than the first two instalments of this adroit assault upon the very foundations of the Christian faith. The earlier volumes argued deftly in favor of the opinion that the Gospels were written long after the death of the apostles whose names they bear; that the earliest date to which they can be assigned is A.D. 180; and that, consequently, there is no trustworthy evidence for the Gospel events and miracles. In the present volume the author seeks to show that the Acts of the Apostles is an untrustworthy book—worthless as evidence for the miraculous origin of Christianity; that the letters of St. Paul afford no proof of it; and that for the belief in the crucial miracles of the Resurrection and the Ascension there is no sufficient ground. He insists that the Acts was composed at a time too remote from the events it details to possess any historical value regarding them. He can find no mention of it earlier than the year 177 A.D. But he further insists that the internal evidence of the book itself disproves its accuracy and its reputed authorship. Here he enters on a field not at all new, and to which he brings little that is fresh. He arrives at the conclusion that the Acts is the work of an anonymous writer, who wove into his own framework and moulded according to his own plan the floating traditions of the church and the narrative of a companion of St. Paul. This writer had a special purpose of his own to accomplish; he had "a conception of the liberal attitude of the apostles inconsistent with the Gospels themselves and with the personal testimony of St. Paul."

But there remains the great miracle—the Resurrection of Jesus. How is this to be explained away? How is the origin of the belief in it to be accounted for? It is here that the assailants of Christianity have always stumbled; they have seen that, while one might deny this or that miracle, the existence of Christianity itself could be explained only by the reality of the greatest of all miracles—the Resurrection. The author of this book exercises his best skill in an attempt to prove that the accounts of the Resurrection in the Gospels are inconsistent with each other, and asserts that in them is only "vague and unattested tradition." Had they been really written by their reputed authors, he admits, their testimony would be entitled to weight; but as they are forgeries, composed one hundred and fifty years after the events which they pretend to describe, they have no claim to authority. But some of the Epistles bearing the name of St. Paul were unquestionably written by him; it is to these, then, that one turns to see what he has to say about the Resurrection—he, a man who was contemporary with the event, and as explicit in his statements as he was implicit in his faith. He has long been supposed to have given "a very circumstantial account" of the Resurrection, relating, twenty years after, where and by whom Jesus was seen; but now we are told that all this is "nothing except a catalogue by Paul of certain appearances which he did not himself see, but merely had 'received' from others without a detail or information of any kind."

Nevertheless, the fact remains

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that the belief in the Resurrection was universal in the church from the beginning, and the question which the author finds himself compelled to face is: "Did the church form the belief in the Resurrection, or did the Resurrection frame the belief of the church?" He examines, only to reject, the ingenious fable that Jesus did not die upon the cross, but, recovering, afterwards appeared to his disciples. He prefers the theory that Jesus was seen after his death, not really and bodily, but as an illusion and subjectively by men who were believers, excited, and expectant. This is a very tempting and easy method of getting over the difficulty. "The enthusiastic followers of Jesus, basing their hopes on the Scriptures, reluctant to fancy their Messianic hopes fallacious, and having the Jewish credit in visions, mistook subjective impressions in their sensitive minds for objective appearances before their bodily eyes. Thus the illusions of the few became the belief of the many, passed into the tradition of the church, formed the basis of legends that are now Gospel narratives," and so on. This book, it will be seen, is a dangerous one; but it is more important as an exponent of the condition of thought in the highest circles of non-Catholic society in England than as a teacher. It is the condensation of scholarly, cold, and critical infidelity.

The Two Tests: the Supernatural Claims of Religion tried by two of its own Rules, is a work of much the same character as the one just mentioned. Its author, Lionel Lisle, attempts to break down the historical evidence of Christianity by showing that the supernatural events in the life of Jesus are not established by "the accordant testimony of two or three witnesses," and that "the New Testament Deity is altogether different from the Mosaic," thus breaking the continuity of Judaism and Christianity, and destroying the evidence of prophecy. In exchange for Christianity Mr. Lisle kindly offers us agnosticism and the religion of humanity. His work is clever, but can only be noticed here as another of the straws that show how the wind of "free thought" is blowing.

We come now to a very learned work by a Hungarian savant, Ignaz Goldziher. Its title gives a shock of surprise: *Mythology among the Hebrews, and its Historical Development.* It has been supposed that a dissertation on this subject would necessarily be as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland; for it had long been almost an axiom that the Hebrews had no mythology. Renan has declared that "les Sémites n'ont jamais eu de mythologie"; Max Müller traced the mythical incapacity of the Semite to the peculiar nature of his speech; Bunsen said that "the Bible has no mythology; it is the grand, momentous, and fortunate self-denial of Judaism to possess none." But if the learned Goldziher be right, Müller, Renan, and Bunsen were all wrong. He has discovered that all the events related in the Book of Genesis, and many of those in the other Biblical records, are myths, and he announces his discovery as a great feather in the cap of monotheism:

"He who feels the true meaning of religion must welcome these studies as a step in advance towards the highest ideal of religion, towards monotheism, pure and unsullied by anything coarse or pagan, which is independent of legends or traditions of race, and has its centre, its exclusive element of life, and its im-

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pulse towards never-resting inquiry and self-perfection, in aspiration after the single living Source of all truth and morality."

Determined to make the facts square with his theory, Dr. Goldziher turns everything from matter of fact into mythical legend. He is certain that no such person as Abraham ever existed; and as a specimen of his style of argument we give his account of the willingness of the patriarch to sacrifice his son Isaac in obedience to the will of God:

"One of the most prominent figures in Hebrew mythology is Abh-râm, the *High Father*, with his innumerable hosts of descendants. . . . Râm expresses the idea of 'being high,' . . . and in the old Hebrew myth the 'High' is the nightly or rainy sky. The best-known myth that the Hebrews told of their Abhrâm is the story of the intended sacrifice of his only son, Yischâk, commonly called Isaac. But what is Yischâk? Literally translated the word denotes 'he laughs,' or 'the laughing.' . . . Now, who is the 'He laughs,' the 'Smiling One'? No other but he who sits in heaven and laughs (Ps. xi. 4), whom the mythology of almost all nations, and their later poetry, too, likes to call the Laughing or Smiling One. When, as Plutarch tells in his life of Lycurgus, that legislator consecrated a statue to laughter (γέλωτος), and laughter enjoyed divine honors at Sparta, we are certainly not to understand it of the laughter that plays round the lips of mortals, but of the celestial smile with which mythology endows the sun, as when the Indian singer calls Ushas (the sun) the *smiling one*. . . . And so 'the "smiling one," whom the "High Father" intends to slay, is the smiling day, or, more closely defined, the smiling sunset, which gets the worst of the contest with the night sky, and disappears.'"

The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is another evidence of the anxiety felt by the enemies of God to uproot from the minds of men the belief in the event which forms the corner-stone of Christianity. This essay is the work of "Reginald W. Macan, M.A., senior student of Christ Church, Oxford, and late Hibbert travelling scholar." It may be taken, perhaps, as a fair specimen of the results which now follow an Oxford education—an education in that magnificent university which was founded by Catholic charity for the inculcation of Catholic truth, and has been perverted by its Protestant usurpers into an institution for the cultivation and dissemination of atheism. Mr. Macan is quite certain, of course, that revealed religion and science are irreconcilably hostile, and that miracles are incredible. He acknowledges that the resurrection of our Lord is the "crucial instance" which must finally decide between the claims of "supernatural revelation and miracles" on one hand, and those of "natural revelation and science" on the other; but he proposes to leave untouched the question of the possibility of miracles, and to argue upon this one miracle on the historical evidence. He arrives at the conclusion that the accounts of the Resurrection in the four Gospels are "so contradictory as to be not only untrustworthy but absolutely incredible." He has thus far gone over the well-trodden ground of hundreds who have preceded him, and has advanced nothing that has not been as often refuted. But he goes to explain how, in his wise opinion, the story of the Resurrection originated, and how it came to be so firmly believed by those who were best qualified to judge of the facts. He very kindly admits that the apostles were not parties to a conspiracy to deceive; he insists upon their sincere and confident belief in the Resurrection. Paul believed that

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the risen Jesus had appeared to him, but he mistook a vision for a reality; Peter made the same mistake; and the five hundred brethren mentioned by St. Paul as having seen the risen Lord were equally the victims of a pious delusion.

"There may have been five hundred brethren together on some occasion, but, if so, they can hardly have been drawn together by any other cause than the report that Jesus had risen; they were, in fact, possessed by one and the same idea or feeling, and that they may have seen, some of them or all of them (for it is not very likely that they were individually cross-questioned), something which they took for an appearance of the risen Lord is quite possible."

It is "quite possible" that Mr. Macan is a splendid logician and a close reasoner; but it is also quite possible that his explanation will seem to candid souls more incredible than the event which it is employed to consign to the domain of delusion.

We now pass to the second class of books—those written by men who still profess belief in some form of Christianity, but who, in the disguise of friends, are deadly foes of revealed religion. Dean Stanley is an excellent type of this most pestilent school; one of his advanced pupils is Frederick A. Binney. He has become dissatisfied with the doctrines of modern orthodox theology, as he understands them, and has kindly constructed a scheme of Christianity "more in accordance with the original teaching of Christ than any of the systems of theology to which Christians in modern times profess their adherence." His principle is in perfect accordance with the spirit of Protestantism; he exercises the right of private judgment; he appeals from the church to the Scripture, and from the plain letter of the text to his own esoteric interpretation of its meaning. He makes a sort of balance-sheet of texts—the doctrinal statements on one side and the moral precepts on the other; finding a large balance in favor of morality, he decides that in the religion of Jesus good morals are all important, while dogmas are of no account whatever. This neat process of arriving at the comparative value of doctrines and morals by the rules of arithmetic is not, however, altogether conclusive; and Mr. Binney finds himself constrained, ere he gets through, to become dogmatic himself, in this fashion:

"Although I endeavored as much as possible to prove my case from the letter of Scripture itself rather than from pure reason, I soon found that many startling and incredible statements *are* unquestionably advanced in the Gospels which, if accepted literally, must either neutralize the rest or else require to be explained away. Since, therefore, our divines themselves do not scruple to explain away anything that tells against their own conclusions, I considered I should be equally justified in giving reasons why *I* could not accept these puzzling texts as infallible truth. For this purpose it became necessary to establish the proposition that the Scriptures are not to be taken as literally and infallibly true, and that, therefore, texts which our reason rejects as anti-Christian or incomprehensible may safely be so rejected."

Having thus pronounced and defined the dogma of his own infallibility and enthroned himself as supreme judge, the rest of Mr. Binney's work is easy; and he proceeds without further hesitation to frame his system of *The Religion of Jesus.* He begins by stripping Jesus of his divinity and by rejecting the doctrine of the Atonement; but, curiously enough, he approves of the Resurrection and

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other miracles, the efficacy of prayer, and the immortality of the soul. Dean Stanley should be proud of his pupil.

John James Tayler, the head of the Unitarian College of Manchester, and a Unitarian clergyman, is also a great stickler for the superiority of morals and "gush" over dogma and duty. Here is a volume of his sermons on *Christian Faith and Duty*, all brimming over with expressions of admiration for the character of Jesus and for the beautiful words which he spoke, but insisting at the same time that it is sentiment and emotion which characterize the Christian, and not faith wedded to good works. It is not belief in any dogma that is necessary, but

"That principle of *trust*, of *confiding sympathy* with higher mind, of *reliance* on spiritual tendencies at first dimly apprehended, but ever felt to be something real, exhaustless, and infinite, which is the essential element of all religious feeling, of all true faith."

One need not trouble one's self about the authenticity of any book in the Bible, nor care whether this one is a forgery or that one wholly uninspired. All he need do is to be "sympathetic," and, if he finds anything he likes, accept it and make poetry about it. What one does not like may be rejected in the same free-and-easy method. Mr. Tayler says:

"It would surely be a true reverence to surrender our souls with child-like simplicity to the influence of those grander and deeper truths which form the inner life of the Bible—those inspirations of holiness and heroism and love and heavenly trust which prove themselves divine by their kindling effect on our higher nature—and dropping, as of no import to us, without any attempt to weave them into a theological theory, the human elements which unavoidably adhere to every historical manifestation, to press on in the work of our daily life towards that spiritual ideal of our humanity which Scripture sublimely images to us in a kingdom of God."

This is the soft and easy way of blinking unpleasant and stern truths, and is the key to a fool's paradise. One's "higher nature," perhaps, might be shocked by finding it laid down that to marry a divorced woman was to commit adultery; but if he were taught that this was only "a dogma," and was due to "the human elements which unavoidably adhere," etc., he could content himself with "the grander and deeper truths," and go on his sinful way with a light heart.

George Dawson, M.A., has often been compared to William Cobbett, and, in truth, he was not unlike him. He lived in Birmingham, but his fame as a pithy pamphleteer, a skilful advocate, an able debater, and a popular preacher was more than provincial. His conventicle was a queer place—a Cave of Adullum wherein were gathered all manner of discontented souls. For a while he was a Baptist, but he took leave of that sect in a sermon from the text, "Thank God, I baptized none of you!" What he afterwards became it would be difficult to say, further than that he was certainly a Dawsonian. He was always right, whoever else was wrong. In the volume of *Sermons on Disputed Points and Special Occasions* are collected his best discourses, and in one of them he thus exalts the advantage of often changing one's "views" on theology—on such trifling points, for example, as the Divinity of Christ or the eternal punishment for unrepented sin:

"Why should my change of views af-

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fect my soul? What is changed? Is the sun less bright? Is the moon less clear? Has the peach less bloom? Is the poet less glorious? Is music less entrancing? Is man less noble? Is woman less sweet? Is the child less lovely? Has anything happened to the heavens because I have changed my little creed? Will the waves change their course? Will the winds blow otherwise for the future? Never! And can God change? Do you believe that it is of any consequence to the Almighty what you think? Read in that book of Job: 'Can a man be profitable unto God as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself? Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous, or is it gain to him that thou makest thy ways perfect?' And your 'views'—what does it matter to God what they are? Be a true child of humility, lowliness, and trust; then, if you find your little mathematical problem wrong at last, it won't matter. If you have added it up badly, what will it signify to God? Why should I be miserable when I change my views?"

The Bible for Young People is a title well calculated to disarm suspicion; but beneath it two Dutch clergymen, Dr. H. Oort, Professor of Hebrew Antiquities at Leyden, and Dr. J. Hooykaas, pastor at Rotterdam, have issued one of the most pernicious works of the age. The extent to which rationalism has obtained possession of the Protestant community in the Low Countries is shown by the fact that two of its leading teachers have found nothing better to do than to spend years in preparing a commentary upon, and a paraphrase or expansion of, the Bible, every page of which is marked with the evidences of a desire to uproot the foundations of faith in the mind of the reader. The work is in several volumes—the fifth of these, devoted to the "Narratives of the New Testament," has recently appeared. The affectation of admiration for the character of Jesus paraded in its pages cannot blind one to the true purpose of its authors. They wish to picture Jesus as a mere man—a noble, elevated, but still at times a capricious and vacillating character. His history as we have it in the Gospels is not authentic; everything connected with his life was for a while floating in unfixed traditions, which the pious imaginations of believers modified, exaggerated, and colored to suit themselves. Thus what was at first figurative and metaphorical became mistaken for fact; and sectarian spirit grew up and became so strong that the book of Acts is only

"An attempt—conceived, no doubt, with the best of intentions—to conceal Paul's real relations with the other apostles, and the differences of opinion that existed in the early Church. . . . In order to reconcile Paul's enemies to him, and to establish peace between the two parties, the sharp corners are considerably rounded off whenever the great and striking figure of the apostle of the heathens is introduced. At the same time Peter and James are made more liberal. Indeed, Peter is the first to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and on several occasions Paul is represented in the character of a strict Jewish Christian."

Some of the miracles are sheer inventions; the friends of Christ could not bear that he should be outdone by the prophets Elijah and Elisha, and so they arranged stories of his wonderful works. But most of the miracles, although pretending to relate events which never happened, were not intended by their authors to be taken as descriptions of real events, but as mere symbolical expressions of spiritual truths. The miraculous draught of fishes never happened; the tale is only a fable to show the natural incapacity of the disciples

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on the one hand and their success when speaking in the name of Jesus on the other. The miracle at the marriage-feast never was wrought; the story was invented to shadow forth a description of Christ's work in the world. For a long time Jesus did not know exactly what he was about; his mind and character gradually widened and developed, not always for the better, either; it was only towards the end of his career that he conceived the idea of becoming the Messias!

"It was a life task, and to take it up required a stern resolve. When first the thought rose in his heart, and his sense of duty more and more clearly pointed him to the task, he must, in the nature of things, have paused for a time in uncertainty. A sublime act of faith was needed, like that by which John stood up to do Elijah's work, but loftier and mightier. As John had determined to hasten the coming of God's kingdom, so Jesus resolved to do neither more nor less than bring it to earth himself! It is true that the period within which this important change in his conception of his task took place must have been very limited; but intensity and concentration of life may make one year equivalent to many."

But his temper grew sour; he quarrelled with the Pharisees; and he allowed himself to be deluded into the idea that if he could manage to get himself killed, God would raise him up again and place him on the throne of the heavenly kingdom on earth.

"It is impossible to deny that the unfavorable reception Jesus had met, in such sharp contrast to the first appearance of success, disappointed him so bitterly as to cause an inevitable change in his conduct, his plans, and his prospects, and place his person and his preaching before us in quite a different light from that in which they appeared during those early months. He still appears as pure, as great, as exalted as ever, and, indeed, his figure seems still bolder and more striking than before, but something of the winning gentleness is gone. At first his preaching had been 'glad tidings' in the fullest sense; but at the close of his career, on the way to Jerusalem, in the City of the Temple, warnings and threatenings take an ever more prominent place in his teaching, and the last judgment, which he had previously passed over almost in silence, is the frequent topic of his discourses. He had previously laid chief stress upon the preparation, upon the gradual establishment of the kingdom of God, upon the imperceptible conquests of his new principle in the hearts of men until it leavened all society; but now the consummation by an act of God, a great revolution in the world, carrying terror to the unbelievers and the unconverted, comes into prominence. In that day he is to come again to receive his spiritual supremacy, no longer disputed by any creature, and unlimited by time or space.

"There is an unquestionable loss involved in this change, but it is compensated by the heroism of the deed that Jesus was resolved to do. It was a giant's task which he laid upon himself when he resolved to make the kingdom come. But he did not shrink from the supreme sacrifice. He never lost his faith in God, in himself, in humanity, or in the future. He had resolved to be the Messias, and straightway to establish the Messianic kingdom.

"To Jerusalem, then!"

Renan and Strauss have written nothing worse than this; Voltaire and Paine have written nothing so bad. But this is the *Bible for Young People* prepared by two of the leading divines and scholars of the Dutch Church!

Matthew Arnold has had no small share in the propagation of that dangerous species of infidelity which professes ardent admiration for the written word, but labors to show that it is full of absurdities, false morality, and lies; which is never tired of proclaiming its hysterical adulation of the character of Jesus, but delights in suggesting that he was a self-deceived enthusiast or a conscious deceiver. Mr. Arnold's most recent publication is his vol-

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ume entitled *Last Essays on Church and Religion;* and in these essays he exercises all his grace of style, subtle humor, and brightness of manner in teaching infidelity while pretending to defend Christianity. For instance, Mr. Arnold denies the physical resurrection of Jesus, and has no credence in the statements of St. Paul on the miraculous, but praises the apostle as a great worker and teacher. St. Paul was egregiously wrong in believing in the Resurrection and the subsequent appearances of Jesus; but he was neither "a credulous enthusiast nor an unprofitable guide." How can this be? Merely, says Mr. Arnold, because his errors were due to the prevalent beliefs and notions of the time, while his truths were far superior to it. Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft and demoniac possession—delusions, in Mr. Arnold's opinion—but no one denies his judgment and calm wisdom; so St. Paul had clear, pure wisdom, although he was fool enough to believe in the Resurrection, and to share in the expectations and supernatural notions of his age. The creeds of the church are full of "statements that conflict with science and with reason"; Mr. Arnold advises everybody to keep repeating the creeds, but to regard these statements as "mere poetry." "The services of the church," says he, "are full of direct recognitions of two really essential points of Christian belief—salvation by righteousness, and righteousness by Jesus Christ. They are full, too, of what may be called approximate recognitions of them—efforts of the human mind, in its gradual growth, to develop them, to fix them, to buttress them, to make them clearer to itself, to bring them nearer by the addition of miracle and metaphysic. This is poetry." It is false that Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Blessed Virgin; false that he arose from the dead and ascended into heaven; these are only the scholastic poetry of Christianity, "exalting Jesus by an imaginative play of abstract ideas." And this is "the light and sweetness" of one of the most readable of living English essayists!

Through Nature to Christ, by the Rev. Dr. Abbott, of St. John's College, Cambridge, is the result of this gentleman's speculations upon the possibility of making Christians out of people without requiring them to believe in Christianity. He is convinced that one may disbelieve "almost all" the historical facts of Christianity, such as the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the miracles—everything that "would cause any difficulty to an educated sceptic"—and "yet hold a faith in Christ." He has tried it himself, and is quite satisfied with the result. He does not believe in the historical accuracy of the miraculous element in the Gospel records, and even in regard to the Incarnation and the Resurrection he thinks they are only "spiritually, not literally, true," whatever that may mean. God intends to deceive us in order to teach us the truth; he filled the Bible with falsehoods, that through them we might be led to know him who is truth! This is Dr. Abbott's great discovery. His proposition is that "as mankind has been trained from its infancy by illusions, so it is not unnatural that God in his Scriptures should train us by the same means." And what the priests of the "church of the future" should do with their people is to "endea-

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vor to make Christ in his human nature appear to them admirable, lovable, adorable, and, in a word, so naturally necessary to their souls that in after-days, if they found themselves obliged to give up certain historical beliefs, they would still retain their faith in Christ, because that faith was based, not upon minute details of history, but upon the inherent necessities and aspirations of their own hearts." This imaginary and illusive Christ will after a while come to be not a person but the representation of ideas of self-sacrifice, love, and duty; in the church of the future there will be no "prayer nor praise," but work; death will lose its terrors, and "for even the bad man there will be a sure and certain hope in the life or in one of the many lives to come!" Dean Stanley ought to be proud of Dr. Abbott also.

In two ponderous volumes Professor Otto Pfleiderer, of Jena, gives us the substance of the latest researches of German non-Catholic savants into the life, writings, and doctrines of St. Paul, under the title of *Paulism: a Contribution to the History of Primitive Christian Theology*. He begins by recognizing as the only genuine writings of St. Paul the Epistles to the Corinthians, Romans, Galatians, 1st Thessalonians, Philippians, and Philemon; the others are forgeries of a later date. St. Paul had no miraculous conversion; that story is a fable; he was converted only by his intercourse with the Christians whom he persecuted. "His nervous, excitable constitution caused his speculations on the testimony given by the Christians to the Resurrection and their faith in Jesus to move his mind and imagination deeply; and it is not remarkable that the decisive hour of his conversion should be accompanied to his ecstatic mind by a supposed external vision of the crucified Lord." For a while he regarded Jesus only as a man glorified after his resurrection; then as one who had been pre-existent in heaven; finally as the one by whom the worlds were made. In a word, in Pfleiderer's learned opinion, St. Paul was a man with an enthusiastic, vehement, and exalted intellect, but subject to illusions which he mistook for realities.

We must conclude our task with a notice of a book that is of itself almost worthy of an article. This is the *Lehrbuch der Evangelisch-Protestantischen Dogmatik* — "Manual of Evangelical Protestant Dogmatic"—by Prof. R. A. Lipsius, of the University of Jena. It shows most clearly what has been the downward progress of scientific dogma in Protestant German theology. Revelation is degraded into a species of "religious experience"; it is "a fatal mistake" to claim for its forms a divine origin and authority; the dogmatic portions of the Bible are no part of the revelation; Luther was right when he called the Epistle of St. James "an epistle of straw." Miracles are also lowered; a miracle is "any event that excites the religious consciousness to recognize God," and all miracles have a physical causation. The Trinity, as a metaphysical proposition, is "a contradiction in terms," and all attempts at conceiving it are "mere mythology." As for the Divinity of Christ,

> "The church's assertion of the metaphysical Deity of Christ rests on a confusion between the fundamental principle of Christianity and the Person of its Founder."

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Here we must pause, not because our material is exhausted but because our space is limited. When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?

A MOUNTAIN ECHO.

FELL from the horn a feeble blast
  Unskilful in its art;
Of all melodious grace bereft
  It smote the mountains' heart.
Lo! 'mid the pines that fringe the lake
  What full-voiced music broke,
In pathless glen, on fire-scarred crest,
  A far-off sweetness woke.
Tuned by the mountains' harmony,
  The trembling notes grew strong,
Filled the wide silence of the sky
  With music lingering long.

So fall, methought, our human prayers
  Against our Father's breast—
A pitiful, uncertain sound
  Of little grace possessed.
Caught by the faithful saints that gird
  The steps of God's great throne,
The wavering note from their true hearts
  Wins sweeter depths of tone.
In the soft silence of our hearts
  The cry comes back again—
The uncertain strain grown music strong,
  Grown praise the note of pain.
Tuned by the touch of steadfast souls
  And depths of God's great peace,
The earth-cry dies in echo sweet
  Of heavenly song of grace.

ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA, N. H.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CHAMBLY.

Ye who have known the sudden tears that flow,
Sad tears, yet sweet, the dews of twilight woe,
When, led by chance, your wandering eye has crossed
Some poor memorial of the loved and lost,
Bear with my weakness as I look around
On the dear relics of this holy ground.
—O. W. HOLMES.

THE few surviving citizens of the United States who were acquainted with that part of Lower Canada still commonly called the "French Country," during the first quarter of this century, must remember the primitive character and customs of its inhabitants.

The peaceful contentment and glee which prevailed in their little villages and farming districts; the health-promoting simplicity of their dress, domestic habits, and diet; their freedom from wearing cares and anxieties; their polite and cordial interchange of all social courtesies; the gay hospitality with which the stranger was admitted to share in these and in their frugal repasts —the staple articles of which were often the "black bread" and far-famed, but unsurpassed, "pea-soup" of the country—all these were features in such entire contrast with those of their ambitious, restless, and pampered neighbors of the "States" as, when once noticed, not easily to be forgotten.

In this rare blending of cheerful content with untiring industry, of extreme simplicity with refined tastes and a politeness which never permitted the most familiar intercourse to degenerate into rude freedom of speech or manner, an observing stranger might read, as in the printed lines of a book, traces of an invisible power expressed through these visible results—a power exercised so silently and gently that its subjects were almost unconscious of its dominion, yet of irresistible force in forming the character and habits of this happy people. That power was religion, exerted through the mild sway of the clergy and religious orders. From early childhood to old age its benign influence hovered constantly over them, instructing, guiding, and protecting. In every parish *M. le Curé* was the confidential friend and adviser of his people in all their affairs, their chosen arbiter in any disputes which might arise, their best consoler under the afflictions of life.

Very interesting was it in those days for even the Protestant wayfarer along the Canadian highways —between the rows of low-roofed, white-washed cottages, with their neat enclosures and gardens brilliant with many-colored flowers— to note the frequent religious symbols which adorned their course: here a tall cross with a crown of thorns, the hammer and nails, or spear and sponge—cruel instruments of the sufferings of our Adorable Redeemer—there on an elevated pedestal a rudely carved image of the bowed and penitent St. Peter, facing the crowing cock which reminded him of his fearful prevarication. Scarcely a mile of the journey but presented objects

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designed to awaken a train of holy thought. More impressive still, for one accustomed to the practice of habitual week-day religion, to mark the reverence with which the *habitan*, as he followed his pony and loaded cart in summer, or his *traineau* in the winter, along the way, would lift his hat, bless himself with the sign of salvation, kneel for a momentary prayer at the foot of the wayside cross, and pursue his journey, as if daily habit had made his religion the very breath of his life.

Alas! that the spirit of modern audacity, miscalled "progress" and "liberalism," should have entered these tranquil regions, as Satan of old entered the Garden of Eden, to teach this once simple and favored race errors which can only mar their happiness and disturb their peace.

It is easy to trace the footsteps of this arch-deceiver, for those external emblems, touching incitements to penitence and devotion, have vanished or become infrequent before them; while crimes, at the very mention of which the simple-minded ancestors of these enlightened disciples of "modern ideas" would have stood aghast, have multiplied in proportion to the banishment of these religious mementos. The change is deplorable in its social and domestic aspects. How poor the compensation found in ambitious discontent, dissensions, and unrest for the former blessings of peace, harmony, and contentment!

Portions of my childhood passed among this people in those earlier and happier days have furnished many pleasant recollections during the course of a life of such busy cares as mark the years of the restless New-Englander. The place of this sojourn was the beautiful little village of Chambly, over which the guiding spirit of the great and good Father Mignault then, and for many years thereafter, presided, diffusing a sweet odor of holiness which still lingers among the scenes so long hallowed by his presence, in precious memories of his saintly life and conversation.

It was a singular impulse, and a blessed one for us, which moved our guardian, himself a stern Puritan, to whose care we had been committed by our dying father, to place the education of my little brother and myself under the charge of this excellent priest, whose reputation, even then far-spread, was such as to secure entire confidence.

Never was bashful and affrighted child filled with more dismal forebodings or oppressed with a heavier sense of forlorn loneliness and abandonment, mingled with sharp anxiety for my little brother, over whose safety I felt bound, as his sister and elder by two years, to watch, than weighed upon my sinking heart when we were deposited in the porch of that low stone cottage at Chambly, the home of our reverend guardian. Gloomy and dark as it seemed to me then, how little I could have thought that it was destined to become the very beacon of hope, the harbor of peace, for both of us in after-years!

Hitherto the cherished pets of the best of fathers, the youngest members of a large and happy household stricken and scattered by the event which left us fatherless, it was the first time we had been placed in the care of a stranger. That this stranger was a Catholic priest—a title associated

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in my childish imagination with everything grim and severe—added new terrors to those I should have suffered in the midst of new scenes and surrounded by the strange faces of ordinary people. It was therefore an inexpressible surprise, an event in my life never to be forgotten, when the smiling countenance of Father Mignault appeared, and his tall form bent over us, drawing us to his embrace, as if to protect and shield us even from our own fears, while expressions of most tender compassion fell from his lips.

It is said that grief sits lightly on the heart of childhood, but my remembrance of the despairing pangs of my own childhood under the pressure of those early afflictions contradicts this assertion, and has ever since quickened my sympathies for the sorrows of the young. To this day I recall with vivid emotion the chilling throbs of that silent, hopeless anguish for which I expected no pity and looked for no relief. My brother, younger than myself and less timid and shy by nature, suffered less. What a relief, then, to find here, where I least expected it, a friend who seemed to know all my distress without being told, and whose encouraging words and gentle caresses conveyed a healing balm to the wounds of my bleeding heart! What a surprise that this dignified and venerable priest could understand the grief of a little child, and turn from the solemn duties of his high office to notice and console my despair!

Of all the considerate means and skilful devices by which he sought to lure us from thoughts of our great loss, of our bright and beautiful home broken and dissolved, of its dear inmates separated and widely scattered, it is not my purpose now to speak. That he would succeed in this exercise of "pure religion and undefiled" towards the "fatherless in their affliction" was a foregone conclusion. From that first day his home became a very father's house to us. Though the course of my education was conducted elsewhere under his direction—my brother remaining with him—I was his frequent guest and the pet of Miss F—— Mignault, the kind niece who had charge of his well-ordered household. On the occurrence of every festivity or any event which could interest me I was sure to receive an invitation to pass the day with Miss F——. How eagerly were these invitations accepted; and how thoroughly we, poor orphan waifs, enjoyed the quiet rambles together through the well-kept grounds, among the flowers, the birds, and the bees, dear to us as the familiar friends of those brief earlier years of happiness, before the blight of mortality had touched our earthly treasures and left us desolate!

On one of these occasions in early summer, as we were sitting with Miss F—— under a vine-covered arbor in the garden watching the bees, which were about to swarm, a messenger arrived in great haste to announce the approach of the bishop of Boston with a number of priests in his company. The dinner-hour was near at hand, and I supposed such news would create a great bustle. To my surprise the preparations went on as quietly as usual. Miss F—— called me to help prepare and ornament the tables in that dear old dining-room, so perfect in its quaint and simple elegance, which must ever be remembered with warm emotion by the thou-

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sands who have partaken of its good cheer. I entered with zeal upon my duties as her assistant. Having a special turn for arranging bouquets, it was always my task, when visiting there, to prepare the flowers which were an indispensable garnish to Father Mignault's table.

When all was done I heard with dismay that we little folk would not be permitted to become invisible when the august bishop should arrive with his reverend companions. Miss F—— insisted that we should make our appearance, and her venerable uncle sustained her decision with a firmness that was proof against all our entreaties; so there was nothing for their small guests but to smother their fears and become resigned to the inevitable.

How I trembled when Father Mignault led us forward in our simple mourning dresses, and introduced us to the Right Reverend prelate as his "little Yankee wards!"

"Ah! then," said the bishop, taking us both by the hand, "they belong to me. I am the bishop of Yankeeland, and I claim all the little Yankees!" Then, drawing us gently to him, he asked our names, putting us at our ease by such playful chat as children love. When he heard our name he said: "You are of the good old Scottish stock," and described the heraldic emblems anciently attached to the name, how and when they were won by the ancestors of our race, adding: "They were heroic men, true to their faith and their country through sore trials and temptations; no doubt their fervent prayers and constancy will yet be rewarded by the return to the glorious old sanctuary, for which they freely gave their earthly possessions and their lives, of many among their descendants who have gone astray in evil times."

Noticing that we were attracted by the gold cross suspended by a massive chain from his neck, he took it in his hand and said with impressive solemnity: "I am now about to show you what few little Yankee children are so favored as ever to look upon—a portion of the very cross upon which our Divine Redeemer died." Then explaining to us how, when, and by whom the true cross was discovered, he proceeded in a low voice, tremulous with emotion, to awaken our interest, our reverence, and our love for the precious relic and the priceless lessons it conveyed, while he opened the cross and revealed it to our sight. When he saw how earnest was our attention and how deeply moved we were by his words—which fell like good seed upon soil prepared by the ploughshare of affliction and the blessed dew of tears—he allowed us to kiss the sacred treasure, urging us, as he closed it from our sight, to cherish in our hearts the remembrance of the blessing we had enjoyed in seeing and touching with our lips a part of the sacred wood, stained by the blood of our dying Lord, upon which the redemption of the world was wrought. Never was labored discourse so touching, so effective as the few solemn sentences which fell from his lips, to remain rooted in our memories while life should last.

Even to the eye of a child it was perfectly manifest that this holy prelate was a most remarkable man. Such majesty, blended with such child-like simplicity! To see him once was to remember him for ever. To this hour his countenance, his

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form, his manner, every intonation of his voice, every slightest word uttered that day by Bishop Cheverus, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, are as fresh in my memory as if but a week instead of more than half a century had passed since I saw and heard him.

The next morning, when about to leave for Montreal, he caused us to kneel before him and gave us his benediction, which rested for ever after upon our heads, as the seal of our union with the Holy Church Catholic, though it was long before we were permitted to make that union public and visible.

This visit to Chambly was made but a short time previous to his final departure for Europe.

The memory of Bishop Cheverus is cherished as a sacred legacy by all the old Catholics of Boston, and held in affectionate respect by many of its oldest non-Catholic citizens; but I doubt if it flourished anywhere in greener or more enduring freshness than in the hearts of the two orphans which his overflowing charity so completely enthralled in that short space of time. The dear brother departed long ago with "the sign of peace," but among the blessed recollections which cheered his last days none were more precious or more frequently mentioned by him, with grateful praise to the Author of all good, than those connected with this brief interview and the parting benediction bestowed upon us by this saintly prelate.

We met at Father Mignault's house many distinguished ecclesiastics and men of the laity eminent for learning, ability, and influence in the secular affairs of the world. His home was the resort of such; his advice was sought by them upon subjects widely diverse, and his judgment highly valued by men of different nationalities and of every variety of political and religious opinion.

During the rebellion in the winter of 1836–7 his efforts on the side of peace were like oil poured upon the troubled waters of Canadian politics, and it was noticed that the tidal wave of insurrection scarcely touched his beloved parish of Chambly, to the best interests of which he had consecrated his life.

While we remained with him we became acquainted with many of its estimable inhabitants. The social enjoyments of the place were always a charm to all who shared in them. The delightful little voyages of parties in numerous open boats across the beautiful Chambly basin of the river Richelieu, on visits to the pleasant neighborhood on the opposite shore; the picnic festivals on the islands in the basin —for the dancing of which the reverend pastor, a most accomplished violinist, furnished the music—and the choice refreshments in iced wines and lemonades, as well as more substantial fare, provided by the same considerate purveyor; the trips to Belleisle mountain, and rambles among its shady nooks and cool recesses — these were our summer delights, all planned and provided for by *M. le Curé*, the presiding spirit of the place. In winter the social pastimes were no less enlivening. The meeting of the dwellers in two or three villages for such sleigh-rides as, for comfort in the nature of the vehicles, in the abundant provision of furs, and of the heavy warmth-preserving material for wraps, can be found only in Canada; the merry-making at the rendezvous, where hospitality outdid itself in efforts

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to furnish every variety of amusement and good cheer—all this was remembered in after-years as an oasis in lives passed under the chilling atmosphere of New England reserve and on the arid deserts of its incessant toil.

One incident of our residence there was of such singular interest that I may perhaps be pardoned for recording it here. In one of the neighboring villages, some years previous to the time of which I write, an accomplished and comely young lady from a New England State had been engaged by the Protestants of the place to teach a select school. A thriving young Canadian merchant became so fascinated with her charms that, although he was a most faithful and fervent Catholic, he paid his addresses to her and persuaded her to become his wife. A younger sister, no less engaging and accomplished, was brought to take the situation left vacant by that event. Very soon a younger brother, and partner of her sister's husband, followed his example and married the new teacher. They were happy beyond expression in these connections, with nothing to mar their complete domestic felicity save the difference in religion. This was indeed sufficient to cast a cloud over the peace of the two truly faithful brothers. They besieged heaven with their prayers, and procured innumerable Masses to be offered by the clergy for the conversion of their wives, apparently with no effect. The stubborn Yankee natures and prejudices were not easily to be subdued. The only concession they could obtain was the privilege of educating their lovely group of boys and girls in Catholic schools.

The only daughter of the elder brother was near my own age, and was placed in the private class to which I belonged for instruction. She was a most determined defender of her mother's attitude in religious matters, and firmly set against Catholic influences.

We became very fond of each other, and she was often included in the invitations to pass the day at Father Mignault's with me, while I was also invited to go with her when she was the guest of the day.

One evening we received such an invitation for the next day. Soon after our arrival her father and mother, accompanied by the uncle and aunt, arrived. I noticed that the brothers appeared more happy, and even joyful, than I had ever seen them. The sisters were serene as usual, with a shade of solemn gravity, rendered the more noticeable from its contrast with the gay aspect of the brothers.

At the dinner-table the elder brother astonished Father Mignault, and almost paralyzed my poor little friend with horror, by announcing that the sisters, hitherto so obdurate, desired to make their profession of the Catholic faith before him on that very day. They had asked to be brought to see their boys at Father Mignault's college, and this daughter. On the way they had made known the joyful surprise they had in store for those most interested, and that they had long been secretly preparing for this solemn result by prayer, reading, and meditation.

Soon after dinner all repaired to the church, and we witnessed for the first time the impressive ceremony of the reception of wanderers into the blessed fold of the great Shepherd, of which we ourselves were destined to be at a later day the happy subjects.

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The joy of the brothers was unbounded, and their sons were hardly less delighted; but my obstinate little F—— was inconsolable. She declared she would never be reconciled to the change, and continued bitterly to lament it for months, during which her father's constant entreaties that she should follow the example of her mother seemed entirely lost upon her. She would weep painfully over his frequent letters, and at length allowed me to read one of them. A more touching expression of paternal tenderness and persuasive entreaty language could not convey. When I returned it to her she said:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think, my dear F——," I replied, "that if you could but realize, as I have been compelled to realize in unceasing tears and regret, what it is to lose such a dear and tender father, it would be impossible for you to resist that moving appeal. If I were in your place I should say, 'My parents are wiser and know much more than I, and I shall at least be safe in honoring my father and mother by acting in obedience to their wishes.' I do not see how you can excuse yourself if you do otherwise."

"Perhaps you are right," she replied; "but *how can I ever go to confession?*"

"I could never fear to go to Father Mignault," I said, "for it seems to me that I would gladly lay open to him every thought of my heart, and leave all the burden of my sinful thoughts, words, and deeds at his holy feet."

A few days after this conversation she asked me to go with her to the church, for she had resolved to make the dreaded approach to the sacred tribunal of penance. It was another blessed surprise for her excellent family, and I was greatly rejoiced for them and for her. They were ever after very grateful to me for encouraging her in taking the final step, and our friendship continued closer than ever until she died. She was one of the earliest victims to the cholera upon the first visit of that dread scourge in Canada.

All these details were forcibly revived in my memory by reading the announcement of the death of her venerable mother at an advanced age, fortified with all the rites of the holy church into which she was adopted, and of whose abundant graces her whole subsequent life had furnished a most edifying and fruitful illustration. She survived all her children, but leaves a large circle of grandchildren to revere her memory and copy her virtues.

When the time at length arrived for us to leave Chambly and to part with the reverend friend who had been a father indeed to us in our desolation, our grief was too lively and deep for expression. He also was deeply moved, and said, as he laid his hand upon our heads at parting, "My dear children, I shall yet see you good Catholics." Years later, when we were about to receive confirmation at the hands of the bishop of Boston, I had the happiness to meet the reverend father for the first time since that parting, and to entertain him in my own home, made happy by the conversion of our whole family to the ancient faith. From that time our intercourse with Chambly was renewed, and was always the source of great interest and enjoyment to us and to our children.

When the temperance movement began in Canada Father Mignault was among the earliest and leading

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promoters of the cause, at no slight sacrifice to his personal comfort at that late period of a life during the whole length of which he had been accustomed to take light French wines with his morning and evening meals, instead of coffee and tea, for which he had no relish. In the early stage of the temperance campaign, and while he was exerting all his influence on the side of total abstinence, we visited him on a certain Saturday, with the purpose of remaining with him over Sunday. It happened that Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, with Lady Elgin, had been passing several days with Father Mignault, and had left that morning for Montreal. He had heard that some of his people who were not too well pleased with "this new doctrine of total abstinence," even when warmly advocated by one so revered as *M. le Curé*, had passed the remark one to another: "Now you will see that he will offer wine to Lord and Lady Elgin, in spite of his new temperance theories."

So after the close of his discourse on Sunday morning he took occasion to renew his fervent exhortations to his people on the subject of temperance, and to mention the remarks of which he had heard, informing them that upon the arrival of his distinguished guests, Lady Elgin being in a very delicate state of health, he had thought proper to offer her a little wine as a refreshment after her fatiguing journey, but was happy to inform them that her ladyship declined, with the assurance that she never tasted anything of the kind except when compelled by the requirements of state etiquette to do so.

Our last visit to Father Mignault was made after his health had been long and seriously declining. His mind was still vigorous at that extremely advanced age. A few months later his numerous pupils, scattered through the whole length and breadth of this Union from Maine to California, heard of his departure with emotions of deep regret. They will all testify with one heart and voice to the noble and generous qualities of the remarkable man to whose memory this imperfect tribute is paid.

A devoted priest, disquieted by no motives of personal ambition; a polished and courtly gentleman in his deportment; an exact Catholic theologian untainted by any touch of modern "liberalism," his learning embraced the widest range of subjects, and his expansive charity, like that of the great apostle of old, constrained him to become "all to all" that he might win many souls to Christ. Few among our apostolic men have been more successful in this respect, and none surely will be longer or more affectionately remembered.

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THE PRETENDED FALL OF LIBERIUS.

MARCELLINUS FELIX LIBERIUS became pope on the 22d day of May, A.D. 352. At this time, under the Emperor Constantius, the greatest odium was being excited and was already raging against Athanasius. The emperor, partly by cunning, partly by threats, had induced many provincial synods in the East, and some in the West, to condemn Athanasius. Liberius offered Constantius a firm resistance; he condemned all the synods which had yielded to the emperor, and did his best to bring the latter to a better mind; he refused to listen to Constantius' requests, spurned his presents, sent back his legates, and with the most undaunted courage defended the Catholic faith and the innocence of Athanasius. Constantius, weary of this resistance, sent the eunuch Eusebius to Rome, in order, either by stratagem or violence, to bring Liberius to Milan, where he himself was. Eusebius had to use force, and in the year 356 Liberius was dragged before the emperor. He withstood all attempts of the latter to shake his constancy, and boldly declared himself ready to die rather than condemn Athanasius and defile the Catholic faith. He was exiled to Berœa, in Syria. Two years afterwards he was recalled to Rome, where up to the time of his death he labored most strenuously and with the happiest results for the defence of Athanasius, the condemnation of the Arians, and the reconciliation of the fallen. The whole dispute in regard to Liberius rests on the fact of his return from exile. What was the reason for which the Emperor Constantius permitted him to return to Rome?

Some have undertaken to answer this question as follows: Because Liberius, overcome by the weariness and sufferings of his exile, signed the Arian creed, condemned Athanasius, and communicated with the Arians. They attempt to prove this answer by many testimonies of the Fathers, and historical arguments; and from all this they deduce as a consequence that the pope is not infallible.

Hence arises a threefold question.

The first question is merely historical: What was the true reason for which Constantius recalled Liberius from exile?

The second is critico-philological in its nature: Are the testimonies which are adduced to prove the fall of Liberius genuine, supposititious, or interpolated?

The third question is theological: Even supposing that Liberius fell, can any argument against the pontifical infallibility be derived from this fall?

We shall speak as briefly as possible of each.

I. THE HISTORICAL QUESTION.

We propose to show two things: 1. That any fall whatsoever on Liberius' part is excluded from the number of historical facts by the rules of criticism. 2. That most trustworthy and indubitable historical monuments give plainly the true cause of Liberius' return, which was not his fall.

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The fall of Liberius must be excluded from the number of historical facts, if we wish to follow the rules of criticism.

The heroic constancy which Liberius showed before the time of his exile in defence of the Catholic faith and of Athanasius, as well as his undaunted courage, from the very time of his return until his death, against the Arians and in favor of Athanasius, will not permit us to admit his fall. Indeed, it is incredible that one who had suffered so much and with so much constancy for Athanasius, who was possessed of true Roman courage, who was born of a family of consular rank, who had animated and consoled exiled bishops, who had attained to the very highest dignity of the church, who was held in the greatest esteem and friendship by such men as St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Eusebius of Vercelli, and St. Eusebius of Cagliari, should have broken down and lost courage under a mere exile, and an exile, too, which could have been aggravated by no corporal sufferings—for whether we consider his own large private fortune and the exceeding great wealth of the Quintilii, or the solicitude of the Roman Church and the Roman matrons for their chief pastor, it is certain that he could not have suffered for the want either of the necessities or the conveniences of life—an exile, finally, in which he enjoyed epistolary correspondence with his friends and the society of those who came to visit him. How can we suppose such a man to have been overcome by such an exile!

But the events which occurred after his return from exile are incompatible with the idea of his fall. Had he really fallen, the Catholics would have become hostile to him, the Arians his friends; he would have shown himself mild towards the Arians, cold towards the Catholics; he could not possibly have been, after his recall, the same Liberius that he had been before his exile. But what happened? After his return Liberius condemned the Arians, repudiated the Council of Rimini, by which the word "consubstantial" had been struck out and Athanasius condemned; he was persecuted most bitterly by the Arians, and was compelled again to leave Rome in order to escape the violence of Constantius. Therefore it cannot be said that Liberius fell before his return.

Again, if we admit the fall of Liberius, it is impossible to explain the unanimity of all the documents of that age in praising the sanctity, constancy, and magnanimity of Liberius. Our forefathers in the faith did, it is true, grant willing pardon to those who had fallen from the faith, upon their doing penance; but they never praised, extolled, and glorified them. Yet *all* the contemporary Fathers praise Liberius: St. Ambrose (lib. iii. *de Virginitate*, from chap. i. to iv.), St. Epiphanius (*in Hær.*, lxxiii.), St. Athanasius (*in Historia Ar. ad. Mon.*, No. 35), St. Siricius (*in Epist. Decr. ad Himmerium*), etc. Almost all the martyrologies of the Latin Church (Steinger enumerates more than forty), all the Synaxaria and Menologies (martyrologies) of the Greeks, all the Coptic, Egyptian, and Ethiopian martyrologies, rank Liberius among the saints; the Greek martyrologies especially praise him for resisting the heretical Constantius.

All the contemporary historians, in speaking of Liberius, laud his fortitude, magnanimity, courage,

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constancy, and the hard-fought victories which he gained over the Arians.

We cannot admit the fall of the pontiff in such a conflict with the emperor himself, and in such a cause, which shook the whole world, against the uniform silence of all contemporary historians and with the entire absence of historical evidence. The following are the contemporary authorities who would surely have mentioned the fall of Liberius had any such fall taken place, yet none of whom have a single word that relates or supposes that fall: Socrates, Sulpicius Severus, Theodoretus, St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Phœbadius, Sozomenus, Cassiodorus, St. Epiphanius, Theophanes, Nicephorus Callixtus, the Acts of St. Liberius, the *Libellus Precum* (Book of Petitions) of Marcellinus. All of the foregoing narrate the history of the Arians and the acts of Liberius, yet, as we have said, none give the slightest hint that he fell.

No genuine record can be shown in support of this fall. Those which are offered are entirely spurious. The only one among non-Arian writers who mentions the fall of Liberius is Sozomenus; and he mentions it only to reject it and say that it is a calumny, invented after Liberius by the Arians (*Hist.*, book iv. chap. xv.)

Photius himself, the heresiarch and final author of the Greek schism, in his Epitome of Ecclesiastical History (*Hist. Eccl. Epit.*, lib. iv. No. 3), gives the opinion of Philostorgius, an Arian, on the fall of Liberius, but gives it incredulously.

We cannot admit the fall of Liberius, because it was asserted, only many centuries after his death, with no foundation in contemporary history, and moreover with so great and conflicting a variety in the circumstances alleged by the supporters of the charge that the opinion of one refutes and destroys that of the other. Among those who have admitted, since the sixteenth century, the fall of Liberius, there are almost as many opinions as there are names. Let us give a short specimen.

Blondel, Basnage, De Potter, etc., say that Liberius signed the second formula of Sirmium, and that he could not have signed either the first or third.

Bossuet, De la Luzerne, Constant, Natalis Alexander, etc., endeavor to prove that Liberius could have signed no other than the *first* formula of Sirmium.

Pagi, Valois, etc., create a fourth Sirmian formula, of which no one ever heard before, because, as they assert, Liberius could not have signed any of the three known formulas. These authors do not all agree as to the condemnation of Athanasius, nor as to the time of the signing; there is as great a diversity as to the place where the formula was signed, the witnesses to the act, and the persons who persuaded Liberius to its accomplishment.

This remarkable discrepancy in the statements of these writers proceeds from the fact that their accounts do not rest on certain documents, but had to be made up of airy conjectures.

2. The cause of Liberius' return from exile was not that he had fallen.

This cause is expressly stated by historians both as a fact and explicitly as the *cause* of his return; and it so agrees with the rest of the history of Arianism and the

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empire that it cannot be denied. It was the political necessity under which Constantius lay of satisfying the desires of the Roman people, who had demanded the recall of Liberius, and had demanded it in such a way as to leave him no choice but to comply.

The Roman people were most hostile to the Arians. See Theodoret, book ii. chap. xvii.; Socrates, book ii. chap. xxxvii.; St. Athanasius, *Hist. Ar.*, No. 41.

The Roman people were most strongly attached to Liberius. See Sozomenus, book iv. chap. xv.; Ammianus, a pagan, book xv. chap. vii., and the preceding authorities.

The Roman people entreated the emperor for the recall of Liberius. Theodoret (book ii. chap. xvii.) narrates how the Roman matrons, gathered together, went in great pomp to demand from Constantius the recall of Liberius. Sozomenus (book iv. chap. xi.) and the *Libellus Precum* of Marcellinus and Faustinus (in Præf.) assert that the people of Rome, with frequent outcries, called upon Constantius to recall Liberius.

Constantius promised the people of Rome to grant their request if his Arian bishops would consent. But while the affair was still unsettled he suddenly and unexpectedly left Rome. The Romans thereupon broke out into a sedition, and, proceeding even to bloodshed, declared that they would not become quiet until Liberius should return. Sozomenus (passage above cited), Sulpicius Severus (book ii. chap. iv.), Socrates (book ii. chap. xxxvii.), *Libellus Precum* (place above cited).

Constantius did not willingly assent to this demand, as he would have done had he succeeded in breaking the spirit of Liberius and overcoming his constancy.

Socrates (place cited): "The emperor, *though unwillingly*, gave his consent."

Theodoret (book ii. chap. xvii.): "Being compelled (*flexus*), therefore, the emperor ordered that illustrious man, worthy of all praise, to return from his exile."

Theophanes (ad ann. 352): "At last the emperor, *compelled* (*coactus*) by the prayers of the Romans, recalls Liberius from exile."

Nicephorus Callixtus (book ix. chap. xvii.) says that the emperor consented with a bad grace.

On the return of Liberius a great concourse of the Roman people welcomed him with joyful acclamations, and his approach to Rome is called by all a triumphal entrance. All historians agree in this. Now, the Romans most certainly would not have given him such a reception had he fallen from the faith. How they would have treated him in that case is sufficiently shown by the example of St. Felix, who ruled the Roman Church in the absence of Liberius. For having shown *mildness* (not favor) to the Arians he was first deserted by the Romans, and afterwards expelled by them from Rome before the return of Liberius.

All the above facts show most clearly that the reason for Liberius' return was that the Roman people forced the emperor to recall him. Nor is there any intrinsic improbability in this; on the contrary, there is every circumstance to confirm the fact.

Constantius was a man of fickle disposition and very little firmness; he trusted little to the fidelity of his soldiers, and was hated by the people on account of his Arianism.

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Rome was at that time the most powerful city of the empire, and was vehemently hostile to the emperor, so that during the whole time of his reign he spent only a single month at Rome (May, A.D. 358), and even this was not without fear, as is proved by his sudden exit, which might be called a real flight. This is the reason he consented "unwillingly," "under compulsion," "with bad grace."

Now, this action of the Roman people excludes, as we have shown, the idea of a fall of Liberius.

II. THE CRITICO-PHILOLOGICAL QUESTION.

It cannot be denied that there exist certain documents which have afforded foundation for the opinion of those who accuse Liberius of having fallen from the faith. How can these be reconciled with what we have said above? Both cannot be true; and the attempts which learned men have made to reconcile them have only served to generate in their narrations that lamentable confusion which we have noticed above. This difficulty was almost insoluble in the sixteenth century, especially to those who would admit no *à priori* argument in historical matters; but at the present time, after so much critico-philological study of the genuine works of the Fathers of the fourth century, the whole difficulty has vanished. For, one after another, all the passages that were opposed to Liberius have been found to be spurious; and have been found so not by researches made for the purpose of vindicating Liberius, but in the course of investigations made for the end of restoring the legitimate text of the Fathers.

Hence there is at present no one among the learned who admits this fall—that is to say, among the learned who, with a mind free from prejudice, have given special attention to this kind of study. Let us give some of these documents by way of example.

1. The Epistles of Liberius: In the sixteenth century were published four letters of Liberius, in which he himself confesses to the Greek and Campanian bishops that he had condemned Athanasius and subscribed to the Sirmian formula of faith. The Epistles are spurious and forged by the Arians. The following are the arguments to prove this assertion.

The Arians were in the habit of forging such false documents. They even forged letters of Constantius. They were convicted of this crime in councils. They confessed it themselves, and not on one occasion only. St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, and St. Jerome make the assertion in regard to letters and books bearing their own names.

These letters bear intrinsic signs of falsity in the titles, the phrases, and the style, which are altogether unworthy of a pontiff so cultured and eloquent as was Liberius.

They state or suppose facts which are absurd or which contradict all the most authentic and certain historical documents.

They destroy each other; for what one asserts another denies.

They were unknown to the most diligent and sedulous investigators of Arian history; and yet they are *encyclical* letters, not addressed to one bishop only but sent to all the Oriental and Campanian prelates. These letters were never cited by the heretics in their own defence, not even when the latter were condemned by Liberius.

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It is wonderful with what pains those who did not perceive the falsity of these letters have labored to reconcile all the evident contradictions which they involve, and how many absurdities they have put forward in the endeavor. At the present time these Epistles are rejected by all, and he who would cite them seriously would only make himself ridiculous.

2. St. Hilary is said to specify the formula to which Liberius subscribed, and to pronounce more than once anathema against Liberius as a heretic.

Now, in the genuine works of St. Hilary not a single word is found against Liberius. To the end of the works of St. Hilary have been tacked on certain "Fragments of St. Hilary" which are spurious. In these fragments are found the passages cited against Liberius. These fragments were published in the seventeenth century, first by Labbe, and afterwards by Constant. That they are spurious is proved as follows:

These fragments are nothing else than a promiscuous collection of detached passages, letters, canons, parts of sermons, historical anecdotes, evidently collected by some one as miscellaneous scraps which he could put to use. All refer to the Arians. They have no general title, but each part has its own special heading. The first chapter is headed: "Fragments of Hilary" (*Fragmenta Hilarii*), and it contains two pages. These, *perhaps*, may be referred to St. Hilary, but they are found in no work of his, and they may be the production of some other Hilary, not St. Hilary of Arles. This heading being the first in the manuscript, Labbe published the whole thing under the same title

In this manuscript are contained many things unworthy of St. Hilary and altogether false (for example, the four Epistles of Liberius), and which, moreover, do not agree with what he has written in his undoubted works.

The editors themselves, Labbe and Constant, confess that many of these things cannot be reconciled with the works of St. Hilary.

For other arguments to the same effect, should any others be desired, it would be well to consult Stilting's learned treatise on these fragments.

3. St. Athanasius, in his Letter to the Solitaries, says that "Liberius, after two years spent in exile, at length gave way, and, being terrified by threats of death, subscribed."

This is most clearly an intercalated and spurious passage, for this letter was written at Easter-tide in the year 357—that is to say, a whole year before the return of Liberius of which he there speaks; therefore it is absolutely impossible that these words could have been written at the same time with the letter. "But," it may be said, "they might have been added afterwards by Athanasius." Were they, in fact, so added by Athanasius? We must answer with an absolute negative; because in this same letter Athanasius lauds Liberius' fortitude. Also, to prove his own innocence, he adduces the judgment of Liberius. Therefore had he himself added the passage in question, he would have altered these two other passages.

Had Athanasius added the disputed words, 1st, he would have done it more aptly, not interrupting abruptly the thread of his discourse. 2. He would not have

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said so ridiculous a thing as that which we read immediately after the words cited above, that the fall was a sign of fortitude.

Long after this Epistle to the Monks Athanasius wrote his *Apology for his Flight.* In this apology he repeatedly praises the fortitude of Liberius, and says that he himself was judged innocent by that pontiff; but there is not a word of this fall. Therefore, when he wrote this apology, after the return of Liberius to Rome, St. Athanasius knew nothing of any fall, nor did he add anything afterwards. Now, if he added the passage to his Epistle to the Monks, why did he not do the same here also?

This addition was made at least four centuries after the death of Athanasius; for the Greek historians as far as the seventh century never speak of the fall of Liberius. Therefore they never saw any mention of it in this epistle, from which epistle, nevertheless, they profess to have made up their history of the Arians.

4. St. Jerome, in his *Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers* (chap. xcvii.), says of Fortunatian that "in this he is held detestable, that he was the first to overcome the constancy of Liberius when the latter was going into exile for the faith, and to compel him to subscribe to heresy."

Then in his *Chronicle* (a. 354) he says: "Liberius, broken by the tedium of his exile, and subscribing to heretical depravity, entered Rome like a victor."

We answer to these two passages that their testimony does not agree. In the former Liberius is said to have been overcome and to have subscribed, while on his way into exile, by the persuasion of Fortunatian; in the latter he is said to have been overcome and to have subscribed after his exile and through the tedium of exile. Besides, Fortunatian of Aquileia was always a Catholic; why should he have attempted to seduce Liberius? Both passages are spurious and evidently intercalated by some Arian. The *Catalogue of Writers* is full of spurious and intercalated places, inserted after the death of St. Jerome. He himself says that he finished this catalogue in the year 392. He died in the year 420. Now, in the catalogue we find here and there many things which are posterior to the year 420; as, for example, the translation of the body of St. John Chrysostom, which took place in the year 439, etc., etc. Therefore these additions were made by another hand.

The sentence referring to the fall of Liberius is awkwardly inserted, because it breaks the continuity of the passage; it is against the custom of St. Jerome; and it contains falsities in regard to Fortunatian. Therefore it is one of the supposititious passages.

When Liberius was dragged into exile no one had even proposed to him a subscription in matters of faith; the Arian emperor did not wish to raise the question of faith; he sought from the pontiff only the condemnation of Athanasius on the charge of rebellious contumacy.

The passage cited from the *Chronicle* is also spurious. It is notorious to every one that this *Chronicle* is, so to say, honeycombed with additions from another hand. Pontæus, Scaliger, and Tillemont have proved this by irrefragable arguments. It remains for us to prove that the passage in question is one of these spurious additions.

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St. Jerome is in this *Chronicle* most sparing of his words; he only hints or barely states facts, without explaining them, for his intention was to determine the *dates* of events, not their series and dependence. He speaks of the exile of Liberius when treating of the exile of Eusebius of Vercelli, where he makes no mention of a fall. Why should he now speak again of this exile?

The partisans of Ursinus and Lucifer calumniated the Roman clergy, as we know from history, saying that they had broken their oath in obeying Felix, who filled the place of Liberius during the latter's exile. The passage of the *Chronicle* is only a repetition of this calumny. The following are the words of the whole period: "But when Felix had been substituted in the sacred office by the Arians, many broke their oath, and a year afterwards were cast out, together with Felix, because Liberius, overcome by the tedium of exile, and subscribing heretical depravity, had entered Rome like a victor."

It is impossible that St. Jerome should have written these words. He himself was in Rome at the time; he was very familiar with Roman history; and since, moreover, this calumny was directed by Ursinus and Lucifer against Pope St. Damasus, whose secretary St. Jerome was, whom he regarded with the deepest affection and defended most strenuously, it becomes evident that the holy doctor never could have himself inserted this passage in the *Chronicle*.

These words are merely a transcript from the *Libellus Precum* of Marcellinus and Faustinus, who were schismatics and partisans of Ursinus, and who wrote against Damasus and many years before the *Chronicle*. St. Jerome would certainly have borrowed nothing from so infected a source as this. What we have said will suffice to show the spurious nature of the documents which are opposed to Liberius. We might say much more on the same subject, did space and time permit.

III. THE THEOLOGICAL SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

After the foregoing there no longer remains room for controversy on the theological side of the question; for the fact itself being altogether denied and disproved, all the inferences which might have been drawn therefrom must necessarily fall to the ground. But supposing, for the sake of those who perchance may not or will not perceive the force of the foregoing arguments, that the fall be admitted as true; would it prove anything against the infallibility of the popes of Rome? This purely hypothetical question we call a theological one, and, together with all Catholics, say that no argument whatsoever could be drawn from this hypothetical fall against the papal infallibility.

This we prove from two heads: first, from the nature of the formula to which Liberius in that hypothesis would have subscribed; secondly, from the nature of the act which he would have performed in so subscribing.

1. From the nature of the formula itself. The Sirmian formulas are three in number. To the third Liberius could not have subscribed, because it was written after his return from exile. The second he did not sign, because it was made by the bishops of the West, whereas the formula to which Liberius is

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said, in the spurious documents, to have subscribed is there said to have been composed by Eastern bishops, whose names also are given. Therefore, if he signed any, it was the first. But St. Hilary and St. Athanasius assert and prove that the first was quite Catholic, as appears also by examination. Therefore if Liberius signed any formula, that formula was Catholic, not heretical. Therefore he can be charged with no error in faith.

The mere condemnation of Athanasius would not have been an error in faith but a sin against justice; because Athanasius was not accused of heresy but of ordinary crimes. To communicate with the Arians would have been a sin against the discipline of the church, would have been complicity with heretics, but it certainly would not have constituted true heresy.

Therefore, even if in defiance of historical truth we should admit the fall of Liberius, nothing could be thence concluded against the infallibility of the Roman pontiffs.

2. From the nature of the act. Infallibility affects only a solemn act of definition *ex cathedra*, not the personal acts of the particular man who happens to be pope.

But a solemn act of definition *ex cathedra* must be altogether free from compulsion and fear. Now, it could not have possessed this freedom in Liberius, broken with the miseries of exile. Therefore his act would not have been a solemn act of definition *ex cathedra* but a merely personal act. Therefore, even had he subscribed to some formula not Catholic in its doctrine, yet nothing could be thence concluded against the infallibility of the pope.

Hence it is that at the present time the so-called "Old Catholics," who deny the dogma of infallibility, no longer urge the fall of Liberius against the Catholics, having found this fall false in itself, supported only by spurious documents, and especially quite inconclusive and proving nothing whatsoever to their purpose, even were it true.

NOTE.—We may add to the foregoing that Liberius, if he had fallen, could not have rehabilitated himself, and reassumed his attitude as the great defender of the Catholic faith and the Nicene Council, without a solemn and public recantation, and an official cassation of his sentence against Athanasius.—ED. C. W.

STATE-CRAFT'S PILOT.

THUS spake Bismarck:
"I pray
To see the day
When State's proud bark
By Folly piloted shall dash
Itself with purpose rash
Against the Rock on which the church is set."
N.B. He was no Prince as yet.

But made the Prince of Prussia's realm,
State-Craft yields up to him its helm.
"Ah! now," he cries, "I'll show this crew
Bismarck's among the prophets too."

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"NICODEMUS A SLAVE."

I.

It was five o'clock of a winter afternoon. The sun was drawing towards the horizon. In the south the sky wore the hue of the robin's egg; in the west the mild, undazzling gold of the low-lying clouds foretold a cloudless morrow, and already the half-moon shone out quietly, the herald of a radiant night. In Maviot the western windows of Hurd mansion were aglow, transforming the ancient and somewhat dilapidated house to a palace, and in the wide, warm upper hall a small and stately lady was walking with measured tread, her snowy hair wound primly under a cap of the fashion of half a century before, her snowy kerchief fastened primly by a mourning-pin in an old-fashioned diamond setting that caught and glinted back the sun's rays, her soft old hands knitting primly some knitting for the poor. So at the sunset hour, in summer and winter, had Madam Hurd been wont to pace up and down for twenty years, except that on Sundays she carried her rosary instead of her knitting.

In his great chair the squire read out to her the daily paper, pausing now and then to hear her comments on the news, or to look with her down the elm-bordered avenue to see if "our boy" was coming. On the walls hung six portraits, six fair girl-faces. Twenty years ago, when "our boy" was indeed only a boy, not twelve years old—twenty years ago, in as calm and cloudless a January day as this now closing had been, Squire Hurd and his wife had laid away in the old churchyard the last of the daughters whose pictured loveliness alone remained to tell how once the house had been gladdened by their presence. Then the parents' love had centred on their son, thus left their only child, and his going and coming made thenceforth the great events of their day. "He will be here soon," said Madam Hurd in a pause of the reading. So she had said every evening for twenty years, and her husband had always answered her: "Yes, my dear, very soon, please God."

In a small house opposite the end of the avenue, so hidden by trees and big rocks from the sun that already it was dark in the bare, chilly parlor, a little girl sat drumming wearily at a cracked piano. Not a little girl really in age, but every one thought of her and spoke of her as if she was still a child, though she was nineteen, almost twenty, years old. She was rather above woman's ordinary height, but her face was plump and unformed and sweet like a child's, with a child's easily-troubled, easily-cheered, sensitiveness stamped upon it. As the daylight faded out of the already dismal room, thus made more dismal, a dreary discontent crept over the maiden; she stopped her scale-practising, stretched her arms and plump, tired fingers, and gave a fidgety scream.

"How I hate them!" she cried. "Oh! I must sing, or I shall certainly go wild." And suddenly she broke forth into a plaintive negro song, and with it the little girl changed into a different being.

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Music was her passion; now she sat erect, her face as full of an odd pathos as her odd song was, and she sang the chorus three times over, and then again, as if it awoke some deep, responsive chord within her.

"Nicodemus a slave was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned upon as the salt of the earth,
And he died, years ago, very old.
The last sad request, as we laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree,
'Wake me up,' was his charge, 'at the first break o' day—
Wake me up for the great jubilee.'

Oh! the good time's coming, 'tis almost here,
Tis long, long, *long* on the way.
Then run, tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet us at the gum-tree down by the swamp,
To wake Nic-odē-mus to-day."

Henrietta Denison sprang up when she had sung this for the fourth time—sprang up with a look that said that, however the friends of Nicodemus felt, she could wait no longer, but must have some sort of a good time at once; ran from the cold parlor to her colder room above, wrapped herself in a big shawl and a scarlet cloud, from which her face shone forth like a round moon, then hurried down to the kitchen.

There Anne, her elder sister, with a face as patient and care-taking as Henrietta's was petulant and careless yet brightly lovable, was wearily getting supper. Henrietta saw the tired movements, but they only made her more eager to be rid of it all for a while.

"Anne," she said, "I'm going to Aunt Hurd's to tea. Tell father he need not come for me; I'm not afraid." And therewith she was away, not waiting for word of remonstrance or farewell—out from the fretting home-shadow of her daily life to that other life which made her sunshine.

Madam Hurd was not really Henrietta Denison's aunt. Madam Hurd was Mr. Denison's mother's cousin, but, as neither of the families had nearer relatives, the nearer title had come into use, and Henrietta said Uncle and Aunt Hurd as naturally as though that was the true connection. And "our boy" was her "Cousin Tom," and in his fifteen years' seniority and his varied learning, that to her seemed as wonderful as to his doting parents, he was to this child, in her ignorance of mankind, the most wonderful of men. She was always welcome in Hurd mansion, where every one, from the squire to the errand-boy, grew brighter at sight of her ready smile and winsome ways. The dismal little girl of the cottage underwent a transformation while she was in a house that was always warm and bright, and had a beautiful piano that she never had to practise scales upon, but where she could play and sing the sweetest or the most fantastic things she chose. No Anne was there to say, "My head aches, Ettie; please be quiet"; no father casting up accounts that seemed to have no end and to bring no profit. Oh! home was such a gloomy home to Henrietta, and the Hall was very bright.

So she danced, yes, actually danced, up the avenue, avoiding the beaten track, and never so much as cracking the surface of the snow over which she sped.

"Good day, William," she said, nodding blithely to the old gardener, who answered with a look which she had become used to receive from people, as if she were a spoiled and petted child.

Yet, standing for a moment on the topmost step of the long granite flight, and turning for a moment to see the sunset, always hidden from her in the vale below, an expres-

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sion came into her face which, if it were still only a child's expression, was the quiet, far-off look which you may sometimes see in a baby's eyes, and, seeing, reverence it. The sun had quite gone down, but the undazzling gold yet lingered, and the moon shone with its grave brightness full into Henrietta's face. The tide of keen animal spirit and vigor ebbed from her; she was as one listening rather than seeing—listening to something soft and soothing. Presently she sighed softly. "It *is* a good day," said Henrietta, half aloud. "It rests me so. It is so quiet."

And then she heard the clock clang the half-hour, and at once the merriment flashed back into her face, and she ran into the house like a small whirlwind.

"Aunt Hurd!" she called, "Uncle Hurd, are you up-stairs? Of course. I'm coming right away, as soon as I take off my wraps. Has he come yet? No, he hasn't. What fun! I'm first to-night. I'll surprise him."

They were silly things for a young lady almost twenty years of age to do, yet shall we begrudge her one last night of silliness? She locked the hall door and she hid the key; she barricaded the hall stairs; she hid the clothes-brush which fastidious Tom always used before he came into his mother's presence at night and she laughed while she did it, and called Rover and the cat to see it, and hugged them both, and then flew off to the upper hall.

"I'm come," she cried breathlessly—a most unnecessary announcement. "But wasn't I a long time coming, though? Like Nicodemus' good time." And the gay voice, now with no trace of pathos in it, rang up to the round window in the roof and echoed among the heavy rafters.

"'Tis long, long, *long* on the way."

"I'm come, Uncle Hurd. Are you quite well? Oh! I'm *too* glad to see you. I couldn't wait to come, hardly. Good-evening, Aunt Hurd. I just stopped in the hall to fix something. I *mean*, of course, to arrange—to put in order—to put in disorder may be. Oh! how sweet your hyacinths are, Aunt Hurd."

"Good-evening, my dear," said Madam Hurd placidly, able to speak in her turn, now that Henrietta's mouth was safely buried for a breathing space among the flowers.

And "Good-evening, Ettie," said the squire. "We are glad to see you, my dear."

"Yes, sir," answered Henrietta vaguely, emerging from the pink and creamy and purple blossoms. "Is he coming, Aunt Hurd? Isn't he very late?"

"Well, no, my dear. It is his usual time. There he is now, bless him! Do you see him, squire—there by the old elm."

The three stood watching him, pouring out their hearts' love on him. Up the avenue he came on his thoroughbred swift steed, whose like was not to be found in the four counties at whose intersection Maviot lay. Horse and rider seemed as a single creature, so obedient was the one to the slightest touch of rein or spur, or to the lightest word, so perfectly the other rode. That horse was Tom Hurd's one out-of-door luxury. He looked up to the window—the chandelier had just been lighted—he saw the aged faces bent towards him, he saw and smiled to see the young face beside them. Taking off his hat, he waved it and

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bowed low—but this he would have done had the young face not been there—then he passed from sight under the window.

"Why does he not come in?" his mother said; and Henrietta responded gravely, hiding her dancing eyes among the hyacinths again, "How very strange!"

"My dear Henrietta," said Madam Hurd in a tone of mild reproof, "you have locked the door again. How very silly! Go down at once and open it."

"Yes 'em," answered Henrietta, nothing loath, and soon her voice was heard below: "Do you want to get in, Cousin Tom? Say please."

"Please, and please, and please," said a mellow, contented voice. "If you please, I am cold out here."

In the wide doorway they stood face to face, she in her cheap, shabby gown, with just a dash of gay color at her throat to relieve the sombre dress, her hair blown and tumbled about her face, her hands chapped and dingy and red with daily house-work; he the picture of elegance, dressed faultlessly, in no whit disordered by his ride home, his hands the hands of a gentleman whose labor is professional only, though they were strong hands, too, as they had need to be if they were to control his much-prized horse.

They greeted each other with light words and not the slightest approach to a lovelike token. Neither of them knew what love was in that sense; they were cousins, that was all. And sitting, as they had often sat before, at the cosey tea-table, neither of them thought, or ever had thought, of what might have entered any stranger's mind at once had he been told that these two were not brother and sister.

There they sat opposite each other, between the squire and madam, and Tom told the events of the day, and for a while Henrietta was comparatively silent, not only because she liked to listen to him but because she very much liked her supper. At home she would have known beforehand just what the scanty meal would be, and either must have prepared it herself or felt the stings of conscience because she had left Anne to do it alone. At home there would have been the soiled, crumpled table-cloth, which had to bear a whole week's use because they could not afford another, the cracked, chipped dishes, the uninviting food. Here there was the old-fashioned blue India china that came from over seas a century back, the scarlet cloth that charmed her eyes and warmed her dainty soul, the delicious food in hospitable abundance; and "Singing does make one so hungry, Aunt Hurd," said Henrietta. Here, though she had not been obliged to bestow one thought on the meal, were just the viands she liked best. And when the others had finished their supper, she still sat composedly eating her sponge-cake and preserved ginger, knowing well that the squire always lingered over the tea-table for a chat.

Tom looked at her quizzingly—he often made fun of her healthy appetite—then the look changed to one of a sort of affectionate pity.

"We shall miss you when you go to Baynooth, Ettie," he said.

Henrietta dropped her spoon, and stared at him with eyes opened to their widest extent. "*Where?*" she said.

"Where? That's a proper question to ask. Of course you know your father is obliged to move away."

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"What? What? What?" gasped Henrietta in a choking crescendo. "Tell me all about it. Quick, Cousin Tom!"

"Too bad, too bad!" sighed the squire. "Didn't they tell you anything about it, dear, in all this time?"

"Perhaps we had best say nothing, then," added Madam Hurd.

"But you *have* said something," cried Henrietta, "and you *must* tell. What do you mean, Cousin Tom? Oh! but you shall tell me."

But, though she would take no refusal to her eager questions, her inmost heart rebelled all the while he spoke. Why did they tell her? Why need she ever know? Oh! what were these terrible words which fell like so many blows upon her quivering heart? That her father was too poor to live any longer in Maviot; that he must give up the cottage and take rooms in Baynooth, fifty miles away; that he had found some work there; that Henrietta could there have music scholars. And while they told her an undertone ebbed through their words, added by her own tortured, foreseeing mind. "I shall have to drudge and drudge in that dreadful place. I can never come to the Hall again. All the brightness will go away. I shall be like Anne; I shall be worse off than Anne; I shall be very wicked, or else I shall certainly die."

They had said what they had to say; they were looking at her with their pitying, dear faces. She could not endure the look. Up she sprang and hurried to the piano.

"I will not believe it," she cried. "This one evening I will not believe it. Go get your flute, Cousin Tom, and we will play and sing as though nothing had happened, just as we used to do. *Just as we used.*"

She had said those last words over again with a little wail in them. Instantly she began the merriest waltz music that she knew. And while the gay notes flashed out beneath her fingers they sounded in her ears like the saddest music she had ever heard. Her eyes roved around the familiar room with its antique furniture, each piece dear to her; she noted the deep, low window-seats, the family portraits, the open fire, the heavy fire-dogs, the chandelier with its hundred sparkling pendants, the high-backed chairs by the fire, the two old people sitting there opposite one another as they had sat for half a century, and then she heard Cousin Tom coming downstairs with his flute.

Instantly a wild hope came to her, a way of escape from that fearful future, a plan that should make everything smooth and easy for her always. Cousin Tom and she might be married! Why not? Why should not they sit opposite one another at table and at fireside just as Uncle and Aunt Hurd were doing? It would be such an easy matter! Tom would only have to ask her; that was all.

She brought the waltz music to an end in the very middle of its gayest bar. She looked up with sparkling eyes into Tom's face as he came to her just as he always did—just as he would always come in that delicious and certain future.

"Cousin Tom," she said, with her round face more childish than ever in its fearless expectation, "I am never going away from here, Cousin Tom. Am I? I *couldn't*, could I?" asked confident Henrietta.

"We will think you are not for the present," Tom said cheerily.

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"We can't spare you, Ettie, that's a fact. Who should we have to sing for us?"

Her heart leapt and glowed at the words. Surely he meant it. It would be so easy for him to prevent all the trouble just with one tiny word. A brilliant light came into her eyes; her cheeks glowed rosy red; she sang as they had never heard her sing before. The words of her song and the notes of the piano ran into each other in a jubilant chorus like so many bells and harps and trumpets and fifes and cymbals all doing their joyfullest. Aunt Hurd awoke from her evening nap and smiled. The squire rose and came forward to say: "My dear child, you surpass yourself." Tom thought that she was the strangest creature he had ever seen. And all the evening through she played and sang and talked and laughed with that one hope buoyant in her heart, and when ten o'clock came she and Cousin Tom walked down the avenue together under the grave, white moon.

"He will ask me now," she thought jubilantly. "Oh! I wish he would make haste. I want to say yes so much."

But he talked of the lovely sky, and of Rover, and then of how they would miss her, and in five minutes they stood at her door.

"Now he *must* ask me," she thought; but no, he was saying good-night in his usual gentlemanly fashion, and turning away.

Poor little soul! She did not love him in the least, except as her friend and relation. She never so much as gave it a thought in that light; she never once considered what Tom might wish. What she thought of was the wrench of separation from all that made life sweet to her, the going away to a vague existence whose only salient features were poverty and dulness.

"Cousin Tom," she said in a trembling voice.

He came back and stood looking up at her in the porch. It was a pretty picture, he thought then, but in after-years he used to recall it with a pang. The little girl leaned forward towards him; her scarlet cloud had fallen off her head and around her neck, and the rough curls shone like an aureole about the infantile face. The lips trembled; there were tears in the great eyes.

"I haven't got to go away, *have* I, Cousin Tom?"

"Cheer up, Ettie," he said. "Things may not prove very bad after all. You will get used to it sooner than we shall in this humdrum place. Good-night, and sleep it off like a good child. Good-night, dear."

"Listen, listen, listen, Cousin Tom!" she exclaimed in her stammering vehemence, which he deemed most childish. "Oh! I shall be singing it all night just like this, Cousin Tom."

Well was it for fastidious Tom that no other houses than their own were in hearing and no chance traveller was passing that way. With her usual thoughtless disregard of conventionalities, Henrietta's song went ringing upward to the stars in a pathetic appeal which Tom failed to understand.

"Nicodemus a slave was of African birth,
And was bought for a bagful of gold;
He was reckoned upon as the salt of the earth,
And he died, years ago, very old.
His last sad request, as they laid him away
In the trunk of an old hollow tree,
'Wake me up,' was his charge, 'at the first break o' day—
Wake me up for the great jubilee.'

Oh! the good time's coming, 'tis almost here,
'Tis long, long, *long* on the way.

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Then run, tell Elijah to hurry up Pomp,
And meet me at the gum-tree down by the swamp,
To wake Nicodemus to-day."

"Henrietta, child, come into the house. Thomas, is that you? Won't you come in?"

"Oh! won't you?" pleaded Henrietta.

"Not to-night, thanks," Tom answered, and then he was gone, really gone. Henrietta watched him go, and he never once glanced back—she watched him till Anne drew her forcibly into the house.

"You'll catch your death, Henrietta, standing there," said Anne plaintively; "and wake father, too, with your singing, just as he was forgetting his troubles in sleep."

"Other people have troubles," cried Henrietta, "and may be singing helps them to forget. O Anne, Anne! why didn't you tell me?"

"We couldn't bear to," Anne said when she understood. "We thought you'd have to hear it soon enough anyhow. We would keep evil from you all our days, if we could, Ettie."

"If we could!" Nobody dreamed how sore an evil it appeared to this child. She went away to her room, and shut herself in, and sank all in a little heap by the window. The moon was her only light, as it had been for many a night previous. That was one of the Denisons' small economies.

"Why did Anne come to the door just then? He was surely going to ask me. I saw it in his eyes."

And then a light flashed out from the conservatory at the Hall, and Henrietta knew that Uncle and Aunt Hurd had said good-night to their boy, and that Cousin Tom was smoking his evening cigar. Oh! how many hours must pass before day would dawn and he would come to her in haste and say—what would he say? "Ettie, you need not go. We will be married, and then you can stay with us always."

In the conservatory Tom Hurd strode between the rows of plants, thinking and smoking. Somehow Henrietta's face would not go away from his mind; somehow her voice kept sounding pathetically in his ears. How her lips had trembled, and how dim her eyes had been! He had never imagined that she had it in her to bring out with such realistic force the weary hunger of her song. He wished the poor child could have that good time she craved. If only somebody would marry her, and put an end to her poverty and the constraint of her daily life!

Somebody! And why not he himself, then?

Tom started as if he had been stung. Marry Henrietta Denison! He had never dreamed of such a thing; it would change his whole life.

And yet probably he would marry some time, though even that idea was to him like a novelty. He had never seen any woman who came at all between his mother and himself, never any who at all came near her place in his heart, unless—He stopped to think carefully. Yes, he was very fond of Ettie, very; but—

As in a dream Tom painted what the house would be if Ettie lived there always. It was pleasant now to have her come and go with her vagaries and her jests and her childish tricks, and the music which was indeed an unfailing source of delight, but it would be far otherwise to have these things

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before him without cessation or hope of relief. How changed the rooms would be from their perfect order: Ettie's shawl on the centre-table, her gloves in the great bowl of dried rose-leaves, her crochet downstairs, her needle upstairs, her restless presence everywhere. It was a sweet and lovely presence, but it would be such a bother sometimes.

It would be expensive, also, and ready money was none too easy for the Hurds to find just then. Ettie was not economical; he would feel obliged to help her father and Anne; he might have to dress less exquisitely; certainly he would have to give up his horse. No, it could not be. The whole idea was foolish; he would put it out of his mind entirely. Besides, he was so much older than Ettie.

Yet, through all his colloquy with himself, that pathetic face pleaded with him, and a sweet voice full of tears cried out to him:

"'Tis long, long, *long* on the way."

It revealed her to him as he had never yet known her. This child had it in her to become more than a child. Dwelling in his peaceful home, gladdening his parents, who loved her dearly, and gladdened by their unfailing love, sure of a husband's care and patience always about her, what might not Henrietta be?

"Perhaps," Tom thought moodily; then shook his head. "It is too great a risk," quoth prudent Tom Hurd.

Little he knew how great a risk the child was running, whose soul was far too deep for his prudent soul to read. The three weeks that intervened between that night and the day when Henrietta bade farewell to Maviot were weeks which even in after-years, when she had learned to "see divinest meaning threading each separate pain," she could not remember without keen suffering.

Anne had to make every preparation for them all; Henrietta was of no more use than a baby.

"I am not going away from Maviot," she persisted obstinately.

Each morning she thought: "He will ask me to-day." Each night, when she laid her weary head upon her pillow, she murmured: "He will surely come to-morrow." And the days went by, and the nights went by, and he never said that little word which she fancied must render earth all that she could desire.

Nobody probed her secret. They pitied the poor, dull face that nevertheless refused to lose its rich color and its child-like plumpness. She ate her meals regularly, and almost greedily, with a sense that they served for a time to divert or to deaden her thoughts. She sang and played as she used, only with a feverish haste and excitement. They went to the Hall to tea. On their last evening they said their farewells composedly, all except Ettie, who positively refused to say good-by at all. She was not going, she said. And then at home she crawled up to her room for her last night there.

Did Tom Hurd sleep peacefully that night? Did no disturbing influence upon his placid spirit bring him into magnetic connection with all the anguish which, at so short a distance away, that "little girl" was enduring? When she suffered body and soul suffered together. Quivering, all drawn into a confused heap upon the carpetless floor, she wore away one weary

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hour after another, counting the strokes of the clock whenever it sounded, as if each fell like a scourge across her body and her soul, till nature gave way and she slept.

And there, on the floor, Anne found her in the morning, too weak to make any resistance or to seem to care. "*Nicodemus a slave*"—those three words were literally everything she was able clearly to get into her mind, as the cars bore her from the bright past to the hopeless future, though she was dimly conscious that they meant to her that nothing but a bondage of misery was before her, with no hope of emancipation.

II.

84 Waye Place—this, then, was the place of their new home. Henrietta emerged a little from her apathy and looked about her. A dull street, a dreary house—how could she enter that house! And standing on the topmost step, as she had stood not so many weeks before at the Hall door, she turned and looked.

No sunset sky now, no restful moon; and yet, as Henrietta stood there, the tired, hungry expression went away from her face, and once again that far-off, quiet look was in her eyes.

Before her, just across the street, was a church. Henrietta had never seen so large a building. The massive stones piled one upon another, the square-built tower, the broad, commanding front, gave a sense of strength and surety; and the doors stood open, and now and then some one came in and out quietly, opening an inner door through which she caught a glimpse of long aisles and towering pillars, and far away a dim, red light.

"It will be quiet in there," said Henrietta. "It will rest me. I will go in there."

She had always been a Catholic, but not a strict one. Mass on Sunday, the sacraments at Easter, a few morning and evening prayers and the rosary, had satisfied her conscience. They had lived at quite a distance from church, and she had never been in the habit of going there for rest or comfort.

She crept in now and knelt down before the altar, hiding her face against the chancel rail. There was no service going on; the organ, so dear to this poor little soul, was silent. Henrietta grew silent, too, in brain and heart. She was so tired, so fettered, so heartsore—she was just like Nicodemus the slave, but without his hope.

Silence; and yet more clear, more powerful than sound of words, she was conscious of the thought of the Sacred Heart upon the altar, yearning towards her, loving her.

"My yoke is sweet, and my burden light, and I will give you rest. My yoke—MY yoke—is sweet."

She was not praying or acting consciously in any way whatever. Passive she knelt there in the presence of the Lord, and he drew her gently and taught her a lesson she had never known before.

There was a yoke, and it was sweet; there was a slavery which was better than freedom.

The part of her nature which the calm sunset sky had had power to stir had met at length that which could fully satisfy it and break Henrietta's bonds.

"His yoke is sweet," she sighed at last. "I wish I was a slave to him, then."

Not the highest of motives! Ah! shall we cavil at it? There are

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those whom the tender Shepherd chooses to carry in his arms.

In the new home Anne was working wearily. "Shall I help you, dear?" Henrietta said, and went with ready content to work. It was not hard to work just then. Everything looked bright to her with that yoke upon her heart and that tender presence near. Strange! she had had it all her life, had been a Catholic always, and yet how she had fretted and hungered for other and lesser things! There was a sweeter life opening to Henrietta now, just as she thought all joy was gone; she entered into it gladly, like a weary child come home to its parent's arms.

Tom Hurd lived on, in untroubled serenity, for a full year in Maviot. Then, after a week's brief illness, his mother died; and it came to pass then with Tom Hurd that he suddenly discovered that life meant more to him than a fine horse, fine clothes, a well-ordered house, and quiet days. None of these things contented him now. It made his heart ache to see his father sit sad and lonely where another form had sat for so many years beside him. He longed for a woman's presence to bring the daily sunshine and the daily comfort that a woman's presence can so gently give. And strangely all these longings took the name of Henrietta.

"I want her," said Tom. "I don't care if she is a bother sometimes. She is a darling always."

One night his father spoke of her. "It would be very pleasant to see Ettie again," he said.

"So I think, father," exclaimed Tom. "Would you like to have me go for her? Father, how would you like Ettie for a daughter?"

It was worth some sacrifices—even the sacrifice of a horse, perhaps—to see the brightening of the aged face.

"Bring them *all* home," the squire said. "It will comfort me to see James Denison, who knew me from a boy."

Tom made his arrangements, and in a week departed for Baynooth. He did not send word that he was coming; he wanted to see Henrietta's start of joy when he met her unexpectedly. Would she have changed? No, he did not wish her changed. Could she have met and cared for some one else? No; there had been letters before and since his mother's death, and not the slightest ground for suspecting anything of that sort. She would be the very Ettie he knew of old, ready and glad to come "home" to the old ways and the old life, which would have no more separation in it.

Baynooth was a smoky manufacturing city. Tom, albeit he was not given to sentimentalities, shivered a little at sight of the streets, so full of noise and dirt, where his country flower had been doomed to dwell so long. Would she have faded and drooped? But he would soon bring back the freshness to her life.

No. 84 Waye Place—that was their address; he found the row of dreary brick houses, and then the door which he sought. Anne answered his ring and welcomed him kindly, the tears coming to her eyes at sight of his mourning, for every one had loved Madam Hurd. Yet Anne looked more cheerful than she used, Tom thought.

The sitting-room into which he was shown was dingy and dark; nothing was to be seen from the window, except a dark and dingy

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street, a dark and dingy tenement opposite, a few dismal passers-by. Henrietta's piano stood open, with some music on it. Its owner was away giving a lesson; she would soon be at home. Yes, she was well, very well, Anne said, and so was papa. How was the squire?

And then questions and answers and sympathy followed in regard to Madam Hurd's illness and death, and suddenly, in the very midst of a sentence, courteous, self-possessed Tom stopped short, for he heard a light step on the pavement outside, and he seemed to feel it on his heart.

He saw Henrietta before she saw him—saw the sweet child-face, more sweet, more like a child's than ever, more free from care. But, turning and beholding him, a gray shade crept over it. She put out her hand with a sharp movement, as if something pained her. What did it mean?

He spent an evening with them as of old, in talk and music, only the shadow of the recent grief—he thought, or tried to think—made Henrietta quieter; then he went away, promising to return on the morrow. And in that night, thinking of her face and her sweeter heart, the strong chains of a man's true love wound themselves round him, making him a willing captive; while in that night another soul could not sleep for joy, but sang thanksgivings and wept happy tears, because the chains of its own forging had dropped off, and the good time long looked for was seen already present, and "Nicodemus the slave" was awake and was free.

Tom came next morning and saw Henrietta alone, and told her all—told of the lonely house, the long, lonely evenings, spoke of his business, his plans, his future. She looked so young and inexperienced; it was much that Tom was bringing to offer into her care and oversight.

"Ettie," he said when the long prologue was ended, "we want you very much. Would you like to come home to us, and live with us always in the old place, and take care of us—you and your father and Anne?"

Her whole face kindled into an amazement of delight; but before its loveliness, utterly devoid of earthly feeling, Tom shrank back in awe.

"O Cousin Tom!" she cried rapturously, "how good God is! how good God is! I have been waiting, hoping, praying for something like this. I can't go to you and Uncle Hurd, Tom, but Anne can, and father, and then I shall be able to have my wish at last. And Anne will suit you both so nicely; she is not disorderly and troublesome like me, and she can keep house beautifully when she has enough. And I—oh! how shall I thank you, Cousin Tom? I shall have my heart's desire."

"What is it, Ettie?" he asked in dull foreboding.

"I have not even told Anne yet," she answered humbly. "I have been so happy this year. O Cousin Tom! you can't tell how unhappy I was to come here. I am ashamed to think of it now—how selfish and mean I was. Oh! how wretched it would have been if I had had what I wanted then."

"What did you want then?" said Tom.

A slight flush was on her face. "Don't ask me," she pleaded. "I am ashamed to remember it. I wanted just to be comfortable and easy, never thinking about anybody else or anything better. But when I came here—"

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She paused.

"When you came here?" repeated Tom sadly, and, in the pause that still continued, all at once he seemed to see her again as he had seen her in the porch that winter evening, leaning forward towards him, her scarlet cloud fallen off her head and about her neck, the rough curls shining round her face, her trembling lips, the tears in her large eyes. Once more he seemed to hear the weary hunger of her song. The comfort she might have craved for then would be vainly offered now. She would never say to him again: "I haven't got to go away, *have* I, Cousin Tom?"

She was thinking her thought out to herself. Quivering she stood there, as if tossed betwixt joy and pain.

"What I wanted never could have been," she said huskily. "All sorts of comforts and ease and love couldn't have stopped the aching."

Tom understood her. He was a Catholic, come of an old Catholic line. Meagre as his spiritual life might be, he knew and reverenced the truth of the three great counsels. No sort of earthly happiness could ever have contented this delicate nature, filled with desires insatiable in every way but one. He waited reverently for her to speak again. And the quivering frame grew still, and into Henrietta's eyes came that far-off look, revealing more and more to Tom the depth in this child's nature, which was indeed that likeness to a little child which gains an entrance to higher joys than those of earth.

"I wanted God," she said; "I wanted God. He rests me. And he is enough."

Tom Hurd went home alone, pondering a deep lesson as he journeyed thither. What was life and what was God to him?

By and by there followed him to Hurd mansion an old man to be his father's hourly companion, and with James Denison there came his daughter Anne. Early aged by care and suffering, the quiet of her present life brought freshness to body and soul; she took delight in ministering to the old people and to Cousin Tom, and Tom found comfort in the very sense of her contented thankfulness.

Strange, marked changes came to the old place. People wondered what had altered Tom Hurd. He had always been considered a very exemplary young man, but he was different now. Like a man with a set purpose he lived his life—a life of alms-deeds and daily, thoughtful kindnesses—and Anne soon began to work with him heartily.

One day it came to pass that they were married.

I do not claim for them any romance. This alone I do claim: that they received that sacrament of matrimony wherein they found grace to love one another in the Lord, and that quietly and truly all their lives they did so love each other. There was a chapel built after a time on Hurd estate, where poor people came freely, and where the old squire and Mr. Denison made daily preparation for their end, and there Tom and Anne learned more and more to work for God.

"They are most unselfish people," so their neighbors said "How happened it?"

Happened? Among those who came and went at Hurd Hall through all the years that Anne reigned there one sweet girl-face was never seen again, one sweet girl-voice never more rang echoing upwards to the massive rafters.

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When Henrietta said farewell in Baynooth to her only relatives, it was a final word.

The soul that had delighted in song and mirth and creature comfort found its joy in prayer; the heart that had craved for earth became content with the Sacred Heart alone. When people praised Tom Hurd for the good works that he was doing, he and Anne mused upon a hidden life that once was as a part of their lives. "Her prayers are doing more for us and for those we strive to help than we are doing," they said.

FATHER MAZZELLA'S TREATISE ON GRACE.*

LAST year a theological treatise, entitled *De Deo Creante*, was published by Father Camillus Mazzella, S.J., professor of dogmatic theology in Woodstock College. It received the highest eulogiums from theologians in America and Europe; the reviews in Germany, France, and Italy manifested a marked unanimity in the praises which they bestowed upon it. What they admired was the fulness of Catholic doctrine, the judicious selection of matter, the force and completeness of the arguments, the fitness of the work for the times in which we live, and most of all its order and method. As an instance we will refer to the review of the work in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome, a periodical of unquestioned authority in these matters. The *Civiltà Cattolica* considers that this course of theology which Father Mazzella has begun to publish is the best qualified among all recent courses to raise sacred studies to that degree of dignity and importance which they have a right to claim, particularly in face of those difficulties and errors which in our times are so wide-spread in extent and so radical in nature.

This year another volume is published by the same author, pursuing the same course. This second volume is entitled *De Gratia Christi.* All who are versed in sacred science are perfectly well aware that this subject, the grace of Christ, is the very touchstone of a man's theological acumen, industry, diligence, and prudence. There are many reasons why it should be so. The subject in itself is abstruse, not easy to grasp, nor to be settled with mere arguments of reason. It is enveloped in such a cloud of heresies and errors, in such a multitude of Catholic systems which undertake to elucidate it, in such a confusion of individual opinions conflicting with one another, that to expose the doctrine successfully and safely has been the good fortune of very few, and those very select, authors. We think that we may number Father Mazzella

* *De Gratia Christi.* Prælectiones Scholastico Dogmaticæ quas in Collegio SS. Cordis Jesu ad Woodstock, maxima studiorum domo Societatis Jesu in Fœderatis Americæ Septentrionalis Statibus, habebat A.D. MDCCCLXXVII.-VIII, Camillus Mazzella, S.J., in eodem Collegio Studiorum Præfectus et Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Professor. Woodstock, Marylandiæ, ex officina typographica Collegii. 1878. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 811-xxxi. New York: Benziger Bros.

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among these few; and it is with satisfaction we do so.

Still, it is worth our while to examine in detail the motives which lead us to this favorable conclusion.

And, first, the method followed out in the treatise is highly noteworthy and praiseworthy. In theology it is easier to prove than to explain. It is easier to lay down a number of theses successively and prove each one satisfactorily than to explain the whole connection of the parts, and set forth the entire body of doctrine in its integrity. Theological demonstrations are found in theologies everywhere, and they are good as far as they go. But good expositions of doctrine, full and coherent, are seldom to be found in courses used in the schools. There is a good reason for it. Philosophy is at the bottom of all theology, and right philosophical views are necessary for a comprehensive, coherent view in theology. Now, if the background on which a theologian sets forth his dogma is an incorrect philosophical system, or a medley, perhaps, of systems, such as the last few centuries have brought forth in the schools, what wonder if his Catholic dogma, when expounded in theology, does not sit aright upon his system in philosophy, or what wonder if he leaves the exposition aside altogether, and does not undertake to expound the body of doctrine but only to prove his theses? This one-sided and limping way of teaching theology has prevailed, not through any want of a grand system of philosophy which is eminently consistent with the whole body of Catholic dogma, which was taught in germ by the Fathers and systematized in form by St. Thomas, but through the wilful neglect and contempt shown during the last two centuries for that patristic and scholastic philosophy which so many centuries before had tried, criticised, and approved. And this hankering after new systems, this contempt for the old scholastic philosophy, that great intellectual monument of minds like St. Thomas and St. Augustine, proceeded so far during the two last centuries that old words, old forms of speech, old axioms of the scholastics and Fathers, were indeed retained by the philosophers of the time, but their meaning was wantonly changed and corrupted. The consequence is that, if philosophers of these schools try to understand the Fathers they cannot; nay, they cannot even read aright the definitions of the church, for these definitions have to be interpreted according to the meaning with which they were drawn up, "in the same spirit in which the writer writ." It is no matter of surprise, then, if some, or even many, authors who are not well grounded in scholastic and patristic philosophy, when they come to theology, either lay down Catholic doctrine and just prove it, but go no farther—it is too much for them—or, if they do go farther and try to explain, it is all superficial; there is none of the comprehensive grand view which satisfies the mind on twenty points at one glance, and prepares the student for using his theses afterwards comprehensively, forcibly, and in a manner eminently new.

The learned author before us is manifestly more than a mere adept in philosophy. He is a master in the widest sense. And accordingly his scope in the treatment of every Catholic dogma is to set forth the same in the fullest and broadest

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light of which it is capable. There are definitions of the church upon the dogma, and there are the writings of the Fathers bearing upon it, and in these there are words to be weighed and explained, and, if necessary, their sense is to be proved by the weight of authority. All this our author does. And, besides, the dogmatic questions which suppose philosophical principles are not elucidated themselves until the philosophy which is presupposed has been accurately evolved and solidly proved; for otherwise the student's mind will never find satisfaction in the dogmatic question itself, the foundation being wanting. For example, it is a Catholic dogma that we are possessed of free-will, in spite of our first parents' sin. The fact is dogmatic and defined; but the understanding of the fact is impossible unless free-will be understood. Hence our author lays down clearly and comprehensively the philosophical theory of scholastics and Fathers *De hominis libertate;* and on that foundation the dogma of the church is explained, understood, and defended against heresy. In the same way, before laying down the exposition and proofs of the dogma on the merit of good works, he expounds the philosophical theory *De meriti conceptu et natura.* This is his uniform method.

The form of his preliminary explanation is peculiar to himself. Every separate question has its own explanation and development of the doctrine which is to be proved in the thesis; and as he advances towards the thesis he determines the sense in which the church teaches it and in which he means to prove it, and he defines the meaning of words. This reduces the process of demonstration to a minimum; for it is notorious how much of the labor of proving and repeating proofs in the answers to interminable objections, and trying to make the point come out clearly at length if possible, proceeds merely from this one single source, that the author never explained beforehand what the point definitely was. Hence our author seldom takes the trouble to string on objections to the end of a thesis proved; they have all been anticipated in his exposition beforehand, and anticipated in the way most conducive to unity and order.

This method of procedure sufficiently shows the arrangement of the matter. The learned author records first the documents in which the church conveys her teaching with regard to the present question.

These documents are from any point or points of time between the apostolic age and the latest acts of Pius IX. After reporting the documents in their own words, he compares them, explains them, and deduces what the church has clearly defined, and what not, and what degree of certainty is to be assigned to respective propositions. Straightway he passes to the heretical tenets found in opposition, direct or indirect, to the present dogma. He states and examines errors old and new; while he refutes Arius he does not leave Wegscheider alone. He proceeds then to state how far theologians and Fathers have agreed in teaching the substance of the present truth, that subsequently he may without confusion examine and select among diverging opinions what is to be taught as to the unessential parts of the dogma. The divergence being clearly laid down in the very words of the authors who are at variance, and

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their proofs being weighed, he decides with regard to their respective degrees of probability. He does not affix notes of censure himself to any opinion which he rejects, but at most records the censure passed by others, and in their words—sometimes, however, mollified by a few words of his own.

Another motive we have for pronouncing so favorably in behalf of the new work regards the selection of matter therein. A treatise on grace is universal in its nature. The whole interior life of a Christian is a life of grace, and therefore everything that concerns this life and its manifestation, and its operations and effects, as well on earth as in heaven, may be in a manner, and must be, in fact, referred to grace. Hence no wonder if heresies without end have been broached under the influence of the evil spirit to attack and confound all notions about grace and to destroy the life of grace in Christian souls. All these errors claim their own place in the present treatise. To mention a few opposite errors attacking the same dogma from different sides: The Pelagians, confounding grace with nature, left the faithful a life of nature and denied any other supernatural life of grace. The Protestants, denying that man had any natural free-will left after original sin, saw in the Christian soul only a life of grace, without free-will, without merit—a life of blind, physical predestination. These are the two cardinal errors; others without number circle about them. The semi-Pelagians, rationalists, and later positivists range themselves round Pelagius. The Jansenists and Baius follow Luther. One party gives too much to nature; the other too much to grace.

If condemned errors are numerous, tolerated opinions among Catholics are not less so, and all have to be examined. There is not a dogmatic point fixed and defined but has a side or an aspect which is anything but defined. To cite one sample out of a hundred, all Catholic doctors have to teach that every good act performed here in a way conducive to eternal salvation is done with the help of supernatural grace. But what does the supernatural grace affect? Is it the very substance of the act, or is it the manner of performing it? Does it make the act supernatural *quoad substantiam*, or only *quoad modum*? Some ancient theologians thought it enough to assert only the latter; but the other opinion prevails, and Suarez calls it "more conformable to divine theology." But if an act thus conducive to salvation is supernatural specifically, *quoad substantiam*, how is it so? Because grace exalts it? That is certain. But is it equally certain that the formal object of such an act is and must be specifically supernatural, so as specifically to elevate the act which it terminates? Many say yes with Suarez; others say no with De Lugo. So that, in the very vestibule of the treatise, scholastic questions of considerable importance for a full understanding of grace have to be sifted and ventilated not a little.

There is no doubt that the subject-matter, apart from heresies and scholastic questions, is most ample and full of dignity while it is teeming with profit. It embraces the whole of that divine gift in virtue of which we are called, and really are, the sons of God. The existence and nature, and the force and virtue, of that gift; its necessity and utility; God's providence in

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disposing of it, with its effects in man regarding his life here and his life hereafter; its manner of working together with the soul, and the soul's working with it—all these points, with numerous and important questions ranged under them, belong to the complete treatment of this most ample and most noble subject.

In this abundance of material Father Mazzella avoids two extremes, one that of saying not enough, the other that of saying all, but without a judicious order; and a comprehensiveness without order is just as unsatisfactory to the theological student as to leave him half-satisfied if all be not said. Father Mazzella leaves nothing out that is worthy of note for an ecclesiastic, and by the selection of his varied matter avoids satiating the mind; and the obvious order of his questions binds the whole in one harmonious unit.

Thus he divides the whole into six parts, called disputations. In the first he develops the meaning of a supernatural act and determines the notion of grace. There are first some preliminary ideas to be cleared regarding the definition and divisions of grace, and then come six questions which fill up the whole disputation. The questions are: Whether salutary acts, or acts which are conducive to salvation, are supernatural *quoad substantiam*, and how they are so; whether man has free-will since the fall; whether actual grace consists in illumination of the mind and inspiration of the will; whether anything else belongs to the notion of actual grace; how grace which excites the will to act is distinguished from the grace which assists it acting; how nature and grace work together in performing an act conducive to salvation. Here there are two principles declared to be concurring in the work of salvation, actual grace and the natural free-will. He proceeds to develop both of these ideas, and begins with actual grace.

Wherefore in the second disputation, which he entitles *De actualis gratiæ necessitate*, he solves all the questions which regard the necessity of actual grace for performing acts whether of the natural or supernatural order, and he sets down the limits of this necessity. The questions are ten in number: Whether the actual grace of Christ is necessary for every good work conducive to salvation; whether it is necessary to a just man who has habitual grace already; whether it is necessary for the very beginning of faith and salvation; whether it is necessary for perseverance in good; can a man without a special privilege, which is over and above actual grace, avoid all venial sins; whether this actual grace is necessary to observe the natural law itself and overcome temptations; is it necessary, too, in order that a man love God with only a natural love; can a man without sanctifying grace and without faith perform any good work; can he sometimes elicit a good act with the mere powers of nature, unaided by any actual grace; whether actual grace was necessary for man in the state of innocence.

The third disputation deals with sufficient grace and efficacious grace. Here he has to defend the necessity of free-will in man, having in the previous disputation proved the necessity of grace. There are seven questions: Is there really any such thing in our pre-

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sent state as grace which is really sufficient and not efficacious or effectual; when a sufficient grace is given is any other grace required for the effect; if the grace is efficacious or effectual is the will acting freely under it; in what does efficacious differ from sufficient grace; is its efficaciousness to be referred to physical predetermining, or to the dominant attractiveness of an object, *delectatio victrix;* wherein does this efficaciousness consist. He replies by expounding and defending the system of Molina, and subjoins a couple of chapters, one to answer objections, the other to declare the mind of St. Thomas upon the subject.

In the fourth disputation he investigates the manner of Divine Providence in the dispensation of grace, how and on whom does God bestow it. This part is entitled *De divinæ gratiæ œconomia.* Five questions are set down: Is the first grace which is bestowed on a man altogether gratuitous; what does Catholic faith teach regarding the dispensation of grace; does each and every just man receive grace enough for salvation; do all sinners receive grace at least remotely sufficient for their salvation; do all infidels receive means enough for salvation?

So much for actual grace. Now the learned author turns towards the noble subject of habitual grace, and entitles the fifth disputation *De gratia habituali seu sanctificante.* There are eleven questions: What is sanctifying grace; in justification is there an interior renewal of the man by an inherent gift; is habitual grace a created gift; is it physically permanent, and what is it; how does it differ from charity; are sins truly forgiven in justification, and how; do men become sharers of the divine nature by habitual grace, and how; adoptive sons of God, and how; is it so that the person of the Holy Ghost becomes united to their souls; what faith is required for justification, and is it alone sufficient; what are the qualities of justification?

Besides the essence and properties, the causes and effects, of sanctifying grace, as discussed in the fifth disputation, there still remains one moral effect, called merit. The last disputation speaks *De merito bonorum operum,* in four questions: Do the just, by good works done in grace, truly merit before God; what are the conditions of such supernatural merit; is eternal life due by a title of justice in return for the good works of the just; what are the rewards which this supernatural merit receives?

This rapid inspection of the questions suffices to show how each article is connected with the whole disputation. The disputations themselves are so united that one of them is the end and object of all the rest; and that one is the critical analysis of a supernatural act performed by a Christian man. There are two distinct principles of such an act—namely, grace and free-will; there are distinct disputations, one on free-will and two on grace; for there are two kinds of grace, actual and habitual, and each claims its own special treatment. And, finally, merit, that moral quality of a supernatural act whereby it leads to eternal salvation, deserves and receives a separate treatment; and the analysis of a supernatural act is thus made complete. One idea, therefore, that of an act done in grace, suggests everything; and everything

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that is discussed in the volume tends back to the one idea—a great merit in a scientific work, and a great assistance to the student of a scientific subject.

We have stated two motives for the favor with which we regard this new book. We must now state a third. The substance of the author's doctrine is throughout only that which is most received and best established by the authority of theologians, and which is most consonant with the sense and spirit of the church's doctrinal teaching. In the questions which are open and free to admit of diverging opinions the author is prudent and carefully discerning. We may instance his manner of expounding and demonstrating the system of Molina in the great question of reconciling the efficaciousness of grace with free-will in man. So much has been written on this most difficult question that every course of dogmatico-scholastic theology treats of it. Theologians divide off into opposing camps. The Fathers of the illustrious order of St. Dominic solve the problem by their doctrine of physical predetermination. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus refer for the solution to the *scientia media* of God, by which knowledge he knows all the future contingencies of any and every free will, irrespective of any decree of his own. The Fathers of the Augustinian order refer to a certain objective attractiveness which is dominant over the will, *delectatio victrix;* the will gives way infallibly (with a moral infallibility) and at the same time sweetly. Other opinions, lying midway between some of these, partaking of them and not agreeing with any, are not wanting. But after a clear, profound, and full treatment of all the other opinions, the learned author proposes as his own, and defends in all its amplitude, the system of Molina. In the exposition of other systems, while all have full justice done to them, he pays special regard to that of the Thomists, which is developed in the words and according to the mind of the distinguished Dominican theologian, Father Billuart. We admire the tone of moderation which is so habitual with Father Mazzella that when strongest he is often gentlest, and tempers the edge of a hard argument with the modest reserve of him who argues; so that what stands forth is the truth, not passion. For a full understanding of this large and vexed question we must refer a student of theology to the third disputation of Father Mazzella's work.

If we have not already said enough about the method and manner which characterize the book, and Father Mazzella's style in general, we would add that if he spares words, without, however, losing in perspicuity, he certainly abounds in matter. He abounds in the Scripture texts which bear upon his subject, not merely quoting one or two and building all on them, but adding the illustration of so many other places of Holy Writ, and dividing them lucidly under heads for the distinct elements of his demonstration. Then appears tradition, which he handles in two ways: *exegetically*, determining the sense in which the Fathers interpreted the passages of Scripture which he quotes; and *theologically*, proving dogma from the perpetual faith of the church. Her teaching authority, or *magisterium*, in definitions, liturgy, practice, etc., he introduces freely, using the definitions as the foundation, and often-

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times for the framework, of his theses. In the last place, he lets reason have her say, whether that which is called *theological* reason, which shows the harmony of the point in hand with other points of Christian faith, or *philosophical* reason, which, arguing from human sciences, shows there is no conflict between reason and faith. His order of thought, combined with a perspicuous style, is easy enough to follow; but we almost think it becomes easier still, and certainly more agreeable, when there are added all the additional helps of a clear distinction and numbering of paragraphs, judicious variety of type, and clearness, and even elegance, of the impression.

We must conclude; and we cannot conclude by saying anything better than what we have already said, that the treatise before us *De Gratia* is highly praiseworthy on all points for its clear and exact exposition of Catholic teaching, for its select fulness of matter, and for its solidity of doctrine, in which it is always on the safe side. The book could not contain anything new, but the old truths are here certainly in no antiquated way. Hence we think it necessary to commend it and recommend it, because a better one, in its line, for a theological course we consider it hard to find. And not only for a theological course but for other purposes also do we recognize its eminent utility. Preachers, as well as directors of souls, have no more abundant source of edifying and varied truth, as well for sermons as for daily intercourse with the faithful, than what is taught about the nature of grace, its necessity, its effects, about the necessity of good works, and the fruit of merit which we earn thereby; the more so as in this country and in these times we have to deal so much with Protestants and rationalists, whose notions of the supernatural order are altogether upset. With them there is no clear understanding of any harmony between those two principles of *nature* and *grace* from which all acts have to proceed in order to be conducive to eternal salvation. The author says at the beginning of his work what we will close with: that "since in the treatise on grace it is given to the mind of man to contemplate the work of God in faithful souls, and to conceive some relish for that immense charity with which God has loved us, and with which the new Adam, Jesus Christ, has redeemed us and bestowed on us the treasures of life everlasting, no one certainly will have reason to regret the time spent in perusing the treatise, or will peruse it without feeling his mind and heart elevated with divine consolation."

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEOLOGIA DOGMATICA CATHOLICA SPECIALIS, a J. Katschthaler, S.T.D. et Professore (Univ. Œnipont). Lib. ii. Complectens Doctrinam De Peccato Originali, De Incarnatione et Redemptione. Ratisbon: G. J. Manz. 1878.

The first volume of this new theology has not been sent to us, and we are therefore ignorant of the entire scope of the work. It is very succinct and condensed, but written in a remarkably good and clear Latin style, with a good arrangement of divisions, and a kind of type for text and notes which helps the reader to see at once what the contents of both present to view. The author is very learned and accurate in citing the opinions of ancient and modern schools and authors whether orthodox or heretical. His quotations from standard authors are numerous and apposite without any cumbrous superfluity. As a theologian he is very cautious and safe, and uses theological reasoning with no little tact and ability. There is not much, however, of the speculative theologian or philosophical reasoner in the excellent professor. His work will, we think, be valuable to many clergymen and students who have not time to study more extensive treatises, like those of Kleutgen, Franzelin, and Mazzella. Theologies have multiplied of late. No text-book, we suppose, has ever equalled in popularity and extensive use Perrone's *Prelections*. These are now out of date since the Council of the Vatican and the recent controversies. In some respects it is difficult to supply the place which Perrone's *Theology* filled in the course of ecclesiastical study. We miss in other authors the rational elucidation and defence of certain dogmas in which the late illustrious Roman professor excelled. Sometimes we wish the learned authors who attempt a philosophical lucubration occasionally had abstained altogether from such an effort. Numbers of the recent theological treatises, whether intended as complete manuals for students or not so intended, have various and peculiar merits of their own. As a text-book for class instruction we give our individual preference to the Course of De Bonal, the French Sulpitian professor. In certain special topics Dr. Murray, of Maynooth, has distinguished himself remarkably, and is scarcely surpassed, if equalled, by any other modern author we know of. We have already expressed our opinion of Father Mazzella's works, and it is not necessary to say that those of Franzelin are of the first order. These last two authors are emphatically those who are most useful to professors of theology and advanced students in respect to the topics they have respectively treated. Even with all these and several other recent works on theology to read or consult, the student can hardly afford to abandon Perrone to the dusty upper shelf. And, when it is question of the more metaphysical and speculative points of the divine science, we must beg leave to say that more satisfaction is to be found in the sturdy Dominican and Thomist Billuart than in any recent writer or more modern school. If any young ecclesiastic fails to become a good theologian with all the means at hand which are now accessible to every one, it must be ascribed to a lack either of the aptitude or the diligence which are essential requisites to a sacred vocation, or to a deficiency in both alike.

A LATIN GRAMMAR, adapted to the use of Colleges. From the fifteenth edition of Dr. F. Shultz's *Grammar*.

LATIN EXERCISES, adapted to the same. F. Pustet. 1878.

These books are published in the best style. Many Latin grammars have been published since this magazine was a school-boy. Some of these are so excellent, and they supplant each other so frequently and rapidly, that it is hard for a critic to decide or a teacher to select among them the one which is absolutely best. This one is undoubtedly

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very good, and the exercises are ditto. The schoolmaster must decide on their merits as compared with other books of the kind which are in general use.

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. By J. M. S. Daurignac. Translated by James Clements. Second edition, with an appendix from 1862 to 1877. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1878.

This history, which is nominally contained in two volumes but really in one stout volume of eight hundred pages, in so far as it is a compendium of the well-known work of Crétineau-Joly, is complete and valuable. The author's original supplement is very well so far as it goes, but is only an incomplete, superficial sketch, and the American editor's appendix is still more scanty. The chief value of the book, therefore, lies in this, that it furnishes in reasonable compass to the ordinary English reader an account of the ancient history of the illustrious Society of Jesus. It cannot be called properly a history of the order in its recent and actual period, but only a brief and partial notice of some principal and prominent facts in its history, and the more nearly it approaches the present time, the more meagre and vague it becomes. What information it does give, we believe, is trustworthy, and it is undoubtedly well worth reading.

MANUAL OF SACRED CHANT. Containing the Ordinary of the Mass, the psalms and hymns of Vespers for the entire year, and Compline, according to the official edition of the Sacred Congregation of Rites; together with a collection of Latin hymns and prayers suitable for different devotions. By Rev. Joseph Mohr, S.J.

CANTIONES SACRÆ. A collection of hymns and devotional chants for the different seasons of the year, the feasts of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin, of the saints, Low Masses, etc. Arranged for four mixed voices. By Rev. Joseph Mohr, S.J.

These two works, issued from the publication house of Mr. Pustet, are valuable contributions to the cause of the revival of Gregorian Chant, and as such will be welcomed by many of our readers. The titles sufficiently explain their object, but of the latter part of the *Manual of Sacred Chant* we transcribe the explanation as given in the preface by the learned and zealous author:

"One word on the fourth part, '*Cantiones variæ*.' The Latin hymns which it contains are not intended to displace some beautiful English hymns already in use, and which are so deservedly popular; but only to furnish a variety, and rescue from oblivion pious compositions which were the delight of our fathers, and which all friends of true religious art must ever hold in high esteem.

"The words of these hymns, for the most part, have been taken from the old manuals of the Congregations of the Blessed Virgin. Many of them may be regarded as belonging to those old ecclesiastical chants consecrated by immemorial usage, and on this account may be sung when the Blessed Sacrament is solemnly exposed, as an answer given on the 3d of October, 1851, by the Card. Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, intimates. However, to prevent all confusion we have carefully distinguished them from the liturgical chants.

"With regard to the melodies, they have been chosen (a few modern compositions excepted) from amongst the most beautiful that the last six centuries have bequeathed to us.

"Repeating these simple accents of the Christians of past ages, our hearts will naturally respond to the sentiments of lively faith and ardent piety which animated them. At least it is not rash to hope so.

"But perhaps this publication may be considered too grave and too serious by some persons, and scarcely suitable for schools, etc.

"We admit that our selection has nothing in common with that style of melody which, in the opinion of all lovers of true religious music, ought to be at once and for ever banished from every Catholic church. In making the selection we were influenced by no other idea than that which occupies the mind of the church herself—namely, that in the house of God every song should be a prayer, and never of that soft, light, theatrical, or trivial character which is better calculated to distract than to elevate the soul to God.

"If a trial be made of these pious hymns with a good number of voices, well kept together and well accompa-

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nied, one can easily judge how this powerful unison, by its majesty, breadth, and piety, will speedily supplant those flimsy airs and tunes which have nothing to recommend them either in the words or in the melody, whether judged from a religious or from an artistic point of view. No doubt in the commencement the very simplicity of these chants may repel some persons, but the fault is not in the chants, but in the ear, attuned to melodies of bad taste with which the church has borne too long. '*Consuetudo consuetudine vincitur!*' If they be practised with a little perseverance, the pupils will soon learn to appreciate them, and will feel spurred on by them to love God and labor for his glory, which is the object of all prayer, and therefore also of all sacred music.

"To conclude, we recommend our little *Manual* to the kindness of all who are charged with the education of the young. To render it more complete for colleges, seminaries, schools, etc., we have added some useful prayers at the end of the book, so that the pupils can exercise their piety during a religious function when not called on to sing."

SHADOWS OF THE ROOD; or, Types of our Suffering Redeemer, Jesus Christ, occurring in the Book of Genesis. Being the substance of a series of Moral Discourses delivered in the Church of the Assumption during the Lent of 1856. By the Rev. John Bonus, B.D., Ph. et LL.D., graduate of the University of Louvain, Priest and Missionary Apostolic. Second American edition, revised and corrected by the author. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1878.

The title of this little volume sufficiently explains its character. It draws out, in the simple and unpretending manner suitable to a series of Lenten discourses addressed to a mixed audience, the various types of our Lord which occur in the earliest of the Scriptural records. Adam, Abel, Noe, Abraham, Isaac, Melchisedech, Jacob, Joseph, as their history foreshadows that of the Redeemer, furnish the themes for discourses full of practical suggestions and devout reflections. That on Melchisedech, the type of "Jesus the Priest of the Mass," while it is not free from slight defects of taste, is, on the whole, the best specimen of its author's skill in condensing and simplifying the results of a wide study of approved commentators. It is a pity, however, that a book which it is worth while to republish, and which passes into a second edition, should not have been freed from the typographical errors which disfigure so many of its pages. The "Preface to the American Edition" is cut short in the middle of a sentence, and there is not a chapter—scarcely a page—which does not suffer from inexcusably careless proof-reading.

A LYTEL BOKE FOR YE MARYEMONTH. Compiled and arranged for the use of Our Blessed Ladye's Sodalists, and other Liegemen of her Dower, as England is called, by a former Prefect of the Sodality at Stonyhurst College. with a letter of commendation by the Rev. Edward Ignatius Purbrick, S.J., Rector of Stonyhurst. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For Sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

A very admirable series of practices, reflections, and suggestions in honor of Our Lady is this *Lytel Boke*. It is intended for the use of school-boys and other sodalists, and has been purposely compiled in as brief a form as possible, in order to bring home to them the devotion of the month of May, and to avoid the appearance of being a serious addition to the customary devout observances of the school or the family. While it is especially adapted to English boys in the matter of the pilgrimages which are suggested, the more practical portions of the text will be found useful everywhere.

THE TRUE LOVE OF GOD, AND OTHER DEVOTIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. By the Rev. James A. Maltus, O.S.D. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For Sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is a unique prayer-book, the result of a longing on the part of the pious Dominican who is its author to "do something to move souls to divine love" before his life shall end. It is composed of short prayers, in each of which some motive exciting to the love of God is presented, followed by a decade of acts of love, to be repeated while the thoughts remain fixed upon that motive. The divine attributes furnish the first suggestions; afterward the mind rests upon

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our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, and the love of Jesus in the Sacrifice of the Mass. The last section is devoted to Our Lady. It is full of devotion, and likely to enkindle it.

A CATECHISM OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN. By the Rev. Thomas J. Brennan. New York: Thomas Kelly. 1878.

There have long been two well-grounded objections to the serious study of Irish history which the present condensed and modest volume may, in part at least, remove. Heretofore most Irish histories have been so prolix in description of scenes and actors of the semi-mythical period, so childishly minute in details of merely local events, and so plentifully bestrewn with unpronounceable names of persons and places, that an ordinary student turned from their pages disheartened and disappointed. More than a quarter of a century ago J. O'Neill Daunt endeavored to popularize among O'Connell's "Repealers" the study of the annals of their ancestors by writing a short *Catechism of Irish History*. It was well received at the time, for, though a first effort, it presented many commendable features. It was plainly written, concise, and reasonably comprehensive. Following the path marked out by Mr. Daunt, Father Brennan has lately given us a larger and better book, more varied in information, and much clearer and fuller in description. These with its other numerous merits will entitle it to rank as a valuable class-book in our schools; while many persons who have neither patience nor inclination to wade through larger works, but who are yet desirous of becoming familiar with the leading historical events of the Irish people, will gladly accept it as a pleasant teacher and a reliable guide.

LIFE OF MME. DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, DUCHESS OF DOUDEAUVILLE, AND FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY OF NAZARETH. Translated from the French. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

Without doubt Mme. de la Rochefoucauld led a beautiful and saintly life. In the midst of the peculiar trials which assail a woman of great personal attractions who is thrown into a social circle noted for the license of its manners, she maintained a reputation which no breath of scandal ever dared to sully. Married at fifteen to a sickly boy of fourteen, she ever exhibited toward him a wife-like deference and affection which won from him a corresponding respect and attachment, and made what seemed an ill-assorted match a model of Christian marriage. A true daughter of the church at a time when to show her filial devotion was made a legal crime, she harbored priests, assisted religious, and never flinched in the open observance of the duties of a Christian. Toward the close of a long life, in which she had been by turns one of the sweetest types of the Christian daughter, wife, and mother, she was instrumental in founding a religious society for the practical education of young girls which is, doubtless, destined to survive her long.

With such material at hand for the production of one of those charming religious biographies with which French literature abounds, we hardly know how to express our extreme dissatisfaction with the result as laid before us in this volume. Apparently both author and translator are at fault. Stiff, unliterary, wanting in grace of expression, and even in accuracy, as the English version is, it appears to be intended as a faithful version of its original. If it be so, we can only regret that a subject so charming should have fallen into the hands of an artist so incapable.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANCIENT HISTORY. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

We hail with delight this new work of Father Formby. Whatever treats of Rome must interest us in many ways, whether on the side of philosophy, history, religion, or the arts. Rome has always been a mysterious city in which the great conflict of good and evil is fought out to the end of the world; and all eyes are drawn to Rome as by some instinctive impulse. Rome is the heart of the universe. Those who cannot live there still find a consolation which no lapse of years can diminish in reading about Rome, and he who has once tasted *l'acqua di Trevi* will appreciate the words of Cassiodorus (Epist. iii. 21): *Piaculi*

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genus est absentem sibi Romam facere qui in ea possunt constitutis laribus habitare.

Father Thébaud, S.J., in his *Gentilism*, has gone over part of the same ground as Father Formby, whose chapters eight and thirteen of the *Compendium* are splendidly developed by Bonetty in a recently-published work, of which the first volume appeared in 1867: *Documents Historiques sur la religion des Romains et sur la connaissance qu'ils ont pu avoir des traditions bibliques par leurs rapports avec les juifs* (4 vols. in 8).

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND VIRTUES CONSIDERED IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE. By Mgr. Charles Gaz. Vol. I.

We confess to have only glanced at this new book of devotion, being indissolubly wedded to Rodriguez; but the brief of our late Holy Father, given on the 13th of December, 1877, places its orthodoxy and usefulness beyond the necessity of other praise. We have remarked a few slips even in our hasty view of this English translation, which appears, however, on the whole, to be a good one.

On page xxxiv., preface, the misplaced apostrophe makes nonsense in this sentence: "Have they, I say, read these great works with less ardor, or with less fruit, than the *multitude of Philothea's* to whom the holy bishop of Geneva has especially addressed it?" A plural and not a genitive singular is meant. In the preface of the translator, page xii., the following sentence is obscure and incorrect: "The nomination of Abbé Gaz to the episcopal dignity in December last, *by the brief, prefixed to this translation* . . . is not only," etc. The brief prefixed to this translation is *not* the one appointing Abbé Gaz to the episcopal dignity (as bishop of Antedona *in part.*), although bearing date of the same month and year of this appointment, but after a preliminary mention of the Pope's satisfaction at the report that every one was pleased to see him called to such an honor, is entirely confined to the volumes which the new bishop had presented to his Holiness.

THE ACTS OF THE EARLY MARTYRS. By J. A. M. Fastré, S.J. Fifth series. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1878.

This volume contains the acts of St. Alexander and his companions, St. Margaret, and others less generally known but furnishing similar examples of Christian heroism. Nothing can be more interesting as well as edifying than such reading as this, or more needed in an age like ours, in which mortification and self-denial for God's sake have become so rare.

THE TEACHER OF OUR FAITH, and THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH OF TO-DAY ALONE IS OUR TEACHER IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. Two Lectures delivered in the Cathedral of Alton, in January, 1878, by Right Rev. P. J. Baltes, D.D., Bishop of Alton. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1878.

These two lectures form together a most clear statement and conclusive vindication of the Catholic doctrine concerning the grounds and nature of faith, which is the real essential distinction between Protestantism and Catholicity. It is hard to see how any Protestant sincerely desirous of arriving at the truth could have heard them, or could now read them, without being convinced, especially as they are entirely free from that spirit of bitterness and sarcasm which so often entirely destroys the effect of the labors of able controversialists, and blinds the eyes of their opponents by exciting their passions. The charitable and kindly tone of these lectures will increase very much the effect which their unanswerable arguments alone would produce, and they cannot fail to put any sincere inquirer on the road that ends in conversion.

CARDINAL WOLSEY; OR, THE ABBOT OF ST. CUTHBERT'S. By Agnes Stewart. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is a harmless novel of the historical kind, in which the most interesting parts are some sketches of the great cardinal, "drawn largely," as the author says in her introduction, "from historical records." The *romance* of the work is feeble; and the writer makes a number of slips which, however, only professionals may notice. To begin with the title-page, we find a discrepancy between the name there given to the book and the one given on the first page, where the title of a book is generally repeated in full. It is a rule that the name of a

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book should convey some idea of its general drift; and most assuredly, in an historical novel which treats of the period when Henry VIII. was suppressing the monasteries of England, Abbot of St. Cuthbert's and *Last* Abbot of St. Cuthbert's are titles so different as to give rise to very different imaginings as to the possible issue of the fiction. To proceed: On page 12 a priest is described as administering Extreme Unction before giving the holy Viaticum, which is contrary to the custom of the church; on page 48 a good Benedictine monk belonging to a neighboring monastery wanders to a certain spot "to read his daily office"; but monks, let us remark, recite their office *in choir;* on page 53 the ordinary Latin name of the *Imitation of Christ* is barbarized into *Imitatione de Christe;* on page 99 a long train of priests, choristers, and acolytes passes slowly along "headed by the cardinal," but in religious processions the highest dignitary always walks *last;* on page 139 the celebrated Fisher is called bishop of *Carlisle*, which he never was; on page 156 the cardinal's admonition to his ward, who is about to become a monk—"You will at once take deacon's orders"—hath an Anglican turn about it which seemeth not in harmony with the Catholic idea of previous *Minor Orders.* Towards the end of the book the writer several times uses such an expression as Father Cuthbert *nè* Edward Lovel, but (apart from the bad accent in any case) the term *née* is used only to denote the family name of a female before marriage. There are other blemishes, some typographical, but we pass them by.

LLOYD PENNANT: A Tale of the West. By Ralph Neville. Reprinted from *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.* Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

The scene of this novel is laid in Ireland and the action takes place in 1796. There is the usual amount of mystery surrounding the hero's parentage and the usual amount of love-making, in a style, however, which smacks somewhat of the *minuet de la cour*, and which is refreshing after the paroxysmal sentimentality of the ordinary modern novel. The book is full of excellent "bits" of character. Michael Blake, for instance, who was one of that class that has ceased to exist in Ireland—the poor cadet of a noble family having a claim on Irish hospitality because he was a "poor relation"—and Captain Jack O'Mahony and his wife, who are painted with a light and skilful touch. The description of the means by which Mr. Blatherwell attained rank in society is another good thing that will be thoroughly enjoyed by those who are not deterred from reading it by the quiet, almost staid style in which the author tells his story. The book owes nothing to its manner, which, however, is correct enough, except when Mr. Neville speaks of "*parvenue*" as applied to a man and uses the verb "to ambition."

A STRANGE VILLAGE, AND OTHER STORIES.

THE ORPHAN OF ALSACE: A Story of the Crusaders. Translated from the French.

LILY'S VOCATION, AND OTHER STORIES.

THE THREE WISHES: A Tale for Girls. By M. F. S., author of *Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales.*

These nicely-bound books for the little folk are from the firm of Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore. They are all charming, moral, and interesting, but we imagine that the little reader will find the *Three Wishes* most charming and interesting, and its moral will insinuate itself. Children of a larger growth might read it with pleasure and profit. The only fault we can find, leaving out a dropped *L*, which we meet in the very first line, is that the author has not elaborated the story, in order that it might present a more interesting appearance to the older folks than its present "toy-book" form.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE BIBLE FOR LEARNERS. By Dr. H. Oort, Professor of Oriental Languages, etc., at Amsterdam, and Dr. I. Hooykaas, Pastor at Rotterdam, with the assistance of Dr. A. Kuenen, Professor of Theology at Leyden. Vols. i and ii. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

AN EXEGETICAL DISCUSSION OF MATT XXVIII. 1, ETC. By A. Webster, D.D., Pastor of St. John's, Baltimore. Baltimore: printed by J. F. Chesney. 1878.

ON THE DURATION AND DEGREES OF FUTURE REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS. Two sermons preached at Nottingham, at St. Thomas' Church, on Advent Sunday, 1877. By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. New York: Protestant Episcopal Tract Society.

THE PROVIDENTIAL MISSION OF PIUS IX. A discourse delivered at the Requiem Mass for our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., in the Cathedral of Baltimore, Feb. 18, 1878. By Rev. John J. Keane. Baltimore: printed by John Murphy.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PONTIFF PIUS IX. by the Roman Catholics of the Diocese of Charleston. By the organ of the Catholic Institute.

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THE

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MEMOIRS OF GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.*

THIS sketch of Lady Chatterton, by her second husband, Mr. Dering, is divided into two parts, the first formed of extracts from her diary during her first marriage—a time in which she associated with the wits, poets, and other literary characters whose society made London a second Paris in the earlier part of this century; the second written by Mr. Dering, consisting of an account of her conversion to the Catholic faith—a process that lasted over ten years—and of letters on theological subjects from Dr. Ullathorne, the Bishop of Birmingham. The work is a personal record of herself rather than a full biography, as the author is careful to acknowledge; her works are only mentioned as occupations, not analyzed as literary productions, and the few quotations from her late poems are inserted chiefly because they reflect her state of mind at the time. Of her second marriage only general assertions as to its happiness and the mutual sympathy between husband and wife, and a sketchy indication of their frequent moves on account of her failing health, appear on paper, until the story of her conversion is told; and this, probably, is the only event her biographer wished to impress on his reader's mind, for the second part of the book contains nothing else. Her character was singularly pure and her standard high; evil in any shape was more than commonly repulsive to her, so that she would at once detect it even when wrapped in its most specious or apparently excusable form, and her delicate conscientiousness was so great as to become a source of suffering. This was a family characteristic, and not only had her father suffered from it, laboring under "a feeling of self-reproach" which had (morbidly, there is no doubt of it) twice induced him to refuse a bishopric in the Anglican Church, but her great-uncle, B. Letheuillier, had been afflicted in the same way, as she accidentally discovered through an old letter of his, written nearly a hundred years before it came into her hands, and so like her father as regards sentiments and hand-

* *Memoirs of Georgiana, Lady Chatterton.* With some passages from her diary. By Edward Heneage Dering. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

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writing that, until she came to the signature, she had taken for granted that it formed part of her father's correspondence. This uncle had had but little intercourse with her father, to whom he had left the family house in London in which Lady Chatterton lived many of her happiest years both before and after her marriage. It was this inherited peculiarity, one which attacks only exceptional souls, that prevented her conversion taking place earlier; for among other impediments created by this excessive sensitiveness of conscience was the fear of being influenced by a human motive, her husband, Mr. Dering, being already a Catholic. This feeling accompanied her through life, often causing sadness and low spirits, suggesting doubts and questions, and checking the development of her feelings in youth, as she pathetically says herself when she likens her life to that of a late-blooming rosebud.

Lady Chatterton was the only child of the Rev. Lascelles Iremonger, Prebendary of Winchester, and of Harriett Gambier, youngest sister of Admiral Lord Gambier. Another sister of the admiral married a cousin of Pitt, and both she and Harriett Gambier having been brought up by Lady Middleton, the wife of Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, First Lord of the Admiralty, a patron of literature and a philanthropist, it followed that Lady Chatterton's earliest associations were all connected with things and people beyond the average. Barham Court, a comfortable, rambling Italian villa, whose lawn and grove of Spanish chestnuts were its special boasts, but whose beautiful situation near the river Medway and among the undulating meadows of Kent is in itself adornment enough, was, at the time of Miss Gambier's stay there, the resort of many celebrated persons. In her childhood she remembered Dr. Johnson, of whom she told a story to this effect: Having left a carpet-bag full of manuscript on a chair in the hall, he was groping his way down-stairs in the middle of the night to recover it when he put his hand on the banisters and suddenly felt what he thought to be the head of a man. Supposing it to be a burglar's, he seized it and called out, and when lights and help came it was discovered that a careless maid had left her old mistress' wig on one of the large round knobs of the carved oak staircase.

Wilberforce was a later visitor at Barham Court, Lady Middleton being an enthusiastic and sympathetic supporter of his theories, and it is said that the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies was first talked over in that house. Sir Joshua Reynolds was another of Lady Middleton's intimate friends, and she herself was an excellent portrait-painter. Besides these higher associations, the young Gambiers were familiar with the court of George III., and the incident of the old king powdering his nose in his unusual energy when he bestowed on Harriett the conventional kiss given to young girls on their presentation at court, is amusingly told by Lady Chatterton. This was one of the last occasions on which the old-fashioned minuet was danced before royalty, and powder and beauty-spots worn. Mrs. Pitt, too, was one of the last to cling to the fashion of masquerades at private houses, and the last given by her was distinguished by the presence of Mme. de Staël, who had just fled

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from Parisian censorship. "At one moment," says Lady Chatterton, "the crowd being excessive, Mme. de Staël remarked to my mother: 'Il parait qu'on souffre même ici, de la liberté de la presse.'"* Tom Paine was another occasional guest of Mrs. Pitt, and one day, while breakfasting there, he received a note from one of the Prince Regent's court (George IV.) to the effect that the prince desired to know if he, Tom Paine, had been bred to the sea. The writer had carelessly spelt the word *bread*, whereupon Tom Paine wrote in pencil on the cover:

> "No, not bread to the sea,
> But it was bread to me;
> And —— bad bread it be."

A very different visitor, and one of the Barham Court set, was Hannah More, of whom Lady Chatterton's personal recollection is chiefly of the "peculiarly penetrating expression of her black eyes. I was not afraid of her, and yet the piercing look of those eyes often haunted me, and sometimes when I felt naughty I fancied that they looked with disapproval on me. I can therefore understand the great influence she exerted in her day—an influence for good, I think, so far as it came direct from herself." Lady Chatterton was a backward child as regards technical knowledge, and her delicate health was an adequate reason; but her education can scarcely be called defective, as, being an only child, she was constantly with her elders and in the society of people of note, intellectually. Much the same sort of teaching formed Mme. de Staël as she sat at her work in her mother's drawing-room. At eighteen, after one London season, she married Sir William Chatterton and went to live at his place near Cork; but ill health soon obliged her to go abroad. At Florence she met Mrs. Blackwood, afterwards Lady Dufferin, the daughter of Sheridan and the sister of Mrs. Norton. Florence at that time was a unique place, neutral territory, where the *entrée* was due rather to literary or social than to moral merit, but which welcomed respectability as an additional advantage. The most cosmopolitan and liberal of cities, it found prosperity and renown in the concourse of foreigners. The acquaintance with Mrs. Blackwood was renewed later in London, when Lady Chatterton relates an anecdote, told her by that lady, of her father, Tom Sheridan, reproaching his father one day of being a party man. "What do you get by it?" said he. "For my part, I think I shall put a ticket on my head, 'To let.'" "Do so, my dear boy," said his father; "only add, unfurnished." The son was, on occasions, no less ready with an answer, as when once threatened by his father that he would "cut him off with a shilling," he answered, "Very well, sir. By the way, you don't happen to have the shilling in your pocket?" whereupon the father burst out laughing and forgave him.

At Tunbridge Wells, in Kent, where Mrs. Iremonger was staying for her health and Lady Chatterton with her, she met the queen, then Princess Victoria, very frequently, and used to go to sing and play the harp with her. The princess had, it is said, a remarkably quick ear and memory, and could hum over correctly any air she had heard once only. After this Lady Chatterton's life in London was identified with that of all the most noted

* It seems that even here one suffers from the liberty of the press.

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and intellectual people of the day; she was a constant guest at Rogers' famous breakfasts, with the rare privilege of bringing to them any one she pleased, and her diary is studded with names even then well known and since then celebrated: Dean Milman, Hallam, Macaulay, Wordsworth, Sir David Brewster, Lord Brougham—of whose novel, *Albert Lunel*, she and Milman were the first, and for years the only, readers, as the author suppressed the first edition before it had begun to be sold—Landor, Browning, Mrs. Somerville, Moore, Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton), Lord Lytton, Sydney Smith, Carlyle, Dickens, Chantrey the sculptor, Fonblanque and Lockhart the reviewers, the beautiful Misses Berry, Montalembert, Daniel Webster, O'Connell, Joanna Baillie, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Norton, Countess Hahn-Hahn, and many others too numerous to name. The first occasion of her taking to literature herself was her mother's death and the crushing sorrow it caused, driving her to continued and steady occupation as a relief. From a child she had been fond of making up and dictating stories, but had never put pen to paper. Of Landor she says after her first interview with him, when she sat next to him at breakfast without knowing who he was: "I have seldom seen the expression of a highly-cultivated mind and courteous genius so beautifully stamped on any countenance as on the Landor of those days. The unamiabilities which sometimes cause the wits of the day to wound the feelings of those around seemed to be replaced in him by sentiments which touch, elevate, and flatter those who listened to him, and also tended to place in a good point of view the person or subject on which he spoke. He talked a great deal, . . . and he not only did not say an ill-natured thing, but said something good of every one." The temptation to the contrary for a man whose words are watched, waited for, repeated, and treasured up as such men's are is too great to be understood by less conspicuous people, and that a professed wit should sacrifice such chances for the sake of charity is a high tribute to him, and the more so in proportion as he lives in and among "society." Landor's saying as to the frittering effect of reading on great minds is worth recording: "I shall never be much read, still less remembered. I have filed away my mind by too much reading. Shakspere would never have become such an immortal author if he had been a great reader, and Milton would have produced a greater poem if his head had not been so full of reading. He has confused us with his variety." Rogers, known equally for his bitterness as for his cleverness, showed uniformly his best side to Lady Chatterton, who modestly attributes this to her deafness, whereas the notorious influence of some women's natures, hers among the number, accounts for the change to most of their mutual friends. If society as a whole were not the school of suppression of one's best feelings, this influence would be more universal; for most women desirous of shining have to stifle its dictates even as regards their own behavior, and so have no softening power left for the guidance of others. Several years later Rogers' last words, as he gazed on the sunset "with a look of intense hope on his face," were: ". . . I, too, must go very soon and pass through a momentary darkness; but the sun

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will rise again, and so shall I!" And he pointed with his withered hand to the east. Of Chantrey a pleasant anecdote is told by Lady Chatterton, who was at breakfast with him at Rogers' house one day when the great sculptor pointed to a sideboard and asked his host:

"Do you remember a poor little fat boy, in a common workman's dress, who came one morning, many, many years ago, to take some order about that sideboard?"

"Yes, I do," said Rogers, "for I thought what a fine head and intelligent look the poor boy had."

"Well, he is the now celebrated sculptor, who not only goes to all the best houses in London, but gives parties that people are so good as to call pleasant, where all the highest and most intellectual people honor him with their presence. Can you guess who it is? Well," he added, while his honest face beamed with fun, "that cabinet-maker's poor little apprentice was myself!"

Macaulay, whom she met frequently, impressed her, at least so far as her diary tells her thoughts, chiefly by his historical knowledge of all the most celebrated pictures in the world, "the different hands they had fallen into, the escapes of some, the vicissitudes of others—some having passed many years rolled up at the bottom of a canal under the Bridge of Sighs at Venice. . . . I wished that Macaulay's essay on pictures, which lasted all dinner-time, could have been published, for it almost surpassed any of his best articles in the *Edinburgh*." On another occasion she heard him speak on the same subject, and she twice mentions that at various entertainments he had none of the "brilliant flashes of silence" which Sydney Smith attributes to him. On being asked as to his belief in Miss Martineau's alleged cures by mesmerism, he said, "with one of his rare smiles," and parodying a common English expression of incredulousness: "Oh! it's all in my eye and Hetty Martineau." At the same large party where this occurred a lady told Rogers that some friends of hers were much disappointed at not finding him at home the evening she had been asked to dine with him.

"Ah! yes," said he with a pathetic look; "I quite forgot that I had asked some people to dine with me that day, and I went out to dinner."

"How very unfortunate!" said another lady. "And were you not horrified when you returned home and found that all the party had come and been obliged to go away without any dinner?"

"Well, yes; but though they lost their dinner, they had a good story against me, which did just as well."

Just after the publication of Lady Chatterton's first novel, *Aunt Dorothy's Tale*, and the "first bit of commendation" from the *Quarterly*, which "kept her awake all night with joy," she happened to meet the two great critics and reviewers, Fonblanque and Lockhart, respectively of the *Examiner* and the *Quarterly*, and heard them speaking in extravagant praise of the works of Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue. Upon this she writes in her diary: "It is distressing to see how attractive evil is in the world. To represent evil principles in a good light, and delineate evil passions with that nervous vigor which the aggressive nature of evil makes comparatively easy, is to ensure a favorable inclination beforehand.

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While Fonblanque was talking it so happened that Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Gore, authors of various excellent novels, passed near us, and he said within their hearing: 'How I wish some English author could produce something as vigorous and intensely interesting as *Notre Dame de Paris!*' At that moment it struck me that he resembled nothing so much as Retzsch's engraving of Mephistopheles in *Faust.*"

A very different impression was conveyed to her by a Frenchman of another stamp from the great but baneful novelists whom the critic so admired—the Count de Montalembert, of whom she says: "A slight tinge of melancholy in Montalembert, mingled with faith and hope, and his evident longing for sympathy, render him extremely interesting." French literature is too unequally known, and the novelists are supposed to be its representatives *par excellence*, whereas there is not a greater difference between the tone of English and French fiction than exists between French novelists and French writers on solid subjects. The latter seem to belong to a different race, and yet of their productions, whether historical, scientific, religious, or philosophical, the world at large is obstinately ignorant. Montalembert is a fair, though perhaps not the strongest, example of this school. Personally his charm was very great. The writer can recollect a visit he paid at a country-house in England about twenty years ago, previous to a tour made with his hosts and the late Lord Dunraven; his manner was very frank and hearty, less conventionally courteous than one's ideal of French manner, but far more satisfactory to English minds; in fact, he had all the good points of an Englishman, as he had a right to have, his mother being English, and he himself having had an English education till the age of eighteen. Several years later we saw him in Paris under sad circumstances, his family much dispersed and his health irremediably gone; he lay upon the sofa in a darkened room, and could hardly bear the excitement of seeing even an intimate friend for more than a few minutes. Lady Chatterton made acquaintance with Webster at the same time as Montalembert, and says of him: "Webster's countenance is benevolent, but his somewhat self-dependent or self-confident expression, though perhaps showing more power than the other, is to me less attractive, because, as Rogers says, it shows that he cares less for sympathy and the good opinion of others, which makes us feel that we can be of less use to him." Joanna Baillie figures among the brilliant circle in a way that makes the reader wish he had known her, "looking so humble, unpretending, and full of simplicity; . . . her new old-fashioned dress, too, which could not have been worn more than once or twice, yet made according to the fashion of ten or twelve years ago, and smelling sweet of the rose-leaves and lavender with which it had probably been shut up for years, delighted me, and so did the little old lace cap that encircled her peaceful face. The calm repose of her manner, the cheery and hopeful countenance, seems to do me good, it was so unruffled by the flutter and excitement of modern times. Harness, too, described to me her life—original, simple, and full of real enjoyment." A very funny mistake of Miss Sedgwick's is humorously told. Having first made acquain-

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tance with the literary people of the day at the breakfasts given by prominent men, she fancied this was the chief meal of English society, and when a lady asked her to a party at her house, without naming the hour, Miss Sedgwick asked at what time.

"Oh! come early, quite early, and we shall have a little pleasant talk before the others come. I expect a very large party, so come before nine—come at eight o'clock."

Miss Sedgwick thought the English must be very early risers to have a party at that hour, but "got up rather earlier than usual yesterday morning, and, after dressing with more than usual care, arrived at Mrs. M——'s house punctually at eight in the morning. She found a housemaid coming out of the door to wash the steps, and after a while a footman appeared, struggling into his coat and looking at the carriage with evident consternation.

"'Is this Mrs. M——'s house, and does she expect a party so early to breakfast?'

"'No, ma'am,' he replied, 'there's no party to breakfast; it is this evening that a large party is expected.'"

When Miss Sedgwick came again at eight in the evening she and her hostess had a merry laugh over her mistake.

The eccentricities of old Lady Cork were a standing source of amusement to London society, and Lady Chatterton tells a few amusing anecdotes that happened within her own knowledge. We are inclined to think that to gain a reputation for oddity is perhaps the only way of enjoying society, for, once gained, it will cover all the anomalies which otherwise would be ruthlessly trodden down to the dead-level of artificial good manners. But it is not every one who can snatch this immunity as boldly as Lady Cork, who could borrow a friend's carriage without asking her for it, and then innocently suggest that, as the high steps did not suit her short legs, her friend might have them altered for her future use. And not only for short distances or periods would she thus confiscate a carriage, but for the whole day and a long round of visits, leaving the owners to walk home or do the best they could. Her oddities were often useful to her, but then she always frankly avowed it. She was, for instance, an unblushing beggar for invitations, as on one occasion when she insisted on Lady Chatterton getting a card for a ball for some country girls, and said with her funny smile:

"Yes, I am very kind, but then I always have some sinister design in it. I want to go to their country place, for I have heard that it is a very pleasant house."

One morning early she stopped at Rogers' house and made him come out to speak with her at the carriage. She wanted him to dine on a certain day at Mr. Paruther's.

"Yes," said Rogers; "but why doesn't Mr. Paruther, whom I know very well, ask me himself?"

"Because I am making up a party for him, and I don't tell him of it till I find I can get some pleasant people. The S—— are in town, and I want to give them a very good dinner-party, because I like staying with them in the country. But I want men, and everybody is so much engaged just now—and I must give them the dinner-party this week—and it's such short notice. By the bye, whose white hat is that on your hall-table?" she

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asked, as her little sharp eyes peered into his hall. "That's not your hat. Who have you got with you? He is sure to be pleasant or you would not have him. Ask the white hat to dine with Mr. Paruther; go and let me know if he can come."

"That is Mr. ——, from Yorkshire, and he knows nobody in London."

"Never mind, I will have him; he will be a novelty." And eventually the bewildered Yorkshireman went and found the dinner agreeable. Lady Chatterton was at Rogers' house a few hours afterwards, and was not surprised, when she reached her own home, to find a note from Lady Cork, pencilled in a hurry, and commanding her thus: "You are to dine with Mr. Paruther on Friday. It will be a very good party."

The old lady "gave very pleasant parties at her own house, too, and had a peculiar talent for adapting the furniture and everything in the room to promote real sociability and dispel shyness. Many of the chairs were fastened to the floor to prevent people pushing them into formal circles, or congregating in a crowd, or standing about uncomfortably"; and as long as our civilization is not equal to preventing stiffness and awkwardness in social gatherings, this mechanical rebuke would form a capital improvement in the arrangement of a drawing-room. Sometimes when a large party has just dispersed the furniture has got into natural and comfortable positions, but it takes nearly the whole evening to arrive at this distribution, which, by adopting Lady Cork's remedy, might be made permanent.

The old lady was not the only original in Lady Chatterton's circle, for the latter had an old servant who had been sixty years in her father's family, and measured his answers at the door rather by his knowledge of his mistress' likes and dislikes than by the laws of politeness. "He contrives," says the diary, "in some mysterious manner to find out the people I like most to see, and he has lately taken to a habit of saying that I am at home or not, according to his own idea of whether I should like to see certain people or not. At the end of last week a number of pleasant visitors had been let in, and we were all talking in great glee when the drawing-room door was opened, not by a servant, but by Sydney Smith himself, who walked in unannounced, and, standing on the threshold, called out to us: 'Do I look like a bore?' The old servant afterwards excused himself by saying that he considered the room was crowded enough, and that more visitors would tire me."

Her experiences of Parisian society were all rose-colored; authors and artists shine in her recollections by the side of the old *noblesse* of the Faubourg St. Germain, of which (the locality) she says: "Far from being gloomy, as it is usually called, it has, I think, an air of cheerfulness, simplicity, and repose. The streets are wider, straighter, and better built than on this side of the river (this, however, was before the improvements of Napoleon III.), and the houses look more dignified and clean." The coterie of the charming and womanly Princess Czartoryski received her eagerly, and Guizot's sister, the Countess de Meulan—whose morning costume, of "a thick, brown cotton gown and unfashionable bonnet," made the English maid mistake her for "a female"

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and bid her sit down and wait in the ante-room—gave her the *entrée* to both private and official parties of the ministry and their friends. She says: "That winter in Paris was certainly most pleasant. . . . The intellectual society was adorned by many rare geniuses—in fact, it was a combination of witty and poetical-minded persons, such as at that time was also to be found in London." One of the most curious individuals she met, though not so generally known as those whose names stud her diary, was a chanoinesse of St. Anne, who is said to have had a gift of second-sight, and, no matter how it is to be accounted for, some of her predictions actually came true. But what is more remarkable is that Lady Chatterton, who disliked the notion of being told her future, and had hoped to escape such marks of distinction at her friend's hands, exerted, according to the seer herself, a preventing influence. This is what she says of Mme. Marlay: "She also said that her power was quite involuntary—she could only do it when much excited either by affection or dislike; and she added, as she looked into my eyes with that strange penetration: '. . . It is very strange that, though I love you so much, I could never tell you anything; and I have always felt that you prevented me—that you are preventing me now.' I had never told her of my dislike to be told, . . . but I had willed strongly in my own mind that she should not." Though circumstances naturally restricted her to elegant society in Paris, her thoughtful mind read the evil signs of the times even in a passing sight in the streets. In December, 1846, she says: "Yesterday I noticed a number of men in rusty black sitting and standing about reading the newspapers. Their bodies resembled those of half-dead autumnal flies, but, judging by the eager avidity with which they swallowed their penny-worth of politics, their minds were by no means in so quiescent or harmless a state. The countenances of some showed that they had been bred and nurtured on political dissension. Their hard features were cast in a mould of discontent; the only expression that broke the horrible monotony of their fixed sullenness was a savage glare that blazed up from time to time, lighting up their features from the volcano of wickedness that lurked beneath. I shuddered to think what the actions of such diabolical-looking spirits would be if they were set in motion." She goes on to the reflection that only one Power could soften such "satanic natures," which has been since proved by the work done among the most unpromising classes by a few devoted priests, or "brothers," whether singly or by association. Yet the mass of this socialist population continues to this day, and no triumphs of either order or religion should blind us to the fact that there it stands. The impressions made upon individual members by charity and devotedness, and those stamped on small bodies by the coercion or retribution of government, cannot reach the core of the huge evil.

Lady Chatterton's works were of widely various kinds, her novels and poems being the best known, but others, such as *Reflections on the History of the Kings of Judah*, *Extracts from Jean Paul, Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier*, and two volumes of *Extracts from the Works of Plato* and those of Aris-

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totle (for she was a good Greek scholar as well as learned in Italian and German literature), have more solid claims to the remembrance of the few whom her style could please. She says herself that, though fairly successful and well reviewed, no book of hers ever made "a hit," and Mr. Dering adds with some truth: "One condition of general popularity is that the standard of right and wrong be lowered to the average tone of the multitude. It is true that most popular works have described extraordinary acts of heroism and self-devotion; yet such acts do not appeal to the reader personally. They are not within the range of his daily life, and therefore do not tread on his self-esteem by reproaching him for not doing likewise; whereas a persistently high tone of thought and action in every-day life, which all her writings without exception inculcated, has a personal reference to us all, and the comparisons it suggests are perhaps the more personal internally because we have to make them for ourselves." Of the mechanism of one of her novels, *Allanston; or, The Infidel*, she says: "I find I have drawn out and built upon the inconsistencies of character more than is usually done. This, I fear, will appear unnatural to the generality of readers, because inconsistencies—people acting contrary to their real or supposed character—are the last things which people discover to be common in human nature. Most of us try to be blind to our own inconsistencies, and this, perhaps, makes us less aware of the inconsistency of others. Besides, it requires a deep study of mankind to discover how few good men there are who will not do a bad action when tempted sorely; how few bad men there are who will not sometimes do a good action." She herself was a very clear-sighted and discerning person, and not one to use words carelessly without sifting their meaning, of which the following remarks are a proof:

"A clever book, like a clever-looking person, has generally something *outré*, some prominent feature—*i.e.*, defect—such as a turn-up nose, small, piercing eyes, or an ill-natured mouth. We seldom think of saying that a really beautiful person or face or head shaped according to the Grecian model, which after all is the most intellectual—we seldom say that he or she looks clever. In the same way a book or story that is really touching or very amusing,* a book that is written in such a manner that it makes the reader feel what the author intended, but which does not draw his attention to the mechanism, or show the exact mode in which the various emotions are produced, will seldom be called a clever book. . . . I have observed that when people's higher nature is appealed to by a person or a book, the word clever does not readily occur to the mind as a fitting epithet. To me it always suggests the idea of technical dexterity, and a sharp application of the means to obtain present success."

The essence of popularity-hunting, to which dignity as well as morality is far more sacrificed now than when Lady Chatterton wrote this definition, is well described in these few words. Her constitutional dissatisfaction with herself is pictured in these lines after a visit to Mrs. Somerville: ". . . I felt so provoked with myself for not having said many things that I ought to have said that my pleasure was spoilt. Does any one pass half an hour without saying, doing, or thinking something wrong or leaving something of consequence undone?" Her activity of mind is

* We are not so sure that *this* comes under the head of the beautiful and the true.

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thus expressed: "As we advance in life, time flies so fast that it seems composed of nothing but Mondays." And again: "Employment, duty, effort—these alone often make life bearable. I cannot endure to do nothing." And yet she felt it to be her duty to be very tolerant of the exactions and interruptions of a society life, seeing duties of kindliness in this and an occasion for self-denial; for she shrank naturally from society, and was shy and reserved. She says that after a seclusion of a little time she dreaded the idea of ever seeing any one again, but adds: "I think it neither fair towards society nor kind to one's neighbor to carry about a melancholy face and a silent tongue." If one could be assured that such self-denial did good to others, the example would be encouraging; but what is the proportion of good done to that of the inconvenience suffered? A quiet conversation is a different thing, and the writer has a personal recollection of Lady Chatterton's kindness to beginners, and a token of her interest, in a copy of her poem "Leonore," with her name written by herself on the title-page. Her method with strangers as well as friends is well described in her own words: "The most agreeable persons are certainly those who have the greatest faith in the goodness of others. By appealing to the best feelings of those with whom we converse, by giving them credit for good qualities, we can often call these qualities and these good feelings into play." Stuart Mill's *Essay on Liberty* has been so effective a book that it is worth while to record the impression it made upon a woman of Lady Chatterton's stamp. "His meaning," she says, "is unmistakably clear—cut out with a chisel. I was conscious of a power acting upon but not influencing me—a kind of mechanical power, able to hurt and weary but not persuade. It made me feel as if I were chained down in the dark centre of the earth and bruised between two enormous millstones. Yet, after all this grinding, I felt lighter, larger in mind, more expansive than before. My mind seemed to bound upwards from beneath the hard, miry mass like a bird that had escaped from a bird-catcher." Some of these quotations from her diary explain the closing words of a "pleasant notice" in the London *Times* in 1843 to this effect: "It is, however, as a writer of maxims that Lady Chatterton shows the greatest talent, and we are convinced that of reflections concisely expressed and loosely strung together she might make a very agreeable volume—a sort of good-natured La Rochefoucauld." Speaking of the difficulty of faith to those who are accustomed to scientific research and dependence on their own powers alone, she shrewdly remarks—and in these days the saying applies to the large number of the really uneducated whom "popularized" science has made arrogant in their borrowed plumes: "But is it easier for people of less intellectual capacity? The devil promises to all who will listen to him that their eyes shall be opened, and surely the promise is at least as flattering to the ignorant as to the learned."

The practical appreciation not only of the highest good but of the means of reaching it is well expressed in these lines from her dramatic poem "Oswald of Deïra:"

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"Some moments seem to do the work of years,
To mark the impress of a century
On human minds and hearts—so full are they
Of life intensified, of love divine,
Of all those essences of good required
To mould and perfect never-dying souls.
Yet are they oftentimes but the result
Of time and patience, sorrows over lived,
Self-discipline, and hope, and charity,
And daily should we seek to garner them,
To cull the truly beautiful and good,
In other men and in ourselves. Who knows
How many half-unconscious acts and thoughts,
The overcoming of some pet desire,
The vanquishing of some small faults, may give
Such life to the expression of a face
That e'en the worst of sinners, looking on't,
Will feel not only shame but penitence,
And hate the conscious discord in his heart
Which jars against that perfect harmony?"

After several years of ill health her first husband, Sir William Chatterton, died in 1855, and in 1859 she married Edward Heneage Dering. He reverenced as much as he loved her, and in spite of the sorrow which her religious difficulties caused him, and the scruples which tormented her for ten years after he had, through her influence, become a Catholic, they were very happy. Three principles, he says, ruled her life: "She always sought to know the will of God and do it; she always tried to see everything exactly as it was, without reference to her own wishes; she never turned aside from a difficulty, however easily avoided. By acting on these three principles she guided my aspirations and trained my will, thus arming me against the two sophistries—the sophistry of the mind and the sophistry of the heart—through which one has to pass in finding one's way gradually out of Protestantism." Naturally Mr. Dering was more impatient for her conversion than the bishop of Birmingham, to whom she had addressed herself in her increasing perplexity, and who wisely looked upon her delay as a matter of course, and invariably said to her husband, "Don't hurry her." As in the course of most conversions, detailed objections had to be met and certain distinctive doctrines vindicated one by one; but the bishop went to the root of the matter when he wrote: "The way to faith is through prayer. Get as near to God as you can. Ask him with Peter, 'O Lord! give me faith.' The affair is between God and your soul." And on the subject of faith he writes also:

"Why does the first hearing of a great supernatural truth give us a shock? It is a blow not to our reason but at our experience. . . . The human mind is no measure for the Divine mind, nor is human reason the test or measure of the Divine reason. We have no measure or standard in us by which to criticise and judge the All-wise mind. . . . His divine reason does not contradict our human reason, but it transcends all our human experience. . . . How can God enter into a soul that is self-sufficient, that has already set up itself as the measure and standard of truth, that assumes superiority in taking the tone of criticism, that measures God by self, and his truth and operation by our poor experience?"

The process of conversion is in no two souls exactly the same, except in the fact of God's grace being a direct gift to each, which, as a key, unlocks the doors that formerly seemed so immovable, and even so untransparent. Therefore the advice of the bishop of Birmingham is most valuable when it takes this shape: "Prayer, and prayer with the heart open and as near to God as it can come, is the way to win the grace and gift of faith. Faith is a divine light and a divine force which God alone can give—a light to see its principle, a force to lift up the heart and cause it to cleave with unwavering adhesion to that principle. And what is that principle? It is the authority of God, the one true voucher of supernatural truth." Lady Chatterton's husband once said to her: "It is not faith you are searching for—

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it is sight, which we cannot have in this world. If you had not the faith, you would not cling to it as you do and have so high an idea of it as you have"; and this suggestion, he adds, threw a fresh light on her position, which she immediately saw and acted upon. Later, when she was already a Catholic, Dr. Ullathorne wrote to her:

"Remember this, for it is all-important: that the greater the reluctance of nature to follow our will with enjoyment, so long as the will seeks God, the greater is the actual love of the will, by reason of its working against the weight of our dull, corrupt, and irresponsive animality. . . . Remember this also, because it touches the root of the question: the end of our love of God is not to please ourselves but to please God, so long as we are in this life of trial. But all that sensible sweetness in loving is the pleasing ourselves. Nevertheless, God sometimes gives us joy in loving him to encourage and draw us on."

He had just quoted St. Augustine's words on this subject: "God would have us love him as he deserves before we see him as he is. We must love him in faith, without the joys of the sense of an overwhelming love; love him with the appreciative love and cleaving of our will, whether our nature swims contentedly and pleasurably on with our will, or is heavy, dull, and irresponsive in so far as we have any sense of it." In another part of this letter the bishop says:

"There is only one point of communication between God and us. For, although he is everywhere, he is not everywhere to us. There is but one point of communication between God and us, and that is the centre of our own soul. . . The test of love is not feeling but obedience. 'If you love me, keep my commandments.' Then the love of God devours our self-love and our susceptive sensitiveness."

On the inexpediency of judging others he writes:

"To form true judgment of any soul we must have the sum of all these elements of knowledge before us. We need to know the chain of all his lights from beginning to end, the chain of all his training, the chain of all his providences, the chain of all his opportunities, the chain of all his helps and graces, the chain of all his acts, thoughts desires, and motives, and the chain of all his temptations. But what know we of the interior history of any one except ourselves? What, again, do we know of the native interior character of any soul except our own, or of the trials of the body to that soul? . . . We have vast evidence of our own weakness and sinfulness against light and grace; but we cannot judge another except superficially. . . . As far as we can have evidence, each one must see, if he sees himself in God's light, that he has no reason whatever to think any one worse than himself."

After her death, which took place in February, 1875, less than a year after her final conversion, Dr. Newman says of Mr. Dering's loss in writing to him: "There are wounds of the spirit which never close, and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to him and prevent us leaving him by their very perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end." Another friend, a priest, writes: "Her very lingering for a time outside the portals of the church was owing to the intense fear and dread she had of whatever appeared to her at the time in the least degree contrary to truth and holiness." And the bishop says: "Her state of soul must be measured by all the intellectual and moral ligatures from which she had to break, and by all the habits of life which she had to reverse, and that in her suffering state of health." Her husband, after sixteen years' close companionship, and

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an interchange of influence which brought him "into the church as effectually as if she had been conscious of what she was doing," and then worked upon her finally through his writings (for she often repeated that a book written by him, *Sherborne; or, The House at the Four Ways*, helped her into the church), says of her character that it was like a calm ocean, "translucent near the surface, difficult to sound in its depths. . . . The very openness of her disposition was a difficulty in the way, for it led people to suppose that they could see into her character when they really were looking no farther than the surface, on which they saw something not unlike themselves reflected. . . . A beautiful character, complete as a whole and proportioned in its parts, is often liable to seem unreal when viewed from a distance, because every-day experience is an impediment to belief in its reality. I have myself mistaken a beautiful exotic flower for one made of wax, because it seemed to me to be too beautiful to be natural, and because I happened to see it where wax flowers were more likely to be." Her truthfulness and single-mindedness make of Lady Chatterton a model for her sex, and form a higher crown for her memory than the undoubted breadth of intellect and the ingenious play of fancy that were also hers. Of her it may be said that she experienced the truth of the saying of our Lord: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

ART SONNETS.

I.

TWO MADONNAS.

Is it in grace maternal she excels
  Only, or sumptuous womanhood mature,
  This Lady of Sultana-like coiffure?
Nay, her dark eyes are thought's divinest wells.
Nay, on her lips the lilies' perfume dwells,
  The seal of the angel: doth it not endure
  Immortally here, impressed on none less pure
Than, in her arms, the child Emmanuel's?

See, not less tender, less to be adored,
  This other Mary: child-eyes wonder-wide
  At her maternity, the mystic bride
And Mother and meek handmaid of the Lord!
Murillo's peasant girl is strangely fair
By that superb Madonna of the Chair.

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANSWER TO POLLY'S LETTER.

BROOM HOLLOW, Jan. 10, —.

"MY DEAR WIFE: I hoped to be home before this. I have been detained here by a very unpleasant matter. The will can't be found; the last one, that is to say, in which Darrell named me and mine his heirs. An old will, dated fifteen years back, and in which he leaves everything he could will away to charitable institutions, has unfortunately turned up, and, as it is a legally-executed document, properly signed and witnessed, it must take effect in case the later one can't be found. We have not left a hole or corner that we have not searched, and I begin to fear that Darrell must have destroyed it. Jervis felt sure he had from the moment the document was not found in a drawer where Darrell always kept it, and where he locked it up in Jervis' presence with the remark: 'When it is wanted you will know where to look for it. I always keep it here.' It was in a longish tin box, that fastened with a peculiar lock that nobody but Darrell could open; he showed Jervis how to do it. This box we can't find. Jervis says that Darrell must have destroyed the will when he heard about that bill. Jervis is convinced he had heard of it, as, indeed, the letter he was in the act of writing seems to leave no doubt of; and it was just the vindictive, merciless thing I would have expected from him, knowing the man he was. He never forgave a man for losing money. There never was a more selfish man than Darrell. I don't want to be hard on him now that he is gone, but if he has done this he deserves a heavier punishment than I will call down on him. But I don't quite despair yet. We have sent for a couple of detectives to come and search the house, and until they have given it up I won't. We have no clue as to who can have informed Darrell of the catastrophe about the bill; he received very few letters, and it was his habit to destroy them as soon as he read them. His old butler says that the morning of his death he received one that seemed to disturb him a good deal. Bagge was present when he opened it at breakfast time, and he says his master struck the table and gave vent to angry exclamations under his breath. This, taken with the tone of the letter begun to me and the disappearance of the will, seems pretty conclusive. Who the scoundrel is that has ruined us by his meddling I have no means of finding out; the one thing I know is that if the new will don't turn up we are considerably worse off than we were a week ago, for we have now nothing to look for in the future.

"Your affectionate husband,

"HUGH REDACRE."

"What is it, mamma?" asked both the girls, who had been watching their mother's face while she read this letter.

"My darlings, it is a—an accident that has occurred at the Hollow; but, please God, it will be all right—I feel sure it will," said Alice, speaking calmly; but her sudden paleness and the tremor of her lips belied the words.

The two girls went up to her, one on either side, caressing her tenderly.

"Tell us what it is, mamma. May we read the letter?" said Polly. Alice let her take it.

"Read it aloud, dear," she said. "I hardly know what he says; it rather confused me."

"Do you read it," said Polly, handing it to Pearl.

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Pearl read it in a clear voice, that grew excited and rapid as she went on, hoping and dreading to find some definite information in every succeeding line. When she had finished the last words of the letter a cry rang through the room that was heard all over the house; Polly had flung herself on the ground and lay as if she had been struck dead.

The servants rushed in; Mrs. Monteagle hurried down-stairs. The doctor was sent for. Nearly an hour elapsed before Polly gave any signs of returning consciousness. Her mother was in an agony of distress; the child had never fainted in her life but that once, a few days ago, on hearing Mr. Jervis' letter read, and the swoon then had only lasted some ten minutes. The doctor, however, assured her there was nothing to be frightened at; but he advised everybody to leave the room except Pearl.

"It will frighten her to see a crowd about her when she opens her eyes," he said, "and there is nothing to be done now but to go on chafing her temples with cold water."

The mother obeyed him with that touching docility that sprang not from any weakness of will but from a sort of child-like trust in others, a ready unselfishness to surrender her own feelings to their judgment. She was terribly agitated. The shock of Colonel Redacre's letter had been forgotten in the greater terror about her child; but now that she was reassured concerning Polly, the contents of the letter came back and took vengeance for the momentary forgetfulness.

"Read this; this is what has done it," she said, handing the letter to Mrs. Monteagle.

Pearl, meantime, was watching anxiously by Polly's side, watching the death-like face, beautiful and still as a piece of sculpture, so pure and chiselled, so transparently white; the full lips, with their delicate curves, were parted and motionless as alabaster; the long, black lashes lay softly curled on the ivory cheek. Not the faintest sign of life was perceptible in the prostrate form as Pearl gazed on it. Would she never awake? At last a sigh swelled the burdened breast, the white lids quivered, and Polly opened her eyes and looked round her with the blank gaze of awakening consciousness.

"My darling!" whispered Pearl, kissing her gently. Polly looked all round the room, and then drew her sister down to her. "Do you know who did it?" she whispered. "*It was I.* Papa will kill me."

"Hush! He shall never know it."

"You mean you won't tell him?"

"I will never tell any one. Only be good, Polly, and help mamma and all of us to bear it. Will you promise me?"

"O Pearl, Pearl! why don't you hate me? Why don't you kill me? I have brought ruin on us all, and all because I would not listen to you."

She sat up and began to sob passionately and wring her hands. Pearl sat down on the edge of the sofa and took her in her arms, rocking her to and fro like a baby. Their mother found them so when she came in.

"We had better put her to bed, mamma," said Pearl. "She has had a great shock; an hour's sleep would rest her better than anything."

Polly made no resistance; she seemed quite broken, and let Pearl

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lead her to her room and put her to bed like a baby.

Then Pearl came back to the study, where her mother was talking over the dreadful news with Mrs. Monteagle.

"I don't believe a word of it," said that lady. "I feel as sure the right will will be found as that I am sitting here. It is preposterous to suppose he destroyed it, and for such a reason."

But Alice shook her head.

"Hugh knows him, and he always said that he was just the man to do it. I have heard him say over and over again: 'Darrell would leave his money to pay off the national debt rather than leave it to me if he knew I had debts to pay.' He despised people who had debts and people who lost their money. He was a very odd man."

"He was mad—as mad as a hatter. This will must be broken if the other can't be found," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"I don't fancy there would be a chance of breaking it; Mr. Jervis, who is a lawyer, would be sure to have suggested that if he saw any grounds for attempting it. After all we are only now just where we were a week ago; we have lost our fortune, and for some ten years or so we will have to rough it, to eat mad cow, as the French say," said Alice, with that smile of hers that was so heartrending in its sweetness; and she drew Pearl closer to her.

"I dare say mad cow is not such a bad thing, either, when it is properly cooked," said Pearl. "If we only knew it, perhaps we often eat it and call it filet au madère."

"You and I must take the cooking in hand, dear," said Alice, stroking the glossy head that was nestling on her shoulder. "If we can but persuade your father to believe in our filets au madère! I wish he were back with us. I see no good in his staying on at the Hollow with Mr. Jervis and the detectives; the excitement and disappointment will make him quite ill."

"Was there ever a wife like you in this world, I wonder?" said Mrs. Monteagle.

Alice laughed softly. "Plenty of better ones, I hope."

"One thing I know," said Pearl: "there never was a mother like her in this world before."

"You are a nice pair," said Mrs. Monteagle, pretending to laugh; but she felt nearer crying, and both of them knew it.

"If, supposing—I only put it as a possibility—that the right will does not turn up and that the old one holds, the Hollow still comes to you, does it not?" she said presently.

"Yes; it is entailed," said Alice.

"Then you will be able to live there rent free; there is always that coming out of it."

"We could not keep it up," said Alice. "I have never seen the place myself, but I know it is a large house and requires a number of servants to keep it in order; we never could afford to live there now."

"You might let it, then, for a good rent."

"I thought of that. But I doubt whether Hugh would consent to let it; he has a kind of reverence for the old place, has he not, dear?" This was to Pearl.

"Stuff! Nonsense!" snapped Mrs. Monteagle. "I hope he has more reverence for the comfort and respectability of his wife and children than for an old house."

"It must be a lovely old house,"

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said Pearl. "Have you never seen the drawing we have of it? It is in mamma's bed-room; I will run and fetch it."

It certainly did look a lovely old house: a many-gabled, red brick house, as picturesque and romantic as irregularity and every caprice of individual taste and variety of style in architecture could make it; the walls were thickly covered with ivy in some parts, and lightly festooned with lichens and painted with mosses in others; there was an old Norman gate at one entrance; there was a tower with mullioned windows at another; all along the south side there ran an airy veranda where millions of white roses laughed up at the sun in summer time. It had but one story, the sitting-rooms being all on the ground floor, and the bed-rooms over them. It was a large house, as Mrs. Redacre said.

"You see it covers a good bit of ground," said Pearl, holding the water-color drawing at arm's length on her knee for Mrs. Monteagle to look at; and she proceeded to explain the distribution of the rooms, as her father had done to them all scores of times.

"It looks like a place where one might be very happy, does it not?" said Mrs. Redacre. "I wish we could have lived there; but it is out of the question, you see."

"It is larger than I thought," replied her friend; "and is there much of a park?"

"There is a good bit of ground about it, and such fine old timber! But that, again, takes an outlay and brings in nothing."

"There are gardens, I suppose?—a kitchen garden?"

"Oh! yes, a splendid one, as Hugh remembers it; but I dare say the dean let it fall into neglect. He never saw anybody; never entertained; he lived like a hermit, so he would not have cared to keep up things in a large way. Hugh has not said a word about how the place looks, whether it is much out of repair or not; he has been anxious and worried evidently from the moment of his arrival there, poor fellow!"

"If it is in tolerable order I fancy you could easily find a good tenant for it," said Mrs. Monteagle. "There is plenty of shooting and hunting in the neighborhood, is there not?"

"I believe so; there is plenty of fishing, I know, for the river runs through the grounds, and Hugh, as a boy, used to catch lots of fish there. Poor fellow! he was looking forward to landing the trout again on the old spot; he was talking about it so happily the other morning!"

"Well, don't let us despair yet," said Mrs. Monteagle; "he may land his trout there sooner than you think. There is no use in saying anything about this letter of his for the present, is there? We may as well wait till we hear again."

"Yes," said Pearl; "the will may turn up after all. Those detectives are so clever; if it is in existence they are sure to find it."

"Just so, if it is in existence," said her mother. "Meantime we need not worry our friends uselessly. We have been giving them a great deal to bear lately with all these surprises. Let us hope the last may be still the pleasant one."

But Alice sighed heavily as she uttered this cheerful remark; in spite of her wish to hope, she felt powerless to do so.

Another week passed in anxious watching for the daily post, in breathless panics when a loud ring

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came at an unusual hour; for Col. Redacre had promised to telegraph at once if the missing will were found. At last he returned himself, looking very haggard and tired, and his temper suffering severely from recent anxiety and the effect of the damp country air on Balaklava.

"And there is no redress, dear?" said Alice, when they were all gathered round him in his study; "there is no possibility of setting aside the old will, even partially?"

"Not the least; it is a perfectly legal, valid instrument. He was in a sound mind when he made it—that is, as far as Darrell ever was in a sound mind; I always believed he was as mad as a hatter."

"How has he left the money?" inquired Alice.

"It is to be invested in the three per cents.—that is to say, it is to remain where it has been these forty years (proof positive that the man was not sane)—and the interest is to be devoted to the deaf and dumb asylum at X——, to the idiot asylum at V——, and to the propagation of the Gospel in the South Sea Islands. The only sane clause in it is one where he bequeaths a year's wages and £100 each to his servants."

"What an extraordinary will to make!" said Pearl. "I never knew he was such a pious man, papa."

"Darrell? An irreligious dog as ever lived! If I had been asked my opinion I should have said Darrell believed neither in God nor devil. If he had he would have known his duty better than to rob his own kith and kin in favor of idiots and savages. If it were in any other country in the world, that will would not hold for five minutes; it is as clear as daylight the man was stark, staring mad when he made it."

"Then, papa, why should not we dispute the will?" inquired Pearl.

"Why? I will tell you why: because the law in England is made to protect fools and madmen and knaves against honest men of sound mind. The law is a sham and a swindle; that is why!"

Mrs. Redacre knew that when Hugh began on the iniquities of law or governments there was no reason why he should ever come to an end, and she dreaded his lashing himself into a rage about things in this way—it was such waste of energy.

"Dearest," she said, before he had gained breath to ride off again, "did nothing turn up to give a clue to who it was that wrote to Darrell about that unfortunate business?"

"Nothing. What the deuce does it signify who did it? The mischief is done, and no amount of cursing the man who did it will undo it."

"That may not have had anything to do with it, papa," said Pearl; "it seems absurd to suppose it had. Cousin Darrell might have been very angry, but he surely would not have punished us all as if we had done something wicked, something to disgrace him. You used to say he was so conscientious, so strict in doing whatever he thought his duty."

"That is just it—whatever he thought his duty; but he had the most extraordinary notions about duty of any man I ever knew. He had a craze for dogs, and he was going to build a hospital for mad dogs at one time; the dogs were to be kept there until they died, and their disease was to be made a subject of special scientific study

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by eminent physicians. Jervis only dissuaded him from building the house by assuring him that he never would get man or dog to enter it, and that, ten to one, the eminent physicians would pronounce him mad himself and get him locked up in a lunatic asylum."

While this conversation went on Polly sat perfectly silent, her hands locked together on her knees. When the fatal letter was alluded to her color came and went and her lips twitched nervously; but no one noticed this except Pearl. Colonel Redacre's eyes were resting on her, and the picture of pathetic misery, so young and so lovely, smote him with a sharp, sudden pain; he laid his hand on Polly's head and tenderly stroked the glossy golden hair. She looked up at him, and then flung herself on his breast, sobbing passionately.

"The child is so sensitive; it breaks one's heart to see how she feels all our trouble," he said to Alice when Polly had left the room. "We must bear up at any cost before her. Pearl, you must not give way in your sister's presence; you are strong and better fitted to rough it than she is, poor child! You must make it as light to her as possible."

"Yes, papa, I will," said Pearl.

The worst had been faced and was now over. Arrangements had been made to meet the tremendous liabilities he had incurred, and Colonel Redacre was now free to enter with his family on their altered life.

The choice of a new home was the subject that engrossed their thoughts above every other. Many plans were discussed, many places suggested as offering the essential conditions, but Colonel Redacre could not make up his mind to anything. He hated to leave Paris, and he hated still more to remain there and settle down in poverty amongst people who had known him in affluence. There were so many things to be considered, and the scope of possibilities was so limited, that it was very hard to arrive at any conclusion.

"Suppose we went to Germany, papa?" said Pearl. "People live for nothing in some of the small towns there, they say, and there is delightful society to be had everywhere in Germany."

"My experience of life is that there is nothing delightful to be had in any country without money," said the colonel, "and to go to a distance and break new ground would hardly pay at our time of life; your mother would never like it. Would you, Alice?"

Alice made no answer. She had been ruminating a plan that was beginning to take definite shape in her mind as every fresh one proposed by the others was examined and dismissed.

"But, papa," continued Pearl, "wherever we go now, if we leave Paris we shall be breaking new ground. And then Germany would be such a good place for the boys' education; the universities are so good there and so cheap. I don't see how they are to be educated in England now; we can't keep them at Eton, and we can't keep a tutor for them."

"No, unless we had them home, and that I turned tutor myself for a couple of years," said her father. "My classics have grown pretty rusty, but I dare say I could rub them up soon; I used to be rather strong in that line." He spoke half in jest; but Alice dropped her work and looked up suddenly.

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"Dearest, I have been turning that very thought in my mind!" she cried, almost joyfully. "If you really would take the two boys in hand, I have a plan in my head that might be practicable."

"Let us hear it," said her husband.

"Why should we not go and live at the Hollow? You love the old place; we should have fine air, a delightful house, plenty of vegetables and fruit, and many compensations that you would be debarred from in a town. We could have the boys home, and you would go on with their studies until they were ready for Woolwich, and then we have influence to help them on in that direction. What do you say?"

The two girls waited breathlessly for their father's answer.

"What should we have to keep up the Hollow? My half-pay?"

"We should not want any keeping of it up; we would manage without servants altogether. The cooking and housework the girls and I would divide between us, the boys would lend their share of help, and I promise you we should make you as comfortable as if you had an establishment *en règle*."

"O papa! it would be delightful," cried Pearl, and she clasped her hands and was all excitement.

"I would be parlor-maid and dressmaker to all the family," said Polly, "even to the boys; you should have no tailors' or milliners' bills to pay, papa, except your own. I think it is a beautiful plan, mamma, and so much nicer than having to poke in a miserable apartment here in Paris, or else go off to some horrid strange place."

Colonel Redacre evidently did not think the proposal too unreasonable to be considered. He was taken aback at first by the boldness of it, but he remarked presently in a meditative way:

"The house is a great deal bigger than you have any idea of; the sitting-rooms are double the size of these, and there are four of them."

"We need not use them all," said Alice; "a drawing and dining room are all that we should want. From what you say of the house, it strikes me one might live there without servants more easily than in apartments; and if we stay here we shall barely be able to keep a *bonne à tout faire*."

"It *is* a very snug house to live in," said the colonel. "Jervis made the remark to me, when we were going over it, that there was every contrivance under the sun for saving servants trouble; I remember he also made the remark that one might almost dispense with servants altogether there. The strange thing is that Darrell should have spent so much money on conveniences of that sort, and let the place go to rack and ruin for want of fresh paint. He actually put in a lift to save the servants the trouble of carrying up coals to his bedroom; and he laid down hot and cold water pipes on the bed-room floor to spare the lazy dogs the fatigue of taking up water. Nice lot they would have been, the five of them, for you to take in hand! They are hanging about the place still, it seems, in hopes that we will be persuaded to take them yet. Jervis is a discreet fellow; he has said nothing to any one about our circumstances, and the neighborhood are anxiously looking out for the arrival of the new family."

"The neighborhood won't gain much when it does arrive," said Alice, laughing; "our entertainments won't add much to the coun-

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ty resources. Hugh," she continued, after a moment's reflection, "suppose I were to run over and examine the place, and see whether this scheme of mine is practicable? The journey is not much, and we could not come to any decision until I saw with my own eyes what we were committing ourselves to."

This proposal was met with violent protests at first; it was impossible for her to undertake the fatigue; impossible for her to go alone, etc. But Mrs. Redacre quietly set aside every objection; she felt no fear as to the fatigue, and she wanted no one to accompany her; the gardener and his wife were still at Broom Hollow, and would do all that was necessary in the way of attendance. The colonel urged that she should take her maid, a faithful woman, who lingered on in their service, unable to apprehend the fact that her mistress had come down in the world to the extent of having to do without a maid; but Alice ridiculed this as absurd, and finally carried her point, and two days later set out to investigate Broom Hollow.

The county had been busy, meantime, in conjecturing who the new people were and what they would be like. Nothing was known of them, except that they were cousins of Mad Darrell, as the dean had been called, and that their name was Redacre; but this said nothing to the county, for the colonel had taken the name on his marriage, a condition attached to his wife's fortune, and the few still living in the neighborhood who might have remembered him as a boy did not identify him with the heir of Dean Darrell.

But those who took the deepest interest in the character and concerns of the new-comers were the dean's late servants and tradespeople. Were they a numerous family, and were they rich, and did they live like real gentlefolk? Did they, in fact, run long bills, and pay without looking into items? It made all the difference whether Mrs. Redacre was a real lady, who kept her place and left housekeeping to a housekeeper, or whether she dealt with these vulgar matters herself. Then was the colonel on half-pay, or retired altogether from the service? "There is no more pitiful customer than your half-pay officer," observed the butcher; and this opinion was echoed in chorus by the whole tribe of his respectable fellow-tradesmen.

The servants of the dean could throw no light on matters. Colonel Redacre's valet had kept proudly aloof, and gave no information of any sort concerning the family, while at the Hollow with his master. "A fellow who gave himself a deal more airs than a gentleman," was the character he left behind him. But this, as far as it went, told well for the family. Baggs, the dean's old butler, said he had never known a man so hard to please in his meals as this Frenchified valet; he never found anything good enough, but turned up his nose at everything and everybody. "One sees he is a man accustomed to the best," was Baggs' remark. This was all the trades-people had to build upon; but it was a good foundation when you came to look at it. Half-pay officers, as a rule, do not keep valets, and a fine valet of this class does not stay in a place unless he is properly appreciated—*i.e.*, well paid, lightly worked, and fed on the fat of the land. That the colonel kept horses Baggs also suspected, for the valet asked

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to see the stables the day after their arrival, and evinced contemptuous surprise on being told there were no horses in them.

"I thought you called that old fellow the coachman," he remarked, pointing with his thumb towards the veteran who had driven the dean in his youth, and still remained in his service, pottering about the garden.

"So he ware; but the dean he sold his 'osses, the two as didn't die, twenty years ago; but the old coach and the dog-cart and the pony carriage be there in the coach-house. Gullet was a first-rate whip, I can tell you, sir; if your gentleman wanted a coachman he might do worse than take him on. I suppose he wouldn't be minded to?"

"I rather think not," was the sententious reply, and Baggs did not venture to ask for explanations; it might be that the colonel had a fine coachman of his own, or it might be that he did not mean to keep one.

It was a cold, damp day when the 3.30 train stopped at Lamford and a lady alighted at the pretty station. There was no mistaking her for anything but a lady, although appearances were against her: she had no servant, no luggage but a small portmanteau that a lady might carry, and she wore a plain black waterproof that covered her dress completely. The station-master knew she belonged to neither of "the families" hereabout, and she could not be going to stay with them, for both were absent just now. Still, he saw at once that she was a lady, and touched his hat when she came forward to speak to him.

"Can I have a porter to carry my portmanteau?"

"Yes, ma'am. Here, Tomkins! take this lady's portmanteau, will you? Where to, ma'am?"

"To Broom Hollow. It is quite close, is it not?"

"Well, ma'am, that is as one looks at it. I should not say you would find it quite close; it will be a good step for you to foot. But there is a fly ready to hand; if you like, I can have it up in five minutes."

"How far is it to the Hollow?"

"You won't do it under twenty minutes, ma'am; it's up-hill most of the way."

"Thank you; I will walk," said Mrs. Redacre, after glancing at the sky and then down at her boots. And she set out bravely under her small umbrella, the porter leading the way.

"That is the 'ousekeeper of the new family at the 'Ollow," remarked the station-master to Mr. Clack, the postman, as he crossed the line to the ticket-office; "and an uncommon nice person she is. I mistook her for a lady."

The walk to the Hollow was not pleasant. Everything about it seemed to Alice typical of the new life that had begun for her. It was up-hill, as the man had said, and the road was slippery from the rain, that had come after several days' hard frost; it was not falling in a heavy downpour, but a cold, drizzling mist, that pricked her face with ice-pins as the wind blew it under her umbrella. There were no pleasant fellow-travellers to cheer the dreary walk; people who toil on foot in the rain and the sleet mostly have to do it alone. There were no merry welcomes waiting at the journey's end; there is an east wind about poverty that keeps everybody but poor people aloof. Alice had been brave and cheerful, almost elated, from the time she

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started on her expedition until she set out on this solitary walk up the hill to Broom Hollow; but her courage melted away rapidly during this last stage of the journey. All the world seemed bereft of sunshine; life seemed doomed to perpetual drizzle and east wind as she trudged on and on after the porter tramping ahead with her portmanteau on his shoulder. She had not thought of being tired before, but now it occurred to her that she was utterly worn out with bodily fatigue, and she would gladly have paid the half-crown for the fly to be borne over the rest of the road. She had eaten very little since she left home, and this also was telling on her, though she did not think of it. Nothing was more surprising to herself than that she should have had the physical strength to undertake the journey at all, and under circumstances so calculated to increase the trial; but her health had never fallen back since that sudden rally after the first shock about the bill.

"There be the 'Ollow, ma'am," said the porter, as a break in the ground brought the old place in view.

Alice could not refrain from an exclamation of delight and surprise. The rain had ceased; the clouds suddenly drifted away, and the sun shone out in a bright, long beam that fell upon the old ivy-clad house, touching the red bricks and the wet ivy with a light that glorified them as only the kiss of the western sun can glorify. It stood out against the pale, clear winter sky, a house built of topaz and emerald, with brave wreaths of sapphire smoke curling up from one solid stack of chimneys that told of a warm hearth under the slanting red roof.

"What a dear, lovely old place it is! No wonder Hugh longed to come and live in it!" said Alice, as she stood and looked from the top of the hill down into the hollow where it nestled, sheltered and calm and strong.

The rest of the road seemed only a step till she reached the park gate. "That is Wynmere Hall, is it not?" she said to the porter, as he held the gate open for her.

"Yes, ma'am, it be; and that big 'ouse away there to the left is Squire Barlow's place—the Oaks they call it. He be away now, and Lady Wynmere too."

"Those are the only houses in the immediate neighborhood, I believe?" said Alice.

"Yes, ma'am, they be; there be small 'ouses about, but no gentleman's place but them and the 'Ollow within twelve miles round. It's as pretty a place as any in the county, the 'Ollow is, ma'am," said the porter complacently. "I hope the family as it belongs to now will soon be comin' to settle 'ere."

"I hope so," said Alice.

They were at the house now, and a great mastiff having given timely notice of their approach, the gardener's wife was at the door to meet them. She had not had as large an experience of life as the station-master; but, narrow as it was, it had taught her to recognize a lady even under the disguise of shabby circumstances. She pointed to the porter to take his burden round to the back door, and dropped a curtsy as Alice approached.

"Good-morning. I am Mrs. Redacre; you saw my husband, Colonel Redacre, here, did you not?"

"Yes, ma'am. Please to walk in, ma'am; I wish I had known you were coming, ma'am, and I would have made the place a bit welcome like.

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You won't find the rooms ready, ma'am; but if you would be so kind as to wait awhile, I won't be long lighting a fire in the library, ma'am."

"Would you mind my coming into the kitchen?" said Alice, as the woman took off her wet waterproof and hung it up in the hall—a square, old-fashioned hall, not too large for comfort, and large enough to give a character of roominess to the house at once.

"I should be too proud, ma'am, if you would step in and sit by the kitchen fire a minute," said the woman cordially. "You must be cold this wet day, ma'am; and may be you will like a cup o' tea? I'll make it ready in no time."

"Yes; I should like that of all things," said Alice. They went into the kitchen, which was not far from the hall and close by the dining-room, as Mrs. Mills pointed out on their way to it.

"It is so handy being next the parlor, ma'am; and the dean he made a slide in the wall for sending in the dishes without carrying 'em round in the cold. There never was a master as thought more of saving folks trouble." Mrs. Mills poked the fire violently and soon sent the blaze crackling up cheerily; it was a hearth to roast a Christmas ox—the kind of fire servants delight to keep up when the coals cost them nothing. Alice looked round the spacious kitchen, boarded, and carpeted in the middle, the walls well flanked with dressers full of cooking utensils, china, etc., and adorned at intervals with capital prints, evidently chosen by no vulgar taste. There was a long deal table in the centre of the room, and near the one broad window a smaller one with a bright green cloth, on which were a work-box and a few books. Alice took in all the details of the place, and thought it would be very comfortable to cook, and even to eat, one's dinner in this kitchen. When she had warmed herself at the great big fire, and had some cups of tea and nice buttered toast, which Mrs. Mills prepared with hospitable haste, she got up and looked in at the scullery and the pantry, and saw the slide for sending in the dishes, and came to the conclusion that it would be easier to dispense with servants in this house than in any she had ever seen.

Mrs. Mills, meantime, was severely exercised as to what Mrs. Redacre could have meant by coming down upon her in this sudden way, alone and without so much as giving an hour's notice to make a fire and a bed. A lady she was, and no mistake; but these were odd ways for a lady. Then she bethought her that the dean had been a very odd man, and that probably it ran in the family, and that the heirs had perhaps inherited the old gentleman's madness with his other belongings. It was still a mystery at Lamford what he had done with his property; it was only known that a will was missing which made a great change of some sort in the distribution of the money.

"I should like to go over the house now, if it is not inconvenient," said Alice.

"Not the least, ma'am, if you will just be kind enough to wait while I go round and open the shutters," said Mrs. Mills. "It won't take long, ma'am."

"Oh! don't hurry yourself," said Alice considerately. "I only want to have a glimpse of the place before it grows dark."

The visit was made quickly, and Alice was delighted with everything. The house was, as the

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colonel told her, lamentably out of repair, and to have put it in letting order would have taken a much larger sum than they could have afforded; but it was quite habitable for themselves. The only two rooms which the old dean had occupied down-stairs were the library and dining-room, and these were not so dilapidated as might have been expected after forty years' constant use. The library looked, indeed, in excellent repair, Alice thought; but Mrs. Mills explained that only six months ago it had been rehung with the dark crimson paper that gave a warm, furnished appearance to the room as the setting sun poured in through a western window, making the wall glow like a sheet of ruby, and gilding afresh two large picture-frames that hung on either side of the mantelpiece. The furniture was piled up in the middle of the room and covered with sheets, so its shabbiness, if shabby it were, did not appear.

The rooms up-stairs were sadly dilapidated, the carpets faded and moth-eaten, the paper stained and in many places curling off the walls. The dean's own room was the only one in good order; it, too, had been hung with crimson paper like the library, and at the same time.

"What a strange fancy to hang a bed-room in such a dark color!" said Alice, speaking aloud to herself, as she surveyed the apartment.

"Yes, ma'am; but he had very strange fancies, the dean. I don't mean it in any disrespect, but he was considered a little hodd in the county, if you'll excuse me sayin' it, ma'am."

"He was an odd man," sighed Alice. "I hardly knew him myself; were you long in the dean's service?"

"Eighteen years, ma'am, and my 'usband over twenty; the dean he married us himself, ma'am."

"You must be fond of the place after living so long here. You would be sorry to leave it, I dare say?"

"I would indeed, ma'am! And as to my 'usband, it'll be the breaking of his 'eart leaving the 'Ollow. We did 'ope, ma'am, at first, as how perhaps we needn't 'ave to leave it."

"Well, we will talk about that," said Alice; she had taken a liking to the active, welcoming little woman, and was turning a plan in her head.

They went down-stairs. The fire was lighted in the library, but Mrs. Mills had not had time to set the room to rights, so Alice returned to the bright kitchen.

"Sit down, Mills; I want to have a little talk with you," she said; and Mills drew a chair to the table and waited with a beating heart.

"What did you do in the dean's household? Did you cook for him?"

"No, please, ma'am; I washed him and looked after the chickens."

"Ah! you are a good laundress? Could you undertake to wash for a family?" inquired Alice, brightening perceptibly at this information.

"Well, ma'am, that would depend on the size of the family. Might I ask, ma'am, how many there would be in the family?"

"Six: Col. Redacre and myself, and two young ladies and two boys."

"And the servants, ma'am? I take it you keep a large establishment, ma'am?"

The tone of reverence with which Mills pronounced the words "large

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establishment" made Alice suddenly feel like an impostor, a sham, to be coming to take possession of a house like this with no establishment at all. How she would tumble off her pedestal in Mills' eyes when that fact became known! Happily for Alice, she had a fine sense of humor which blunted the painful side of things by first presenting the comical one; for there are few disagreeable situations in life that have not their comical side, if one has but the grace to see it.

"I have kept rather a large one up to the present, but for the future, for some years at any rate, we mean to do without servants altogether."

"Indeed, ma'am!"

The two words, and the face that accompanied them, said volumes.

"Yes; we mean to do the work of the house ourselves, my daughters and I," continued Alice. "But we shall want some one to help in the scullery, to wash up the dishes, and that sort of work; I don't think we could manage to do that ourselves."

"Just so, ma'am."

"We must also have some one to look after the garden. Colonel Redacre and my sons would help a good deal, but we should need a gardener who understood the management of things, who would know how to keep us supplied with fruit and vegetables."

"Exactly, ma'am."

"Now, would it suit you and your husband to remain on here, he as gardener and general factotum out-of-doors, and you as our laundress and to help in the kitchen? The dean, we know, had a great regard for you both, as he proved by his remembrance of you, and we should much prefer keeping you to taking in two strangers."

"I'm sure you're very good, ma'am; and, as far as I can say, nothing would please us more than to stay on in the old place and in the service of the family. But Jacob Mills is master of me, ma'am; so, by your leave, I'll consult him and bring you his answer, ma'am."

Alice was satisfied to wait until Jacob Mills sat in council with his wife on the matter, and, as she was very tired and had nothing more to do this evening, she went to bed.

"There's madness in the family, that's as clear as can be," said Mrs. Mills to her husband as they sat over their supper; "but most likely its 'armless madness, like the poor dean's."

"It's the most uncommon queer kind of madness ever I heard tell of!" said Jacob Mills. "For folks that have kep' a large establishment all their lives, to put it down and take to doing their own work when they come into more property is the very queerest thing ever was done out of a madhouse. The dean he was odd, but he lived like a gentleman."

"When there's madness in the blood, it comes out in all sorts of ways," said Mrs. Mills. "But this freak of theirs wouldn't 'urt us; she's as nice-spoken a lady as ever I'd wish to serve, and we'd find it 'ard to get placed together, Jacob; besides, we're not growing young."

"You're for staying?" said Jacob.

"I am."

Jacob lighted his pipe and took a few puffs before he spoke again.

"It's a-lettin' one's self down to stay with folks that don't keep no servants," he remarked presently. "We'd not be able to hold our heads up in the neighborhood; everybody would be a-laughin' at us."

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"I thought of that," said Mrs. Mills; "but then, you see, it isn't as if they were poor people that couldn't afford to live like gentlefolks; they have lots o' money, and there's no disgrace in bein' mad."

"That's true; you're a wise woman, Sarah."

"Why, wasn't the dean called 'Mad Darrell' all over the county?" continued Sarah, elated by this tribute to her reasoning powers, "and wasn't we all proud to be in his service?—though, for that matter, everybody knew, except for washing and cooking, he served himself, and might as well have done without all of us but one."

"It's in the family, that's clear," said Mills emphatically; "that makes all the difference. As you say, Sarah, there's no disgrace in being mad, and so there can't be no disgrace in living with mad gentry."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEIGHTS OF FOURVIERES.

LYONS, the great industrial city of France, shut in by steep hills between two strong rivers, running along busy quays and places of traffic, through sunny courts and squares, up narrow, sombre streets which no carriage could ascend—up to the heights of Fourvières, crowned with the famous sanctuary of Our Lady—is picturesque as few cities are. It is the chief ecclesiastical city of the republic also, a centre of missionary operations and other good works, and, though fermenting with political and social agitations, has a deep moral life of its own, and an earnest piety often found in great cities full of corruption, where the heart more than elsewhere feels the need of supernatural aid. The church of Lyons, celebrated for its antiquity, the number of its martyrs, and its unbroken traditions of apostolic origin, is specially worthy of study. Every part of the city revives some interesting Christian memory—the street of St. Polycarp, whose disciples, St. Pothin and St. Irenæus, were the first bishops of Lyons; the Gourguillon, down which flowed the blood of the martyrs from the Forum Vetus (whence Fourvières) in the time of Septimius Severus; the dark, tomb-like crypts, ancient as the Christian traditions of the city, with bones of the saints and altars consecrated by popes; the Hôtel Dieu, founded by King Childebert in the sixth century, that has never been closed on suffering humanity; mediæval churches covered with marks of violence from the Huguenot and the revolutionist; and countless monasteries and convents of the nineteenth century. Every age is represented here, and over all is diffused an air of life and activity and modern progress that only enhances one's interest in the numerous vestiges of antiquity.

Our hotel was the Ecu de France, in whose walls may be traced the remains of the old church of the Platière, which, with an adjoining priory belonging to the Hermits of

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St. Augustine, formerly stood here. It was originally a mere chapel for recluses built by St. Eucher in the fifth century under the title of Notre Dame des Bois, which bespeaks its religious solitude, the space between the Rhône and the Saône being then a forest. When rebuilt in the tenth century and given to the Augustinians, it was called the Eglise de la Platière because it stood on a *platea*, or esplanade, shaded by trees. It was to this church that Pope Innocent IV. came in 1245 to inaugurate the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, which he had established in fulfilment of a vow made before his elevation to the Papacy. The cardinals who attended him were clothed for the first time in scarlet robes that had hitherto been the distinctive dress of the canons of St. Jean, the metropolitan church of Lyons, who in return for their lost purple were allowed the honor of wearing the mitre. Nothing is left to remind one of this ancient church except a few fragments of its wall and the name it gave to the little Place de la Platière. A few steps brings you to the Saône, and the first thing that strikes the eye is the colossal golden statue of Our Lady on the heights of Fourvières with outstretched arms as if blessing the city—peculiarly the city of Mary, for here she has always been specially honored. It was at Lyons the festival of the Immaculate Conception, as well as the octave of the Nativity, was first celebrated. This was at the church of Ainay, the first in France that had an altar dedicated to Marie Immaculée. It is said that St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, during his exile from England in 1099 and 1100, took up his residence at Lyons among the Benedictines of Ainay, and in their abbey wrote his treatise *De Conceptu Virginali et Originali Peccato*, and inspired such a devotion to the Immaculate Conception that the monks composed an office in honor of that mystery. The abbey of Ainay stood near the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône, on the spot where the sixty nations of the Gauls erected a sumptuous altar to the Emperor Augustus, and where some of the Lyonnese martyrs, among others the glorious St. Blandina, suffered for the faith. Like many other famous abbeys, it grew out of the humble cell of a hermit whose sanctity of life drew other souls around him. The abbatial church is one of the most interesting in the city. It was at one of its altars that Bayard, the peerless knight, had his weapons blessed for his first essay at arms in a tournay held at Lyons, on which occasion his equipment was furnished by his uncle, the abbot of Ainay.

Crossing the suspension bridge over the Saône, held by chains in the grasp of huge lions, we began the ascent to Fourvières. Here, among the narrow-winding streets of mediæval aspect, is the church of St. Paul on the site of a temple of Diana, according to a tradition confirmed by the remains of ancient Roman masonry still to be seen in the foundations. It was at first a mere oratory, which St. Sacerdos, the twenty-sixth bishop of Lyons, rebuilt in the year 545. This church, like several others of special sanctity in the Christian world, had a miraculous consecration. An old legend tells how St. Sacerdos, the morning after the supernatural rites, found a candle on the altar that ever after burned without being consumed, and a censer of some mysterious

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metal encrusted with precious stones unlike any to be found on earth. These disappeared in the course of ages, but as late as the end of the sixteenth century an old levite used to tell how often he had borne the sacred candle from the sacristy to the altar and wondered it never lessened in size or weight.

It was in memory of this miraculous consecration that Pope Innocent IV. accorded a grand Pardon for the festival of St. Sacerdos—*indulgentia omnium peccatorum vere confessis et contritis die* xii. *Septembris*, just as the indulgences of the present day are granted. On this great festival the bells were all rung, the church was hung with rich draperies, the seven-branched candlestick before the altar was lighted, the priests put on their gorgeous vestments of crimson and gold, and the canons their glittering mitres. One of these dignitaries, wrapped in a cope, took the wondrous censer from its silver case, and, after exhibiting it to the people, set it up on the high altar where burned the miraculous candle before the small portable altar of St. John, which, according to tradition, had been used by that evangelist in celebrating the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and probably brought from the East by St. Pothin. Then the holy rites began. In more modern times a separate candle was placed on the altar, and a brasier, into which from time to time some grains of incense were thrown.

It was on account of the peculiar sanctity of this divinely-consecrated church that no one was allowed to be buried in its aisles. A legend says that Isabeau d'Harcourt, a lady of high degree, wife of Humbert, Baron of Thoiré, desirous of being buried in this church, of which she was a benefactress, the very earth exuded blood by way of protestation when an attempt was made to fulfil her wishes, and her remains were taken to the cathedral of St. Jean and buried in the chapel of Notre Dame du Haut Don, to which she had given funds for a lamp to burn day and night before the altar of Our Lady.

The church of St. Paul, including the cloister, had in former times the right of asylum. The refugee had only to cry *Franchise!* on entering to be safe from all pursuit. The *bon roi* René had a particular affection for this church, and a death's head painted by him on the walls was long shown with pride. St. Thomas à Becket resided in the close of St. Paul's during his stay at Lyons. And John Gerson, chancellor of the University of Paris, ended his days here, dividing his time between prayer and the instruction of poor children. It was here he wrote his *Tractatus de Parvulis Trahendis ad Christum.*

The names of the benefactors to the church of St. Paul's used to be inscribed in a register, and they were annually commemorated on the day of their death. The care with which the gift of a missal or antiphonary was recorded shows how books were valued in those days. Some benefactors left special orders for an annual service, after which a repast was to be served to the priests, choristers, and acolytes. Even the recluses had a part in the distribution. These were persons who had for ever renounced the world and lived in narrow cells generally attached to a church, into which they looked by a small grate. Such *re-*

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cluseries were common at Lyons in the middle ages, and date from the time of St. Eucher, who had tasted the sweets of holy solitude on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. There were eleven of these in the city. Several for men were at St. Paul's. Those at St. Margaret's were reserved for devout women, some of whose names are to be found in the old records. For example: "Obit Constantina que duxit anachoritam vitam decem annis." The *Liber Incatenatus* gives the ceremony of reclusion. The candidate was led to the high altar of the church to be consecrated to God, and then conducted by the clergy to a cell, where the life of St. Eucher was read, with the rule to be followed. Then the door was walled up, and the recluse left to spend the rest of life in prayer, receiving what food was necessary through a window.

The *Liber Incatenatus* was an old book bound in parchment, and so called because chained to the wall of the sacristy. It contained all the ceremonies observed at St. Paul's on the different festivals, and was full of curious details of mediæval rites and customs. For instance, on Whitsunday, when the officiating priest intoned the *Gloria in Excelsis*, two doves were let down from the arches bearing the symbolic flame, "Fons vivus, *ignis*, charitas," and drawn up again at the Elevation. A similar custom has been handed down from the time of the Crusades and is still observed at the Duomo at Florence on Holy Saturday, when two artificial doves, after rekindling the sacred fire on the altar, shoot forth above the crowd to the public square to ignite the immense pyramid of fireworks.

One touching custom at Lyons, not wholly extinct, is when the priest—the representative of Christ—is going to the altar to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice, or is returning from it, the people in the aisle press forward to touch the border of his chasuble as he passes, and then make the sign of the cross.

But perhaps the most thrilling custom was on Easter morning, when the canons of St. Jean ascended to the top of the church-tower, and the canons of Notre Dame de Fourvières went forth on their terrace overlooking the city, and there in the golden air they chanted alternately the joyful *Alleluia* and the Resurrection hymn, *O filii et filiæ*, while the church-bells all rang out a triumphant peal.

Formerly a church dedicated to St. Lawrence stood just beyond St. Paul's, only separated from it by a court. Here in 1429 was buried Gerson, whose memory was held in such veneration that crowds used to go to pray at his tomb, where many miracles are said to have taken place. Charles VIII., at the request of his chaplain, had an altar erected in this church, over which he hung the chancellor's portrait, inscribed with his favorite device—*Sursum Corda*—the words of the holy Mass which he wished to have graven on his tomb, but the Calvinists of 1562 destroyed altar and picture, and the memorial brass on the wall. A tablet to his memory, however, has been placed in the restored church of St. Paul's, with the inscription:

Cancellario
Johanni Gersoni
pio et docto viro
pueros catechisante
in hac ecclesia Sancti Pauli
Anno MCCCCXXII.

St. Paul's was converted into a storehouse for saltpetre by the re-

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volutionists, which nearly ruined it and made a complete restoration necessary, so that it has lost its impress of antiquity. Its canons and recluses are gone, the cloister is demolished, many of the old customs have been relinquished, the festival of St. Sacerdos is only modestly celebrated, but nothing can deprive it of the glory of having sheltered two such men as Gerson and St. Thomas of Canterbury. St. Thomas and St. Anselm were not the only English bishops who found hospitality at Lyons. St. Wilfrid of York and St. Bennet Biscop were entertained here by St. Ennemond, or Chaumont, whose life was afterwards written by the Venerable Bede. It was this St. Ennemond whose martyred remains were borne to Lyons, according to the old legend, in a boat without a rower, the bells of all the churches ringing out of themselves as they came down the Rhône. He was buried in the old church of St. Pierre at Lyons, and is invoked for epilepsy.

Resuming our way to Fourvières, we climbed a weary ascent of one hundred and fifty stone steps. This was only the beginning. We kept ascending past old stone houses now and then adorned with a Madonna, of which there are about six hundred at Lyons. Every few moments we came to a convent. Over one gateway was a Holy Family in relief. Over another was graven *La Paix*, which Dante, too, sought in a monastery. The church of the Carmelites had its Virgin in front. We soon came out among hedges and trees and trickling fountains, and then along a wall with old Roman remains embedded in its sides — a cippus found in the Rhône, antique urns, masques, capitals, fragments of mosaic, etc.—till we found ourselves on a broad terrace, shaded by plane-trees, overlooking a bend in the Saône. Here are seats where you can rest, with tables, and assiduous waiters to bring refreshments. Still winding up, we reached the Montée des Anges—fit name for the ascent to Our Lady's sanctuary. Convents were on every hand—holy asylums of prayer where souls weary of the bustling world below can meditate in peace. Over one entrance was *Laus Jesu et Mariæ perpetuæ*. Close by is the celebrated chapel of Notre Dame de Fourvières, one of the most popular places of pilgrimage in France.

On these heights was ancient Lugdunum, and where the chapel of Our Lady stands was once the forum of Trajan, with a magnificent column that was still erect in the eighth century. As long ago as the year 840 there was a little square oratory here, dedicated to Our Lady of Good Counsel, built of old Roman remains. This was not enlarged till three hundred years later, when Olivier de Chabannes, dean of St. Jean's, added another aisle communicating with the oratory by an arch. It is said that while this was being built the dean was one day walking with the archbishop of Lyons and St. Thomas à Becket on the Place St. Jean, from which, by the way, one of the most striking views of Fourvières is to be had, and said he would consecrate the new altar to the first martyr who should shed his blood for the faith—"To you, perhaps," said he to St. Thomas. It was, in fact, consecrated to him in 1190, and devotion to the new martyr became very popular at Lyons. King Louis VII. sent an *ex-voto* here in gratitude for the recovery of his son, Philip Augustus, ascribed to the intercession of St. Thomas.

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Louis XI. came to Notre Dame de Fourvières to pray for the success of his arms against Charles le Téméraire of Burgundy. He founded a daily Mass here, and ordered the *Salve* to be sung after it, besides a High Mass on the six chief festivals of the year and the five principal feasts of the Virgin. He made Our Lady the châteleine of Charlieu and twenty-four other parishes, and gave the chapel an annual revenue, with other gifts to adorn it, unwilling, as he said, that *une si belle Dame* should lodge in so poor a house. A century later the Calvinists pillaged the church, destroyed the archives, and only left the four walls standing. The city of Lyons was consecrated to Notre Dame de Fourvières in the seventeenth century after a great pestilence, from which time it became the favorite sanctuary of the people, who in the time of every public calamity used to ascend in penitential garments with tears and loud prayers that the evil might be averted. The church was again devastated at the Revolution, but was solemnly reopened for public worship in 1805 by Pope Pius VII., who offered an expiatory Mass at Our Lady's altar and administered communion to twelve hundred people. Then he went forth on the brow of the hill and gave his benediction to the city, which prostrated itself before him on the quays and public squares below. He moreover instituted the practice, still kept up at Fourvières, of ringing the bell every evening to invite the people to pray for the dead.

We found the church crowded, as it generally is in good weather. Every year there are more than fifteen hundred thousand pilgrims. On the patronal festival of the Assumption twenty-five or thirty thousand people visit the sanctuary, and there is an immense number every Saturday and festival of the Virgin. On Thursdays several hundred soldiers may be seen here paying their devotions, and on Sundays a confraternity of workmen. Processions from more than fifty villages around annually come here with their *curés* at the head, to pray for their families and their crops. Numerous processions from the city also ascend the holy mount, among which the most touching and beautiful is that of the first communicants who come here to consecrate themselves to Mary Most Pure. There are seven altars in the church, at which are daily offered fifty or sixty Masses by priests from all parts of the world. In the month of May there are often a thousand communions a day, and there are at least two hundred thousand in the course of the year. From this the moral influence of the church may be conjectured.

An immense number of tapers are continually burning in Our Lady's aisle, amounting to five or six thousand pounds a year, it is said. The walls are absolutely lined with the *ex-votos*. There are about four thousand of these, besides thousands of marble tablets with inscriptions of gratitude from those who have received some special grace.

The church is far too small for the number of worshippers, and a new one is in process of erection which promises to be worthy of the reputation of the miraculous Madonna. Around are numerous shops for the sale of every conceivable object of devotion, and one path to the church is by fifteen oratories, or colonnettes, consecrated to the mysteries of the rosary.

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But Notre Dame de Fourvières is not the oldest chapel of Our Lady at Lyons. That is at St. Nizier, where St. Pothin, according to the ancient tradition, erected his first altar and placed over it an image of the Virgin brought from the East. This is said to have been the first sanctuary of Mary in Gaul. It was only a poor cabin on an isle formed by the Rhône and the Saône, covered with wood, and inhabited by fishermen. This, from the accumulation of the soil, became in time a subterranean oratory, which is still to be seen beneath the modern church of St. Nizier, four yards square, with a bay each side giving it the form of a Greek cross. As Pope Innocent IV. said, this was the first cathedral of Lyons, and it retained its prerogative till the fifth century. And here St. Irenæus probably held his two councils, one numbering twelve and the other thirteen bishops. After it ceased to be the cathedral it became a favorite place of burial for the bishops, as the ancient discipline did not allow them to be buried in their own cathedral. Among these was St. Nizier, who lived in the latter part of the fifth century. His tomb became so popular as to give his name to the church that had been built over the crypt as soon as the era of persecution was over. When this venerable church needed restoration in the fourteenth century, Pope Clement VII. issued a bull of indulgences to all who would aid in the work. Calixtus III. issued another in 1450, showing the constant custom of granting indulgences for such good works, though Luther made those accorded by Leo X. for the rebuilding of St. Peter's one of his pretexts for disaffection. The Calvinists destroyed all the ancient tombs at St. Nizier and carried off the bells.

From Notre Dame de Fourvières we went to the large hospital of the Antiquailles, built on the site of the imperial palace in which Claudius and Caligula were born. A tablet on the front recalls a grander memory: "In this hospice is the crypt where St. Pothin, the first bishop of Lyons, received at the age of ninety the palm of martyrdom on the xiii. of August cxxxvii., during the reign of Marcus Aurelius." We were taken down into this dungeon, now an oratory, and shown by the light of a dim lamp the great ring to which the aged bishop was fastened, and the altar that commemorates his steadfast courage. Dark, damp, and silent as a tomb, it is too impressive a spot to leave without a prayer. In the church above is recorded the visit of Pope Pius VII. in 1805.

Beyond the Antiquailles we crossed a terrace with a large iron cross in the centre among the trees and purple lilacs. Here were seats, and children were playing in the alleys, making the air merry with their young voices. The birds seemed to be trying to outdo them. The air was full of perfume. Everything was fresh and sunny, with all the life and promise of a spring morning. Through the cool green boughs we could see the tawny height on which stands the fort of St. Irénée gilded by the sun. Napoleon I. ordered the whole of this mount to be covered with fortifications after his escape from Elba. This would have involved the destruction of the many venerable sanctuaries, but happily the calamity was averted.

We soon came to the narrow Rue des Maccabées, where once stood

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a church of that name, the most ancient built above ground at Lyons, and so called from the bravery of the Lyonnese martyrs of Roman times. It stood beside one of the great imperial roads that traversed Gaul, where the hill begins to slope towards the east, overlooking the confluence of the Rhône and the Saône. On this church the first cross was publicly set up, and the boatmen on the river below used to salute it at their departure and hail it with pious hymns and cries of joy at their return. St. Patient spent the whole of his immense fortune in building this church. Beneath was a crypt hollowed out by St. Zacharie, the third bishop of Lyons, after the massacre of the year 202. Sidonius Apollinaris tells us it had a large atrium before it, the arcades of which were supported by pillars of marble from Aquitaine—that is, from the Pyrenees. The walls were lined with precious marbles and sheets of gold. And the windows had figures of many hues on a groundwork of green, so that when the sun shone through them the church gleamed as if adorned with sapphires. At a later day this church took the name of St. Just, the thirteenth archbishop of Lyons, who retired into the deserts of Egypt and there ended his life in contemplation and prayer. This is said to have been from his extreme delicacy of conscience. A madman, who had stabbed some person in the street, took sanctuary in the church, and St. Just delivered him up to the authorities on the condition that his life should be spared. He was put to death notwithstanding, and the archbishop was so filled with horror as to consider himself disqualified for the service of the altar. Accordingly, he went to Marseilles and embarked for Egypt, where he spent the remainder of his days in retirement. His body was brought back to Lyons and enshrined in the church of the Maccabées, where his festival used to be celebrated with extraordinary pomp. The clergy passed the vigil in prayer around his tomb, and the next day solemnized his memory with such splendor and harmonious music that the people came in crowds to attend the service. In the middle ages there were twenty-eight canons attached to this church, who held the rank of barons and wore the mitre. They occupied twelve large houses in the adjoining close, where there were also twenty-eight smaller houses for the priests and chaplains. This cloister was fortified like a castle, the walls being flanked with twenty-two towers. When Pope Innocent IV. came to Lyons he took up his residence in the close of St. Just, and had for his guards the Knights Templars and of St. John of Jerusalem. And St. Louis of France was a guest here when he came to confer with the pope before going to the Holy Wars. Pope Innocent IV. granted indulgences to all who should aid in enlarging the church, which seems to have been completed by the year 1305, when Bertrand de Goth was crowned pope here under the name of Clement V. in presence of many kings, princes, and mighty barons of France, England, and Burgundy. Francis I. left his mother and wife in this close when he went on his Italian campaign. Here his brother, the duke of Alençon, died and was buried in the church, and here Louise of Savoy learned the sad result of the battle of Pavia.

The church of St. Just was magnificent in those days. In the

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choir were ninety oaken stalls with Scriptural scenes curiously carved on them and richly gilded. Twenty-four chapels with marble altars and elaborate parcloses of wrought iron opened into the aisles. In the ambulatory behind the high altar was the alabaster shrine of St. Just, set up on marble pillars ten feet high. And around the church, adding to its awful solemnity, were the tombs and shrines of thirteen Lyonnese saints, seven of whom had been bishops of the city. When Louis XI. visited Lyons he presented the church with a châsse of gold for the relics of one of the Holy Innocents. Here, under the patronage of Innocent IV., was established the devout confraternity of the Thirty-three in honor of the number of years our Lord spent on earth, which is perpetuated to this day.

Of all this sumptuous church, rich with the gifts of princes that had been accumulating here for centuries, with its tombs and holy shrines, and the cloister where popes, kings, and great lords had been the guests of the canons, nothing — absolutely nothing — remains. One of the first acts of the terrible Baron des Adrets, when he and his horde of Huguenots took Lyons in 1562, was to destroy the cloister of St. Just, pillage the church, demolish the altars and shrines, and scatter the bones of the saints. Then they carried off the marble pillars and blew the church up. "Would to God," exclaims Paradin, the historian of Lyons, "that they had built living temples of manners and virtues when they reduced to ruin and desolation those dead stones that offended no one!"

In 1736, during some excavations made here for the foundations of a chapel, several tombs of the fourth and fifth centuries were found, showing the antiquity of the original church. We give a few of the inscriptions:

"In this place reposes Leocadia, a young maiden consecrated to God, as her life proved. She lived only sixteen years. Happier is she in the Lord, to whom she gave up her soul in the xiii. consulate of Theodosius."

Another is in memory of

"Flavius Flori, a tribune of the army, who lived eighty-seven years, and after thirty-nine years of military service spent eighteen in penitence. He is buried near the saints. The holy mother church of Lyons commemorates him. He died the tenth of the calends of the year. . . ."

Another inscription is headed by two doves:

"Here reposes Agricia, who lived as a recluse for sixteen years."

The discovery of these tombs caused a great sensation at Lyons, and to prevent a veneration not sufficiently justified the archbishop ordered the chapel to be discontinued.

The present church of St. Just stands a short distance from the original one. It is a spacious edifice, but with nothing striking about it. A bust of Pope Innocent IV. stands over the chief entrance. We found it flooded with yellow light that came through the eastern windows, and the nave filled with children, to whom a young abbé was explaining the catechism.

The narrow, winding street of the Machabees, paved with cobblestones weary to the feet, brought us to the church of St. Irénée, built over the ancient subterranean oratory hollowed out among the tombs of the early martyrs—Maturus, Epipoy, Alexander, etc., etc. This was afterwards enlarged and

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richly adorned, and over it St. Patient built a church that was demolished by the Saracens, rebuilt by Charlemagne, and again ruined by the Calvinists. The crypt, however, escaped utter destruction, and is one of the most impressive of sanctuaries. We proceeded at once to visit it, going down by a lateral entrance through a Romanesque porch with a strong iron grille, which the concierge unlocked for us. We felt as if descending into the catacombs. What a world lies between the Lyons of to-day and this gloomy oratory of the early Christians where age after age has come to pray! An old inscription of the tenth century, restored in mosaic on the inner walls, might appropriately hang in this porch:

"In entering this sacred place smite your breast, implore pardon with groans, mingle tears with your prayers. Here repose the fellow-sufferers of the pontiff Irenæus, who led them to heaven by the way of martyrdom. Their number, if you would know it, was nineteen thousand, not including the women and children. Victims of cruelty, they now enjoy the light of Christ."

A stone staircase leads down to the gloomy vaults. We stopped to read on the walls:

"Sit memoria eorum in benedictione et ossa pullulent de loco suo,"

and

"Elegerunt magis mori quam infringere legem Dei sanctam."

At the foot of the stairs a tablet says:

"This crypt was built by St. Patient, Bishop of Lyons, in the fifth century, on the spot where St. Pothin and St. Irénée, sent to Lyons by St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, used to assemble the first Christians."

Here is a cubiculum, or grated niche, with a lamp burning before it, and, looking in, you see it heaped up with the bones of the ancient martyrs thrown promiscuously together. On the wall is the inscription:

"In MDLXII. the Calvinists devastated this subterranean oratory and mingled the relics of the martyrs with the bones of animals. M. Grolier, prior of St. Irénée, repaired it, and separated the profane substances from the holy relics, which he deposited in this arch."

Over the arch is a sentence from the prose sung by the church of Lyons at the Mass of St. Pothin's day:

"FAVSTA
LVGDVNVM CIVITAS
DITATA
TOT MARTYRIBVS!"

—Happy city of Lyons, enriched with so many martyrs! And over the door leading into St. Polycarp's chapel:

"Filii sanctorum sumus, filii resurrectionis."

This subterranean church consists of a small nave with two aisles separated by twelve columns of red granite. The floor is of mosaic, and in the centre is the pit into which were thrown the martyrs under Severus. The earth is said to be still red with their blood. It is covered with a grate on which a crown and palm are interlaced, and over it hangs a bronze lamp of antique pattern that burns day and night. The low Roman arches of this underground church, the glimmering lamp suspended over the pit once full of mangled remains, the long list of the martyrs on the wall, many of whom were women—Albina, Grata, Julia, Antonia, etc.—the pale outlines of the saints against the shadowy niches, the faint light struggling through the small, low windows set in lead, the damp, chilly, sepulchral atmos-

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phere, fill one with a solemn awe. We could almost hear St. Patient telling his flock how St. Irenæus dedicated this oratory to St. John, from whom his master had received the faith. Nay, we recalled the time when the early Christians, awaiting their crown of martyrdom, assembled on this mount to participate in the sacred mysteries and listen to the account of St. Polycarp's glorious end from St. Irenæus himself, who, in that which he has left to us, says: "We gathered up his bones, which are more precious than jewels and gold, and preserved them in a suitable place where the Lord gave us the privilege to assemble, that with joy and rapture we might keep the anniversary of his martyrdom."

On the other side of the nave is a sachette, or recluserie, where perhaps the last woman was ever walled up to consecrate the remainder of her days to penitential exercises. This was a lady of a noble family, who lived in this dark cell nine years, and at her death was buried beneath. Her tombstone says:

"D. O. M.

"Here lies Damoiselle Marguerite de la Barge, of Lyons, who died Nov. 16, 1692, aged forty-three years, and was only allowed to be entombed in this holy place on account of the penitent life she led here for nine years that she might be eternally united with the martyrs of this church, whom she had so faithfully invoked here below. Requiescat in pace. Amen."

It is a dismal cell in which to grope one's way to the true light. Let us hope that the happiness to be found in renunciation and persistent prayer was not wanting to brighten the gloom. In 1863 some excavations were made under this cell, and the bones of the holy recluse were found with a pectoral cross, but were left undisturbed to await the resurrection among the martyrs in whose eternal glory she hoped to have part.

Two staircases lead into the upper church, lined with ancient inscriptions. There are two aisles, a nave of the Byzantine style, and a semi-circular apsis. At the right of the main entrance is the tomb of St. Jubin under an altar. He was the first archbishop of Lyons to whom the Holy See (this was in 1078, during the pontificate of Gregory VII.) officially gave the title of Primate of Gaul, now merely honorary. A Huguenot who danced on his tomb in derision is said to have fallen paralyzed, and all further profanation was refrained from. The tomb was opened in 1826. Several bones were found, a small gold ring, a St. Anthony's cross of coral, and two silver coins of the eleventh century bearing the words *Prima sedes Galliarum.*

The first chapel on the left contains the tomb of St. Zachary, the third bishop of Lyons, who escaped, by the Divine will, at the persecution of Marcus Aurelius. It disappeared in the ravages of the Calvinists, and was not found again till 1863. A few bones were still remaining, but they fell to pieces as soon as touched. A lamp burns before the tomb.

There is but little in the church now to please the artistic eye, but it is venerable for the glorious history it commemorates. All the ancient riches were swept away by the Huguenots—the silver lamps and vessels, the sacerdotal garments, the old manuscripts, the mosaics and precious marbles, the altars, the shrines, and the bells. They broke to pieces a portion of

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the Column of the Flagellation preserved here, and mingled the relics of the martyrs with offal and the bones of beasts. When nothing more was left for them to destroy, they removed the pillars in the crypt, supposing the vault would fall in. But it was so strongly built that it did not give way, and thus this venerable sanctuary was saved. They carried off the head of St. Irenæus and used it as a foot-ball. A barber at last obtained possession of it and buried it till better days should arrive. Few churches in the world could have been more impressive than this in the middle ages, with the tomb of St. Irenæus for the high altar, surrounded by the remains of so many thousand martyrs. The canons of the church used to descend seven times a day to sing the divine office among these tombs, but the humidity at length forced them to discontinue the practice. Then they only went down to chant the antiphon and *Oremus*. Eight times a year the canons of St. Jean came here in procession to venerate the martyrs and chant the *Pretiosa in conspectu Domini*, with the prayer *Deus qui nostram civitatem*. The parish of St. Just came here five times a year, and all the parishes at the Rogations.

The Fête des Merveilles was annually celebrated at Lyons in ancient times in honor of the martyrs, whose remains, cast into the Rhône, were miraculously preserved, according to St. Gregory of Tours and the constant tradition of the church. On this festival there was a procession of boats on the river which must have been very picturesque. Each parish had its own barge and torches and banners, and one after the other took up the responses in singing Matins and Lauds. The parish of St. Just intoned the *Laudate* when passing under the bridge, and, stopping, they entered the church of St. Nizier singing the litany *De quacunque tribulatione*, in which the Lyonnese saints are severally invoked. This festival in time degenerated into one of too mundane a character, and was abolished by the archbishop in the fourteenth century.

Going out of the crypt of St. Irénée into the court behind, we came to the Calvaire on the edge of the terrace overlooking an immense extent of country—the broad Rhône, the impetuous Saône, directly beneath, winding through the busy city, the plains of Dauphiné afar off, and the Alps in the distance. The agitations and bustle of the world seemed to die away at our feet like a passing storm. On this height are set up three immense crosses—Christ between the two thieves, in full sight of the thronged streets below, a perpetual appeal to them, and to Heaven in their behalf. The crosses are of iron, but the images on them are of Carrara marble and of life-size. So are the statues of Our Lady and St. John at the foot of the central cross, and the Magdalen kneeling with clasped, uplifted hands, her hair flowing around her. Around the court are the fourteen stations of the Via Crucis, each one a small Greek temple with a cross and dove on the pediment, and a bas-relief of the mystery over the altar.

Beneath the terrace is a garden with trees and vines, and there, in the side of the mount, is a chapel of Christ in the tomb. The busiest trafficker in the city below cannot help seeing many times a day, as he looks up at the sacred heights

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of Fourvières, the Madonna clothed, as it were, with the sun, or, as is so often the case at Lyons, veiled in diaphanous mist, and, beyond, the Calvary with its pallid Christ and the venerable church behind it—the church of St. Irénée and the nineteen thousand martyrs, a great crowd of witnesses indeed.

FAVSTA
LVGDVNVM CIVITAS
DITATA
TOT MARTYRIBVS !

DR. NEWMAN AND DR. PUSEY.

As I look back upon my recollections of conversations with Father Newman, and turn over the notes made of them at the time, I feel a timidity in selecting a portion of them for publication. If we were now in 1900 instead of in 1878, the task would be more simple; within the next twenty-two years Father Newman and the men of today of whom he spoke will, in all probability, have gone to their account, and praise or criticism or irony from human lips will not affect them more. I cannot remember having ever heard Father Newman say an ill natured thing; but sharp words, incisive phrases, irony—keen, piercing, and irresistible—come from his lips, when the occasion arises for them, as naturally as white-hot iron, struck upon the anvil, sends forth a shower of burning sparks. He has a most tender, loving, and sympathetic heart, but a head hard as steel and clear as crystal. I can see him now, sitting in the little room where sometimes he received me, leaning his noble head, with its wild and shaggy hair, upon his right hand; his neck encircled in that altogether incomprehensibly ill-fitting and mysteriously-rumpled collar which the fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri always wear; his strongly-marked and deeply-furrowed face lighted up with a smile of wonderful pathos and sweetness; his eyes, far hidden behind his bushy brows, glowing with fire—altogether a face, once seen, never to be forgotten; a face, often seen, certain to fascinate and charm.

It is thirty years since the Oratory at Edgbaston, with its church of the Immaculate Conception, was founded; and there, with occasional absences, for thirty years—half a long life-time—Father Newman has done his work. From this obscurity his voice has been heard all over the world, and wherever the English language is spoken his name is mentioned with reverence. Mr. Gladstone has said that the secession of Dr. Newman from the Anglican Church was the hardest blow that pretentious fabric ever received; and it is true that all he left behind him—Pusey, Liddon, Dennison, Stanley, and the rest of them—could not make up his sum. During these thirty years, from time to time have been heard complaints that he, the most able, or at least the most able but one, of

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English Catholics, was left to rust out his days in the obscurity of the suburbs of a smoky, ill-favored, and comparatively unimportant manufacturing town in the least pleasant county in England. "He should be bishop"; "he should be archbishop"; "he should be cardinal"; "he should be called to Rome and placed at the head of one of the congregations." These complaints and suggestions came as well from Protestant candid friends as from certain Catholics. The former knew quite well what was the matter: it was the machinations of the Jesuits. They were jealous of Dr. Newman; he knew too much for them; he was not "Ultramontane" enough for them. Father Newman is "Ultramontane" from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; he is possessed through and through with that perfect devotion to the Holy See which the enemies of Peter call "Ultramontanism." But the Protestant advisers of the authorities of the church were quite confident that he was a sort of Protestant, and for this reason they urged the Holy See to advance him to its highest dignities. Some Catholics occasionally joined in the cry, inspired by different motives. "Why," said one of them to me—he was one of the three English Catholics who were indiscreet enough to write letters to the *Times* in extenuation and in half-approval of Mr. Gladstone's *Vaticanism*—"Why, if Father Newman were brought to London and caused to preach every Sunday, or even every day, not one of our churches could hold the crowds that would flock to hear him, and his converts would be counted by thousands. But they keep him stuck down there in smutty Birmingham, and his pearls are cast before the swine of the ugliest town in England."

Observations of this kind are, in a sense, natural enough. The dignities of the church confer lustre even on the illustrious among those of their own day and generation. But in the eyes of posterity, even such dignities, high and holy as they are, are lost before the sight of the man. Dr. Newman, whatever may yet come to him, will always be Dr. Newman to us who have known him and to those who will come after us, and read him.

That is enough. Who now inquires whether St. Jerome, St. Augustine of Hippo, St. Thomas Aquinas, the saints, the great fathers, doctors, and lights of the church, were in their time bishops, archbishops, or cardinals?

I well remember the day when, *inter alia*, I asked Father Newman if he thought he was casting his pearls before swine. It was a bitterly cold day in December, and I had travelled down from London in the face of a blinding snow-storm. The cabman who took me from the railway station to the Oratory—a long drive of two miles or more—could hardly force his unfiery and much-tamed steed through the snow-drifts; and he gladly accepted my suggestion that we should make two bites of our cherry, and take something "hot" at a half-way public-house. "Oh! yes, your honor," said the cabman, who was an honest Irishman, "his riverence will be surely at home. He never goes away." The little room at the end of the long corridor at the Oratory, where I waited until my card could be taken to Father Newman, was plainly, even severely, furnished. The floor was uncarpeted; in the corner nearest the door was a con-

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fessional, but it consisted merely of a screen, with a seat on one side for the confessor, and on the other an uncommonly narrow and uncomfortable shelf for the penitent to kneel upon. There were two chairs, a crucifix, and upon the walls some religious engravings. But there also was an engrossed scroll, beautifully written, recording the fact that the persons whose names were inscribed upon it had enjoyed the privilege of contributing the money necessary for the payment of the costs imposed upon Father Newman by an English court as the penalty for telling the truth about the apostate priest Achilli. On one occasion Father Newman spoke to me with some animation concerning this episode in his life. "It was necessary," he said, "that some one should make known the plain truth concerning that wretched man, and it came to me to do it. The letter of the law condemned me, and I suffered vicarious punishment, my generous friends atoning for me through their pockets. It is necessary that character should be protected—if there be any to protect. In this case, of course, there was none; but perhaps it was better that the law should be strained in favor of the assailed than in behalf of the assailant. If the cause of the assailant be good, and if he have the courage of his opinions, he will make the attack and take the consequences. My friends did not permit me to suffer, but I should have gladly gone to prison and remained there all my days, rather than have omitted to do what so clearly seemed to be my duty." So many years have passed since Father Newman wrote the burning words which for ever branded Achilli as a wretch too base to live and too deeply stained with sin to die as he was, that they may be reproduced here:

"Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has a something to tell, it is true; he has a scandal to reveal; he has an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one and a powerful one, as far as it goes, and it is one. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is, indeed, our great confusion that our holy mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Catholic and an infidel; I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal, and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar. I am that Achilli who, in the diocese of Viterbo, in February, 1831, robbed of her honor a young woman of eighteen; who in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime in the case of a person of twenty-eight, and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged twenty-four. I am he who afterwards was found guilty of sins similar, or worse, in two towns of the neighborhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated these crimes at Capua in 1834 or 1835, and again in 1840 in the case of a child of tender years, and who chose the sacristy of the church as the scene and Good Friday as the time for the deed. Look upon me, ye mothers of England, who fear Popery, for you 'ne'er will look upon my like again.' I am that veritable priest who, having done all this, began to speak against not only the Catholic faith but the moral law, and perverted others by my teach-

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ing. I am the Cavaliere Achilli who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus-singer. I am that professor in the Protestant College at Malta who, with two others, was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities cannot get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the inquisitors of Rome.'

"You speak truly, O Achilli! and we cannot answer you a word. You are a priest; you have been a friar; you are, it is undeniable, the scandal of Catholicism and the palmary argument of Protestants by your extraordinary depravity. You have been, it is true, a profligate, an unbeliever, and a hypocrite. Not many years passed of your conventual life, and you were never in choir, always in private houses, so that the laity observed you. You were deprived of your professorship, we own it; you were prohibited from preaching and hearing confessions; you were obliged to give hush-money to the father of one of your victims, as we learn from the official report of the police of Viterbo. You are reported in an official document of the Neapolitan police to be 'known for habitual incontinency.' Your name came before the civil tribunal at Corfu for your crime of adultery. You have put the crown on your offences by as long as you could denying them all. You have professed to seek after truth when you were ravening after sin. Yes, you are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall and friars break their vows. You are your own witness. But while you need not go out of yourself for your argument, neither are you able. With you the argument begins; with you, too, it ends. The beginning and the ending you are both. When you have shown yourself you have done your worst and your all. You are your best argument and your sole. Your witness against others is utterly invalidated by your witness against yourself. You leave your sting in the wound. You cannot lay the golden eggs, for you are already dead."

Let me return, however, to happier recollections. Father Newman is now seventy-seven years old; when I last saw him he was seventy-five, but his eye was not dim nor his natural strength abated. Two of my happiest days were spent at Edgbaston, and the happier was this day in dark December. I had come to make a certain request, which Father Newman could not grant; he knew what it was, and he put me out of my misery by telling me so ere I could open my mouth. "It is a pity you came down in this storm," said he, laughing; "you might have written and saved yourself the journey. I am bound not to do what you want done, and that's the end of it. You must not even ask me questions about *that* and pump me. I'll talk to you all day long about anything else; but we will leave *that* alone, if you please. I will not be interviewed on that subject at any price, because I am bound in honor to Pickering, who is to have my manuscript as soon as I can complete it. By the way, I was working at it when you came."

"And you had got as far as—?" said I mischievously.

"It's of no use," he replied; "you can't get me to say a word. I am armed at all points. Do you suppose you are first in the field? Why, you are about the last—quite the last, I hope. But since you are here, stay with us a while. To begin with, come and eat."

It was useless to indulge in the chagrin which I felt; it was impossible to resist the fascination of his manner and the temptation of enjoying an hour or two of such society. An hour or two! It was one o'clock when I arrived, and I tore myself away just in time to catch the midnight train up to London. Disregarding my mumbled words about going back to

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the hotel and taking the next train up to town, Father Newman swept me off with him to the refectory.

"You are rather late, you know," said he as we entered the empty room. "We dine at noon, and all is over; but we shall manage somehow." And we sat down together at a little table on the left-hand side of the room.

The room was long, broad, high, clean, and cold. These were the first impressions. Along either side were small tables, each capable of seating four or five persons. There was something of the air of a restaurant about the place: each table was provided with plates ready laid, knives and forks, and a cruet-stand containing vinegar, oil, mustard, and pepper. A door at the upper end of the room led to the kitchen; on one side of the door was a reading-desk; above it a crucifix and a picture of St. Philip Neri; along the walls pictures of the saints. Father Newman's calls for the servitor were not answered. "He has gone," said he; "we must wait upon ourselves." And now I beheld Father Newman in the character of a volunteer waiter. Disregarding my remonstrances, but telling me I might help him, he rummaged in the pantry and brought forth not only bread and wine but other things. Laughing, we set the table together: he carried a pasty; I bore the bread and cheese; he dragged forth a bottle of Bordeaux and loaded me with the remains of a joint. We pledged each other in a glass of wine and merrily began our repast. My journey in the cold morning had given me a keen appetite, and I enjoyed the meal. My host appeared to enjoy it with me; probably he had forgotten to eat anything at the regular meal. We were very merry together for a while, and it was then that I happened to speak about the pearls and the swine. "Well," said he, "of course there are pearls, but I don't know about the swine. I will find you to-day as pure and noble a soul dwelling in the breast of a blacksmith as there is in the bosom of a duke. Not but that some dukes have noble souls." And here he went on to tell me charming anecdotes about his beloved, if not his favorite, pupil, the Duke of Norfolk, whom he had trained with all the love of a father, and who, as I have reason to know, regards him with all the reverence and affection due from a son. It was to this young man, who, apart from his personal qualifications, is by very position a leader of the youth of England, that Father Newman dedicated his reply to Mr. Gladstone's assault upon the Vatican Decrees. By a mere accident on my part the name of Dr. Pusey chanced to be mentioned. It acted like a spell to unlock a chamber full of interesting recollections. "For twenty-two years we were the most intimate of friends; for thirty-two years we have been separated. Do you know him? Have you seen him?" I was obliged to confess that this was something that I yet hoped to achieve. "You will find a great soul in him," said Father Newman. "He is a magnanimous man. When others were reviling me the worst thing he could find to say about me was that I had been prayed away from him by the Papists, and that my mission would be to so purify the church of God that it would be willing to ally itself with the church of King Henry VIII." It would not be discreet

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in me to repeat the conversation that followed; in writing about living persons one must avoid betraying confidences. But here and there a remark may be given. "Mr. Gladstone is at present swayed by passion rather than moved by judgment. There is not a single accusation against the church put forth in his pamphlet upon the Vatican Decrees to which there is not an overwhelming answer. Mr. Gladstone is a politician, and has been regarded as a statesman; but hereafter the quality of his statesmanship will be doubted." . . . "That England will become Catholic again is certainly to be hoped; but as it cost her much to become Protestant, it will cost her much to return to the faith." In the ages of faith Oxford was the nurse of great saints as well as of eminent scholars and wise statesmen; the truth was there fully recognized that as all knowledge comes from God, the knowledge of God as revealed in Christ is the true foundation of all science and philosophy, and that, apart from such knowledge, mere human learning is weak and powerless. The very motto of the university, "Dominus Illuminatio Mea," showed the spirit of its founders; but Oxford no longer wishes God to illuminate her—she prefers the delusive light that glimmers from what is called modern philosophy. The university is no longer an authoritative teacher of God's word; it is a mere collection of human schools wrangling over Hegel, Kant, Comte, and Mill. There are still some pure and noble hearts at Oxford, said Father Newman, but they are powerless to make head against the downward tendency of the majority.

With respect to the so-called ritualistic movement in England, Father Newman remarked that it unquestionably kept many souls out of the church. "These gentlemen," said he, "sail very near the wind, very near." We were at this time in his working-room, and he brought from his shelves a number of the ritualistic publications, and called my attention to the very close imitation of Catholic teaching and practice which they contained. One of these was *The Priest at the Altar*, edited by Canon Liddon. I took some notes of its contents, and of another which he showed me; and in looking them over I find the doctrine of the Real Presence, the Invocation of the Saints, the office of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Joseph, and the Angelus, all copied without any alteration from our own books. "You can see something of what they are doing by these things," said Father Newman; "the counterfeit is skilful and the deception is easy. They tell their people they are safe where they are, and that it is a sin to think even of going to Rome; some of them go even so far as to assure their anxious people that they will be responsible for their soul's salvation if they will observe their directions! Ah! yes, the half-way house now is the end of the journey of many. Not of all, however; our conversions are numerous and constant, and they are of the class most important just at present."

The chapel at the Oratory is large, handsome, and enriched with certain precious gifts. It was after a visit to the chapel that I parted at its door with Father Newman. I felt the warm grasp of his strong hand long after I had passed out into the cold night.

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It was with some trepidation that I made my first visit to Dr. Pusey. Father Newman's discourse concerning him had given me cause to reflect that he might not care to converse upon the subjects respecting which I was most anxious to hear him speak; and I had been warned from other sources that Dr. Pusey had very great skill in making himself disagreeable to those who annoyed him. Still, I had my letters of introduction, and I strengthened myself with the reflection that I could regulate my conduct according to his own and avoid stepping upon slippery places. But really there was no cause for my fears. There was a little stiffness in his manner at first, but it soon wore off; and when I happened—purposely—to mention that I had recently seen Father Newman and had spent a day with him, he thawed at once, and displayed the keenest interest in what I was able to tell him of his old friend. "I so seldom see any one who visits him," he said; "and is he quite well? He is just one year my junior. Does he bear his age as well as I do?" he inquired, straightening up his bent form, and peering at me with eyes that may be large but that seem small, so hidden are they behind his shaggy brows, and sunk so far away. A curious-looking old gentleman is Dr. Pusey. His name, by rights, would be Bouverie; for he was the son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, half-brother of the first Earl of Radnor, who, by royal license, assumed the name of Pusey. He is now seventy-eight years old. He was educated at Christ Church, of which he is a canon; he graduated B.A. with high honors, and was made a fellow of Oriel. He was only twenty-eight years old when he was appointed regius professor of Hebrew in the University and canon of Christ Church. For fifty-eight years he has spent his life in these academic shades, and he is one of the few remaining historical figures of the university. It was delightful to wander with him through Christ Church College, and to listen to his traditions concerning it. The university owes this college—magnificent in every way—to the munificence of Cardinal Wolsey. Three hundred and fifty-three years ago the cardinal obtained the charter for the erection of this college from Henry VIII.; and although that monarch, as was his wont, seized upon the endowments when the cardinal fell under his displeasure, he had the grace to restore a portion of them seven years afterwards, and the meanness to call the establishment the "College of King Henry VIII." But in 1546 he set up the new bishopric of Oxford, and established the unique foundation ever since known as "Christ Church," which is at once a cathedral and a college. The "foundation" consists of a dean, six canons (of whom Dr. Pusey is one), eight chaplains, a schoolmaster, eight clerks, eight choristers, twenty-eight senior and fifty-two junior students. But to this foundation are added "noblemen, gentlemen-commoners, and commoners," numbering about one thousand, half of whom are members of Convocation. Dr. Pusey told me that the quadrangle, designed by Wolsey (two hundred and sixty-four by two hundred and sixty-one feet), is the largest and most noble in Oxford. The cardinal's purpose was to build a cloister entirely around the quadrangle, but only the north side has been thus adorned. The hall is on the south side of the quadrangle; its lobby

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has a stone roof, supported by a single column; the hall itself is one hundred and thirteen feet by forty, and fifty in height, with a roof of carved oak, constructed in 1529, and bearing the arms of King Henry and Cardinal Wolsey. "You have been everywhere," said Dr. Pusey; "but where have you seen a more magnificent refectory than this?" I mentally contrasted it with the one at Edgbaston, and owned that the latter was sadly inferior; I looked at my kind host, contrasted him with his old friend, and thought that of the two Father Newman was the happier as well as the greater man.

Dr. Pusey is portly; he is not tall; his corpulence, without being aggressive, evidently gives him some trouble; his features are large and rather coarse; his bearing is not exactly dignified. I was greatly puzzled by his eyes; a curious unrest seemed to lurk in them. At times he became abstracted, and either did not speak or replied at random. I feared I was fatiguing him, and begged him not to spend time in escorting me; but he said he had occasion to go to this place and to that, and that he would be glad of my company until we could return to his rooms. So we wandered about, looking a little at Holbein's portraits in the hall—those of the cardinal, Henry VIII., and Queen Elizabeth attracting my closest attention; into the chaplain's quadrangle, on the north side of which was once the refectory of St. Frideswide, where now are rooms for the undergraduates; into the cathedral, sadly mutilated, but still retaining some of the glory which it possessed when it was St. Frideswide's priory church; and finally into the library, a noble edifice completed in 1761, 142 feet long, 30 in width, and 37 in height, and containing a magnificent collection of books. Here we sat down, and insensibly drifted into a conversation which lasted a long while and took a wide range.

"He is well, then," said Dr. Pusey, again referring to Father Newman, "and happy." Here came a pause and a sigh. "I do not doubt it; he would always act in accordance with his conscience, and that is happiness. But he has had his trials—is it not so? All is not peace at Rome; by the way, his minimization of the Vatican Decrees was a masterly piece of work. I shall never forget the shock his secession gave me. I could not understand how such strong confidence as he had in *our* church could give place to doubt and then rejection. He did magnificent work for us; he built us up as no one else ever did, and then he tore us all down again. I have often said that he left us because we were not good enough for him; he is so sensitive to wrong that the crying evils which prevailed among us became unbearable to him. I am a duller and a more thick-skinned man; these evils seemed to me something that of necessity must be endured; they went through him like knives, and he fled away from us. Whether the people to whom he went are good enough for him is another thing, but he seems to think so. If he were not satisfied in his conscience he would not remain where he is an hour."

Another long pause followed, and I scarcely cared to break it. "Do you know," said Dr. Pusey after a while, "what gave me my first fear that we were to lose him? I heard that a hint had been sent—perhaps from Cardinal Wiseman, perhaps from Rome—that New-

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man might be got by praying for him; that he was being prayed for by name in many churches and religious communities on the Continent, and that Masses were said for him. I felt a pang go through my heart when I heard this. I said to myself: 'While this is going on we are indifferent about this man; many of us even dislike him; but Rome's children are praying for him, that he may come to them and be an instrument of God's glory among them. Will not God give them what they ask for, and cause us to lose what we do not care to keep? When he did go to them, they knew their prayers were answered, and they knew what they had gained, while we"— And here the old doctor's head sank upon his breast, and he again was silent, while I gazed at him in astonishment and with eyes not all undimmed. Of what was he thinking—he who seemed to know so well and to appreciate so keenly the miraculous power of prayer and of the Holy Eucharist? Was he saying to himself, "Alas! no one has prayed for me, no one has offered the Holy Sacrifice for me"? He would have been wrong had he thought so, for his old friend had prayed for him with tears. But what a curious lesson of logic was betrayed in this confession! God surely would not hear prayers for the translation of a man from the true to the false, from a pure church to an impure communion; and, as truth is one, he could not juggle with the matter. This, however, is just the juggle with which Dr. Pusey and all his school deceive themselves—"the branch of the church" theory. He presently went on to say as much.

"There was no use in our attempting to disguise the greatness of our loss," said he. "It was the heaviest blow that could have stricken us. We did not know what to do with him; they did. He was buried among us; with them he has been a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Of course I hear that they have buried him in their turn, neglected him, compelled him to obscurity. But I know better, and so does he. When he went away from us, he went, unconscious of his greatness, simply to perform an act of duty, and putting himself wholly in God's hands. He was only transplanted into another part of the Lord's vineyard, where there was work fit for him to do, which there was not with us. I thought also that God had taken Newman from us and given him to Rome in order that he might purge Rome of what is unholy in her practices, and bring us together again. I thought, too, that his loss might awaken us to a cleaning out of the heresy that exists among us, and which keeps Rome from acknowledging us. One of these objects has certainly been accomplished to some degree. The Church of England to-day believes more, and with a more intelligent faith, than she ever has done since the communion of the churches was interrupted. We ought soon to be so free from heresy that Rome could acknowledge us. But she has made it hard for us to acknowledge her. The proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, and the Vatican Decrees, were steps in the wrong direction — two more stumbling-blocks in the path of union. It is a lamentable thing, for our common foe, infidelity, assails us both, and we ought to join our forces. Rome ought to be satisfied. She has won Newman, and that was the greatest gain she has had since the Reform-

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ation. But how many others has she won!—Manning, Faber, Oakeley, McMullen, and the rest. If anything could soften her heart, show her what is good in us, and dissipate her prejudices against us, would not the presence of such men who have gone from us to her be enough to do it?"

Dr. Pusey asked this question with such sudden vehemence and heat that I really thought he expected a reply, and I ventured to suggest that I thought Rome would reason in the exactly opposite sense, and argue that if such good and wise men left the Anglican Church and came to her it was because they were profoundly convinced that she was a false church, and that the truth was not in her; and I added that it was not only the "heresy" that existed in the Church of England that prevented Rome from recognizing her, but Rome's belief that the Anglican Church was no church at all, and that her orders were not valid. He replied that he thought I was mistaken; and that he believed if the matter of "orders" only stood in the way the reconciliation, as he called it, would soon be effected.

We talked about many other things. I asked him whether the growth of the acceptance of Catholic truth and the spread of Catholic practices in the Anglican Church did or did not tend to lead its members to follow the path that Father Newman had taken. He thought it did not; on the contrary, he believed it held them to their own communion. "We have had much to weary us," said he, "much to exasperate us, much to cast us down; but the spread of Catholic faith among us has been wonderful. The chief result of the Public Worship Regulation Act has been to bring out the fact that the clergymen against whom it was aimed have the firmest hold upon their people. You see our duty is very clear. We should and do love the Church of Rome; we love her saints, her holy teachers, and her high gifts, while we deplore her additions or refinements or developments of the faith. But our love for her is no reason why we should desert the church where God has placed us. She may be a poor church compared with Rome, without a saint, and without a visible head; but she has the presence of Christ and the sacraments, and that is enough for us. As I told you before, there is no doubt about the validity of our orders; in her secret heart Rome herself does not doubt them."

I asked him here why, if this was the case, Rome required the ordination of an Anglican clergyman who became a Catholic priest. If she believed he had already been ordained, was it not sacrilege on her part to reordain him?

"We may revert to that point later on," said he; but we did not, for we both forgot it. "I was going on to say," continued Dr. Pusey, "that we teach our people, as we ourselves believe, that nothing but an absolute conviction that to remain in our church will imperil his soul can justify one of her members in leaving her. This conviction must be the fruit of the sure belief that she is not the church and is fatally rent from the body of Christ. Mr. Newman had this conviction; I never understood how he got it. I never could have it. I plant myself upon two rocks—one our succession; the other that we have the life of the church and the sacraments. We are not Protestants; we are Catholics. Spiritual life

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among Protestants has dried up. Lutherism has become Rationalism. Calvinism has become Unitarianism. Is it not so in America?" I was obliged to say that it looked that way. "But here," continued he, "our church since the revival has gone onward and upward, and is to-day full of pure spiritual life and vigor. It is not true that our renewed life came from Rome; it came from ourselves. Its source is the Body and Blood of Christ upon our altars. We have it, we have it, and, having it, we have the individual presence of Christ. We have the power of the keys, and the practice of confession, growing more and more, is rewarded with the richest spiritual graces. We are more Catholic than the Romans, for in our liturgy we pray for '*all* bishops, priests, and deacons,' for 'the universal church,' for '*all* bishops and curates,' so that we pray for the Roman and Greek prelates and priests as well as for our own. As our people become more and more instructed in the catholicity of our church, they are more and more satisfied to remain in her; and now that in so many places the baldness and coldness of our services are superseded by full and becoming rites, they are not led away by their eyes or ears."

In our conversation about individuals I observed much more acerbity of temper in Dr. Pusey than Father Newman ever betrayed. His remarks concerning some of his bishops were anything but complimentary; Mr. Disraeli, as he then was, he regarded with distrust; Mr. Gladstone had not wholly met with his approval. He spoke at some length upon the subject of education and of the prospective disestablishment of the church. He disclaimed having any fear of the latter, but thought that if, as he deemed most improbable, it should come to pass, the church would feel the blow far less than the nation, and that the latter would be the greater sufferer thereby. He expressed a rather slighting opinion of the "Old Catholic" movement, and I understood him to be of the opinion that the Church of England lowered herself by displaying eagerness to have anything to do with schismatics of any kind. In this connection he spoke with strong disapproval of the occasional coquetting of certain of the Broad Church clergymen with the Nonconformists, and of the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury's prebendary at the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York. For Dean Stanley and his school he cherished a dislike that he took no pains to conceal.

With respect to the spread of latitudinarian and atheistic opinions at Oxford he spoke with much feeling and sorrow. The evil had been great; young men had come to the university good and zealous Christians, with the design of preparing for the church, and had gone away saturated from head to foot with the false philosophy of Spencer, Mill, and Comte. But he thought that even in this respect there was a reaction, and that the evil was now confined to narrower limits. Still there was much of it, and in some of the colleges it was rampant. The general tendency of political affairs in England, he remarked at one period in our conversation, had been for years toward a gradual deprivation by the state of the rights of the church. Fifty years ago the connection between the church and the state was very close. To hold an office under the state a man

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must be a member of the church. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts put an end to that. The Catholic Emancipation Act was another step in the same direction; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church another; the abolition of the university tests still another. But the Public Worship Regulation Act was the first open avowal since the days of Elizabeth of the right of the state—that is, Christians, Jews, and heretics together—to control the church in the administration of her ceremonies. Dr. Pusey did not look upon this with favor, but he did not think that in the end it would do the church much harm.

It was long after sunset when I took my leave of Dr. Pusey and emerged from Christ Church by Canterbury Gate. A full moon was sailing in a sky speckled with but a few clouds, and her bright light brought into beautiful relief the ancient walls of the various colleges and halls that I passed on the way to my hotel. Oxford by daylight is impressive; in the silence of a moonlight night it is solemn. For eight hundred years it has been the seat of learning; for five hundred years it was the centre of Catholic erudition in England. For three hundred years aliens to the faith of those who built it have possessed it. Will it ever again revert to the faith to which it owes its creation and to the heirs of its rightful owners?

THE PROTESTANT ELEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY.

"LET no pious ear be offended," says Dr. Johnson, "if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of spring, etc.; but contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator and to plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament. To recommend them by tropes and figures is to magnify, by a concave mirror, the sidereal sphere."

We fancy that the doctor, writing this, had Milton in his mind's eye. He heartily detested both the politics and the poetry of the Puritan bard, and his reverent mind shrank with horror before the bold and blasphemous manner in which Milton treats of the most awful themes of revelation. The regicide principles of the poet angered him enough, but his Arianism shocked the good old man unspeakably. Johnson steadfastly de-

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preciated *Paradise Lost*—not that he was insensible to its beauties, but because he was sensible of its anti-Christian tendency. His bias to Catholicity is well known, and it never more clearly showed itself than in his abhorrence of all innovation in doctrine, even if that doctrine was vaguely formulated in the Thirty-nine Articles. Of a profoundly reverent spirit, as our quotation in comparison with others but feebly shows, he told Boswell that his repugnance to Milton arose from a consciousness that it was blasphemy to read *Paradise Lost*. The description of the Eternal Father, the inferior nature ascribed to the Only-begotten Son, the carnal views of heaven, the poet's conception of Satan as open to sympathetic feelings, remorse, hope, admiration, and other emotions, if not virtues, incompatible with the idea of the unmitigated evilness of the fiend, annoyed and distressed Johnson far more than they did the lighter and less devout mind of Addison. The *Spectator* was attracted by the majestic harmony of the poetry, and did not advert to the theological argument, or trouble himself much about those questions of "election, foreknowledge, and free-will" which the poet so boldly and so erroneously discusses.

The reader of Johnson's biography of Milton in the *Lives of the Poets* is amused at the painful struggle which the doctor feels between his honest intention and desire to do justice to the great epic and lyrical powers of the poet, and his positive hatred of the life, the character, and the political career of the man; and Johnson was a "good hater." We may suppose that, after having written the sketch, the old doctor, accompanied by Goldsmith and Bozzy, betook himself to the Mitre Tavern, where the Literary Club which he had founded assembled, and that there, over his big bowls of tea, he stormed against the great poet to his heart's content. There he would have met the only man of whom he was afraid (if he could be said to have had fear of any one), Edmund Burke, who would have faced the old lion, and contended for the sublime and the beautiful in Milton. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with trumpet at ear, would gravely listen, and think of how many noble subjects for painting the *Paradise* suggests. Garrick, unawed by "big Sam," would mimic him behind his chair, and "Goldy" would endeavor in vain to give clear and elegant expression to his clear and elegant thoughts. *A la* Walter Savage Landor, we may have an imaginary conversation:

Johnson. Sir, there are innumerable metrical mistakes in Milton. I was censured for condemning *Lycidas*. He only is justified in censuring who can show that it proceeds not from anger, from malice, or from ignorance.

Boswell. But surely, doctor, all must allow that the versification of Milton is harmonious.

Johnson. Sir,

> Hey diddle diddle,
> The cat and the fiddle,

is harmonious versification, but who would call it a poem?

Goldsmith. The idea of Satan is sublime.

Johnson. Sir, none but a man that felt a sublimely diabolical sympathy for Satan could have described him in such a manner that we are in doubt whether to pity his fall or to hope for his restoration, etc., etc.

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But what would the honest old doctor say if he had to encounter the anti-Christian poetry of *our* day? Matthew Arnold very wisely suggests an abridged edition of Johnson's *Lives*, embracing the biographies of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, and a few other poets that have survived the onslaught of a false modern criticism, if for no other reason than the marvellously sound sense that marks Johnson's criticism. He himself was no poet, and he thought Pope the equal of Shakspere—an error, however, which does not detract from his immense value to the critical reader. He had in a pre-eminent degree that sound common sense which Englishmen claim as their characteristic; and this homely mother-wit, enlarged and polished by a profound knowledge of the classics of nearly all the civilized languages, made him supreme as a critic—for we must not mind Homer's occasional nap. How he would have stormed over D. G. Rossetti's recent *Lives of the Poets*, with its puffery of Keats, its idolatry of Shelley, and its formal laurelling of Swinburne—three characters that of themselves would have hopelessly prejudiced the doctor against their poetry, unless, like Milton's, it were of superlative excellence!

We dissent from the reason which Johnson gives for his objection to sacred poetry, or, rather, to the propriety of consecrating poetry to the high uses of religion. His argument is *à posteriori*. There is no great sacred poem in the English language; but it does not follow that such a poem is an impossibility. The true reason is that Protestantism cannot woo the Christian muse. Not only is it lacking in any poetical inspiration, but from its origin it has steadily set its face against poetry. Luther, breathing slaughter against the polished court of Leo X., sought to impart to the new creed a hard, prosaic, unpoetical character as a mark of its apostolical simplicity. He certainly succeeded in making Protestantism prosaic, if not apostolic. Traces of Calvinism remain to this day in the general Protestant distaste to poetry, music, art, and the amenities of literature. Luther was a musician, played on the flute, and is said to have composed that truly noble hymn, *Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott*, but, luckily for him, his stentorian voice did not awaken the echoes of Geneva. The only "poetry" that Protestantism has inspired is made up of translations from the Psalms, set to plaintively nasal melodies by "sweet singers in Israel." The repression of the imagination and its legitimate uses has proved one of the elements of the earthly and material prosperity of Protestants. When people have no music, no holidays, no poetry, no art to lift them above earth, they busy themselves mightily with the mere things of this world. Certain philosophers and historians have commented upon the great material prosperity of Protestant as contrasted with the poverty of Catholic countries, in which there are actually many days in the year when it is not permitted men to make money; and Protestant prosperity is rather inconsistently set down to the influence of pure evangelical doctrine. Pure evangelicism, one would suppose from the Gospel, would rather tend to keep its professors poor.

Able books have been written to show the antagonism of the Protestant creed to all the sources of

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poetry, to all forms of beauty, moral and artistic. The Reformation in England was certainly fatal to the graces of life. Beauty was banished with the church, the true mother and inspirer of all moral, intellectual, and artistic grace—*mater pulchræ dilectionis*. England's slow awakening from artistic and architectural barbarism is within the memory of men still living. Balmes and Görres have exhausted the subject of the blighting influence exercised by Protestantism upon modern civilization and æsthetic culture; and the reader will find in their eloquent pages a profound analysis of the causes of such blight. In the poetry-bespangled pages of dear old Kenelm Digby, particularly the *Mores Catholici*, you learn all that can be learned about the influence and inspiration of the church with respect to poetry. Görres gives a reason for the return of Protestantism to the earthiness and materialities of life, and he supports his reasoning with quotations from Luther which are too indecent for transcription here.*

Dr. Johnson, then, could find no Christian poem in the range of English literature; and no doubt his experience of Watts' hymns was not likely to change his opinion as to the desirableness of addressing "the Heavenly Judge in metrical cadences and epithets." No Faber or Keble had then arisen to combine the profoundest religious thought with its highest lyrical expression. He was familiar with Dante's sublime song, but his narrow religious training would not or could not suffer the appearance of Virgil upon the extra-mundane scene. It strikes even Catholics as somewhat incongruous for Dante to introduce into the *Commedia* so many of the characters of ancient pagan history, just as we wonder at the poet's temerity in placing in the *Inferno* a pope whom the church afterward canonized; but we do not interpret a poem by strict theological or historical laws, and we can easily overlook the political prejudices, grievances, and passions of Dante the man, the persecuted Florentine, in view of that central and controlling spirit of faith which was his true guide as a poet throughout his awful vision. So, too, the Catholic may have a profounder appreciation of Milton than a Protestant. He sees more clearly the inequalities of the poem; but he may be the better judge of its beauties. Certainly the highest reach of imagination as auxiliary to a great truth that any English poet, or perhaps any poet, has attained is that in which Milton, seizing all Olympus and all the false gods of Greece and Rome, thrusts them into the lowest circle of Pandemonium, among the meanest of the fallen spirits that surround the ruined archangel. Olympic Jove himself becomes a mere imp. By touches such as these Milton exalts our conception of "Lucifer, son of the morning," and we are able to form a slight idea of that once glorious spirit of whom Christ said: "I saw Satan falling like lightning from heaven." The same massive genius is apparent in the *Hymn on the Nativity*. He wrote it before he had become an Arian, in the first flush of his youth, before he had fallen upon evil tongues and days, before he had engaged in those subtle, metaphysical inquiries that twisted his mind from the truth, social, political, and religious. How miserably weak and faint does Tennyson's jingle about Christmas and "Ring out,

* Luth., *Sermo de Mat.*, circa finem.

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wild bells!" sound alongside of such a strain as this:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony."

Notice how beautifully Plato's harmony of the spheres is made to join with the music of the angelic choirs. The consummate learning of Milton, and his wonderful command over it for the purposes of his art, are illustrated in the stanzas descriptive of the effect produced upon the heathen deities by the birth of our Saviour:

"The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd priests from the prophetic cell.

"Nor is Osiris seen,
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowerèd grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest:
Naught but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

"He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand."

. . . . . .

It is little wonder that the essentially rhetorical mind of Macaulay should have been so powerfully drawn to Milton that his admiration became extravagant in expression both in his review of Milton and in his *History of England.* His contrast between Dante and Milton is wofully false, for the poets were as different as their religions. Dante is reverent, awe-stricken, prayerful, and humble throughout his poem — the direct reverse of the English poet.

Mr. S. Baring-Gould, in his book, *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief,* has an excellent criticism upon a point in Milton, though one marvels why he does not apply his reflection to his own theology. After Raphael, "the affable archangel," has explained to Adam the glorious establishment of the Redeemer's church, he goes on to speak of its corruptions, popery, licentious monks, etc. — a weak point in the archangelic argument, after the glorious promises made to the church, and it is a point which Mr. Gould takes well.

We dwell thus long upon Milton because he is claimed to be the great bard of Protestantism, and as such he illustrates in an eminent degree the idea of this article. The notion of calling *Paradise Lost* a Protestant poem is too absurd to detain us a minute. It could be called a Catholic poem with as great propriety. The theme, place, machinery, and accessories all antedate Christianity. But the poem illustrates the religious negativeness of Protestant poetry and its average anti-Catholic bigotry. When we have said this of Milton we need not waste our time upon bards (such, for example, as Whittier) who string their rather discordant lyres to dithyrambics against the Catholic Church. If we want to read a poetical attack upon the church, we prefer such a sonnet as Milton's on the Piedmontese Persecution to such ballad-monger rhymes as Whittier's ode to Pius IX., *The Triple Tyrant* (which is bad grammar, not to speak of the poetry), or such a worn-out theme as Longfellow's *Golden Legend,* with its fat friars drinking with the devil in a monastery, etc. The established reputation of the man, and the high esteem in which he is held by Catholics, make us loath to say aught against his poetry. But did

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Catholics ever reflect that the tender religion of sweet Evangeline is nothing but a maudlin sentimentalism which the church detests? Did they ever analyze the *Golden Legend*—which, because it has some saintly legends in it, is oh! *so* Catholic—and observe the studied purpose throughout to misrepresent, not to say *ridicule*, our faith, our sacred rites, our religious orders, and to represent Catholic ages as stifling with the grossest ignorance and superstition? Whittier we take to be a fanatic, and consequently a man ignorant of our faith; yet he has several "legends" far more poetically told than half the translations and adaptations of Longfellow. The charge direct of plagiarism was made against the latter in the case of his poem *The Monk Gabriel*, and his lines *There is a Reaper whose Name is Death* are said to be a literal and unacknowledged translation of Wieland's *Der Schnitter Tod.*

The absence of all religious inspiration in Protestantism is brought prominently into notice in recent English poetry. Even Victor Hugo has some tender reminiscences of the faith of his childhood, but one looks in vain in contemporary poetry for even slight acknowledgments and intimations of a Divine Power. Wordsworth may have called Poetry back to her native wilds and sylvan groves, but he has divested her of any decided religious character. There is no religion in the *Excursion.* His noble ode on Immortality, the finest in metrical finish since Dryden's *Alexander's Feast,* is but an echo of the old Platonic dream of pre-existence. The soul

("Trailing clouds of glory, she did come
From Heaven, which is her home")

has intimations of a previous state of half-forgotten life. The Prelude contains a very noble eulogy upon the Church of England, but religion, except it be what is known as nature-worship, has absolutely no influence upon the lives of the characters in the poem. The obligation of performing our duty, which is the theme of the *Excursion*, is drawn from wholly natural motives. If our memory serve us aright, the Bible is referred to but once, and then only incidentally. Yet Protestantism claims Wordsworth as another great religious poet. His pure, simple, and noble life, his entire dedication of himself to poetry, the serenity of his home, and his intimate relations with the clergy would seem to mark him out as a great Protestant poet; but there is no didactic poet less Protestant than he. Young's *Night Thoughts* are as dreary as any of the reverend author's sermons, and we can readily pardon King George for going to sleep when Dr. Young preached in the royal chapel, though the sight of snoozing royalty cost the doctor many bitter tears of wounded vanity. Cowper's *Task* has an unpleasant suspicion of clerical snobbishness. A great critic, Christopher North, has declared that James Montgomery is the only religious poet of the language; and certainly he is free from the faults of Young and Cowper, but he is hopelessly associated with his unfortunate poem of *Satan*, a composition which for ever makes us doubt of the author's piety and sense. Wordsworth's religion was a sympathetic worship of God with nature; but he is apt to linger too long in the mere works of God, and not lift his eyes to the Creator himself. His acute sensibility and fine intellect enabled him to see the

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beneficence of the Catholic Church much more clearly than Southey, whose Protestantism was of the narrow, conventional type. In the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* Wordsworth sought to break with his Protestant prejudices, but in vain, though the sonnet to the Virgin, and the opening ones on the early Saxon church, attest how powerfully toward truth and justice the poetic instinct will draw its possessor.

Wordsworth was intolerably vain —a failing which may explain much in his intellectual and religious life. His egotism furnished abundant fun to his friends. Once he said to Charles Lamb: "Now, I think Shakspere much overrated. I could write as fine poetry as he, if I had a mind to." "So you see," Lamb would add, telling the story, "it was only the mind that was wanting." When Coleridge and he published their first poetical venture conjointly, and it failed, Wordsworth always ascribed the failure to the poem *The Ancient Mariner*, which surpasses even Goethe's *Erl-König* in weird beauty of thought, description, and metre. Wordsworth owed much to Coleridge, whose mysticism he could understand and use, and whose ardent defence of Christianity must have stimulated him. It is rather a pity that Coleridge, as a study, has quite passed away, like the echo of one of his own wonderful monologues. But whoever wishes to find deep Christian poesy in any of the Lake school must turn to Aubrey de Vere, who, with possibly the exception of Father Faber, is its chief crown and flower. Wordsworth nobly fulfilled his saying that he would create the taste by which he would be enjoyed.

Tennyson has deserted Protestantism for the Knights of the Table Round, feeling instinctively that where Wordsworth failed he should not venture. The *In Memoriam* has been much praised by Catholic critics as an admirable philosophico-moral poem, full of Catholic thought, particularly with reference to communion with the departed. It appears to have escaped their notice that the poet explains his communion with the beloved dead sometimes on a pantheistic theory, sometimes by a false spiritualism, never by the doctrine of the communion of saints or that of intercessory prayer; for Tennyson is a Protestant of the narrowest type, as his *Queen Mary* abundantly proves. It is high time that our critics should leave off tracing Catholic analogies in poets who scorn and detest the church. Better leave them to their idols, with our own comforting assurance that they will never compose a great moral poem so long as they remain under Protestant influences.

It is a sad sign of the times when Shelley's horrid blasphemies are made the subject of wide reading and praise. It denotes that morbid tendency to annihilationism unhappily brought about by the speculations of infidel science. The revival of Shelleyism is, of all the misfortunes that can befall literature, the one most to be deprecated and deplored. Not only is he *not* a great poet, but he is not even a decent or moral one. We notice a new and enlarged edition of Trelawney's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*—a bad, gossipy book that no true friend of either poet would have written. Perhaps the ghastliest and most tragic scene in the career of any poet was

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the heathen obsequies of Shelley, at which Byron and Leigh Hunt assisted, and then indulged in a drunken orgy whilst the funeral pyre of their friend slowly consumed in approved Homeric style. Poor Shakspere, from all accounts, did not die a very good death, but his tomb, with its Christian inscription, is sacred compared with Shelley's "urn."

Southey called the poets that crowned and imitated Byron the "Satanic school." The epithet is harsh and scarcely deserved, except in the case of Shelley; but, certainly, we need not look for any religious poetry among them. Byron it was who introduced the fashion of eliminating God from poetry, and also of adapting the Bible, in true Protestant liberty of interpretation, to any view of a religious subject he might condescend to adopt. It is doubtful whether Milton's *Satan* or Byron's *Cain* is the more detestable creation; but let both divide the palm. Leigh Hunt, who was Thackeray's beau-ideal of a snob, wrote a good deal of twaddle, and in a book on Christianity, composed toward the close of his life, he came forward to the footlights like a fond parent, and said, "Bless you, my children, bless you!" Like Tom Moore, who imitated Byron in his poem *The Loves of the Angels*, Hunt dearly loved a lord. What Byron thought of him was disclosed on the fly leaf of a book which Hunt had presented him. Under the words "To Byron, from L. Hunt," his lordship wrote "Impudent puppy." Sir Walter Scott was not so great a poet as Byron—who, indeed, in many respects, is the greatest English poet since Shakspere—but we venture to predict that Sir Walter will outlive him, as, indeed, will many another and humbler singer whom Byron hated and despised.

The negativeness of religious thought in English poetry is simply the result of the Protestant training of so many English poets. There is no inspiration in Protestantism. The poet in Protestantism has only one subject—he must defame and ridicule the church. And there are scarcely three English poets that have not done this negative service to Protestantism.

We know that many Catholic critics are fond of detecting Catholic doctrine and ideas in all English poetry; but it has always struck us that such ideas either result from the poet's keen appreciation of what is true and beautiful, and consequently related to the church, or, as in Wordsworth's and Byron's hymns to the Blessed Virgin, they are merely poetical exercises introduced as reliefs. Take Chaucer, who should have been a Catholic, but whom Warton pretty conclusively proves to have been a Lollard, or follower of Wycliffe. Our Catholic critic goes into ecstasies over the *Canterbury Tales*. What a beautiful picture of old Catholic times! How true, how natural! Now, in fact, the poem is a lashing satire and false picture of a holy Catholic devotion—that, namely, of pilgrimages. The characters have no piety. They spend their time carousing, courting, and tale-telling. The Nun's Tale is very prettily told, but its subject is one of those legends which no *religieuse* would dream of believing so very fervently as this nun is described as believing. The object is to cast doubt and ridicule upon the acts of the saints. The monks are unsparingly ridiculed, and the "poor

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parson of a town," with his whining about poverty, his complaints against his ecclesiastical superiors, and his Bible-reading, is old Wycliffe himself, who was for ever howling about priestly wealth, the inefficacy of the sacraments when administered by unworthy hands, and the necessity of spreading the Bible in the vulgar tongue. We should much sooner believe that "Sweet Will" himself was a Catholic, if for no other reason than that he leaves the poor friars alone at a time when to hunt and harry the monks with either stick or pen was the high-road to wealth and fame.

We are utterly unable to find profound Catholic faith, dogma, theological illustrations, ritual, and piety in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, which, either as an allegory or as a Christian poem, is inferior to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. There is nothing but a wearisome procession of virtues and vices, without any apparent reason for their parading at all. Certainly the poem is more pagan than Christian, and if the "heavenly lady Una with her milk-white lamb" typifies faith, it is a type which St. Paul knew nothing about. It should be a subject of devout thanksgiving that several books of the *Faerie Queene* were consumed in the fire with which an enraged populace drove Spenser out of Ireland, whither he had been sent to play the part of "greedy Avarice," so well described in his own allegory. "I doubt not," saith Milton, "that our Spenser hath more wisdom than Aquinas. His face hath the sweet lineaments of Gospel books." John must have seen Edmund some time before the fire.

No one, of course, would look for religion in a play. The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher, when they are not exceedingly immodest, are exceedingly dull. We beg to be excused from looking for "pearls of Catholic truth" in these muckheaps. Glorious John Dryden, after his conversion, redeemed many a failing by that magnificent pen of his. Charles James Fox said of the defence of transubstantiation in the *Hind and Panther* that it is the finest specimen of argumentative verse in any language. But Dryden never got any inspiration from Protestantism. Much is made of Pope's Catholicity, but a man that took Bolingbroke "for guide, philosopher, and friend" was certainly no credit to the church. Johnson says, apropos of the *Essay on Man*, that Pope did not know what religious notions he was advocating, and very probably no one else did. Dr. Warburton, a pompous pedant, discovered in it a fine argument for natural religion which might be carried out into a defence of Christianity (Heaven save the mark!) Pope was very much obliged to Warburton for discovering a depth of argument in the essay which he himself had never suspected.

Goldsmith, Gray, and Collins keep shy of Protestantism and admit only of the half-deistical moral reflections fashionable in their day. Gray's *Elegy* is very sweet and tender, but very pagan. We should be grateful that the muse was no longer prostituted and shamed as in the corrupt court of Charles II.—a charge from which Dryden himself is not free. The English poetry of the last century is comparatively pure, but he must have a lynx eye who can find in it all sorts of Catholic beauties.

Cowper's *Task* is often referred to as a product of the Protestant

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muse. It has an interest from the afflictions of the poet himself. He was melancholy mad upon religion, and his malady was intensified by the injudicious counsel of a preacher who assured him that he was possessed by the devil. The history of Cowper is a painful illustration of the helplessness of Protestantism to impart true religious comfort; for even in his lucid hours his religion was of that gloomy, repulsive cast that would drive a sane man mad, not to speak of one whose mind was already diseased. The moral reflections in the *Task*, like those in Thomson's *Seasons*, are of the negative, colorless kind. We adore the Deity and praise his works, and learn this truth: enough for man to know that virtue alone is its own reward and happiness below—which is not true.

It is useless, nay, ridiculous, for Catholics to complain of the way in which the English poets have treated the church. If classics of our language have been written by Protestants, classics they will remain, and we are foolish not to read and to make use of them for our culture, education, amusement, and moral improvement, so far as they can improve us. We can read them with pure hearts and faith-enlightened eyes. It will not do for us to remain in ignorance of them, or to show a very Catholic but perhaps a very Gothic scorn of them. Gibbon was an infidel, but what scholar can do without his history? *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear* transcend the Trilogy of Æschylus. The *Samson Agonistes* of Milton might perhaps rank with the *Prometheus Bound*, of which Cicero said: "To this alone among mortal utterances the term divine truly may be applied." There is no sweeter idy than the *Deserted Village*, no tenderer odes than Collins' *Evening* and Keats' *Nightingale*. We must know the rich and abundant poetry that lies about us in our English speech. When our Catholic sensibilities are jarred we must follow the rule of the musician, who, when his fingers trip upon the wrong key, drowns the discord at once by a "tempest of sweet sounds." We must forget the false notes of the poet for the sake of the greater melody that he can make us hear.

We should not despair of a rich and glorious Catholic poetry, which assuredly will come when the time comes for shaking off the mastery of the great Protestant poets. There is no disguising the fact that where the religious element appears in our poetry it is unmistakably Protestant; as, for example, in the wishy-washy "poetry" that fills so large a space of our periodical literature and popular books of poems. The sickly sentimental views of life, the scattering of flowers over death, the lack of strong, nervous Christian faith, hope, and charity, indicate the Protestant inspiration. Virulent attacks in verse upon the church are long out of fashion, except with that favorite of the Muses, the English *Punch*.

The writer of this has found the benefit and agreeableness of confining his poetical reading to the older poets. A new poem is not like a new essay. This is the great distinction between poetry and prose: that while the latter is perishable from its nature, true poetry is immortal. Shakspere will outlast the British Empire. You will read this or that essay and never dream of reperusing it; but you will turn time and again to your favor-

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ite poet, who is, or should be, one that has already attained Parnassus. Cheer and God-speed to all the singers, but chiefly to those that consecrate their "heavenly gift" to the glory of God and of his church!

A DAY'S LESSON.

I.

Upon the hill-top not to-day I stand
With heart-beat stilled and reverent soul bent low
Before the glory of the evening's glow
Lighting the skies and shadowing the land:
Above my head blazes the still, hot noon,
Through woods, song-silent, drifts the cricket's voice
Persistent, telling with unceasing noise
Of golden August's death so near, so soon!
The hill-crest's azure harvest now is o'er;
Shrivelled the clinging globes; the leaves, grown red,
Seem answering flames to burning sun o'erhead.
A blackened circle seems our smouldering fire—
Where it has touched no green life springing more,
And scarce its dusky smoke-wreaths to the sky aspire.

II.

Feel we within our veins the summer's death,
Our active life transfused in indolence,
Steeped in the drowsy haze filling each sense
With heaviness—like one that slumbereth.
Is all our life to-day a monotone
Like to the cricket's hum, no heaven-sent song
Bearing our souls in loftier ways along;
All purpose shrivelled by the lifeless noon?
Idle the pencil by the sketch-book lies,
Unread the poet whose June-rifled words
Should have sufficed us for the hushed wood-birds;
Heart-silent we, like viol all unstrung,
Our smouldering thoughts scarce reach the burning skies
As if for us naught heavenly had ever sung.

III.

The day wears on—no more song-silent now.
I hear sweet voices speak and, through the trees,
Float tones remembered, on caressing breeze,
While light intenser crowns the mountains' brow.

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Lo! in that light I see the berries blue
  Another harvest give, won by the death
  Of that sweet summer who so perisheth
That our loved earth her beauty may renew.
Even our fire-blight I see clothed in green,
  And richer harvest from its darkness spring;
  The heavens' healing blue still borrowing
Our grateful lips with royal hue to stain.
Kind, thoughtful nature, in her strength serene,
So giving to her dead a fuller life again.

IV.

The smoky veil that seemed at noon to fill
  Soul, heart, and brain with empty indolence,
  Sun-woven now, steepeth our every sense
With voiceless prayer and rapture strangely still.
Light-glorified, the golden sea pours down;
  Mighty as love, it clothes the hills with grace,
  Hiding each seam and scar upon their face—
Circling their heads with more than royal crown.
So shall life's scars one day such radiance wear.
  No cloud the brightness flecks, shadow and shine
  Seem but as one within that light divine.
Low at our feet the waves of heaven break,
We hear their music in the silent air
While softly our awed hearts to Love Eternal wake.

V.

The days wear on, and soon the crimson leaves
  Shall bid us tread the foot-ways of the plain
  And join home duty's loosened threads again;
The summer's harvest binding in its sheaves:
Shall bid us leave the misty hills we love
  Where God's great shadow rests in solemn peace,
  Where souls from weary cares find sweet release—
So near earth seemeth to the sky above!
Soon shall our feet along the city's ways
  Press stones unyielding, bare of flower or moss.
  Yet shall the sunset burn the sky across—
God's shadow in the skies, e'en o'er the street,
Kindling our lives to daily acts of praise,
The love the mountains taught laid at our brothers' feet.

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BALLYMURRY.

In the year 187– I was a clerk in the office of the Chief Secretary for Ireland at Dublin Castle. My salary was but a paltry three hundred a year—less income-tax—and, were it not for the aid of an occasional ten-pound Bank of Ireland note, always new, always crisp, transmitted to me by my maiden aunt, Miss Mary Anne Delaney, who resided in solitary grandeur in a lovely valley in the Wicklow Mountains, I could not have kept out of debt, or have maintained the pace of the society into which, thanks to my "swell" appointment, I was gently but rapidly floated.

We chief secretary's clerks looked upon ourselves as the very *crême de la crême* of bureaucrats, regarding the remainder of the Irish civil service as being simply "caddish," and holding on to the same high rung of the social ladder as the titled, lisping noodles who formed that *corps d'élite* known as the household of his excellency the lord lieutenant. We assumed the *blasé* airs of Piccadilly nobs; were dressed by Smallpage of London, who visited our "impossible country" twice a year; we belonged either to the Kildare or Stephen's Green Clubs; we attended the *levées* of the viceroy, claiming invitations to dinners and carpet-dances as a right; we dined with our chief at his lodge in the Phœnix Park—in a word, were, now that I look back upon the office and its belongings, a set of pompous, stuck-up, long-eared jackasses. My father, a member of the inner bar, died of brain fever, the result of overwork, while I was yet a child. My mother lived to see me installed in *the* office. Oh! what a wrench it was to lose her tender companionship, her loving guidance, at the time I needed it most.

My sole surviving relative was my aunt, a sister of my mother. Miss Delaney lived her own life. She had a turn for farming, and would take three crops out of her two hundred acres, while Myles Byrne, of Kilpatrick, "a knowledgeable man" with better land, could barely manage to squeeze out two. She had money in the three per cents., a few shares in the Grand Canal, some Pipe Water debentures, and a snug old-fashioned residence "bosomed high in tufted trees," of which more anon. She was the happy possessor of a tap of "curious" tawny port, laid down when "Boney was leppin'"—in other words, during the great Peninsular War; a couple of well-bred, well-fed, but quiet horses, which on state occasions were attached to a yellow chariot of the year one, when a series of stately visitations were solemnly perpetrated.

Father Luke Doyle, the parish priest of Innistogue, dined with my aunt every Sunday. Doctor Moriarty, the Æsculapius of Ballymurry, was a constant caller; not that my aunt required his professional services, but she was in nowise averse to a gossip, and the worthy knight of the pestle was *au courant* with the events of the hour, from the price Larry Muldoon got for his "boneens" at the fair of Glendalough to the very last phase in Mr. Gladstone's proposed Church Disestablishment Bill. With

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the county magnates Miss Delaney was on visiting terms only.

"They are too stuck up for me, Joe," she would say to me, "too new in their ways. No old rose-wood or mahogany about them. It's all Eastlake and ceremony and rubbish of every kind. They are always doing manners; and while good breeding is one thing—and I *must* say some of them are very well bred people—there is too much of London varnish all round to make it pleasant for *me*. They don't take any interest in what's going on about them. Its all Rotten Row, and the Season, and Town, and gibberish of that kind. If you go to visit them, it's a cup of wash tea you're offered instead of a glass of port and a cut of seed-cake, as it used to be in my time. If you go to dine with them you don't know what you are eating, and everything is carved for you as if you were a child or that you had no teeth. Give me the good old-fashioned roast and boiled, and sherry wine at dinner and port wine after it. Now it's champagne. Pah! I call it gutter."

I was in the habit of visiting Ballymurry twice a year: at Christmas, which was celebrated in a good old-fashioned style, full of color, full of charm, and with a gladness that rang into the heart like peals of merry bells; and at the commencement of the grouse-shooting season, for my aunt's farm proudly boasted a mountain, and the mountain proved a coigne of vantage to a pack or two of grouse driven from the preserves of a Mr. Peter Lambert, a London merchant, who considered it the "correct thing" to have a shooting-box in Ireland, and whose habit it was to repair thither and to blaze at birds that cost him in the neighborhood of five pounds apiece. My aunt would have nothing to say to her occasional neighbors, although this cockney sportsman made signs of copious civility.

"He may bow and smirk as much as he pleases; I'll take no notice of him. It's too bad to think of an English tradesman shooting over Tabborna Shulagh, where none but an O'Byrne should be permitted to plant his heel."

Miss Delaney put up notices all along her mearing, grimly warning trespassers to beware, with an especial postscript, enlivened by the rude effigy of an extended fore-finger, announcing that all dogs found straying on Ballymurry would be shot instanter. It was, then, no small chagrin to Mr. Peter Lambert to find that his best packs of grouse sought sanctuary on a mountain upon whose slopes neither he nor his dogs would be permitted to encroach; and, although every precaution was taken to prevent the birds from straying, and every inducement offered them to remain, such was their perversity that they would fly over to Ballymurry even when Dinny Byrne, my aunt's *factotum*, and myself happened to be "handy" and a couple of guns at half-cock.

At the period at which this story opens I had not met Mr. Lambert, although his pudgy form was quite familiar to me, clad in the loudest possible plaid, with Knickerbockers and bright scarlet heather stockings. I had no particular admiration for him, regarding him as a *parvenu*, vulgar, intrusive, and a bore; and although I knocked over, ay, and bagged, his birds, there were moments when I felt positively ashamed of myself for taking so mean and miserable an advantage; moments when I felt inclined to step over to

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him and say: "Hang those confounded notices! Come after your own birds. They don't belong to *us*." In the office I used to become quite an authority as the grouse season approached. I was in the habit of bragging about my mountain as if it was Sugnacullagh or Djouce, invariably speaking of it as mine own; and when the 20th approached I was consulted as to the condition of the birds in *my* part of the country: if they were "wild on the wing" or were "lying steady," and generally as to the prospects of the forthcoming shooting season. My *confrères* were very jealous of me because I did not offer them a day's shooting; but the fact is I had blown such loud trumpet notes anent the preserves that, like all impostors, I enjoyed a most wholesome terror of being discovered, and covered my retreat shabbily enough by explaining that the entire shooting scarcely sufficed for the members of my aunt's family. This was literally true: I was her sole living relative.

It was the 18th of August, 187–, and, having applied to my chief, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, for leave, the welcome permission was accorded, and I was a free man for fourteen days — a gentleman at large. I had received a letter from my aunt a week previously, giving me a whole list of commissions to execute. "Just step into Dolan's, in Thomas Street," she wrote, "and get me a couple of pounds of his green tea; it's the best I can buy anywhere. As you'll be in Thomas Street, go up to James Street and order a box of mould-fours at Finnegan's. Don't let him persuade you to take composite or spermaceti. I never was accustomed to them, and as long as the silver snuffers that belonged to my great-grandmother lasts I'll use nothing but mould-fours. You can't mistake Finnegan's; it's a little shop near the poorhouse. I want you to call at Lundy Foot's for a pound of snuff—don't think I use it all myself; *I get help*. Tell the young man—a tallow-faced, lantern-jawed, civil fellow—it's for *me*. I want half Blackguard, half High Toast. As you'll be so close to the North Wall, there's a ship-store where they sell red pocket-handkerchiefs; give two shillings for three—not a halfpenny more or less, mind. When I was in Dublin last I left my front wig in a hair-dresser's in Wicklow Street. I'll want it badly, as the one I'm wearing had a hole burnt in it the night before last. I was reading the Wicklow *News Letter*, but it was so stupid that I went fast asleep over it. I forget the name of the hair-dresser, but Wicklow Street isn't Sackville Street, and it will do you good to take the walk."

Such was the tenor of Miss Delaney's epistle. The idea of a man in the chief secretary's office going in search of a mouldy wig in Wicklow Street and of tallow candles near the poorhouse! It was too much, and yet I managed to acquit myself of my absurd task; for I was very, very much attached to my aunt, and clung to her as the last plank of a good old family who had all sunk in those waters that yield nothing back to the shore. The fellows in the office envied me as on the morning of the 19th I just looked in, very much as the chief might have done, about luncheon-time, with that superb sense of freedom only known to those who are compelled to the dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood. I was received with the usual chaff.

"Marston's off," cried one, "and

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that's more than he will be able to say for his gun till we see him again."

"I hear Joe Marston has fine shooting in Stoneybatter," laughed another.

"Are you taking the lord-lieutenant with you, Joe?"

"Why, of course he is, for duck-shooting. Lord Spencer's red beard will make an elegant decoy."

"Don't glut the market, Marston."

"I hear you sell the grouse at half a crown a brace and a drink."

"Send the chief a hamper, and you'll be asked to eat the birds at the Lodge."

"If you don't hit the birds, Joe, knock plenty of feathers out of them."

"You'd better buy a couple of brace at Green's, in William Street, to take down with you."

This sort of thing rained upon me

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa."

"By the way, Marston," exclaimed Alfred Bydeford, one of the "best form" in the office, "Fred Tremaine is going to shoot quite close to you."

"Indeed! Where?"

"On some fellow's mountain near Auchavana."

"There are several mountains near Auchavana, Bydeford. I am ten miles the other side."

"Your place is Bally something."

"Ballymurry."

"Is there a Kilnacarrick anywhere about?"

"It lies beside my place."

"Then that's where Tremaine is going to blaze away."

"There is no shooting at Kilnacarrick—I mean there's no one there Tremaine could possibly be acquainted with."

"It's some London man that Tremaine picked up in the train."

"A tallow-man?"

"Something that way."

This was very disagreeable intelligence. Fred Tremaine was a walking sneer. Icy, polished, elegant, he had no good word for his fellow. Whenever he could utter a sarcasm he uttered it; whenever he could wound he wounded. His steel glittered and cut down on the nerve like a dissecting-knife. Nobody knew who he was. He had been imported from England from the Home Office and put over our heads. A good man was deprived of a private secretaryship that Tremaine might step into it. A good man was turned out of a set of apartments in the Castle to accommodate Tremaine. He was disliked, but he was feared, and this fear brought him kowtow. Barney Bodkin was the only man in the office who openly defied him. Tremaine sneered at Barney, and Barney used his shillelagh pretty freely, as was his wont. One day Tremaine so far forgot himself as to taunt Barney with poverty. It was a rascally thing to do, and there were men in the office who would have given Tremaine an undoubted quietus had not Bodkin been so well able to defend his own corner.

"I'll tell you why I'm poor, Mr. Tremaine," he said: "because out of my four hundred a year I'm supporting my mother and my two sisters; but, poor as I am, I am rich enough to pay my subscription to the Kildare St. Club and my subscription to the Royal St. George's Yacht Club. I see your name up for ballot at both these clubs, and I now give you fair warning—get your proposer to take it down."

Tremaine laughed at the idea of *his* being pilled at any club; but

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the Ides of March came, and with them such a shower of black beans as no candidate ever yet received at either of those aristocratic institutions. Barney and I were close friends, and Mr. Tremaine hated me because of this.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this visit of Tremaine's to Kilnacarrick was the reverse of agreeable to me. I knew how he would sneer at my mountain and my shooting, of which I had so perpetually bragged, at my aunt, at my surroundings; what stories he would tell, what lies he would hash up, what caricatures he would draw. For a moment I thought of giving up my visit, of telegraphing to say I could not get leave; and then came a rush of indignation in my heart against myself, and I resolved to go, to shoot, to enjoy myself. What was Mr. Fred Tremaine to *me?* I could afford to laugh at his stories, laugh at his sneers, laugh, if necessary, at himself and his friend. It was quite possible we might never meet; and yet I felt that one of Tremaine's first acts would be to visit me merely for the purpose of gratifying a malignant curiosity.

Having lunched with some of the fellows—we always got our luncheon in from the mess-room of the Castle guard—I strolled down Dame Street, and, turning into Suffolk Street, dropped into Rigby's for my gun, ammunition, *et cetera.* Standing at the counter and examining a central-fire stood Tremaine. His slight, graceful figure, his delicate features, his small white hands—he never wore gloves—his tiny feet encased in varnished boots, and his general get-up, always quiet, but always impossible to the man of the outer world, imparted to him that *ton* which is ever so much after all in the race for place. The cruel sarcasm in his mouth, the cold glitter in his gray eyes, the quiver in the nostril told their own tale, labelling him with the single word "treacherous."

I did not want to join him, but, perceiving me, he came languidly forward.

"How do, Marston? Off today?"

"Yaas," endeavoring to imitate his careless drawl.

"Wicklow?"

"Yaas."

"I'm offered some feathers at a place called Kilnacarrick."

"Not at Lambert's, the chandler?"

"If his dinners are good, it's pretty much the same to me, be he chandler or chancellor."

"Ah!"

"Is the shooting good?"

This was a chance. I would put him off.

"You'll do twenty miles, and then you'll not crack a cartridge."

I did not say there were no birds.

"Any hares?"

"A few."

"Ah!" And turning on his heel, he left me.

Having transacted my business with Rigby, I whistled for an outside car, and placing my gun in a very prominent position, so as to show the Dubliners that I was about to leave them for a while, I told the man to drive me to the club, where lay my *impedimenta.* Fate was now busy with the skein of my life. I had resolved upon taking the 4.45 train at Westland Row for Rathdrum, making connection at Bray; but, finding an invitation to a garden party at Marion's, from Lady Charlemont, await-

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ing me under favor of the letter M in the club-rack, I went into the writing-room in order to reply to it. Here I met old "Five-to-Three" La Touche, so called on account of his invariably laying the odds at whist, although he never played nor did he know anything of the game. "Five-to-Three" at this time o' day was usually charged to the muzzle with a story, and the man who dropped in for it dined out upon it.

"So you are after the grouse, Marston," he exclaimed. "Ah! it's twenty years since I tramped the heather or pulled a trigger. The last time I went out it was with Charlie Bagenal, as quare a fellow as ever stepped in shoe-leather. He comes up to Dublin once in a way, and drops in here. You must know him, Joe. He wears a suit made out of hand-wove wool, and, upon me conscience, it is rough as a cocoanut. Well, I went down to Charlie on the 19th, and Bagenal Park was full from cellar to garret. There was wan English chap there that we all resolved upon taking a rise out of. This fellow was a great dab at shooting, and promised to 'wipe our eyes'—which means in shooting language to knock over more birds than any of us—the next day. Paddy Finn was Bagenal's game-keeper, and Paddy was instructed to—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. La Touche," I interrupted, after glancing at my watch; "but I've lost the 4.45 train from Westland Row, and I *must* do the 5.10 from Harcourt Street."

"Be off, then, Joe; the story will keep better than the birds."

"How long will it take you to get to Harcourt Street station?" I asked the car driver.

"Two shillin's, sir."

"All right," interpreting his wily meaning.

He "decanted" me at the depot just as the last bell was ringing and a corduroyed porter in the act of closing the door.

"That bell is worth th' odd sixpence, sir," pocketing my half-crown; "anyhow the fright I got for fear I'd be late earned it. Gelang out o' that!" to his sorry steed as he rattled merrily away.

Having hastily procured a ticket, I sprang up the steep stone stairs leading to the platform, where the porter to whom I had entrusted my *impedimenta* awaited me.

"Bedad yer shuck for a sate, sir, barrin' ye thravel third-class."

"Anywhere," I cried.

A gentleman descended from a first-class carriage. "I am not going by this train, sir," he courteously said. "There is a seat in this compartment."

The porter flung my round dozen of parcels on the vacant cushion, into the netting overhead, under the seat, everywhere, and, dexterously pocketing his shilling, violently thrust me into the carriage, which was already in motion.

When I had subsided a little I looked around. Right opposite to me sat my aunt's neighbor, Mr. Lambert, arrayed in a tartan combining the plaids of all the clans that fought that last fight at Drummossie Moor. His heather stockings were of bright crimson, his scarf to match, while in the band of a white Alpine hat he wore a short, perky, blood-red feather. Yellow gloves adorned his enormous hands, and on the forefinger of the right, outside the gauntlet, blazed a diamond ring. Beside him sat a white-faced, white-necktied youth, whose dawning mous-

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tache afforded him considerable trouble, since from the commencement to the end of our journey he never ceased a bootless endeavor to twist it into a hook or curl at either side of his mouth. This young gentleman bore a very strong resemblance to Mr. Lambert, being his son and heir; he was faultlessly attired in a mixed shooting suit, and, not being "strong on calves," discreetly elected to adorn his lower limbs with leather leggings. Beyond Mr. Lambert, Jr., was seated a *roué*-looking man of five-and-thirty, recklessness and dissipation written upon his bold and handsome face, and good-breeding lying *perdu*, as if ashamed of being found with one so utterly unworthy. He wore the unmistakable stamp of the British cavalry officer, and I mentally noted him as some shady swell whom Mr. Lambert was glad to brag about as "My son's friend, Captain De Blood." In the corner nestled a lady. She was dark almost to swarthiness; her black, black eyes were large, now glittering, now as though some unseen veil had suddenly concealed their startling sheen. Her mouth was a very cradle for scorn. She was attired in black, no single gleam of collar or cuff relieving the dead sameness. She seemed to shrink from the man beside her, not through fear but rather in dislike.

The two seats on my right were occupied by baggage, the third by a lady youthful in form and closely veiled. Her dress was of blue serge in great plaits and trimmed with heavy hussar braid. Her small black felt hat, that sat upon luxurious chestnut hair, was ornamented with a rich blue feather, which swept past it and down to her left shoulder. She wore black gauntlet gloves. By her side hung suspended a *châtelaine* of oxidized silver. The knick-knack being costly and in superb taste, I leaned a little forward in order to catch a glimpse of her face. She turned. Our eyes met, and—no, I cannot describe the sensation that flashed through me. It was not a shock of pain nor yet a thrill of pleasure. It was ecstasy dashed with sadness, hope mingled with fear. She was not handsome, at least in the professional-beauty sense of the term. Her forehead was low, her brows too heavy for Phidias or Apelles, her nose not "on the line," her mouth, though rich and ripe, large if not massive. Her blue-gray eyes were large and pleading, and full of a deep, passionate tenderness. No, she was not handsome, and yet in that single look I saw something that all my life long I imagined I must have been seeking, never finding it till now; and in that moment the wheel of my life's fate was suddenly set moving. Yea, and *I felt this.*

She withdrew her glance, coloring ever so slightly. I turned, and my eyes met those of the dark woman, who smiled, as though she would have said: "I see it all; *I* know what that look has done," as indeed she did.

I began to wonder if these ladies belonged to the Lambert party. It might be so. Shooting brings strange people together. As a pre-eminently social institution it takes high rank in Ireland. It brings together at this pleasant holiday season those various idiosyncrasies who otherwise would rarely, if ever, meet: the wealthy squire and the impoverished retired captain, his younger brother, or distant cousin, whose cavalry swagger has toned down to a sort

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of half-pay shamble, but whose old "form" returns when his foot is on his native stubble and the gamekeepers address him as "Master Dick"; the sporting barrister will join hands with the shooting attorney, and the bachelor baronet take wine with his extravagant nephew, who, *nunquam non paratus*, will improve the occasion during the visit by angling for "a little check." The 20th of August, too, has special charms for the fairer portion of humanity. In the first place the dull routine of the country-house is enlivened by guests who are often eligible *partis*. Beauty need no longer "blush unseen," or "waste its sweetness" on the village doctor or the doubtful squireen, while many a successful match has resulted from the propinquity attendant upon this autumn gathering.

My imaginings were soon discounted by reality.

"Whew! 'ow 'ot it is," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, removing his Alpine hat and mopping his rubicund visage with a flaming silk handkerchief emblazoned in all four corners with his monogram.

"Much hotter than in town," observed his son.

"Mam'selle, will you mind letting down that window a bit?" addressing the dark lady, who sat with her face to the engine.

"It won't go down," she said, her accent being slightly foreign.

"It's an Irish window," laughed the captain, showing a superb set of teeth. "See," he exclaimed, "it goes up when you want to put it down, and it goes down when you want to put it up," vigorously suiting the action to the word, and just succeeding in moving the window either way by one inch. "If it wasn't for the glass I'd soon open it," doubling his fist.

"Never mind the glass," said Mam'selle sneeringly.

"Bah!" laughed the captain, "you'd be the very first to cry *Sacr-r-r-r-r-re bleu!* if you got a scratch in the shindy."

"What do the officers of the Sixth do if there is a shindy going forward?" she asked, adding with intense maliciousness: "Back out, eh, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

A dark scowl crossed the man's face as he observed, with an attempt at jocoseness:

"Mam'selle is in a Père la Chaise mood to-day. Eh, Miss Lambert?" addressing the young lady opposite.

She was, then, the daughter of Lambert. Would she drop her *h*'s? She took no notice of the captain's remark. I felt glad, inexpressibly glad, at this. His easy swagger evidently possessed no attraction for her. Her silence was contemptuous; I read it in her mouth.

The captain, perceiving that his shot had missed its mark, adroitly changed the subject.

"I wonder, Lambert, has that old woman, your next-door neighbor, stuck up any fresh notices along the mountain's brow?"

Mr. Lambert grew very red in the face, glanced furtively at me, coughed, wriggled uneasily, and made no reply.

"What stories Dick here tells about her!"

"Dick knows nothing about the lady," blurted Lambert.

"If we don't have fun out of the old woman this season write me down an ass," chuckled the hopeful scion of the house; "and if—" Here a kick on the shin from his father caused him to utter a dismal howl.

"I vote we run up counter notices," cried the captain.

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"If you will take my advice, Captain Molesworth," quietly observed Mam'selle, "you'll leave that very respectable old lady alone; she's just the sort of woman who could, as hunting-men say, give you a 'crumpler.'"

"She's a dear old thing, with her coal-scuttle bonnet of the year one, and her ermine tippet, and her sable muff, and her Gampy umbrella," cried Miss Lambert enthusiastically. "Any person who would annoy her is my enemy. I saw her twice last year, and, although she scowled at me most unmercifully, I felt as if I could have taken her pokey bonnet in my hands, have plunged my head down into the tunnel, and have kissed her."

"I won't have no war on my neighbor, Miss Delaney," said Mr. Lambert, although glaring hard at me. "She *is* a little straitlaced and old-fashioned in her notions. I don't come but once a year, and it so 'appens as she won't 'ave me. I don't stop over-long, and I wish to be neighbor-like, but she won't 'ave it. Everybody to their liking, say I. Amelia, look out; this 'ere is Bray 'Ead."

"Is it not exquisite!" exclaimed the young girl. "Such purple! The heather seems glowing with Tyrian dye."

The line runs right along the shore and beneath the frowning Bray Head, now through tunnels, now across fairy bridges suspended high in air. It is needless my attempting to describe this sea-path among the shelving hills, whose bronzed faces smile at their own wildness in the liquid mirror. Now we seemed shut in by investing lines of hill and wooded bank, with distant mountain sentinels to cut off retreat, when, lo! the sea-path suddenly opened for us, only to find us land-locked in another sequestered reach more romantic even than the last, with bars of light and shade travelling along the scarped slopes, and with the water itself changing color under every passing cloud.

Happily, the conversation glided into another channel. I could see that Lambert *père* had informed his son I was no less a personage than the kinsman of the lady of whom so free mention had been made, and that the news travelled "along the line" until it reached Miss Lambert in her corner. I, with a great craving, stole occasional glances at this young lady as she gazed out to sea, drinking in a charm all so subtle, all so new. The one look which had caught and fixed my regard, and upon which my heart had closed, bore bright and beauteous blossom, for it sprang direct from that purest of all sources, a maiden's innocent soul.

Mam'selle's strange black eyes ever and anon glittered over me, and when by chance my glance met hers the same knowing look invariably displayed itself at her mouth. Mr. Lambert betook himself to the *Times*, Captain Molesworth to *Bell's Life*, and Dick to sleep. A conversation in low tones was spasmodically maintained between the two ladies for a little while, and then silence fell upon the compartment and its occupants, broken only when the train slowed into some station consisting of a porter and a platform, with an outside jaunting-car lazily lying in wait for some local magnate who had run up to Dublin upon "urgent private affairs."

Our station was Rathdrum. As the train slowed in, Dinny Byrne, my aunt's *factotum*, attired in a

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frieze coat reaching to his heels, and a caubeen with a suspicion of more than one ventilator in its battered crown, and a great whip in his hand, suddenly caught sight of me—he had been despatched with the car to meet and convey me to Ballymurry—and, plunging to the door of the compartment, yelled as he trotted along by the side of the train:

"More power, Masther Joe! It's meself that's proud to see ye safe an' sound over Bray Head. Bad luck to it for a pass! it'll kill some dacent people yit. Miss Mary Anne is well, sir, an' in illigant health an' sperrits. Yer just in the nick, Masther Joe, for her snuff gev out this mornin'; the last pinch was tuk be Docthor Moriarty, bad cess to him! an' she was on the last grain as I dhruv from the doore. Father Luke is well, sir; an' so's Father Pat. He prached an illigant sermon last Sunda', an' who was there list'nin' to every word but Tom Dunphy, the Dublin jackeen that ould Lambert, the fat-man—"

I flung a valise at Dinny, and so adroitly as to "rowl" him over; but he was on his feet in a second, and again at the window. The train came to a stand-still.

"Ay, here's the gun, an' the rod, an' a pair o' boots, an' a new umbrella—begorra, that's an illigant handle—an' a dhressin'-case. Where's the candles, Masther Joe, mowld-fours, an' the snuff, an"—in a whisper—"the thing, ye know, from the wig-maker's, an'—"

"You'll find everything in the parcel van. Don't block up the door, you stupid!"

The delay consequent upon dislodging the numerous articles contained in the commission of my aunt enabled me to haunt Miss Lambert. I use the word advisedly, for I ghosted her at a distance, never presuming to move within reach, and, ghostlike, not daring to speak unless spoken to.

"This is too bad," fumed Mr. Lambert. "Not a carriage here, and no account of 'em. Wot does it mean? There must be some infernal mistake, and we must go over to Kilnacarrick this 'ere night."

"Cawnt we post?" demanded the captain of the station-master.

"No letters can be posted after—"

"Pshaw!" interrupting the official. "Cawnt we get a carriage or car, or something?"

"No, sir; every baste in the town is after Mrs. Gormly to the Seven Churches. Her remains left this at two o'clock."

"Ay," added Dinny Byrne *sotto voce*, "an' ould Lambert's two min met the corpse on the road beyant Annamoe, and stopped for to take a dhrink wud it. Sorra a sight *he'll* see av thim this side av to-morrow."

"Were they drunk?" I demanded.

"Faix, they wor humorin' their thirst anyhow."

"You'd better tell Mr. Lambert this, Dinny."

"Is it *me*, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Arrah, shure, it's jokin' me y'are. Av I was seen givin' him anything but a lick av a stick, it's herself that wud run me."

In common courtesy I should inform Mr. Lambert of the helpless condition of his retainers. It were bad form to be in possession of this knowledge and then fail to impart it. Miss Lambert was seated on a portmanteau gazing at the Auchavana Mountains, that were throwing a plaid of misty gray over their shoulders. "Mam'selle," chilly on

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this glorious autumn evening, sought a heavy wrap. The captain moodily smoked whilst he kicked a couple of red setters away from him. Dick was engaged in hard swearing, and I fear that Lambert allowed some full-flavored language to escape his lips as he strode violently up and down the little stone bridge that spanned the railway.

"Why didn't I settle to go on to the Wooden Bridge? The Wale of Ovoca is always pretty, and there's an inn there. Here one might as well be shipwrecked on a desolate island. I *must* get on to-night. I'll buy up a pair of their confounded horses. It an't a question of money."

"I beg your pardon," said I, lifting my hat ever so little and speaking *at* Miss Lambert, "my name is Marston. You are going to Kilnacarrick; *I* am going to Ballymurry. I have three seats to spare, and—"

"Be jabers! ye haven't wan at all, at all, Masther Joe; are ye soft?" in an agonized whisper from Dinny.

"You are very good, Mr. Marston. My name is Lambert. We are next-door neighbors, sir, but I expect my carriage and my car here every moment. They should have been here on the arrival of this 'ere train. I can't understand why they an't up to time."

I told him what Dinny had confided to me. After exploding a good deal he gradually calmed down.

"I believe, Mr. Marston, I must accept your offer. This is Miss Lambert. This is Mam'selle Longshay [Longché], her governess. These two ladies with myself will take seats with you."

Miss Lambert dropped me a demure curtsey. Mam'selle smiled. "*Tout va bien*," she muttered. I did not comprehend her then; I did so subsequently.

I had considerable trouble with Dinny Byrne. At first he stoutly refused to take the proposed passengers.

"I'll be murthered, Masther Joe. She'll rowl me out as shure as me name's Dinny, an' unless ye have a good billet for me in the Castle av Dublin, jest lave well enough alone. Be sed bé me. There's nothin' but thrubble to be got out av givin' them people a jaunt. Shure, sir," he continued, shifting his ground, "the little mare wudn't stand it. She wudn't face Ballynagonigaun hill wud that load av ye wor to feed her on goold."

Seeing that I persisted, Dinny made a great show of preparation, shifting parcels, tightening girths, adjusting seats, and generally arranging the vehicle.

"Wirra, wirra, where's this wigbox for to go? And thim candles 'll melt in the well. Ay, I will hould me tongue, but will Miss Mary Anne hould hers? Won't she flay me alive for doin' this! I know her well. I'd raythe have a beehive on me nor her tongue—I would, be the mortial!"

Mr. Lambert and I occupied one side, while *she* and Mam'selle graced the other. The evening was simply a glory. The sun was setting in liquid amber as we bowled along the upper road that winds over the lovely Vale of Clara. Two or three miles took us up the valley, opening out at one end, perhaps, on some grand mountain, which seemed to grow loftier and grander as we ascended the dainty hill opposite to it, just as a really great man seems greatest to those who have climbed to something near his own altitude.

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Then another mile or two of scramble up paths, running between purple heather and thymy banks, and ferns and brooks, and, lo! a turn in the road gave a totally different scene. The great mountain was shut out, and from our ridge we looked down on the range of the peaceful valley with its white streams, green woods, up through which wreaths of smoke gracefully floated toward us, and the purple mountains in the foreground and blue hills in the far-off distance.

"What a bit of nature! I must come and do this rock in water-colors. Stop one moment, if you please," exclaimed Miss Lambert.

Here was a mere rock by the roadside, but it was shaded with red and white lichen like a delicate palette, and over it hung a bit of ivy, with a whole bed of purple heather on the top, and a gleam of yellow gorse in its autumn blossom through the heather; and down on the ground, at the bottom, there were a few harebells, and a tangle of bracken and blackberry and honeysuckle round the corner. Further on a little brook poured down from the hills above, as clear as crystal, leaping and singing from rock to rock, till it dived into the dark pool under the red-berried mountain-ash where the little old bridge of huge stones spanned it, and led the way to the green meadow beyond.

"Oh!" cried the enthusiastic young girl, "every turn in this lovely road is so delightfully surprising that it seems as if Nature herself waited for us like a playful child round a corner to give us a kiss."

I have no particular recollection of what Mr. Lambert said. I know that he talked a good deal, especially about his 'ome at 'Erne 'Ill, of his business connections in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and of an adventure he had had at the great fair of Nijni Novgorod. I was not paying him the slightest attention. I was thinking of the fair young girl at the other side of the car, from whom had come to me as in a breath a subtle understanding of all that was fair and gracious, and a capacity for drawing into some new and fragrant chamber of my heart an image as delicate as the quivering light upon a leaf, the color of the sky, the painting of a flower, and yet in lines as hard as though chased in steel. Dinny Byrne caused me considerable irritation by his frequent allusions to the looming displeasure of my aunt.

"We're bet intirely av she's on the road, Masther Joe. I wudn't face her for a crock av goold. Ye must ax thim to walk Spavin Hill, an' the minit ye get thim aff the car I'll let the mare have the whip, an' sorra a sight more they'll see av us. Shure ye can say she run away, an' that I cudn't hould her. Don't be afeared, sir; I'll keep a throt for that hill, or me name's not Dinny."

Finding that he made no impression upon me by his appeals, he endeavored to instil a wholesome terror into Miss Lambert's maid by recounting the viciousness of the "little mare" and her decided proclivities in favor of bolting when ladies were on the car.

"The very minit she sees Spavin Hill, miss, she'll be aff like a rocket, an' it wud take tin min for to hould her."

"Had we not better walk the hill?"

"To be shure ye had, miss. It's an illigant hill; sorra finer walkin' from this to Glenmalure. The quollity all walks it."

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As a matter of fact we did dismount at the foot of the hill, and no sooner had we done so than Dinny started off at a pace that evinced the sincerity of his intentions. Nor did I again behold him until he came into my bed-room at Ballymurry, conveying my baggage.

"I done that well, Masther Joe," he exclaimed, a half-frightened look upon his comical face. "Miss Mary Anne wud have kilt the both of us av she found us in sich low company as—"

"Silence, sir! Never speak of Mr. Lambert save in terms of respect," I sternly interrupted.

"Arrah, what for, Masther Joe? If he was a good shot itself! Begorra, av he fired at the church beyant he'd hit the parish."

I quitted the Lamberts at my own gate.

"Come over to our 'ouse, Mr. Marston," said Mr. Lambert, wringing my hand.

"*Do*, Mr. Marston," added Amelia.

"You'll come, is it not so?" half-whispered Mam'selle; and I said, "With very much pleasure."

My aunt was very pleased to see me.

"You are very late, Joseph. Dinny tells me that the mare lost a shoe near Annamoe, and that Billy Driscoll, the blacksmith, was 'as usual.' I see you've executed all my commissions; but four-and-nine for teasing my front wig was four shillings too much. The snuff is not as pungent as it might be; it must have been taken out of an old canister. Ah, Lundy Foot, like every Irish institution, is going down. But come, you must be hungry. I've a trout for you that was caught at seven o'clock by little Lanty Regan in the Clohogue, and you can hear the hen clucking that laid the egg you're going to tap. Come into the dinner-room now and let me hear all the news. I hope you'll have good shooting. Those abominable cockneys are expected to-day at Kilnacarrick, and—"

"Are they so abominable, aunt?" I burst in.

"What *could* be worse?—a London tradesman. Faugh!"

"I hear he's a most amiable, charitable, good-natured sort of man; a little off color, vulgar, drops his *h*'s, and all that sort of thing, but for all that not half bad."

"It doesn't matter to us what he is. Let him keep his bounds."

"He has a daughter, I believe."

"Some brazen-faced hussy. I saw her last year, and the way she stared was just like English impudence."

I dropped the subject, since it was one that required particularly delicate handling at particularly delicate moments.

"Ye'll have the hoighth av shootin' this time, Masther Joe," exclaimed Dinny upon the following morning, entering my room *sans cérémonie*, lugging an enormous and bumptious tub after him. "Ye know little Lanty Regan, the lump av a gossoon that rings the chapel bell, an' attinds Father Pat's first Mass, and runs wud the letther-bag?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, he's med a hole for himself in the side av Boher-na-Crutha, ould Lambert's best mountain, an' sorra resave the bird but he has it marked, an' where they lie, an' all their ha'nts. Well, sir," here Dinny seated himself on the edge of the tub, "Lanty is at his post like a sinthry, an' the minit he sees us comin' along the boreen he'll frighten the birds over to us. Dickens a feather we'll

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lave the talla—I mane Misther Lambert, Esquire."

"I don't intend to shoot to-day." The fact is, I was heartily ashamed of my semi-poaching performances past and gone.

"Not shoot on the 20th!" cried Dinny, falling back into the tub in his excitement and dismay. "Mother o' Moses! shure it's only foolin' ye are, Masther Joe."

"I'm in earnest."

"What'll the whole cunthry say? What'll—arrah, it's divartin yerself ye are."

"I doubt if I'll shoot this season at all."

Dinny uttered no word, made no sign, but, rising from his seat on the edge of the tub, stared gloomily at me for a moment, shook his head in a solemn and ghostlike manner, and slowly stalked from the apartment.

Luckily, I had one of my Smallpage suits with me, and arrayed in this, after a very prolonged and elaborate toilette, I descended to breakfast.

"Dinny Byrne tells me you are not well, Joe," observed my aunt somewhat anxiously.

"Why on earth did he say such a thing?"

"He says you do not intend to go out on the mountain to-day."

"That is another question altogether. No, aunt, I will *not* go on the mountain, and I'll tell you why. If the birds were our own birds, hatched on our own mountain, I'd feel that I had a right to shoot them; but it seems to me hardly fair to be potting another man's game."

"Do you mean Lambert?"

"I mean Mr. Lambert."

"Stuff and nonsense! Balderdash! *I* have a better right to any bird that is hatched on Kilnacarrick than all the cockneys in the world. That mountain, every acre of it, was in the possession of the O'Byrnes since the Flood. These mushrooms are only squatters. Don't let me hear such trash again, Joseph. It's too ridiculous. Why, man alive," she added, smiting the breakfast-table with her clenched fist until the teacups rattled again, "if Kilnacarrick was in some counties in Ireland, *it's not the birds that would be shot*," significantly wagging her head at me over a great brown earthenware teapot.

Are there not occasions when the bravest men act the sneak and the coward? There is no use in calling this sort of thing diplomacy. It is much better to call a spade a spade; and when I write this confession I pillory myself in these two humiliating terms, "sneak, coward." I diplomatized; I actually allowed Miss Delaney to imagine I was not quite up to the mark, that the pressure of the "dreary drudgery of the desk's dead wood" had told upon me, and that I needed repose more than doing twenty miles a day in a broiling harvest sun over stubble and brake and bog, and that a quiet stroll was more beneficial to me than tramps that were calculated to wear me out.

"Just do as you please, Joe," said my aunt. "There's the weekly *Freeman*—it's a week old, but that doesn't matter—and in the bookcase you'll find *Clarissa Harlowe*, and the *Sentimental Journey*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and some elegant religious works that Father Doyle leaves here for his own reading. A little white wine whey will do you no harm, and what with calf's-foot jelly and beef-tea—real sound tonics; none of your new-fangled rubbish—you'll

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come nicely round. You needn't be wearing your best clothes down here," she added, sharply eying my swell Smallpage suit; "there's nobody to see them. Keep them for last Mass on Sunday."

I strolled over to Kilnacarrick. The gentlemen were on the mountain. Miss Lambert was in the garden—a rare old garden, all boxwood hedges as impenetrable as the walls of Metz, all fuchsias, and dahlias, and gorgeous hollyhocks, and sweet, sweet honeysuckle. I found the object of my search seated beneath a venerable yew-tree that might have furnished darts a cloth-yard long for the O'Briens when they disputed the pass of Auchavana with the O'Tooles. She was reading. For a moment I stood to gaze at her, my heart beating very hard and fast and tumultuously. She looked up, and a bright glance was succeeded by a slight blush, very slight rose pink, painting the lily of her face.

"I thought you would come," she said, then her face and neck and tiny ears flamed. "I mean I—I—that is, some menkind don't go out on the mountain on the first day."

"*I* never missed fire till to-day, Miss Lambert, and upon my word I do *not* envy man, dog, or bird on the heather."

"I am delightfully cool under this superb old tree. If it could speak, what tales it could tell!"

"It is at its very best at the present moment." I suppose my eyes showed her that my heart was dragging its anchor, for she suddenly exclaimed, holding up her book:

"Have you read this?"

"I shall."

"You do not know what it is."

"That doesn't matter."

"Suppose it were in Hindostanee?"

"Hindostanee can be learned."

"It would require patience."

"Patience is bitter, but the fruits of it are sweet."

"This book will *not* tax your patience in any way; it is one of Mrs. Gaskell's—*North and South.* It is a charming story charmingly told."

Afterwards, when I tried to remember how I spent that time with her, I was only able to recall the foregoing scrappy words. I am sure we sat under that yew-tree for a long while; that we talked books, and pictures, and horses and dogs, and London town. All was in a rosy haze, an ethereal atmosphere. I was in Cloudland, the earthiness of earth millions of miles beneath me.

"*Ma foi!*" This from Mam'selle, the same significant smile upon her mouth, in her strange eyes. "Your *tête-à-tête* must break up, as everything breaks up in this world. The gentlemen have come off the mountain and are hungry as great bears."

I looked at my watch. It was half-past six, and my aunt dined at five.

In passing through the house I encountered Mr. Lambert.

"You'll stop for dinner, Mr. Marston? I've only a fifth-rate cook here—my swell is at my 'ouse at Lancaster Gate—but I promise you 'are soup—we have caught one 'are, ha! ha!—and a haunch of mountain mutton *with* red-currant jelly, and a grouse pie. I an't *responsible* for anything else."

"Do stay," pleaded Amelia.

"The fact is my aunt—"

"Just drop a note to her to say you're 'ere. I'll send a servant over with it."

"I'm not dressed."

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"We never dress here. We dine in our shooting-coats, rough and ready."

I wrote a brief note to my aunt, stating I know not what; and oh! such an evening as that was. Mr. Lambert went to sleep after dinner. Captain Molesworth, after having vainly endeavored to induce me to try a hand at *écarté*, followed his host's example. Dick betook himself to the village. Mam'selle went in for crochet and forty winks in a dark corner of the old-fashioned, low-ceilinged, lavender-perfumed drawing-room, and Amelia and I were virtually alone.

I was engaged in listening to a *naïve* description of her visit to Ober-Ammergau to witness the Passion Play when a voice, which I recognized as belonging to Dinny Byrne, hoarsely called through the open window:

"Masther Joe! Masther Joe! Be the mortial frost, they're all asleep."

"What is it, sir?" I fiercely demanded.

"Come out o' this for love av heaven, or you'll be cut off wud a thranceen. Miss Mary Anne is leppin' mad. She's tuk half o' the snuff ye brought her from Dublin sense she got yer slip av a note. I—"

"Silence! Go out of that! Go back to Ballymurry," I shouted passionately, choking with anger and mortification.

"Sorra a step, thin, Masther Joe. I'm sent for to bring ye home, and be me song I dar'n't face yer aunt wudout ye."

I stormed; I raved. I threatened in my paroxysm of anger to horsewhip him; but Dinny kept sturdily at the window, nor would he refrain from uttering such comments as it pleased him to lavish upon the immediate condition of affairs, and in a tone very far from being below his breath. I left Kilnacarrick like a schoolboy, making a deplorably weak attempt at passing the whole thing off as a joke; and it was lucky for my aunt's retainer that he kept considerably in advance, or, as sure as my name is Joseph Penrose Marston, he would not have returned to Ballymurry with a whole skin.

"What does this mean?" was my aunt's query, as, arrayed in a short night-gown adorned with bulbous frills and worn over her ordinary attire, and a night-cap with a ponderous border, she sternly confronted me, my note in her hand, as I sneaked—yes, sneaked—into the pretty dinner-room.

"It means that I dined at Kilnacarrick," I replied.

"*You* dined at Kilnacarrick, and with that man?"

"I dined with Mr. Lambert."

"And so this is why you did not feel well enough to go on the mountain."

"The fact is—"

"And you drove those people on my car, with my horse, from Rathdrum."

"Really—"

"And you chose not to mention the matter to *me*."

"'Pon my honor, aunt—"

"Your breakfast will be ready for you at five o'clock to-morrow morning. You will catch the seven o'clock train for Dublin at Tinehely. I want no bridge to Kilnacarrick, and least of all the body of my sister's child." And without another word Miss Delaney seized a brass candlestick in which flamed one of the identical mould-fours I had brought down the previous evening, and stalked from the room *à la* Lady Macbeth, leaving me standing in the middle of the floor, to use

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a vulgarism, "struck all of a heap."

"I tould ye the wax she was in," whispered Dinny Byrne, who had entered unperceived. "Av ye'd be sed be me, ye'd—"

"Oh! go to Hongkong," I cried, brushing him aside, and bounding three steps at a time up to my bedroom, where I locked myself in, a prey to anger, mortification, sorrow, joy, and half a dozen other sensations, above all of which rode the Rosy Archer bearing aloft the refulgent image of Amelia Lambert.

I had scarcely prepared to undress when Dinny's voice made itself heard through the keyhole.

"Masther Joe! Masther Joe! for the love o' heaven don't go agin her. She's as pervarse as Miles McCormick's jackass, an' I'll go bail she'd kick just as hard. Masther Joe, are ye list'nin' to me? She'll alther the will, Masther Joe. She'll sind for that dirty little spalpeen av an attorney from Wicklow as sure as there's a bill on a crow. Considher yer act, Masther Joe. Don't let this place go from ye, an' the meadow below at Knocka-temple, an' all that she has up in the bank above in Dublin. Masther Joe, mas— Be the hokey! but it's snorin' he is. What's to be done at all, at all?"

In order to get rid of Dinny Byrne I had feigned sleep, accompanied by those nasal sounds which so loudly assert the pre-eminence of the drowsy god.

Should I take my aunt at her word? Should I break the long chain of past kindness for—ay, for what? An idea. Granted; but what man in love was ever able to analyze his own sensations? What man in love who ever bowed to reason? That man has yet to see the light. I was piqued, put on my mettle. No longer a schoolboy, I refused to be treated as one. No dependant, I declined to act as one. I would take Miss Delaney at her word, and shake the dust of Ballymurry from my shoon. But in shaking the dust of Ballymurry from my shoon, would I not be leaving Amy Lambert behind me? Would my heart not remain in that fern-clad valley between the purple hills? Leave Ballymurry? Yes. Leave the county of Wicklow? No. I would go over to Fogarty's snug little inn at sweet Glenmalure, and come and go to Kilnacarrick as it pleased me.

When I descended at five A.M. I found my dear old friend, Father Pat McLaughlin, reading his breviary in the hall.

"What's all this I hear, Joe?" he asked after a warm greeting.

"What do you mean, father?"

"Why, Dinny Byrne was with me this morning at cock-crow, and—"

"Dinny Byrne will get himself into trouble with his cursed officiousness," I angrily burst in.

Father McLaughlin laughed.

"I've seen Miss Mary Anne, Joe, and it's all right; ah! here she comes after her morning walk."

My aunt strode into the hall.

"Joe," she said, "I'm sorry I was so hasty. Father Pat says this Englishman means well."

"He sent me a check for twenty-five pounds last night towards flooring the chapel at Inchaculliagh," chimed in the priest; "and I'll tell you a good thing the Rev. Mr. Spoonbeg said," refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff (Mr. Spoonbeg was the Protestant rector of the parish, but a man who refused to lend himself to the bitter bigotry of the deluded fanatics of his congregation). "The rec-

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tor was sitting with me when Mr. Lambert's check came in.

"'This will never do,' said he.

"'Why?' said I.

"'Because,' said he with a hearty laugh, 'in flooring your chapel, Father Pat, I'm greatly afraid *he'll floor my church.*'"

A tacit consent to an *occasional* visit to Kilnacarrick having been obtained, affairs resumed the *status quo ante bellum*, and I was miserably happy.

Upon the following day, while strolling along the road, I was passed by a Rathdrum car, its occupant being Mr. Fred Tremaine.

He stopped and hailed me.

"Are your tent-pegs driven in this wild place, Marston?"

"Yes."

"How are the birds?"

"I haven't been out."

"The deuce! What's up? Seen the tallow-chandler or his people?"

"Yes."

"Their place is not far off now, I believe."

"That lych-gate is theirs."

"I was going to offer you a lift."

"Thanks; I'm walking over."

"To Lambert's?" in some astonishment.

"Yes."

"So glad! I'll tramp it, too. You fellow!" addressing the driver, "bowl on without me."

We talked shop and Dublin generally. As we turned into Kilnacarrick a girlish laugh betokened the presence of Amy. She *was* glad to see Tremaine, and he held her hand—how I confounded him!—much longer than conventionality demanded.

"So you've come at last," she said.

"Mecca cawnt be done every day in the week, Miss Lambert."

"How long do you intend to honor this heathery corner of the island?"

"I wish I could stop for ever, but, alas! a week is my uttermost. Yet," he added gaily, "*vive la joie*, ten thousand years can be compressed into seven days."

She had not spoken to me, save the stereotyped "How do you do?" Nor had she looked at me, her eyes being lowered, the long lashes sweeping across her cheeks. I felt almost dizzy with disappointment, and cut at the heather with my stick.

"*Tout va bien*," almost whispered the voice of Mam'selle close behind me.

"I do not know what you mean, Mam'selle," I retorted almost savagely.

"*Nous allons voir.* Will you to walk wit me?"

We strolled through the pine wood.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked. "Ah!" when I had informed her. "Is he hunter of fortune?"

"I should say so."

"He lose time. Amelia has not one centime."

Why did I feel so glad of this? Mam'selle read the writing on my face.

"You rejoice. *Fi donc!*"

"I do not rejoice that the daughter of Mr. Lambert—"

"*Tenez donc.* Amelia is not Mr. Lambert's daughter."

"Not his daughter!" I exclaimed, recoiling in my astonishment.

"No. Listen; the story is quite a romance. Mr. Lambert go to Russia to buy grease—yes, grease, faugh!—go every year. He meet a gentleman in the train; they become friend—fast friend. The gentleman have little child; the gentleman live in St. Petersburg and is attached to the English Embassy.

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The gentleman like Mr. Lambert, for Mr. Lambert bring gift to little child every time he go to Russia. The gentleman die one day, and as he die Mr. Lambert come in from England. The gentleman say, 'I die, Lambert. I have no friends; I spend all my money gambling. My relatives are none; I believe I have relative in Ireland, but it is too late. Take care of my child. She like you; I love you. Be father to her; you are honest man.' Lambert say he would. 'Swear,' say the dying gentleman. Lambert swear. 'I die happy,' say the gentleman, and he die. Amelia is that child." Mam'selle faced me, telling her story with all the gesture and dramatic power of a clever Frenchwoman.

"This is very strange," I said. "And—and how does it come that her name is Lambert?"

"Because that *is* her name; was her father's name."

"And did her guardian make no effort to dig up her relatives?"

"He advertise in one or two journal, but make no reply."

As we approached the house I bade Mam'selle adieu.

"Are you not coming to stay?"

"I never care to be *de trop*," was my bitter retort, nodding fiercely in the direction of Amy and Fred Tremaine.

"Tell me!" said Mam'selle earnestly, "have you ever been in—" she stopped—"never before your heart speak to me?"

I did not go near Kilnacarrick for three days. Taking a couple of dogs, but no gun, I wandered across the mountains, and actually revelled in the bitterness of my own imaginings. I thought of Amy down in that peaceful valley listening to the quips and gibes and sneers and jests of the small bureaucrat. I pictured the pillory he rapidly and dexterously constructed wherein to set me and my shortcomings, and I imagined the amusement of the fair young girl as he mercilessly pelted me with word-painted garbage in the shape of satire. Would she think of me? Would she send me a note asking me why I had absented myself?

The third day came, and with it no sign from Kilnacarrick. They had forgotten my existence. What an ass I had been, what a despicable day-dreamer!

"Aunt, I find that I must leave for Dublin to-morrow."

"Why, Joe, your leave lasts till the 4th."

"You see the office is short-handed, and—"

"Never mind the office. The office can do very well without you for a fortnight; besides, Father Doyle and Father O'Reilly of Arklow, and Father Fitzsimon from Glencullen, are coming to dine on Sunday, and, if you had to resign your appointment, you must stop till Monday morning."

But I had resolved upon leaving. The unendurable fire of impatience in my heart was literally consuming me. The idea of Tremaine's success with Miss Lambert—I never doubted it—was torture so exquisite as to become no longer bearable.

That night, almost unconsciously, I started along the road that led to Kilnacarrick. It was a glorious moonlight, the earth seeming bathed in liquid pearl. Lights from the house glimmered through the trees as I passed, and I fancied Amy singing, my *confrère* leaning over her at the piano and looking those unutterable things which mean, oh! so much. Why not take one last look at her? There was not the slightest fear of detection.

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I could pass through the pine wood, and in the shadow of the fuchsias creep up to the drawing-room windows, which I knew to be open. I did not hesitate one second, and, obeying the impulse, found myself burglar-like approaching the house on tiptoe and with bated breath. As I crept cautiously onward voices in front of me caused me to halt.

"And you have refuse to marry Captain Molesworth?" It was Mam'selle who spoke. "You did right. He is what you call blackleg."

"Refuse!" Amy's voice was full of scorn. "Why, his offer was an insult."

"Mr. Tremaine?" How my heart beat!

"What of him?" asked Miss Lambert.

"You have offend him."

"I *did* lose my temper, and that's why I am out here to cool myself. He is a nasty, mean, contemptible fellow, and I told him so. He would not *dare* speak *to* Mr. Marston as he presumed to speak to me about him. I told him that Mr. Marston was a *gentleman*."

"You are thinking a good deal about Mr. Marston, my child; is it not so?"

Now I would have given worlds to have heard Miss Lambert's reply, but, having already tarried too long, honor bade me begone. Retiring as lightly as I came, I regained the high-road. As I vaulted over the lych-gate—I felt as though I could have leaped to the moon—I dropped right at the feet of—Mr. Fred Tremaine, who started violently.

"*You* here?" he gasped.

"Yes, I am here."

"Your absence has driven us all nearly wild," he sneered, adding: "I suppose that old tame cat, your aunt—"

"Stop!" I thundered.

"What do you mean?" he angrily asked.

"I mean that you'll air no sarcasm at the expense of Miss Delaney."

"How respectful the three per cents make us, to be sure! It's a little too soon to begin, though, for, in my opinion, this tough old personage is—"

"I do not want your opinion, Mr. Tremaine, upon this subject or upon any other," I interrupted.

"You're on a very high horse to-night, Marston. Take care and don't fall off, or you'll break your neck." And humming *Spirito gentil*—he had an exquisite tenor voice—he walked away from me, giving me no chance of a quarrel.

Suddenly, and as though acting under some uncontrollable influence, he turned, and, coming up to where I still stood, almost hissed:

"I want to ask you a question or two, Mr. Marston."

"I do not pledge myself to reply to any question you may put to me."

"You can answer or not as you please," he bitterly retorted.

"I suppose so," was my cool rejoinder.

He paused for a moment, his face deadly pale in the glorious harvest moonlight.

"You think you can plant your flag on this fortress," jerking his head in the direction of the house; "that you have merely to go in and win; that you can humbug the old man and fascinate the girl. Bah! I see your hand, and I tell you plainly, Mr. Marston, there's not a trump in it." I preserved a masterly inactivity and waited. The man who waits gets three to one. I do

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not know to what motive he ascribed my silence—perhaps to fear, for he went on:

"I'll permit no man to cross my path. I have never done so yet. I sweep aside all opposing force. Perhaps I'm not over-scrupulous, but I win. No, Mr. Marston, I am playing a game—you see I can be very candid—and I mean to play it *alone*. I want no opponent, nor will I permit any person to look over my shoulder. Do you understand me?"

"Not quite."

"I will be still more candid with you. The government is about to appoint an assistant under-secretary for Ireland. *You* are aware of this. It is in the distance, but already a heavy canvass is going on. *I* mean to have it. I could get it if I was able to bribe, not by money but by wine—by giving dinners to the heavy swells whose voices will have weight. I have no way of getting money but one; that is by marriage. There is no money in Dublin. One or two aldermen can give five or six thousand to their daughters, and there it ends. Now I come to the point. Mr. Lambert—"

"Mr. Tremaine," I interrupted, "I do not desire this—"

"Listen!" he burst in. "You have no ambition of this sort that burns like fire in the very soul, consuming it in its white heat. You jog along from year's end to year's end, dancing, fishing, shooting, knowing that on the first of every month you pick up a certain sum that will pay your landlady, your club bills, and your tailor. *I* know you fashionable drones in the civil-service hive, and I mean to fly above the whole lot of you. *Now* you understand me. Lambert will give this girl fifty thousand pounds. *I* mean to marry her."

With some men thought is naturally slow, the result of antecedent fact or cautious reflection; with others instantaneous and partaking of the character of intuition. For one brief moment of my existence I belonged to the latter class, and a thought-flash burst like a rocket in my mind. Was my memory mocking me, or had not Barney Bodkin told me that this man was not in a position to woo any woman honestly—that he was already married? Love, that marvellous quickener of intelligence, intensified my powers so that it was in the manner of an assertion rather than a question that I asked:

"Can *you* marry?"

If he had been struck by a bullet in some vital place, and felt his life-blood throbbing from him, he could not have shown a more ghastly terror. He placed his hand to his forehead, brushing off his hat in the action, and stood before me in that lovely autumn moonlight, livid as a spectre.

"Wh—wh—what do you mean?" his ashen lips refusing distinct utterance.

"You had better ask your own conscience, Mr. Tremaine," I calmly retorted, turning upon my heel and leaving him standing in the middle of the road.

I could not well leave Ballymurry now. It became my duty to remain, and interpose, if necessary, between this worthless wretch and the fair young girl whose future he would blight in his cursed greed for gold. What a keynote I had struck, what a mine I had sprung! The few words uttered by Mam'selle had caused the tide of hope, which had been strong on the ebb, to turn and flow, though the shore

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it had yet to cover was low-lying, bleak, and barren; but—

"Misther Tremenjous left be the mail-car this mornin' for Dublin, Masther Joe," cried Dinny Byrne, bursting into my room, as was his wont—he invariably styled Tremaine "Tremenjous"—"an', be me song, his bones 'll git a dacent joultin' over Inchanappa Hill. He'll be shuck like Mrs. Beltram's half-penny in the poor-box over in the church beyant, that the sexton tould me was all th' riz last Sunda', as stanch Protistints as they are. Dickins a worse road in th' barony; it bruck Tim O'Toole's collar-bone for divarshin, sorra a less, an' av he hadn't a sup in it's his neck that wud have been cracked."

Tremaine gone! This was news indeed. I crossed over to Kilnacarrick.

"You are strangare," exclaimed Mam'selle, while Amy blushed and made no sign.

I blundered forth some excuse in which the words "letters" and "business" came feebly to the front.

"Do you write letters on the top of Slieve-na-monsa, Mr. Marston, and is your private secretary one Mr. Denis Byrne?" laughed Miss Lambert. "Dinny told papa that you—"

"Dinny Byrne will be the direct cause of manslaughter," I interposed, inwardly vowing dire vengeance against my aunt's loquacious retainer.

"I suppose you know that Mr. Tremaine has left us,'" observed Amy, after some laughter.

"Dinny Byrne—" I began.

"Dinny Byrne again," she laughed.

"There are to be other departures," observed Mam'selle significantly.

Instinctively I turned to Miss Lambert. What did I read in those expressive eyes!

"Yes," she said, and her voice was low and sad, "we leave on Friday."

"Leave here? leave Ireland?" I faltered.

"Yes. Mr. Lambert's partner in Moscow is dead. A telegram came this morning announcing the death, and we leave this lovely, lovely place to-morrow."

Mam'selle, smiling that strange smile, rose and left the room.

I said nothing. I could say nothing. I was crushed, overwhelmed. I walked over to a window, and, mechanically seizing the cord attached to the blind, commenced listlessly twisting it in my fingers.

"We shall remain in London. Do you know London well, Mr. Marston?"

"Not well," with an effort.

"Do you come to London often?"

"No."

"When you run up to town you'll come and see us, won't you?"

"Yes." And this was all I could say.

Mr. Lambert entered, a copy of the *Times*, his Koran, in his hand.

"Ah! Marston. We're off for 'ome; going to shut up this shop, and business so lively—twenty-two brace yesterday to two guns. I wanted the captain and Dick to stop and keep open 'ouse, but they're both off color. Come and see us in London. 84 Lancaster Gate is my private residence—it an't a cottage neither, I tell *you*—and the Lane, Mincing Lane, E. C., will fetch one up at any time."

I travelled with them up to Dublin. I saw them off at Kingstown for Holyhead, and returned to the dreary drudgery of the desk's

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dead wood, al yssed in a misery that recognized no ray of alleviation.

One clerk attached to the chief secretary's department is told off for the session of Parliament, and transferred during the sitting of the House of Commons to the Irish office in London. This official chance is eagerly sought after, since it means six months "in town," very little work, and the *entrée* to the *crême de la crême* of official society. I applied for the post, the attorney-general for Ireland being a close friend of mine.

"I fear you are late, Joe," he said. "Tremaine has asked for it through Mr. Burke, the under-secretary."

Tremaine again! I detected his game, and resolved to checkmate it, cost me what it might.

"If Mr. Tremaine yields in my favor, may I reckon on the appointment?"

"If Tremaine does not go, *you* do," was the attorney-general's reassuring reply.

I marched straight to the office in which Mr. Tremaine killed two or three hours of the day by the perusal of the London "society" journals. He started violently as, unannounced, I entered his official den. I had not met him, save in passing up the Castle yard, since that memorable night when I left him at the lych-gate at Kilnacarrick.

"You have applied for the Irish clerkship, Mr. Tremaine," I said, plunging at once *in medias res*.

He bowed.

"I can guess pretty well what your object is in seeking this berth, and I may as well tell you that I have applied for it."

"Indeed!" superciliously elevating his eyebrows.

"Under any other circumstances I would not think of interfering with a man's chance; but knowing what *I* know"—Barney Bodkin had confided to me a ghastly and revolting tale—"I feel myself at perfect liberty to act as I think proper in the protection of interests that are far dearer to me than my own."

I said no more, but, bestowing a Grandisonian bow upon him, quitted the sumptuous apartment.

"You're to be the London Irishman, Marston," announced Barney Bodkin, as, on the following morning, I entered the office. "Tremendous Tremaine cawnt leave Iawland, you know."

My first official visit was to 84 Lancaster Gate, a superb mansion facing Hyde Park, and got up in a style of solid magnificence that almost made me repent what brought me within its gilded shadow.

As I sat in a gorgeous drawing-room, all mirrors, and paintings, and statues, and sheen, and dazzle, I bethought me of the fuchsias at Kilnacarrick, and of the quiet home in the lovely Wicklow valley. Would she, *could* she, be glad to see me in all this magnificence? *There* I was a distraction; *here* might I not prove a bore? Why did I come? Why plunge into a stream whose bitter waters would eventually overwhelm me?

I do believe I was about to steal quietly away from the house, when the *frou-frou* of a woman's dress detained me. It was Mam'selle, the same strange smile on her strange face.

"I am glad you are come," she said. "*She* has waited for you. Hush!" And placing her finger on her lip, she glided from the apartment by another door.

Amy *was* glad to see me, albeit

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a little blushing, and constrained, and confused. I read it in her eyes—those soft, tender, expressive eyes whose first glance my heart had so fondly closed upon.

I here copy an extract from a letter of my aunt written in the May of the following year:

"You're in great luck, Joe, and you have my heart's wishes and blessing. Father Doyle sends his blessing, and so does Father Pat. I'll give you the twenty Pipe Water debentures as soon as I get the current interest, five for your wife and fifteen for yourself. Of course I'll go over to your wedding, and bring Dinny Byrne, who says he'll *walk* if I don't. I'll wear a lavender silk that will astonish *some* of the fine London ladies. I wonder if Amelia is any relation of my poor friend Tom Lambert, that died in Russia some years ago? He was a fine fellow, but a fool. If she is, her blood is as blue as an O'Byrne's."

We were married. I am in the tallow business, and as I pass through Dublin every autumn, *en route* to my mountain at Ballymurry, I drop in to have a gossip with my quondam *confrères* in the chief secretary's office, poor Castle hacks that they are!

SOME BARRIERS BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL.

THE times are out of joint. The unhappy state of things which prevails not only here but in other lands, restricting our thoughts for the present to mundane affairs, is largely, if not wholly, due to a general departure from those primary principles of action which should guide men in their dealings with each other.

What do we see in our own land, blessed by Heaven above others in the extent, variety, and fertility of her agricultural soil, her internal and external natural channels of intercourse, her marvellous mineral wealth, her wholesome climate, and her free government? Our fields have just yielded a harvest unequalled in quantity; our barns and storehouses are bursting with grain; the entire production of the country, it is estimated, will not be less than 600,000,000 bushels of wheat and 1,200,000,000 bushels of corn; countless herds of cattle graze in our pastures or are driven across our prairies; abundance so great that figures fail to give an idea of it, and that even the most moderate description of it seems an extravagance, prevails on every hand; and yet men, women, and children are actually in want in the midst of this incredible plenty; beggars throng our cities and armies of sturdy "tramps" infest our country lanes. We build miles of new dwellings; in Philadelphia alone a recent statement showed that there were 15,000 houses in that city without occupants; and yet thousands of men, women, and children are houseless. We manufacture each year shoes enough to supply one-third of the whole human race; but there are hosts of people at our doors going barefoot. We make clothing enough to attire in decency and comfort

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not only our own population but that of England and Germany besides; and yet many of our own people have scarcely rags to cover their nakedness. The whirring wheels of industry and trade revolve unceasingly; production doubles, trebles, and quadruples itself; distribution is carried on with surprising facility and rapidity by a vast system of railways and steamboats; labor-saving machines decrease the cost and increase the supply of manufactured articles in a constantly-augmenting ratio; the gold and silver mines of the Pacific slope add to the actual supply of the precious metals an annual sum of from ninety to one hundred millions of dollars; and yet not only do the poor grow more numerous and poorer and the rich fewer and richer, but a feeling of estrangement between the two classes—a sense of bitterness, anger, and oppression on one hand, and of contempt, carelessness, indifference, selfishness, and pride on the other—is growing up and manifesting itself in forms that threaten the gravest disasters. *What is wrong?*

In the present stage of human society a law has come into unusual prominence which works alike in shaping the destinies of nations and of individuals. We have no fault to find with this law; Divine wisdom no doubt has decreed it, and in the long run men will see that it has worked for the greater glory of God and for the good of the human race. It may be called, for want of a better name, the law of aggregation. In nations its workings are shown in the tendency of each great power to extend its arms, to seize upon and draw to its embrace the outlying provinces and peoples that have in any way a homogeneousness with itself, and to crush out and defeat every attempt on the part of these provinces and peoples to retain or regain their political autonomy. Ireland sought to obtain her independence and failed. England holds on to her with more tenacity than ever, although she now seeks to strengthen her hold by awarding long-denied rights and undoing long-suffered wrongs. Not Ireland alone does England cling to, but she seeks to knit closer to her all her colonies; and not a little of the unpopularity incurred by Mr. Gladstone in his later days of power was due to the somewhat ostentatious willingness he displayed to cast off the colonies, to let them shift for themselves, and virtually to disintegrate the empire. The sagacity of Lord Beaconsfield in taking the opposite course; his creation of the Queen as Empress of India; his anxiety to knit the colonies closer to the mother-country; his appointment of the son-in-law of the Queen to be lord-lieutenant in Canada; his acquisition of Cyprus—all these things show that he has felt and recognized the force of the law of which we speak. Hungary sought to win her independence, and fought gallantly for it; but she failed, and the consolidated empire of Austria is now stretching out her hands and compelling to her embrace the unwilling inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Our Southern States made their effort to regain the autonomy which they had surrendered when they accepted the Constitution of 1798; they struggled for it with a courage, skill, and pertinacity unsurpassed; but all the world knows how complete was their failure. The formation of the German Empire is another evidence of the operation of this law.

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The late war in Europe furnishes another illustration; for, whatever may have been the secret motives of the czar and his advisers, and however ardent may have been their aspirations for an extension of Russian dominion into the far East, he found himself obliged to proclaim that his object was to secure peace and liberty for a people allied to his own by race and religion; and there can be but little doubt that the new Roumania, despite the Treaty of Berlin, is already looked upon at St. Petersburg as virtually Russian territory.

While the law of aggregation thus works in nationalities, it manifests its power quite as strikingly among individuals and in the every-day workings of our society. To him that hath is given, and from him that hath not is taken away even that which he hath. Every year the wealth of this country, constantly increasing, aggregates itself more and more, and becomes more and more the property of a comparatively small class — a class that grows in wealth but diminishes in numbers. The law works inexorably and with almost marvellous rapidity. The big fish swallow up the little ones. Here, for instance, is a great retail dry-goods house in New York. It employs fifteen hundred persons; its sales-rooms cover acres of space. But it represents hundreds of small dealers whom it has crushed out of existence as traders on their own account, and whom it has taken into its employment as its servants. They began their mercantile career with hopes of expanding their petty business into a large trade, acquiring a competence, and occupying an influential position in society; they have ended by becoming the paid servants of the wealth that made these hopes illusions. They have passed from the class of employers to that of the employed; they were masters, but now they are servants; and their changed lot is not made easier to bear by the reflection that their sons and daughters cannot hope to rise above their parents' condition, and that the most they can expect is not to sink below it.

This is but a typical instance. The operation of the law is to be seen everywhere, and in multiform shapes, but its results are practically the same. The gold and silver taken from the mines on the Pacific slope during the last thirty years has amounted probably to something like two thousand millions of dollars; but the great majority of the people in that region are to-day painfully poor, while a few men are fabulously rich. The railway system of the country has been constructed at an immense expenditure of capital and labor; but the leading and controlling lines are now in the possession of a few men, who manipulate them altogether too much as they please. At a recent conference of these railway kings it was made manifest that a single individual—or at the best a single interest controlled by him—was the virtual master of an entire system of railroad communication between New York and Chicago, and that his power extended even into Canada. The entire production, transportation, and sale of the anthracite coal of Pennsylvania —and that is only another name for the whole anthracite coal product of the country—have passed into the hands of seven companies, and are practically regulated by seven men, who prescribe how much of this indispensable article shall be produced, what the producers shall be paid for it, and what the

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consumers shall give for it. By the combination of these corporations individual enterprise in coal-mining has been made impracticable, and the private miners find themselves transformed into the servants of their rivals. In all departments of trade and industry the same process goes on: the wage-paying class constantly decreases, and the wage-receiving class as constantly increases; there are fewer masters and more servants, and the power of the former over the latter grows greater, and at times is shown more harshly.

Now, from this springs a danger that yearly becomes more serious. The wage-receiving class, by a common, one-sided, unspiritual education, and also recruited from above, has its intelligence quickened, its appetites sharpened, its discontent aggravated. The man of some culture and refinement, who began life as an employer and with a hope of rising, and who finds himself compelled to take the position of a servant, who can hope for nothing better than that he may be permitted to keep his situation and that his wages may not be lowered, is apt to be discontented. For the pleasant cottage he has been compelled to take the dismal flat in a tenement-house; he has lost caste among his former associates; his daughter must become a shop-girl and marry "beneath" her; his son can no longer aspire to rise on the social ladder, but must become a servant like himself. This man, pressed down to association with those of a lower grade, either sinks to their level or tries to elevate them to his; in either case he is apt to be soured, discontented, if not dangerous. Society, he imagines, has treated him unjustly, and in his heart of hearts he would not feel sorry to see society punished. He is just in the mood to listen to revolutionary appeals; not unfrequently he is found making these appeals himself, and forming himself as the Danton or the Robespierre of a little clique of fellow-sufferers.

If we go a little further down, and peer into the hearts of the actual hewers of wood and drawers of water—the men who dig our sewers, pave our streets, carry hods, hew stones, drive our horse-cars, labor on our docks, toil hard all day long, and sometimes all night long, for wages that barely give them and their families what are now considered by our increased and quickened wants necessaries of life—we shall find a keen and by no means a dumb spirit of discontent and unrest. The writer has talked with these men at their noonday meal, when they were eating their hard-earned dinner with a lime-splashed plank for their seat and their table, and their bruised and begrimed hands for knives and forks; he has seen them in their poor homes, where comfort was unknown, health a miracle, and domestic privacy impossible. They feel that their lot is harder than it need be; what is the cause of it they scarcely know; but they listen earnestly to every one who proposes a remedy, however wild and chimerical. These are they who have listened so eagerly to the appeals of fools or knaves—these who, in a popular commotion, would be most easily led to the commission of acts of violence, while those who instigated them would stand aloof to see how the matter might end.

But this concentration of wealth in a few hands, being a result of the working of causes that are inseparable from the present stage of

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human society, is not to be complained about, or denounced, or attacked through schemes of communism or socialism. On the contrary, it is to be accepted, not as a necessary evil, but as a law which is designed to work out great good. It would be unwise in the extreme to dream, as a remedy for the present evils of society, of legislating for the obliteration of our great corporations, or for the extinction of our millionaire bankers, merchants, and manufacturers. The community is better served to-day by the great mercantile houses which have been built up on the ruins of the little shops which they have crushed out of existence than it would be had the little shops remained. The concentration of an entire system of railways under one management is better, take it all in all, than the division of this management among a dozen conflicting interests. It is better that fabrics should be woven in great mills, filled with rapid machines so skilfully contrived that they almost seem to be gifted with intelligence, than that they should be manufactured on hand-looms in cottages. We are as yet only upon the threshold of the economical, social, and moral changes that are to be wrought by this combination and concentration of wealth and skill in production and distribution. It will depend upon the acceptance and practice by society, and the masters of industry and commerce, of principles of action promotive of the best and highest interests of all, tending to the increased happiness of men and to the greater glory of God, or the rejection of these principles, whether their rule be peaceful or whether it lead to the propagation of misery, discontent, and sin, ending in an explosion of vengeance and retribution that may sweep away in a day the fruits of a century.

Great as is the power of the capitalist at present, and still greater as it is destined to be, there stands behind him a potentially greater force—that power which is called the government, and which, in a free country like ours, means, or may be made to mean, the deliberate will of a majority of the people. The fact that capital often controls the men who administer the government does not really detract from the force of this statement; for where universal suffrage prevails the people have always at their command a weapon, peaceful but of irresistible power, which, when they really are in earnest about it, they will be sure to use. Now, it may come to pass that from time to time the people may wisely expand the functions of the government, and cause it to do for them some of the things which private or corporate capital now does. It is conceivable, for instance, that up to this time the postal service of the United States might have been performed by individual enterprise; we might have sent and received our letters through the agency of express companies or the like. Had this been the case, does not every one see that it would now be wise for the government to take this service upon itself, and to discharge it as it now does—not for the purpose of making money out of it, but for the general convenience and interest of the entire community? But if the government can carry our letters at less expense than, and with as much celerity and safety as, could be afforded by private enterprise, why might it not carry our

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persons and our property as well—in other words, why should not the whole railroad system of the country pass into the hands of the government, and be administered by it, as the post-office is, not for the sake of making money out of the business, but for the promotion of the general convenience and welfare? The thriving little kingdom of Belgium has done this to a great extent, having expended something like 600,000,000 francs, or $120,000,000, in the construction of state railroads, conducted on a system which provides that the charges shall be only sufficient to pay for the running expenses, the repairs, the interest on the cost, and the gradual repayment of the principal by a sinking fund. The roads are admirably served, and travelling is cheaper in Belgium than in any other country in the world—so cheap, indeed, that the jesting remark that one may travel all over the country for ten francs is scarcely an exaggeration. The rates are 18 centimes for a league of three miles, which is equivalent to 36 cents for 30 miles, or 166 miles for $2. The taking over of the entire telegraphic system in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was a step in the same direction; the addition of savings-banks and annuity offices to the post-office department was another. The government paid large, even extravagant, sums to the private companies whose property it took; but now a despatch of twenty words can be sent to any point in the kingdom for one shilling, and the government is losing nothing by doing the business for the people. The postal savings-banks and the annuity offices not only encourage the people in habits of economy and providence, but they furnish an absolutely secure investment for their savings, and no such scenes of suffering by the failure of savings-banks as we have witnessed can there be possible. The supplying of the community with gas, with coal, with water, may also in time come to be regarded as the legitimate function of governments; and private capitalists may find themselves relieved from the burden as well as deprived of the profit attending the discharge of these duties. In such an event the community would be certain to receive its coal, gas, water, and transportation at the actual cost of the production and management of the same, and would no longer be compelled to pay interest upon the fictitious debts, or "watered stock," of railway, coal, gas, and water companies. This is not a question of paternal government, for which our people, and we in common with them, have no taste whatever, but a question of the function of political government, here and now, in view of the general welfare and interest of society as against individual capitalists and special corporations.

It will be long, however, before such changes can be wrought; and even when, if ever, they are accomplished, the domain in which private capital and privileged corporations can exert their energies, and build up for themselves an ever-growing empire under the operation of the law we have defined, will still be practically boundless. But meanwhile, in order to be assured of permission to execute its beneficent mission, capital must learn the lessons and follow the directions of the greatest of all rules, and the foundation of all law, and the radical bond of all

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human society—namely, the love of God above all things, and of our fellow-man for the sake of God. Justly-accumulated wealth is a trust from God, to whom alone by absolute right all things belong, and this trust-fund of wealth was given in order that it should be employed under the law of divine brotherhood. The right and just use of wealth is not an easy stewardship; for no man has the right to dispose of his wealth in whatever way he pleases. It is a duty of justice which the rich owe to God, to communicate of their abundance to those who are in want. Wisely they should seek, as a duty of charity and mercy which they owe their fellow-men, to ameliorate the condition of the poorer and more numerous classes of society in the improved healthfulness and comfort of their homes; in the shortening of their hours of labor and in the lengthening of their seasons of relaxation, amusement, and instruction; in cheapening the cost of their food and improving its variety and quality; in providing gardens and parks for their children instead of the filthy, noisy, and dangerous streets; in securing for them the best medical attendance, not in hospitals alone but in their own homes; in building grand temples where they may be taught how to secure their glorious destiny, and worship God with all the honor and pomp due to his supreme majesty; in every way sweetening, elevating, and ennobling their lives on earth, taking from them the sore temptations to evil with which want and grinding poverty come armed, and robbing vice of what is often its most potent weapon. Shall we be told that capital will not do this? If so, we have two answers. First, capital *has* done it. It did it in the ages of faith, when the church guided, as she is destined to guide again and more perfectly, the hearts and consciences of men. It did it in England during that long and glorious period before the Reformation, when, as Cobbett says in his inimitable history of that wretched wrenching away of the faith from the English people, all England contained not a single pauper; when the land was covered with religious houses in which the wayfarer was ever welcome; when the farmers contended with each other to become the tenants of the monks, so low were their rents, so equable their rule, so permanent their tenure; when, in the cities, master and servant, artificer and apprentice, employer and employed, were bound together by a tie of common interest and were not separated by antagonistic and warring claims; when the divine law of universal brotherhood was vital and in daily practice. The present unholy and unnatural conflict between capital and labor—that is, between the man who pays and the man who works—began with, and had its source in, the religious revolution of the sixteenth century; and it can only be peaceably ended by a rejection of the false teachings of that revolt, occasioned, in the religious sphere, by the exaggeration of private judgment as the interpreter of divine revelation, to the exclusion of the divine authority of the church of Christ, and, as a logical sequence, in the social order the introduction of the supremacy of private interests at the expense of the general good of society; thus introducing sects into Christianity, and setting up individual interests or selfishness as against the general good of society. Protestantism is false in earthly

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as well as in spiritual things, and a return, not by becoming mediævalists, but to the hearty and sincere practice of Catholic principles in their application to legislation, society, and above all to our personal conduct towards our fellowmen, is the true, radical, and only remedy for all existing social disorders.

But not only did capital thus discharge its duties in the ages of faith, but since then, and even in our own day, in France and England and in our own land, have individual capitalists—and these, too, often not of the visible household of faith—recognized their duties and endeavored to discharge them, too often, it is true, in a bungling and blundering manner; too often putting off the work too long; too often, instead of executing it in their lifetime for themselves, leaving it as a legacy to their executors and furnishing only plunder for unscrupulous lawyers; but still evidently recognizing and wishing to act upon the principle that they were but the stewards of their wealth, and that rightfully it should be used for the benefit of the class by whose labor it had been acquired. This is our first answer to the objection that capital will not do what the divine principle of charity requires of it. It has done it, and it can do it again—not in isolated cases only, but as a rule. The second answer is that, unless capital does this, a worse thing will come upon it. As for communism or socialism in this land, we have as yet, and shall have for a century to come, perhaps, too many proprietors to render the actual triumph of communistic ideas at all possible. But it is the small proprietor who, even more keenly than the man who possesses nothing, feels the growing oppression of the great capitalists, and is most anxious to resist it. One of the most significant signs of the leaven that is working in the body politic is the alliance that has suddenly been formed between the discontented workmen of our cities and the small farmers in our rural districts. The almost fabulous circulation that was obtained for the organ of the new Labor Party, which sprang up like Jonas' gourd in a night, was secured, we are told, by the small farmers, who, after their day's work, mounted their horses and rode through their neighborhoods canvassing for subscriptions. As we are writing, the news arrives of the election in Vermont, and we are told that even in that staid and conservative State this new revolt against capital and for labor "has found great favor among the farmers and developed a strength the more surprising because unexpected." Capital must not forget that in a country like this, where every man is a voter, its enormous accumulation, by individuals as well as corporations, exists only by law, and the law is subject to almost universal suffrage. It is the nature of power, money-power as all others, always to accumulate, especially so when organized and concentrated. It can pack primary meetings, control nominating conventions, and secure, in ordinary times, the return of its own paid agents, or those wedded to its interests, to State legislatures or to Congress. It has done this, we fear, in this country in recent days to a remarkable degree. Our Federal Senate is composed almost wholly of lawyers, bankers, and men engaged in mining or in trade; the House of Representatives in the last Congress was composed of

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one hundred and eighty-nine bankers and bank-stock holders, ninety-nine lawyers, fourteen merchants, thirteen manufacturers, seven doctors, and one mechanic. So long as their reasonable wishes and wants are carried out, the voters prefer to be represented by men of education and position; but it is easy to imagine a state of feeling which would send to Washington a body of representatives resolved to make an application, in a wide and perhaps to a dangerous extent, of the example which the framers of our institutions have given of the authority of the state to modify the private ownership of property in their abolition of the right of primogeniture. What is there to prevent this? There would not be the least need of violence or of a revolutionary or illegal procedure. It is within the resources of the mind of a man like General Butler, for instance, to devise a graduated income tax which would leave to the millionaire a stipend no larger than the wages which he pays to his coachman. Let us look at this prospect in the dry light of statistics. Of the 12,553,766 adult population of the United States, according to the latest statistics, there were 5,922,471 engaged in agricultural pursuits; 975,734 were domestic servants; 1,031,666 were day-laborers; 1,191,238 were engaged in trade or transportation; 2,255,314 in manufacturing; 500,000 in mining; and 677,343 were professional men and bankers. It is from the latter class that our legislators have chiefly been chosen; but these figures show how easily this rule might be reversed, and a Congress composed exclusively, or nearly so, of representatives of the agricultural, mechanical, and laboring classes sent to Washington with instructions to legislate with all possible severity against aggregated capital and wealth. One can imagine the declarations with which they would preface and justify their acts. "There was no natural right of property," they would say: "in the beginning private property often was acquired by force or by fraud; strong and crafty men not rarely possessed themselves of things not their own; and common consent permitted them to retain this. It is the authority of civil law that has sanctioned the division of those common goods, which the Creator gave originally to human society as a body, into private ownership of property; and this sanction was bestowed, not in violation of man's original rights, but in addition to them, for the sake of the better care and improvement of things, the good order of society, and the more perfect preservation of peace among men. Civil law to-day claims this authority, and frequently makes use of it, to limit and alter the private ownership of property in whatever way is deemed necessary and best for the general good of society." There is no disguising the fact that common consent embodied in civil law is the tenure which to-day permits a comparative handful of men or corporations to own one-fourth of the real estate in New York City. The same common consent could to-morrow practically, under the plea of the general good, take it away from them by burdening it with taxes that would consume the whole of its income, or by openly confiscating it. The discontent that is rife, not only in this metropolis but throughout the land, is not yet strong enough or hopeless enough to be led to such measures. But that they are possi-

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ble in the future must be admitted, and capital, without being alarmed for its future, should look all its possible dangers in the face, and prepare to avoid them, not by denying their existence or ridiculing their seriousness, but in removing their causes by more impartial legislation, and reconciling itself with the law of God and the teachings of the church, which, instinct with the spirit of her divine Founder, throughout all her history has ever been the champion, guardian, and defender of the liberties and rights of the people against the tyranny of kings and the oppressions of the great ones of the earth.

At the last session of our Federal Congress a wise step was taken. A physician, before prescribing for a patient, makes a careful diagnosis of his disease. Congress, tardily conscious of the fact that the body politic was in bad health, appointed a committee to ascertain the cause or causes of the disease and to recommend the necessary remedies. This committee was instructed "to inquire into and ascertain the causes of general business depression, especially of labor, and to devise and propose measures of relief." Without exaggeration, it may be said that seldom has a more comprehensive and weighty duty been assigned to a legislative committee. The committee consisted of Messrs. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York; W. W. Rice, of Massachusetts; T. A. Boyd, of Illinois; J. M. Thompson, of Pennsylvania; H. Y. Riddle, of Tennessee; H. L. Dickey, of Ohio; and James T. Jones, of Alabama. Beginning their session on the 1st of August, in this city, they continued, day after day for a month, to listen to and to record the facts, the theories, and the appeals which no less than sixty volunteer witnesses presented to them. In no way, perhaps, could be shown at a single glance the wide-spread interest felt in the subject-matter of the committee's investigations than by giving even a partial list of the witnesses who, on their own motion, came before it. Here is such a list:

Thomas Rock and Cornelius Egan, "representatives of the Stone Cutters' Association"; Hugh McGregor, "a workingman"; Cornelius O'Sullivan, of the "Granite Cutters' International Union"; William A. Carsey, "Secretary of the Greenback Labor Party"; George W. Maddox, who described himself as "a thunderer"; Mrs. Myra Hall, who said she was "the representative of twenty millions of slaves belonging to this country who have never yet been admitted to the elective franchise"; J. J. O'Donnell, a machinist, who declared that he "represented himself"; P. Benner, a tailor; Patrick Logan, whose representative character did not appear; Robert W. Hume, "President of the Labor League and the Congress of Humanity"; Osborne Ward, "a representative of the Social Democracy of Brooklyn"; Dr. Douai; Geo. E. McNeil, "President of the International Labor Union"; Alex. T. Peck, of Danbury, Connecticut, who seemed to be of no trade or business; Mr. Sellick, a merchant; Henry Kemp, "a produce broker"; Henry V. Rothschild, "a manufacturer of clothing"; Morris Justice, "a house-owner"; William Hanson, "a watch-repairer"; Mr. Schroeder, "a piano-maker"; Mr. James, editor of the New York *Volks Zeitung;* Jeremiah E. Thomas, "a colored waiter and porter"; A. Merwin, "a German"; Y. E.

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Clark, "an ex-soldier"; Mr. Harland, "a delegate from the Blue Ribbon Society"; Mr. Hastings, "a capitalist"; Morris Cohen, "a manufacturer of cloaks and suits, and representative of the socialistic labor movement in Brooklyn"; Herbert Graham, who "represented twenty thousand organized laborers"; Horatio D. Sheppard, "the representative of the National Reform Association"; A. Strasser, "a workman for day's wages and President of the Cigar-Makers' Union"; Wesley A. Parks, "a publisher"; Horace White, a former newspaper editor; Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; Charles Frederick Adams, a lawyer; Charles F. Wingate, "a workman"; William E. Dodge, "a merchant in New York for fifty-one years"; J. N. Stearns and A. M. Powell, "of the American Temperance Society"; John E. Hinchman, of Brooklyn, "a merchant out of employment"; Francis B. Thurber, a great grocery merchant; Silas B. Kenyon, a machinist; Wm. Goodwin Moody, who said he had learned "the printer's trade, but was now in no business"; Herbert Radcliff, ex-editor of the Boston *Journal of Commerce*; William H. G. Smart, "an independent stone-cutter"; Charles H. Marshall, "a shipping commission merchant"; Robert F. Austin, a wholesale grocer; George Walker, ex-bank commissioner and vice-president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company; John Roach, the well-known iron-ship builder; Charles Willis Elliott, "now of Nebraska, formerly of Boston, and once a Park Commissioner in New York"; Cyrus Bussey, President of the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce; and Wm. G. Sumner, "Professor of Political and Social Science" in Yale College.

In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. Here, certainly, was a multitude of counsellors; but wherein shall we find the wisdom of their counsel? No less than fifty-five separate and distinct cures for the present distress were proposed by these sixty counsellors, who, it will be observed, represented almost every class. Many of these specifics consisted merely in the "abolition" of something. Thus it was proposed to abolish capitalists, interest, private ownership of land, private property of any kind, patent laws, customs duties, all laws for the collection of bills of credit, private ownership of machinery, the practice of giving public lands to railroad companies, the United States Senate, the practice of licensing tenement cigar factories, the wages system, and the tariff. Another class of reformers went in for prohibition, and proposed to prohibit the employment of children under fourteen years of age, the employment of anybody but citizens on public works, the doing of public work by contract, Chinese immigration, and the locking up of trust-funds by assignees. Then came a long list of positive measures. These were the restriction of the powers of the executive and of the legislature within very narrow limits; the passage of a law compelling people to spend their money immediately after they get it; the colonization of the unemployed on the prairies; fixing the rate of wages by law; a national prohibitory liquor law; the loaning of four thousand millions of dollars to the people without interest; enacting that the people should have two half-holidays every week; a general apprentice law; the issue of United States bonds in sums as low as ten dollars; the im-

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mediate resumption of specie payments; the reduction of taxes; the imposition of a tax on steamships to give sailing vessels a better chance; a general lien law; the renting of all landed property to whoever will pay the highest taxes to the government; free travel on railroads at the government's expense; a graduated tax on incomes to prevent large accumulations of property; government work for the unemployed; industrial schools at the expense of the government; direct taxation; the building of two hundred war-ships; the employment of our soldiers in peaceful work on the prairies; a universal eight-hour law; the establishment of a Bureau of Labor Statistics and a Department of Industry; legislation making it illegal for women to work more than four hours a day; the running of all machinery on the co-operative principle for the benefit of the people; the amending of the Constitution for the benefit of the laboring class; government co-operative societies; the gratuitous administration of justice; extension of the suffrage to everybody, women included; the control of public education by the federal government; minority representation; unlimited greenbacks; immediate paying off the national debt and the national bank-notes in greenbacks; the taking over by the government of all the railroads and telegraphs; the exclusion of all "politicians" from office; and the submission of all laws to the people for their approval or condemnation.

The list is a long one; but it is no part of our present purpose to point out the absurdity or to demonstrate the wisdom of any of these suggested reforms. All that we care to do at this moment is to show how wide-spread and deep is the popular distress and anxiety; how general the conviction that "something should be done"; and to insist that, whatever may be the details of practicable and useful economical and political reforms, to be wholly and permanently fruitful of good they must have for their basis and their motive of action Catholic principle, and the practical and thorough recognition of the great truth that the duties of property are as important and binding as its rights; that we are all absolutely and really, and not relatively or metaphorically, members of one another; that as God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth to dwell together, that which injures one will sooner or later injure all, while what is for the true good of one is for the true good of all; that the strong should protect the weak, while the weak respect the strong, not because they are merely strong but because they are good *and* strong. Let the great capitalists go on concentrating and developing in new fields the work of production and distribution; labor-saving machines shall be multiplied and perfected until perhaps one or two hours', more or less, work a day will do all that ten hours' toil can now accomplish; the life of the workman, now too often wholly hard, colorless, and joyless, save perchance for the one blessed half-hour which he takes by force from his rest in order that he may worship God, will gradually be made easier, softer, more like that of a free human being than of a beast of burden; health and long days will crown his life; and without wishing for riches or for position, he will do his duty with cheerfulness and faithfulness, as a husband, a father, a useful member

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of society, and a Christian; while the great captains of the industrial army—the mighty capitalists, managers, and directors—will see the sphere of their activity, usefulness, and power increase and not diminish, but, instead of being inspired by self-interest, the desire merely to heap up wealth, to perpetuate a family, or to rule for the sake of ruling, will be actuated by that celestial love for others of which the Saviour of mankind gave us the most perfect example, and of which the glorious company of the saints has afforded countless illustrations. Not solely in alms-giving, but in the wise, systematic, and ever-expanding application of the wealth earned by the community to the uses of the community, will the leaders in manufacture, commerce, and transportation spread happiness, peace, comfort, and security throughout the land, and chase from it for ever the spectre of Revolution and the skeleton of Want. There is but one society in the world which has not only the organization but the spirit necessary for thus guiding men in the path of justice and safety. It is the church of God—the church that has for ever been the dauntless friend of the poor as well as the sure instructor and guide of the rich and mighty; the church that fears nothing, because she knows she is divine and indestructible, and that never speaks with a halting or uncertain voice. She alone has in her hands the adequate motive for the charity which is now to be required of the rich and mighty; she alone can inspire them with that wisdom that cometh from above, and without which all else is folly. Mere philanthropy will not be sufficient motive; fear of the earthly consequences of the explosion of the wrath of the long-oppressed and wronged will not be an adequate incentive; the desire of leaving behind one a good name, or the fear of posthumous execration, will not suffice. It is the more harmonious adjustment of our legislation, financial, political, and social, and the conduct of men with their fellow-men with the primary principles of Christianity, that will remove all evils from society, and inaugurate the reign of justice, peace, and happiness upon earth. This is the bright hope that democratic American civilization holds out encouragingly to humanity, and this glorious hope is identical with the certain promises of Christianity and the divine action of the Catholic Church in the history of the world.

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CANOVA.

ONE hundred and twenty years ago God bestowed a rare gift on Italy. He gave to that ever-favored land a man who stood foremost in his art, who outstripped his immediate predecessors—victims of the terrible decay and corruption into which sculpture and painting had fallen—and who even to-day is not surpassed in the strength and power of his genius and the number and kind of his works. He was a Christian gentleman, "without fear and without reproach." His name was honored among men. The very children in the streets cried: *Ecco il nostro gran Canova*—"Behold our great Canova." To-day in Italy a visitor will meet many traces of his master-hand. To-day in America how many know him? How many realize the influence he exerted over art, ennobling and purifying it? Few indeed. He has not been shown to us that we may appreciate him. So, in the earnest desire to win for him a recognition of his admirable qualities as man and as artist, we give this little sketch of Antonio Canova.

The once powerful republic of Venice claimed among its former and more splendid dependencies the province of Treviso. Within this province is situated the little village of Possagno. It is secluded from public observation by the hills of Asolano which surround it. Here, hidden by the obscurity of the village, among a simple people, unspoiled by any contact with an aristocratic and wealthy luxuriance, was born on the morning of All Saints' day, November 1, 1757, one upon whose career the eyes of all Europe would rest as the greatest artist of the present age; and not alone of the present, but, perhaps, all things being considered, the greatest also of a preceding age. We say advisedly, all things considered. Any one who will carefully study the history of art in Italy to the time of Michael Angelo, and from that period through its decline till Canova appeared, a true renovator, will appreciate the force of our observation.

Antonio Canova was the only child of Pietro, a stone-cutter, and Angela Zardo, who, according to one of Canova's biographers, was nowise distinguished from the women of her native hamlet. Shortly after his father's death, which occurred three years later, the young Antonio was deprived of his mother's care. She formed a second marriage, and removed to her native town, Crespano. She naturally desired to carry her son to her new home. His grandfather, Pasino Canova, however, pleaded so earnestly to keep the boy with him that it was finally settled he should remain part of the time with old Pasino, who proved a faithful guardian, and the other part with his mother, now Angela Sartori.

Possagno, although insignificant compared with Venice and the more celebrated cities and towns of Italy, held nevertheless resources of its own. The country was rich in the fertility of its soil, while the wool of its sheep gave occupation, and even wealth, to many. But its own peculiar value consisted in the

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abundance of a kind of soft stone which, because of its readiness to yield to the chisel, was much used in ornamental carvings, altars, and such like. The grandfather of our Antonio was a simple mason and stone-cutter. He was, perhaps, a little of an architect and sculptor, but very far from being an artist. That he loved his work, however, and labored faithfully in it, is sufficiently attested by the number of stucco, soft-stone, and sometimes marble carvings of his workmanship in the churches and on the altars of Possagno and the neighboring villages. They show tolerable power of execution and neatness of design, and evince at once the capability of the man, whose talents, while being in no way great, were sufficiently of importance to prevent his being hidden in mediocrity; and in a limited sphere, far from great cities, they caused him to be employed in works rather above their and his own suitable occupation. The remarkable good-humor and intelligence of Pasino gave him a degree of ascendency over his equals, amongst whom he was very popular. Such was the man who, for the present, was to be the guardian of Antonio, who gave him his first lessons in the use of the chisel—that chisel which was afterwards to astonish the world by the superiority of its work.

Before taking up our young sculptor's life, with the commencement of his labors, we will devote a few words to her whom Canova ever warmly cherished, and who was to him a loving and sympathetic mother. This was Caterina Ceccato, the wife of Pasino, the boy's devoted grandmother. She watched his growth with the most affectionate solicitude, and by her tender care supplied the loss of his mother; for, as will be seen, the arrangement made at the time of Angela's second marriage could not continue.

The native worth of men is deepened and brought into strong relief by the tender influence of a true mother. She holds the power to mould the strong nature, to soften its asperities, to render it more docile to the control of religion, to combine the mastery of a large intellect with the simplicity of a child's heart. And this is especially true of a man of genius. His character cannot be rounded and complete unless the mother's subtle influence has worked its will. Talents and virtue mutually lend a noble dignity to each other. Voltaire, with his wonderful gifts, was one-sided. He wanted a mother's love and piety. Byron had all the elements of true greatness, had they been mingled wisely. To him was denied the judicious and patient affection ever ready to prompt and to mould. Deprived of both parents, Canova, more fortunate than many, found a second mother in Caterina. She directed his childish acquirements as far as she was able; she opened to him the way to virtue, and at last had the happiness of seeing the object of her earnest solicitude prove himself worthy of it. On his side Canova was permitted to enjoy one of the purest pleasures a genuine man can taste—that of ministering to his grandmother's wants in her old age. Upon her husband's death, as soon as his means permitted, Canova brought her to Rome to reside with him; and we are told that many of his friends long remembered how earnest were his efforts to soothe her declining years. Canova had sculptured the bust of Caterina in

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the native dress of her province, which was the same as that of Titian's mother, as seen in the pictures of that master. This bust he kept in his own apartments. Showing it one day to a friend, he said with deep feeling: "That is a piece which I greatly value. It is the likeness of her to whom I owe as much as it is possible for one human being to owe to another," adding with a smile, "You ladies are usually solicitous about appearances. You see my grandmother is dressed nearly as Titian's mother is represented by that artist; but, unless affection renders me a partial judge, my relative is by far the finer old woman."

The extreme poverty of his relations made it necessary for the lad to be early taught some trade. It was natural, therefore, that the grandfather should have regarded Antonio as his destined assistant and successor. Accordingly, before his bent showed itself, just as soon as his hand could hold and manage a pencil, the old man began to initiate his grandson into the principles of drawing. Later, although still in tender years, the little fellow commenced to mould in clay, and at last was permitted the use of the chisel. Thus, early in life, long before his real art career had been entered upon, Canova acquired a dexterity in the mechanical use of the tools which afterwards gave him the great advantage of being able to execute the rapid conceptions of his genius with corresponding facility.

It would seem that the arrangement made upon the second marriage of our young Antonio's mother proved a total failure. During the half-years he spent in his step-father's home he was constantly in trouble with him. He openly averred he did not love him. Were his mother alone, he declared, he would work for her and live with her, as he loved her very dearly, and was very proud of his little half-brother, Giovanni Baptista Sartori. She had her husband now; she did not need him. The secret of this boyish sensitiveness and pride might be found in his devotion to his clay and chisel. He was constantly moulding and cutting, much to Francis Sartori's disgust. Yet we find no evidence of his neglecting the duties and tasks required from him. When with his grandfather, Antonio's daily labor was naturally in the workshop, and here he was always to be found, except when his grandmother's legendary lore allured him away to her side. Indeed, his enthusiastic and ardent mind was as often swayed by the good old matron's tales and ballads as by his favorite employment. Thus constituted, the sports of the village boys held little attraction for him.

At his mother's all was different. Francis Sartori has been reputed as a good, pious man, but probably had very little sympathy with his step-son's earnest love of his art. The outbreak was not long deferred, and it came in this wise: Antonio, then twelve years of age, had begun to rough-hew a statue of his own design. It was intended to represent the Blessed Virgin, his Madonna, as he called her. The Feast of Corpus Christi was drawing near, and the boy was very anxious to finish his statue, for his cousin, Betta Biasi, and several of her young companions, who were Children of Mary, had promised, if it were very nice, to decorate it for the feast. Then they did not doubt but that their pastor would

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permit them to bear it in procession. He worked very steadily, but only after his daily tasks were finished and his time his own. One morning, after Antonio had retired to a neglected part of the little garden, where an old arbor served him for a workshop, Francis Sartori came to him, evidently in great anger. He sternly demanded what he was doing. "This," replied the boy quietly, pointing to his statue, which stood upon a stool.

"And is this what I bade you to do?" asked his step-father.

"I have done my work, and it is only when I have finished it that I come here."

Francis, whose anger against the poor lad had probably some jealous origin, then broke out into a torrent of abuse hardly consistent with the character of piety given him. Finally, taking a stone, he aimed it at the stool. The force of the blow caused the statue to fall from its pedestal. It was shivered to pieces. At this Antonio, who had borne his step-father's outburst in silence, broke into a fit of passionate weeping. The sight of perhaps his first real piece of work lying broken at his feet proved too much for the little fellow. Still sobbing, he cried out: "If it is in this way you are going to treat me, I will not remain here another day." Then, collecting almost tenderly the bits of his Madonna, he put them into a bundle and left. Going through the house, he wished to say good-by to his mother. This Francis forbade. So Antonio left Crespano and walked to Possagno, where his grandfather warmly welcomed him. His story told, the old man blamed him for quarrelling with his step-father, and, much to the boy's astonishment, set off for Crespano to consult with the mother. It was then decided that he should live altogether with Pasino, spending Sundays at his step-father's. Antonio's joy at this arrangement was great. He immediately set to work at his statue again, with the determination to make a second, larger and better than the other; thus early revealing an all-important trait in a true genius—perseverance and love of hard work. For, whatever may be the common notions respecting the all-powerfulness of native gifts in the production of great works, unceasing, arduous industry gives the best assurance of perfection in the end. That perfection stands upon too high an eminence to be gained at a bound; the height may only be reached by patient toil and devoted self-denial, and many who envy the genius which gains the steep shrink from the labor that the struggle entails.

Antonio's Madonna has quite a little history of its own, which is worth giving.

Pasino, who had thus far been the lad's teacher, could be of no assistance here, for the old man had only sculptured leaves and mouldings, and had always followed his model strictly with the help of a three-legged compass. Now, it chanced that there stood in a niche in the corner of the market-place at Possagno a Madonna which was held in great esteem by the people, and was probably a spot where pilgrimages were frequently terminated. Be this as it may, this statue, partly on account of the homage paid it, and partly for lack of better material, served our young sculptor as his model. He took from it, however, only the general attitude and the drapery.

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The face seems to have been inspired by a picture after Raphael which had belonged to his father. For six weeks Antonio labored hard and steadily. Then his work was finished; loud were the praises on all sides; for his grandfather, in his simple delight, proclaimed the statue a *chef-d'œuvre*. The good parish priest, who, it would seem, was a connoisseur, was invited to see the already famous Madonna. He examined it carefully, smiling a little, perhaps, at the eagerness with which the grandparents, cousins, and friends of the boy awaited his verdict. And now it comes: "No, it is not a *chef-d'œuvre*, but it shows remarkable promise. My child," he said, turning kindly to Antonio, "you have the germ of a great talent, but it depends upon your own earnest, faithful labors to be developed."

Beyond all the lavish praise he had received did these words satisfy the young sculptor; for none knew better than himself the faults of his work, and none felt more keenly than he his powerlessness at the moment to do better. Emboldened, however, by the kindness of the priest, the boy, while thanking him, said: "But, reverend father, please to grant me a great favor which will encourage me so much."

"Speak, my child," returned the priest; "if this favor depends upon me, it certainly shall be granted to you."

Then said the boy: "Father, I would like to offer to God and to the Blessed Virgin this first work of my hands. And perhaps, if this poor little statue is not too unworthy of such an honor, you will place it in one of the chapels of the church?"

"My boy," replied the priest cordially, "that is a very happy thought of yours—to offer to God and his Holy Mother the first fruits of your talent. Never forget, my child, that talents and genius are God's gifts. We must not allow them to make us proud in ourselves, but must give all the glory to God alone. Think often of this, my little friend, and ever try to keep faithful to the inspiration that prompted you to-day to offer to God your first efforts. Henceforth, before you begin any work, implore his assistance, and say from your heart these words of the Psalmist: 'Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to thy name be the glory,' and you will see all your efforts crowned with success. In the earnest hope that you, my boy, will follow these counsels, and will never lose sight of the glory of God, I will willingly accord to you the favor you have asked. But I attach one condition; it is that you will promise, when you become a great artist, to replace this statue by another more worthy of your talent, and above all more worthy of the One to whom you offer it to-day. Will you promise?"

"Yes, father, yes, I promise it with all my heart," cried the boy, filled with deep emotion; "and if I ever become a *real* artist, I will give part of my work to ornament this church where I was baptized, and where I made my first communion."

"May God hear your promises and bless them! In his name I bless you, my child."

The boy fell on his knees, all around him knelt also, and the priest, making the sign of the cross over Antonio, pronounced those exquisite words by which our holy mother church conveys her blessing to her children.

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The next day our artist's Madonna was taken to the church and placed in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. There the young Children of Mary assembled to cover it with flowers and jewels, according to the Italian custom. So lavish were they in their decorations that the little statue itself was completely hidden. On Corpus Christi it was borne in procession. After the festival was over it was placed in a niche upon a pedestal which Pasino had himself prepared, and under which his little grandson engraved this inscription:

To the Blessed Virgin Mary.
The humble offering
of her
Faithful and devoted servant,
Antonio Canova, of Possagno.
1770.

We shall see later how more than well Antonio kept his promise; and may we not be very sure that the fidelity of the boy and the man to his good pastor's advice won for him the remarkable success which marked all his efforts, and enabled him to attain to so high a degree of excellence as artist and as Christian?

The natural beauty of the scenery in the province of Treviso, and the refreshing breezes from the Alps, caused many of the Venetian nobility to build their summer villas in the neighborhood of Possagno and other obscure villages of this province. Among these noblemen was a certain Signor Giovanni Falieri, belonging to the patrician family *Falieri* of Venice. Signor Falieri, who often had occasion to employ Pasino Canova, held the old man in high regard for his many good qualities. Becoming acquainted with his grandson, he took the boy under his especial patronage. Stories are related of the manner in which his attention was first called to the boy's genius. Whatever truth may be attached to these anecdotes, it is very certain that Antonio early excited his patron's interest—excited it by gifts that promised much, by an ardent passion for an art in every way worthy of being cherished, and by the excellent virtues of his heart. An opportunity occurring at this time, Signor Falieri showed practical interest. He placed the boy under the instruction of Bernardi Torretto, nephew of the sculptor Torretto, the elder, and himself one of the most skilful artists of Venice. He was then residing at Pagnano, at a short distance from Falieri's villa. Torretto quickly discovered the genius of Canova, and was very earnest in the direction of his pupil's studies; while the boy's gentle manners and docile disposition soon gained the master's heart. He remained with Torretto about three years, when the latter died, leaving Canova, who had only received the first instructions in his art, without any guidance for his future career. The boy returned to his grandfather and to the obscurity of the workshop. But he was not forgotten. Falieri, his kind patron, sent for him to come to Venice and recommence his studies under Torretto's nephew, likewise a sculptor. The Falieri palace was opened freely to him, and every expense to be incurred in his studies was to be defrayed by his generous friend.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of Canova was his love of independence, his dislike to accept too freely of another's bounty if it could be avoided. This characteristic early showed itself

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in the resolution he took, upon his arrival in Venice, of devoting half the day to the mechanical part of his art for some remuneration. While, therefore, we do not depreciate the great generosity of Signor Falieri towards his young protégé we cannot but admire the firmness with which Canova adhered to his resolution; and though the reward of his labors was a mere pittance, the true spirit of independence exhibited by the lad (while he never once forgot his debt of gratitude to Falieri) is worthy of imitation. He remained not quite a year with Ferrari, the nephew of Torretto; and now, from this his fifteenth or sixteenth year, we may follow the real art career of Antonio Canova.

Hitherto the genius of this great mind had had no natural outlet. True, Canova was always working at his favorite employment in some form or other, but there was no decided aim. He was ambitious, yet for what he himself knew not. As we learn from one of those very few confidential letters he wrote in after-life of this period, his mind seemed to be oppressed with feelings which he could neither comprehend nor subdue. He seemed to be urged forward by them to a high, imaginary goal of perfection. In his own expressive words: "He often felt as if he could have started on foot with a velocity to outstrip the wind, but without knowing whither to direct his steps; and, when activity could no longer be supported, he would have desired to lie down and die." This is a strong picture—the picture of a mind gifted with extraordinary powers, yet not knowing how to wield its own faculties. At times Canova would suddenly examine his drawings or his last model, and as suddenly turn from them, evidently seeking in vain for something still beyond him. We see in this dissatisfaction with himself, this longing after excellence, after some hardly-descried eminence, the workings of a mind above its situation, held back not alone by lack of necessary information, but also by the crudity of those other qualities of the mind whose full maturity is needed to control and counterbalance the imagination of the boy. At Venice this inquietude began to leave him. He was no longer depressed by hopeless wishes. His aim was now clear and decided. He threw himself with all ardor into the almost vast arena of study opening before him. Still, at this time, while his taste is constantly improving, and all through his life and art career, even in the fullest development of every faculty of his gifted mind, he will never find himself satisfied. This no real artist can ever be. Many dark hours of self-abasement in the realization of failure are before Canova. But these hours will be for him the irritation indicating growth, and he will come out from them quickened and invigorated with new determination to reach his ideal of excellence.

Canova remained in Venice about eight years. The first year of this period was passed under the nephew of Torretto. He worked also with great success at the Academy of Arts, and he carved of white marble two baskets of fruit and flowers for the Farsetti family, to whose kindness he owed the privilege of devoting much time of study in the gallery of their palace. So earnest and unremitting were his exertions that in four years' time the young Antonio became sufficiently skilled in his profes-

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sion to present himself before the world. He therefore set up his first studio in a vacant cell at the monastery of the Augustinian friars attached to the church of San Stefano. Here, and later in San Maurizio, he worked till 1780,* in which year he left Venice for Rome.

For the reason that we could not, within the limits of this sketch, undertake a critical review of Canova's works, and because our idea is more a general notice or study of the sculptor and his manner of working than any extended consideration of the same, we will be content to mention only one or two of the ten pieces executed by him while at Venice. We will then pass with him to Rome, first, however, touching on his method of study. The statues of Orpheus and Eurydice were his first after the baskets already spoken of. His last work before leaving Venice was the group of "Dædalus and Icarus." Both Quatremère de Quincy in his *Canova et ses Ouvrages*, and Memes in his *Biography*, give an exhaustive criticism of this group, which may be said to mark the boundary line between the style of the student and the remarkable degree of perfection of reality and ideal which he afterwards attained.

In order, however, to judge fairly of Canova's reformation in the method of study for artists, and to estimate its value correctly, it is of utmost importance that we realize the condition of sculpture not only during the time immediately preceding Canova, but more particularly from that of Michael Angelo—whose death was followed by a rapid degeneracy in art—through the long period of decline lasting even to our Antonio's days. It is beyond our power here to give anything like an adequate sketch or description of those times. The careful reader must search for himself to justify our statement that Canova was a true reformer where reform was needed. We shall be content to say that one great cause of the decline may be found even in Michael Angelo's days. What that great master noticed in the art of his period was a timidity of execution, but a great fidelity to nature. This needed only deeper expression and freedom of the imagination. To combine these would have been to have restored art to its days of pristine glory, such as we have now only glimpses of in what is left us from the time of Phidias. This was what Michael Angelo in the commencement of his career promised. But to his vigorous perception the simplicity of the Greek sculpture seemed poverty. He resolved on a bold style which should appeal to the imagination alone. From the simple and natural he advanced with rapid strides to the forced and exaggerated. Hence, while his works may be sublime, it is not the sublimity that connects itself with our sympathy. Rarely, if ever, are such muscular exaggerations met in nature. True art should always be the highest ideal of nature, not exaggerated but perfected. The consequence of this neglect to follow nature was rapid decline. Michael Angelo's immediate successors, in following his example and receding more and more from nature, became more and more exaggerated. Defects which his great genius alone could conceal were in their hands a fruit-

* Quatremère de Quincy gives October, 1779; Cicognara December, 1780. The evidence is in favor of the latter authority.

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ful source of corruption. Other influences, too, were at work. Men's minds were drawn more towards intellectual and scientific studies. During the seventeenth century the genius of the time was turned to philosophical and mathematical researches. Some among those who still clung to art were sensible of its degeneracy, but they either failed to discover the secret, or, discovering it, lacked courage to reform, or the times and the patronage were against their efforts. So novelty at the expense of simplicity and the perfected ideal of nature was the characteristic of the days of corruption and decline in art.

Canova realized this, and, early perceiving that he could not rest his hopes of excellence upon the imitation of the masters, resolved "to begin the art where the art itself had begun." In a word, he was both gifted and courageous enough to put aside the preconceived ideas of study, which his sound judgment showed him were false; and, like the Greek, he studied nature earnestly and faithfully. In this he went diametrically opposite to the schools of his day, where the sound maxim of Ghiberti, that since sculpture consists in imitating truth we should begin by imitating with truth, was wholly disregarded. Canova estimated nature truly, and, although he could not yet entirely appreciate her full value, he felt he was on the right road in taking her simply for his model. The end proved him correct; for in his works he has united the classic simplicity of the Greeks with the perfection of nature and the ideal beauty of the imagination. All through his course of study, even to a late period in life, Canova devoted a large portion of his time to anatomy, which he justly regarded as "the secret of the art." Anatomical knowledge alone would, however, have rendered him merely theoretical, had he not united with it (as every artist should) the practical power gained from constant observation and sketches. He termed the studies made when watching the crowds of people in the streets, the animated gestures during conversation, or the display of all passions wherever witnessed, *il scolpir del cuore*—the sculpture of the heart. His quick glance and ready memory enabled him to catch and retain those fugitive expressions of muscular action never to be perceived in the artificial movements of academical models. The advantages of the warm Italian climate, where the lower classes are so little solicitous about clothing, furnished abundant material for these accidental studies.

Our readers should bear in mind that we write of no one portion of Canova's life, but simply describe his method of study as begun in early years, continued and perfected to his death. The amount of hard work he accomplished seems almost incredible. But who, except those who give themselves to just such hard work through years of long and painful pupilage, could effect what Canova did? The number and kind of his works bear witness to his life. His daily sketches and studies from life, his constant and faithful comparisons of his ideal with nature, his earnest and skilful adaptation of anatomy to his art, show the secret of his success. He did not even dread the use of the dissecting-knife, in so far as it was necessary to a more perfect harmony of the human

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body to his work. When he was fairly on the road of his profession his daily labors ran thus: *

He devoted the first hours of the morning, while his mind was fresh and vigorous, to composition or modelling. He sketched upon paper the outline of his thought, corrected and retouched it. Having at length satisfied himself with the design of his work as it would appear in painting, his next object was to examine and recompose it according to the principles of sculpture. For this he modelled the sketch in clay or wax. The arrangement of every individual part was carefully studied. The model in this condition had served the masters before him as the only guide for the statue. Not so Canova. This model was the first step to the real one, which he made of the same size as the marble to be carved.† With what skill and care it was finished those who have seen any of the original marbles may readily imagine from their perfection. When this model was completed so thoroughly that Canova knew it would prove an unerring guide, then, but not till then, was the manual labor of the marble confided to the workers in his employ. Many times, too, not content with this, he would block out the masses of marble himself. And to the labor entailed by such a course is traced the origin of the disease that caused his death. The last touches were given by the master-hand alone, that the marble might seem to glow, as it were, with all the silent attributes of beauty and life. And even in these last touches he did not fail to compare his work with a living model.

It is difficult to-day, when the study of nature in her highest forms is so earnestly inculcated, to realize the impression made on men's minds by Canova's works in that age of mannerism which has just preceded us—that age of forced and exaggerated expression, which, without the genius of a Michael Angelo to conceal its gross errors, was a total failure. To see a man stand forth, convinced in his judgment that Nature is his true teacher, and to adopt her principles, not servilely, but with a breadth and nobility of purpose, is indeed a grand sight. And when we remember the wonderful mutual harmony between the natural and the ideal, as evinced in the compositions which emanated from Canova's master-mind, we can hardly praise him enough for his courageous efforts to replace Art in her own genuine sphere. Many of our readers may not admire Canova's works, but even these cannot fail to pay their tribute to the man himself, and to appreciate his efforts to recall the wandering steps of his loved mistress and direct them towards their highest goal—the perfection of the ideal and the real. A hair-breadth beyond that perfection, and the downward path is rapid. And while we readily admit that Canova was not faultless, his imperfections are almost lost in our earnest admiration of the fidelity with which he accomplished his work. With his

* For the details of Canova's daily labors we are greatly indebted to the *Biography* of the sculptor by Memes. Among the other works consulted may be mentioned Cicognara, De Quincy, and Bouclon.

† It is only in this manner that the real effect of the full-sized statue which the sculptor is planning can be gained. Michael Angelo, late in life, became sensible of his error in not having followed this plan; and Vasari, in his *Vita de' M. Angelo*, says that towards the close of this master's life he began to study his compositions with more care, making his models for statues, and even architectural ornaments, the full size. He then placed them at their proper height, in order to observe the true effect of the future work.

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birth the fulness of time had come. God gave the work into his hands, and nobly did he perform it.

Never yet has man or nation undertaken any needed reform or attempted to establish any needed laws but instantly the mass of people springs up and defies them. Canova was not exempt from the bitterness of his labors. This, however, is hardly the place to repeat all the comments and opposition with which ignorance and prejudice assailed him. Enough to say that the generosity with which he received these attacks, though suffering inwardly from their ignoble pettiness, sooner or later disarmed the crowd, who then did him justice. We might add that he was ill-fitted for such opposition because of his modest reserve, being retiring and diffident almost to an extreme. Still, his high purpose bore him up; and in his moments of discouragement, when he doubted if, in face of so much opposition, his views could be correct, he subjected them to the severest examination. He hastened to the Capitol or the Vatican, and confronted them with the antique. The result enabled him to be constant to his method and patient with his opponents.

We now pass with Canova to Rome—Rome, the mother and mistress of the world. Kind friends had opened the way, and in 1781 our young artist found himself on the road which was to lead to great after-success. When he arrived in Rome in 1780 he was courteously received by the Venetian ambassador, Cavaliere Juliani, to whom he carried letters. This nobleman, when he had paid to the young Canova all the dues of hospitality, wished to be assured if the lad showed any promise of the future sculptor. He was a generous protector, and, should Canova stand the trial, he would prove a firm friend. So Juliani caused the model of "Dædalus and Icarus" to be transported from Venice. He then invited artists and connoisseurs of renown to inspect its merits. Among these may be mentioned Volpato, Battoni, Puccini, Cades—or Cadef, as the Italians write the name—and Gavin Hamilton, an English painter, and author of *Schola Italicæ Picturæ*. Canova's trepidation, it may be imagined, was extreme. It would almost seem as though his whole future depended upon the decision of these men. He afterwards acknowledged that this was one of the most trying periods of his life. According to Cicognara, the guests stood around the group and gazed at it in silence. They did not dare to censure what commanded their deepest admiration, though at wide variance with the style then followed. The simple beauties of the group so faithful to nature seemed like poverty of effect when compared with the work from the schools of that day. Hamilton broke the silence. He cordially embraced the trembling artist. He congratulated him on the talent exhibited by the group. He exhorted him to follow the course he had adopted, and, by strenuously adhering to nature, unite its exact and beautiful imitation with the simplicity of taste and ideal of the ancients. Rome, he added, abounded with specimens of their grand work, to the study of which he urged the lad to devote himself.

One of the guests present passed a severe censure on the group, which Canova overheard, and which pleased him more than any direct praise. This guest had observed

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that the group must have been copied from models executed by the application of some soft material to the living form, so impossible did it seem that the chisel alone could have produced so striking a representation of nature; when, in truth, this group was the result of Canova's severe study of the human form, unassisted by any mechanical means.

The merits of the young sculptor being thus recognized by all present, Juliani proved the sincerity of his promises of patronage; and the work for which Canova's studies had prepared him now began. The ambassador's manner of showing his interest was both delicate and gratifying—by employing Canova on a large piece of statuary, the choice of the subject to be left to the sculptor. By providing the material, and, when the work was finished, if no other purchaser appeared, by considering it as belonging to him on payment of its full value, he relieved his protégé from all embarrassment of poverty, and yet left him independent.

Rome inspired Canova with fresh ardor. He made profound and severe studies from the antique, without ever neglecting his observation of nature. His principal works at this time were the "Theseus and Minotaur," a small "Apollo," and a "Psyche." These were in marble.

His fame now rose rapidly, and in 1792 he was employed on the tomb of Ganganelli, Clement XIV. Then followed with incredible celerity the group of "Cupid and Psyche," "Adonis and Venus," the "Magdalen kneeling," and many others. Such was his power and versatility; yet still to the severity of his own previous training is due this rapidity of conception and execution.

The revolutionary frenzy which spread over Europe at the close of the eighteenth century filled Canova with consternation. He cared nothing for politics, but, unable to endure those scenes of anarchy daily enacted in Rome in 1797–98, and the outrages committed on his loved pontiff, Pius VI., which he was powerless to avert, he left his studio, gave up his numerous works, and retired to his native town, Possagno. Here he remained in quiet more than a year, studying and painting in oils. Charming stories are related of his reception at Possagno, which he had left a poor, nameless youth, and to which he returned just before he had reached the zenith of his fame. Betta Biasi, his cousin, and the heroine in his Madonna *fête*, who was then married, formed a sort of conspiracy (so runs one of the stories) with all the inhabitants of Possagno. It was carried out in this wise: Canova, who had first visited Crespano, went thence to his native hamlet. He made the journey on foot; and what a walk that must have been! How vividly that other walk in the far past must have come before him! Then a little boy, his future all unknown, returning to his grandfather, his broken statue in his bundle, his heart heavy with grief, and denied his mother's parting kiss; afterwards the years of labor, the moments of discouragement that were as years which had intervened, the hopes that trembled in the balance with the fears; and now the success that was crowning his efforts, his mistress, Art, smiling so kindly upon her lover! Absorbed, probably, in such thoughts, he kept his way; and as he neared the town a crowd

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of youngsters who were in ambuscade burst upon him. They overwhelmed him with their greetings of joy and admiration, while their hearty *Evvivas* filled the air. The sculptor stopped, overcome by emotion, but they respectfully urged him to advance. Canova always had a sincere repugnance to any kind of public demonstration and popular acclamations or honors. Imagine, then, his astonishment when twenty steps more brought him to a turn in the road, and he perceived that it was actually covered with immortelles, laurel branches, and roses. To the right and left of this triumphal path were the inhabitants of Possagno, Crespano, and neighboring towns. They had all assembled to greet him. The village bells were sounded, the old men and women joined the procession, and with triumphal music and songs they conducted him to his old home, Pasino's house. For they were proud of the man who had gone forth from among them and had so nobly distinguished himself. To them he was as a prince, and for a prince they could not do more.

The affairs of the Holy See having assumed a more settled aspect, Canova returned to Rome and attained a still more brilliant renown. He soon after visited Germany for the benefit of his health, upon which his severe labors were telling. It was at this time he executed the "Perseus with Medusa's Head." This remarkable piece was so truly classical in its beauty that, by the order of Pius VII., it was placed on one of the *stanze* of the Vatican hitherto reserved for the most precious relics of antiquity. This great privilege was supplemented by the illustrious pontiff requesting Canova's presence at the Vatican, and there publicly embracing him, with genuine earnestness—an honor accorded only to sovereigns (yet, in his art, was not Canova a sovereign?). On this occasion he received from the hands of the pope the investiture in two of the Roman orders of knighthood, and was also nominated Inspector-General of Fine Arts, in Rome and the Pontifical States. In the same year (1802) Napoleon invited Canova to Paris. He desired to see this great artist, whose praises resounded on all sides. He also desired to obtain some of his work. But Canova, while he admired the conqueror of Egypt, the vanquisher of Italy, could never forgive the author of the treaty of Campo Formio; therefore, though Napoleon's offers were brilliant, Canova remained faithful, and, had it not been for the intervention of the Sovereign Pontiff himself, Napoleon would have been refused. He went then as ambassador of the Holy See. Twice afterwards, in 1810 and 1815, he visited Paris. On his last visit he was charged with a special mission—namely, the recovery of the spoils taken from Rome by the order of the First Consul. What better man could have been chosen for this task than he who so loved the art treasures of which Rome had been despoiled, and who had so mourned their loss? And what a joy to his heart when his efforts proved successful and Rome's treasures were restored!

As a result of the first two visits, he executed a colossal statue of Napoleon, a bust of Josephine, and another of the Empress Marie Louise. His conversations with Napoleon are full of interest.

After his third visit to Paris, in 1815, he passed over to England,

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and there, in London, saw for the first time what he termed the finest Greek antiquities the world possesses—the Elgin Marbles. His delight at the sight of them was intense. "These statues, these fragments," he exclaimed, "will produce a great change in art." Upon his return to Rome he labored harder than ever, not alone in relation to his own improvement, but also to establish the style of Phidias, as shown in the Elgin Marbles. And, as Cicognara remarks, he himself acknowledged that a visible improvement and the highest efforts of his chisel were to be found in the works which he executed subsequently to his visit to London. On his return, in 1816, he was enrolled among the Roman patricians with the title of Marquis of Ischia, and to this dignity was assigned the annual pension of three thousand crowns. Thus his name was inscribed in the Golden Volume of the Capitol. So many were the honors he received that we may not pause to enumerate them. Through all he showed the same simplicity and unassuming modesty, united with untiring zeal and hard labor. Religion ever possessed strong influence over Canova, and to it he devoted his whole spiritual life untiringly.

It was his great wish now to show some appreciation of all that had been done for him, and he proposed a colossal statue of "Religion," to be finished in marble at his own expense. The model, upwards of twenty feet in height, was completed—a grand and imposing figure—but, from some unknown cause, obstacles from cardinals and princes were thrown in the way of the execution in marble of a work destined to commemorate the return of the head of our holy church from banishment. A copy from an engraving made of the model was—probably after Canova's death—executed by the order of Lord Brownlow for his home in England. Under the masterly engraving we have just mentioned, drawn by the sculptor's request in the strong hope that he might still accomplish his desire, were inscribed these words: "Pro felici reditu Pii VII., Pontificis Maximi, Religionis formam sua impensa in marmore exculpendam Antonius Canova libens fecit et dedicavit."

The model of this statue of Religion (which had already filled Italy with admiration at its excellence) gave evidence of its being one of Canova's finest designs, and it is greatly to be regretted that he was never permitted to finish the marble, and enjoy the keen pleasure of offering it according to his heart's desire. The difficulties placed in his way are not a little puzzling, so we will pass them over in silence.

The hour was come for Canova to fulfil his promise made in early youth to the good priest of his native village. He had not forgotten it, but was biding his time. Faithfully had he labored to cultivate to the utmost God's gift to him, and now, in the full strength of his power, he would return that gift to God. He had, with the single exception of his half-brother, the Abbate Sartori Canova, to whom he was devotedly attached, no family ties; so he resolved to devote his remaining years, his time, energy, and property, to the building of a beautiful church at Possagno, which should contain some of his best pieces. His plan was to unite in this one temple all the beauties of the Parthenon of Athens and the Pantheon of Rome. He labored

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incessantly upon all the means necessary for carrying this wonderful enterprise into execution; and at last, in the summer of 1819, all his plans being matured, he went to Possagno to arrange for the beginning of his operations. He confided the direction of his plans to Giovanni Zardo, surnamed Fantolin, an architect of Crespano. He wished to associate in his great project all the inhabitants of Possagno. Even the young girls were filled with enthusiasm, and almost rivalled the workmen in the ardor with which they labored — they having persuaded Canova and their parish priest to permit them to carry the lighter stones and other materials needed; and to this work they devoted their free hours on working days and their holidays. It was a genuine labor of love to these good people of Possagno, and a generous emulation possessed them. Canova, however, formed a contract with them and the workers, and right royal was he in the payment of gratuities and wages. On one occasion, as he offered a gratuity to the young girls, and they had all received his gift, his face was noticed to beam with the conscious feeling of doing good, and he afterwards remarked that "this was one of the few days of real existence. Yet," he continued, "how little did it cost me to make so many human beings happy! After all, the true value of money is to be estimated by the quantity of happiness which it may purchase for others; in this light riches are indeed desirable."

On the 11th of July, 1819, the corner-stone was to be laid. On that day an immense concourse of people assembled not only from the neighboring towns but even from Venice. Canova, after having heard Mass in the humble little church where his Madonna was, and which his magnificent structure was to supersede, habited in the robes of his office as Knight of Christ, headed the procession and proceeded to the spot. There, amidst the joyful acclamations of the crowd and the music of the church, the solemn rite of blessing the corner-stone, in the perfect ceremony of the ritual, was concluded. How Canova's deepest emotions must have been stirred at that moment—a moment which witnessed the beginning of the end of all his labors, the crown of all his works, the final consecration of all his great gifts to the glory of God, to whom he had first promised them when as a mere lad he knelt at his pastor's feet and listened to his kindly encouragement!

The work was pushed forward rapidly, and each autumn found Canova at Possagno, encouraging the workmen and directing the building; while in the winter at Rome he accepted new commissions, that there might be no lack of the necessary funds. The following extract from his will, made shortly before his death, proves how near and dear to his heart was this work: "To the honor and to the probity of my brother, and sole heir, I confide the obligation of continuing, completing, and embellishing in all its parts, without the least reservation and in the shortest time possible, the Temple of Possagno, according to the plans established by me and communicated to him. To which object, if the funds appointed prove insufficient, all my effects and property are to be sold till the necessary sums be obtained."

His constitution was shattered and his physical energy giving way.

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Still he labored on indefatigably; nor do any pieces executed by him at this time show any diminution of his power as sculptor. For his new church he made a group called "The Pietà," which unfortunately never got beyond the model. It has been cast, however, we believe, in plaster, and is in the church it was intended to adorn in marble.

In 1822 Canova, were it possible, was even more diligent; but the end was drawing near. In September he made his usual visit to Possagno, and superintended, with active and unwearying earnestness, the work of the builders. On the 1st of October he visited the Falieri villa—a spot dear to him, recalling youthful associations. Thence he passed to Venice. Here his disorder, which had been the source of great suffering all summer, returned with increasing violence. His stomach failed of its usual functions, and his days were now numbered. He retained to the last full possession of all his faculties, and bore his intense sufferings with the heroism of a Christian. On the 12th of October his friend Signor Aglietti told him that his death was very near. Canova received the news with perfect serenity, saying simply: "Ecco noi veniamo a questo mundo a far la nostra rivista e poi—sic transit gloria mundi"— Lo! we come into this world to play our part, and then vanishes the glory of the scene. But he added a moment later, "Beato, beato che l'ha fatto bene"— Happy, happy he who has played it well. He then made his confession with deep earnestness, and in the evening the Extreme Unction and the Viaticum—those last sacraments given him to prepare and sustain his soul when it should come into the awful presence of its God—he received with all his wonted fervor, increased, may be, by the solemnity of the thought that he was dying. After this he remained quietly resting and waiting, saying a few words occasionally. It was noticed that he many times repeated: "Prima di tutto convien fare il proprio dovere"— First of all we ought to do our own duty. What a deep impression would not the silence of that chamber, broken only by the hardly-restrained emotion of his friends or the dying words of the sculptor, have made upon a stranger! At last the time fixed in God's eternal decrees came. Those around him heard him utter rapidly several times: "Anima pura e bella"— Pure and beautiful spirit; and a moment later he expired calmly and quietly, his face suddenly growing more and more highly radiant and expressive. This was on the morning of the 13th of October, 1822, when Canova was in his sixty-fifth year.

A post-mortem examination revealed a combination of troubles, including paralysis of the stomach. The remote origin seems to have been in the depression of the right breast, occasioned by the bearing against the head of the trapano, an iron instrument in constant use among sculptors.

His funeral was grand and imposing, and was in no way a heartless ceremony. Before the remains were conveyed to Possagno Venice desired to pay public honor to the man who had commenced his career under her shelter. The feeling which found vent there was something almost incredible. It is only when we remember *who* and *what* the man whom they were honoring was that we can understand the depth of reverence, respect, and love

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shown his remains. The multitude of all ranks stood uncovered and bending as the coffin was slowly borne to St. Mark's, conducted by the professors and pupils of the Art Academy. Over this vast concourse perfect silence prevailed, broken only by the solemn pealing of the requiem or the almost deep whisper of the response. Yet the most remarkable tribute, after the religious ceremony, was that paid by the Academy in their great hall, whither the remains were borne when the services at St. Mark's were ended. The walls were draped in black, and around them were hung engravings or drawings of Canova's works. The hall was filled with the most distinguished men of Venice. There, in the darkened room, with a solitary funeral torch placed at the head of the bier, the president of the Academy delivered with the eloquence of truth an oration on the life and works of him whose remains were in their midst. And it is recorded that when the orator touched on the private virtues and sincere friendship of the man whose memory they were honoring, he was unable to proceed, being overcome with emotion. In that pause one spontaneous burst of responsive feeling from the audience completed the oration.

On the following day the bier was borne to Possagno, where the people greeted it with sobs and tears, and where, amidst every show of deep feeling, the body of Antonio Canova was consigned to its final resting-place. The Venetian Academy obtained his heart, and, having enclosed the precious relic in a vase of porphyry with suitable inscriptions, placed it in the hall of the Palace of Arts. The Venetian artists selected Canova's own model for the tomb of Titian (which had not been used), and erected it in marble in honor of the man they so dearly loved and appreciated. But not alone in Venice was his memory held in such high esteem. Throughout all Europe the tidings of his death were everywhere received with expressions of sadness and a sense of a loss not easy to replace.

What more can we say of this illustrious man? If we have forborne to find fault, to criticise his works, to pull to pieces his execution that we might discover his imperfections, it is because in a sketch like this they seem wholly lost in the grand sum of his excellences.

Great private virtues apart from his profession were his. Benevolence, gratitude, single-heartedness, sincerity of friendship, and a splendid generosity distinguished him. His purse, his chisel, his interest, were always at the command of those who lived in intimacy with him. His acquirements were those of an artist and a man of taste. He was adverse to taking pupils, and never would receive them, though he was always ready to assist and show interest in any promising artist. He rarely wrote on the subject of art, but to the memory and note-books of his friends, and an occasional letter, we owe our knowledge of his practical methods, and these sources are both authentic and ample.

One trait of Canova's—an admirable one, well worthy of imitation—may be seen from a remark of his when he was urged to refute certain injurious expressions that had appeared against him in some of the literary journals. With noble candor he replied: "Le me opere sono in pubblico, e il pubbli-

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co ha tutto il diritto di giúdicarle; ma io mi sono proposito di non rispondere a qualunque critica osservazione altrimente, che coll' impiegare ogni studio per miglio fare "—My works are before the public, and that public has every right to pass judgment upon them; but, for my own part, it is my resolve not to reply to any critical observation whatsoever, otherwise than by exerting every effort to do better.

And again, an English nobleman, although admiring the simplicity and purity of the style shown in the group of "Theseus and the Minotaur," objected to it because it was, as he said, "too cold." The sculptor listened in silence to the critic's remarks. Some time after he produced that exquisite group of "Cupid and Psyche," in which the latter is recumbent, and the former bending over her as she just awakes. To the Englishman's expression of surprise and delight Canova simply replied: "Preferisco costantemente di rispondere a quanto convenevole osservato più tosto collo-scarpello, che colle parole "—I always prefer to answer a judicious observation with my chisel rather than by words.

A nature like his was highly susceptible to love, and twice he was on the point, according to Cicognara, of entering the married state, but was deterred, perhaps, by the feeling which Michael Angelo so well expresses: "Art is jealous, and requires the whole man to herself." Art was his mistress and absorbed his all. His heart, however, was never entangled by a low or unworthy passion. All his sentiments accorded with the lofty character of the man.

He had sculptured with his own hand 53 statues, 13 groups, 14 cenotaphs, 8 great monuments, 7 colossals, 2 groups of colossal statues, 54 busts, 26 basso-relievos. He besides painted 28 oil-paintings, and left in his portfolio a large number of studies, architectural designs, and models. Memes divides his works into three classes or distinct orders, thus:

I. Heroic compositions.

II. Compositions of grace and elegance.

III. Sepulchral monuments and relievos.

Canova was very affectionately attached to Pius VII., and bequeathed to him in respectful terms the privilege of selecting from his whole possessions whatever might be most pleasing or agreeable to him; desiring in this manner to testify his love and devotion to the occupant of the Holy See. Leo XII., in 1826, caused a fine monument to be placed in the entrance-hall of the new museum at Rome, in honor of Canova, and beneath it is this inscription: "Ad Ant. Canova—Leo XII., Pont. Max."

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FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

I.

FROM England to Ireland is a far greater journey than the mere crossing of the water which lies between Holyhead and Kingstown. Leaving the calm, prosperous, well-ordered, and matter-of-fact country of John Bull one summer's day, we found ourselves transported with an astonishing sense of change, distance, novelty—all that constitutes the difference between nations—into an Irish seaport town, gay, bright, and homelike, where poverty looks picturesque, and the whole country, if it suggests want, at the same time speaks of good-humor and kindliness. Kingstown is all the fashion in the summer-time; "His Grace" of Marlborough had just arrived, stopping a few hours on his way to Dublin, and the pretty town whence George IV. sailed long ago after his famous visit wore an air of viceregal festivity. The town fronts the water; a series of hotels painted white or built of gray stone, with trim gardens and lawns, an irregular line of villas, apartment-houses, and the like, may be seen as we sail up to the fine granite quay, and the long white road, well cared for and sunshiny in the month of June, is gay with carriages, "cars," and wagonettes. The Kingstown journals are constantly announcing fresh arrivals from the world of Mayfair, and no place in Ireland is so frequented at a certain season. From Kingstown to Dublin the road leads through various minor watering-places which seem to consist chiefly of bathing-machines and advertisements, the long line of yellow sands being dotted with those singular marine vehicles, while at intervals stone cottages on the roadside are labelled "Patrick Cloney's Bathing-House," or "Mrs. Dawson's Baths," or "Bathing suits and machines to hire; no dogs admitted." All these establishments seemed to have allurements for the gentler sex, who were congregated at every such point in the beach road, in timid groups, prepared to rush into the water or coming back with the aid of the Cloney or Dawson machines. Afar out where the tide had ebbed, leaving bare and green the sands and rushes, barefooted boys and girls were gathering moss and cockles—the latter a sort of small, tough clam which abounds in these waters, and which seems to us a very poor and tasteless thing, though it delights the British palate. With glimpses of these gay little seaports, and here and there the interruption of a stretch of quiet, verdant country, Dublin was reached, and from there, later on, our route lay to a distant county in the north.

There is a strange sense of failure and half-developed splendor about Dublin; the wide, beautiful streets, the solemn architecture of the granite buildings, the majestic cathedral, the university, the evident intellectual ability and yet mental and political depression of the people—all these seem strangely inharmonious, and one gets in some way a singular impression of a strug-

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gle, a constant, hopeless lifting of the voice against something which is evil. Of course such a feeling must be at this date the outcome of the past; must be, an Englishman would tell you, a mere sentiment; for Irish laws are now tolerably good, and even Irishmen themselves are divided as to the moral and political advantages of Home Rule should they get it. But you cannot efface the marks of the past; Dublin, beautiful as she is, must speak to every stranger of something which has silenced her, which has turned her best purposes aside and given her the air of a dethroned sovereign.

We left Dublin about four in the afternoon, taking the train for C——, an obscure station in County Cavan. The day was perfect, and the lights on hill and dale clear and soft, without a touch of haze, but always a brilliant clearness which gave emphasis to every outline in the landscape, defining the shades of green, throwing out the colors of the blossoms on the hedgerows, and sparkling upon the many bits of lake, river, and rivulet we passed. Now and then, as we dashed into some station, we caught sight of an old woman, the "care-taker," knitting calmly in the waiting-room, while her grandchildren filled the doorway and lifted rosy, dirty faces to our view, stamping their brown, bare feet to some imaginary tune, or tossing a bit of hedge-flower with saucy fun at the vanishing train. When we stopped, the old woman in charge of the station would come out, knitting in hand, fronting the evening light with a curious puckered expression generally ending in a smile, as she watched the passengers descend, extending a friendly greeting and a slow hand to some.

"Is it yourself back again, ma'am?" we hear her exclaim as a comfortable, smiling-faced woman descends, with market-baskets on either arm.

"I am, then," is the answer, "and no worse for a bit of going, I think, ma'am." And the railway porter, in uniform like the English, but sadly faded and threadbare, comes up to join in the talk; while an outer circle of small people, wondering, ragged, and unkempt, is formed, and a pretty girl in neat gown and quite a fine headgear but bare feet, arrives to welcome the new-comer.

The evening lights broke up in a splendor of reds and purples, fading into that wonderful pale gray twilight which in Ireland lingers until the stars are all visible in the sky; not a touch of gloom was in the dusk when we reached C——, and throughout the long carriage-drive which followed there lingered this after-glow of day, broken here and there by that singular atmospheric phenomenon for which the country is famous—the mirage—a token of warm weather, we were told, giving to the wide, irregular country, with its chance animation and otherwise unbroken stillness, a weird, puzzling effect.

From C—— to B——, our destination, is a drive of thirteen Irish miles (about seventeen miles in English or American measure), passing through the town of ——, evidently a prosperous place, with hilly, well-built streets and the usual characteristics of every Irish town or village, the outskirting paths leading to whitewashed cabins, the shaded country roads, and a surrounding peacefulness in the landscape. Thence we drove on past several so-called "domains" marked by fine walls and gateways, the house being always concealed

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by the abundant foliage, down a closely-sheltered green road, past fine hedgerows, in at a white gateway under a bower of lofty oaks, along a beautiful drive bordered with lawns and terraces, and before us stood a fine gray stone villa in the dignified and simple architecture of the last century, with hospitable double doors thrown open, lights streaming out cheerfully upon lawn and carriage-drive, and within the comfortable luxuriance of an Irish country-house.

"S—— R——," July, 1878.

This household, I suppose, is typical of the best class of Irish gentry. The house stands in a park about a mile from the little village of B—— C——. It was built in the present century, but Irish architects seem to cling to the models of a hundred years ago—a gray stone villa, firm and substantial, with a sense of light and coolness in summer-time and warmth in winter; wide, cheerful windows, spacious rooms, and furnishings at once homelike and refined; the drawing-room, dining-room, steward's offices, etc., are on the ground floor; above irregularly on two stories the sleeping and dressing rooms, all full of that air of home comfort which so impresses Americans on foreign shores, while a touch of high art has crept over from the splendid England of to-day. Without are lawns and terraces, beautifully kept, and the never-failing croquet and tennis grounds, the latter overlooking the lower terraces; a belt of deep green woodland and a stretch of open, peaceful country, upon which hay-makers come and go, the women in bright colors, the wagons painted red, the men in dingy corduroys but strong in figure, with a gay, bold step and carriage which shows how much of their existence has been passed *al fresco*.

At the back of the house are the flower-gardens, blooming with tall, old-fashioned shrubs and beds of dainty flowers; boxwood and laurel border the gravelled walks, which lead off into pine groves beyond; at the upper end of the garden is a high stone wall built in the sunshine, with apple, peach, and plum trees trained against it in the foreign fashion, their fruits ripening slowly but richly, and the dusky foliage giving a tone to the garden-beds. From the fruit terrace we can see the "planting," as the first foliage is called, of the neighboring estates; a broad, green valley beyond, dotted with small lakes; clumps of forest trees, centuries old; and far off against the horizon a bit of Lough Erne shining like a jewel in its background of lofty blue hills.

Country-house visiting here in Ireland has a peculiar fascination for us as Americans; there is much merely in the system which is novel and interesting. The luxuries and comforts which usually belong only to town-houses in America are regularly expected in an Irish or English country-house, and the household management is quite perfect. Mistress and maid, master and servant, are on such admirable terms of self-control and discipline that year after year the household can go on calculating to a nicety its resources, and feeling confident there will be none of those outbreaks which disorganize the *ménage* of so many American homes. There are nine or ten house-servants, including both men and women, all perfectly understanding their duties and their positions; the butler has been

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twenty years in his place; one of the gardeners died the other day after half a century of loyal service in the family; and from the trim housemaids to the people in the kitchen there is that air of respectful comprehension of duty so seldom thoroughly understood in America.

The house is full of guests, and they combine various elements very pleasantly: One of the number is a well-known author and traveller, who has just returned from a solitary journey of exploration across Asia and India, almost as hazardous and eventful as the African travels of Stanley, but tinged with the splendors of an Oriental coloring; and of this he gives us delightful bits of description and incident as we sit over our afternoon tea or late dinner. Another member of the party is a young lady from Scotland, with a sweet touch of Aberdeen in her voice; she is of the famous clan of "Keppoch," and her hearty Jacobite tendencies drift in agreeably between the strong Catholicism and equally ardent Protestantism of our hosts and hostess. There is also a little English lady, who is soon to set sail for India, that unknown land to Americans, but possessing so intimate and personal an interest to most British households. Besides these and the American visitors, an Oxford professor is expected to complete the group, which brings together the most varied but harmonious elements, while a frank hospitality and art of entertaining are combined in our hosts and hostess with everything that is cultured, earnest, and original.

The day's routine begins with a charmingly informal breakfast at nine o'clock, which drifts on for a couple of hours, family and guests coming in irregularly; letters and newspapers are read and discussed, and plans for the day are developed. Then comes a morning of individual occupations: our hosts, being both county magistrates, have various duties outside the estate; our hostess has her household to set into working order for the day; the guests amuse themselves with the new books which are sent regularly from Dublin, or with letter-writing, walking, or gossip. Luncheon reassembles the party at two o'clock, and the afternoon is devoted to riding, driving, croquet, or lawn tennis; six o'clock finding us, without change of costume, in the drawing-room for tea. Dinner is preceded by the dressing-bell at a quarter to seven, which disperses the tea-party; riding-hats and Knickerbockers vanish; half an hour later a finely-dressed company assembles in the drawing-room, the procession is formed and files out in solemn state, and the dinner, that concentration of foreign etiquette and brilliancy, begins. As in England, the ladies retire before the gentlemen, when a dainty silver punch service is carried into the dining-room; and tea and coffee are served in the drawing-room at half-past nine.

THURSDAY.

"This is fair day at B—— C——!"

"Fair day?" echoes an American voice. "How I should like to see a real Irish fair!"

"It is not at all what it used to be in the good old times," said our host; "still, it might amuse you."

This was at breakfast this morning, and we were at once exhilarated by the prospect of beholding a scene of fascinating revelry and trade which we had known only in

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novels and in Mr. Boucicault's plays. We set out about mid-day, the ladies in a phaeton, the gentlemen on foot. The shaded road led us in a few minutes to the outskirts of the village, where a novel scene opened before us as we turned up the hill to the market-place: there lay a broad, open space, the village green; on one side a blacksmith's forge, a Dissenting chapel, and the public pound, on the other a cluster of abandoned, roofless cabins standing at the head of the village street; a large marquee tent labelled "Refreshments, by P. Moriarty," stood in the centre of the green, and seemed to be the initial point from which radiated and revolved the countless elements that made up the fair. The confusion of sights and sounds was bewildering: there was neighing of horses and lowing of cattle; goats, sheep, swine, and barnyard fowls lifted up their voices, dogs barked; and finally, and most hideous of all, a donkey threw back his ears and greeted us with his own indescribable music. Farmers and shepherds went about in groups or sat in the shade smoking short pipes and discussing their own and other people's affairs; men and boys trotted horses and donkeys up and down to show their gait; while in the outer circles sat several old women in long blue cloaks and clean white caps, with baskets of fresh eggs and butter before them, awaiting the brisk trade of a later hour. The groups shifted a little as we passed, men and women bobbing and curtseying with that quaint simplicity and respect which seems to dignify without degrading the Old-World peasantry; the children made the drollest little "bobs," pulling a lock of hair, smiling, and ducking in a half-shy, reverential fashion.

"When any villager has been in America and returned," said F——, "he always carries a lofty air, and does not like to take off his hat to the gentry."

"And how do his comrades take it?" we asked.

"They don't like his bad manners, as a general thing, for I think they feel that this outward show of respect neither exalts us nor degrades them; it is only a custom approved by their forefathers, and rather pleasing than otherwise."

By this time we had passed the common and were in the village street, where a curious crowd had assembled in broken groups, each one bent upon admiring, watching, or erecting the temporary booths for the fair. There was an air of suspended excitement while the work progressed, but an hour later the fair was in full motion; voices laughing, talking, disputing, gossiping, railing, and chaffing filled the air; the booths were full of wares; an excited Cheap-John standing up in his wagon, with a varied collection of garments and household belongings at his feet, harangued an eager group of girls and women gathered about him. At another point a farmer was loudly praising his black-coated pigs, which, uncomfortable behind their prison bars, rubbed each other's sides and grunted unhappily; men and women were buying and selling butter and eggs; a fine cow was being led up and down before three men in top-boots, corduroys, and gay-colored neckcloths, while at small stalls, above a queer assortment of crockery, lines of variegated handkerchiefs and hosiery were strung to attract the stronger sex, who passed approving comments as they sauntered by. In the midst of the

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Babel of voices the "Cheap-John's" rose loudest:

"Sure is it this fine bit of prent ye'll be leaving, miss? Take another look at it wid thim soft eyes of yours." This to a pretty girl whose face was eagerly lifted in the sunshine while the vender danced a gay calico before her. The girl wore a cloak which fell back from her shoulders, while a scarlet handkerchief was tied becomingly over her head. "Ye'll not know yerself in it, me dear," John goes on in a softer tone, while a flood of rosy color comes into the girl's face. "Ah! be aisy now," as she is moving shyly away, her mother lingering with some evident desire to criticise further. John sees her vacillation. "Ah! now, woman dear, is it deprive her of her rights ye would? Four shillin's, and ye have it. Garryowen! Garryowen!" he cries out, breaking into a shriller note and vigorously slapping his leg, on which the calico is draped. "Garryowen! Come on! Buy, buy!" A timid brown hand is slipped up; a maternal voice says deprecatingly, "Ah! thin, Katie, ye put everything on yer back," as Katie, still rosy red but pleased, pays her four shillings and takes the roll of print. Directly she is the centre of an eager, clamorous group, the women all criticising and admiring or deploring the purchase.

"Ah! now, Katie Brian, is it no sinse at a'all ye have left in ye, girl?"

"It'll not take the wather, surr," cries one woman, jerking up her hand disdainfully at John, who stands his ground:

"Stand the wather, woman alive! Sure the soap never was made that could take the color off it. Garryowen, Garryowen!" he goes on in a shrill crescendo, and new purchasers come up. One of the last articles we see disposed of is a coat as deplorable in hue as Joseph's, and sadly tattered and threadbare, which a cow-boy purchased for "tuppence-ha'penny" amid shouts of derision from the bystanders.

Among the calmer sales we noticed calicoes and sheetings, all remarkably high-priced; unbleached muslins of rather poor quality going for eight cents the yard, and a striped print, worth in America about six cents, being sold for ten, as John called Heaven to witness, "at a distasteful bargain."

If the truth were known I am afraid some members of the American party were a little disappointed that the fair went on with no signs of "trailing of coats." "Did nobody feel warlike?" an American lady ventured to inquire; and everybody laughed and made a different answer.

"Oh! yes, there are often fights," said J——, "but the constables are doubly vigilant on fair days, and order is tolerably well kept."

The "Royal Irish Constabulary" are government police stationed in every Irish town or village, where we could see them leisurely patrolling the streets and lanes—fine-looking men in neat black uniform and helmet, and armed with musket as well as baton. Their barrack is in the village street, a two-storied building of unpretentious, whitewashed exterior, but bearing the royal arms and various government placards; one of these offered a reward of £1,000 for information leading to the arrest of Lord Leitrim's murderers.

"A useless advertisement," said Mr. B——. "No Irish cabin ever gives up a fugitive; no matter how

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poor the shelter may be, it is freely given, and no reward offered has any effect."

The constables appeared to be on excellent terms with the people, and seemed to be looked upon rather in the light of protectors than otherwise.

"But where are the factions we read about in the newspapers?" said the lady from America.

"Oh! *they* exist," answers our host, and forthwith goes on to tell us of two famous factions, known as "the Threes" and "the Fours," which originated at a fair. It appears a certain man sold a cow, asserting her age to be three years; the buyer declared it was four; and at once each side had constituents. The rival parties fought that day, and the next fair day, and so on, as time passed the factions growing in numbers and in bitterness. While we were in Ireland a trial for murder went on in Dublin, in which it appeared that a "Three" had killed a "Four" on no other provocation than the rage of party spirit. In the trial an amusing witness was examined.

"Teddy, were you present at the fair?" asked the lawyer.

"I was, your honor, and saw the fight; it was a rale good one; they had sticks and stones, and everything that was handy to crack skulls."

"Which side did you take?"

"I like the 'Threes' best, your honor."

"Did the prisoner have a stone in his hand?"

"He did not, your honor; Murphy had nothing in his hand but his fist."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed disdainfully: "Sure it was not a dacent fight at all; only a few shillelahs were raised!"

The fair went on with varied scenes until a late hour, when, I doubt not, had we waited, we might have seen something like the "trail of a coat"; but we drove off about sunset, leaving the grounds still occupied by a busy throng, while far up the country road stretched a motley line of farmers and rustics, in cars or on foot, donkeys laden with baskets, cows, goats and swine, toiling homewards after their day's outing at the fair.

FRIDAY.

In talking of novelties the other day, one of our party declared there was one in Ireland she specially longed to see, and "could we not," with eyes turned towards our hostess—"could we not see some day a genuine peat-fire?"

Hitherto the sunshine has been too luxurious to permit thought of fire, but this afternoon we drove out across the moorland, where the air blew freshly, full of fragrance like that of meadows near the sea, but certainly chill as September.

We had recourse to rugs and wraps, and as we turned homeward about five o'clock the glimmer of firelight in the windows was most cheering. In the drawing-room blazed a turf-fire; the flame danced and flickered and touched the air with a curiously sweet and delicate perfume as of sandalwood or pine. Long red lines of light fell across the wall; the corners of the room seemed to send out shadows to meet them, and between firelight and the gloaming the afternoon tea-table stood invitingly spread. The member of Clan Keppoch had come in, cloaked in silk and fur, and held her hands joyfully out to the blaze, while one after another of the party gathered about, and the mingled fascination of tea-

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time and firelight held us captive. What hour in the American calendar can compare with this in an English or Irish country-house?

At this hour what topic may not be discussed, what rash opinions and vague theories sent forth! A delicious sense of irresponsibility seems to come over us with the twilight; all faculties are pleasantly suspended, awaiting the touch of exhilaration which belongs to dinner-time, and idle speculations or poetic sentiment of which, an hour later, we might feel ashamed, all seem part of the moment. This afternoon, while we sipped our tea, our friend from India gave us stories of Kurd and Arab, of Eastern cities and of the desert plain; the young lady of Keppoch entertained us with her recent journey in the Tyrol and, in the inconsequent fashion belonging to tea-time, we drifted off to the old and ever new subject of Ireland's patriots; of the thrilling, agonizing, ennobling time when the "Young Ireland" crusade was preached. Our hostess is always eloquent on themes like this, and I suppose she felt in the gloaming a sort of protective power, for no one could see her face while she repeated in a quiet undertone those immortal lines—

> "Who fears to speak of '98,
> Who blushes at the name?"

Is there not a never-dying passion in these words? One is carried swiftly back to those dead days of heroism and struggle; one can see the prison-walls transfigured and made holy by the lives they held captive. Talking of this in Ireland seemed a sort of consecration of the spirit and feeling in which we Irish-Americans were educated, and when the dressing-bell dispersed our party we went up-stairs with some strange vibrations in our hearts. Was our earnest, eloquent little hostess an incendiary? I know the spirit roused by her recitation in the firelight lasted late on in the evening; for after dinner a restless member of the party was asked to sing, and somehow no song seemed fitting but "The Wearing of the Green," and, not satisfied with the rebellious verses, a refrain had to be added:

> "And the green it shall be worn,
> And the orange shall be torn,
> And the green fields of Ireland
> Shall flourish once again."

The gentlemen were still in the dining-room when this was sung, but they came in laughing and remonstrating. "How do you dare to sing that here?" exclaimed our host in mock horror. But the Irish-American rebel who had been singing looked at our hostess and felt a thrill of new patriotism within her.

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PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.

IV. THE TEXT OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT.

THE text of the chant, by its connection with the sacrificial liturgy and the feasts of the church, is for ever shielded from capricious alteration. It must always be the Latin of the Roman Missal and Breviary. We have spoken before of the chant as the living text of the great drama of the altar, as a means of intercourse between God and men, as an essentially constituent part of the liturgy. We now proceed to stamp it with the seal of a positive divine sanction.

The words to which the chant is set must be taken, as we have remarked, from the Missal and Breviary. They issue forth from the pure fountains of the Old and New Testaments, and from the church's never-silent voice of prophecy, for to her also was given a harp that she might "sing unto the Lord a new song" (Ps. xi. 9). Our faith teaches us the inspiration of the books of Holy Scripture, but the *consensus fidelium* has always been that the Holy Ghost has under his especial guardianship whatever, in the course of the Christian centuries, streaming forth in the ecstasies of the saints from the living consciousness of the church, has found a place in the liturgy, such as hymns, sequences, prefaces, etc. If, then, the text of the chant be hallowed and sanctioned by the divine will, we must logically conclude that it was a part of God's design and ordinance to preserve it pure and entire, free from any unauthorized interpolations. This conclusion is further strengthened by a consideration of the constant practice of the church in all times and places, and by the innumerable utterances hereupon of ecclesiastical authority.

Thus, we read of the apostles and first Christians that they "continued daily with one accord in the temple praising God" (Acts ii. 46); and St. Paul makes known to us of what this daily praise of God consisted by his exhortation: "Admonish one another with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Col. iii. 16). These are the very same means for God's praise now offered by the Missal and the Breviary. Every one versed in history knows with what jealous strictness the church of old guarded the purity of the liturgical text, and especially in the times of St. Damasus (371) and of St. Ambrose (398), until St. Gregory the Great (590) collected, sifted, and arranged this precious material, henceforth no more to be left to the uncertainty of tradition, and gave it into the exclusive charge of singing schools, to which he himself often gave instruction from his sick-bed.* On this point also most of the councils have issued stringent decrees, especially the second of Nice, the eighth of Toledo, and that of Trent (Conc. Trid., cap. xviii. sess. xxiii. de reformat.)

If we sometimes find the decrees of the church allowing other words

* How essential St. Gregory deemed the instruction furnished by these schools may be inferred from the circumstance that he refused to consecrate the priest John a bishop "because he was not sufficiently instructed in the chant."

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and music than the liturgical chant to be sung, this permission is plainly given only by way of toleration, out of consideration for long-established customs, on account of difficulties in the way of abolishing such music, or for similar reasons. But the tenor of all such ordinances undoubtedly shows that it has always been the spirit and wish of the church that, at least in liturgical services, the liturgical text should be strictly retained in its entirety and free from any intermixture. Pope Benedict XIV. decrees (const. *Annus qui* of Feb. 19, 1749) that plain chant should be retained wherever it is in vogue, and that where it has fallen into disuse it should again be introduced and kept up with care. He refers besides to a decree of Alexander VII., which among other things enacts that during the divine offices no other words or hymns should be sung than those prescribed in the Missal or Breviary: "Ut per id tempus, quo divina persolvuntur officia, nulla alia carmina seu verba cantentur nisi desumpta ex Breviario vel Missali romano, quæ in officiis de proprio vel de communi pro currenti cujusque diei festo vel sancti solemnitate præscribuntur." This decree was renewed by Innocent XI. December 3, 1678, and by Innocent XII. August 20, 1692. The latter orders that during the celebration of Mass there should be sung, besides the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*, only the *Introit*, *Gradual*, *Offertory*, and *Communion*. The same decree goes on to say: "In Vesperis vero nulla mutatione etiam minima facta, Antiphonæ, quæ initio cujusque Psalmi vel in ejus fine dicuntur. Insuper voluit et jussit, ut cantores musici omnino legem chori sequerentur et cum eo prorsus convenirent, et quemadmodum in choro fas non est aliquid addere Officio vel Missæ, ita enim musicis noluit id licere"—"But at Vespers [there should be sung] without the slightest change, the Antiphons which are said at the beginning and end of each Psalm. It is besides the wish and command [of the Holy Father] that singers should follow throughout the law of choir and be in perfect accordance with the same; and as in choir it is not allowable to add anything to the Office or the Mass, so also [His Holiness] is unwilling that this permission should be granted to musicians."

The decrees of bishops and diocesan synods are, of course, in harmony with those of the Holy See. For example, the diocesan synod of Breslau, in the year 1653, strictly forbade anything to be sung at High Mass or Vespers, save what should be contained in the Office of the occurring day, in the Graduale, or in the Psalter. Bishop Valentin, of Ratisbon—to give only one instance of episcopal decrees on this subject—writing April 16, 1857, gives the following injunction: "During the celebration of Holy Mass, and on all other occasions of public worship, it is permitted to make use of only the occurring text, or at least some other words approved by the church, and taken either from Holy Scripture, from the liturgical books, or from the writings of the holy Fathers."

The church in her wisdom has very willingly adopted the grave and dignified music of the organ; she has even, in her indulgent large-heartedness, admitted polyphonic singing and orchestral accompaniments; but no one will for this reason deny that the old Gregorian chant, sung in unison, was for many

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centuries, and, please God, shall again be, more serviceable for the church's purposes, more expressive of the ecclesiastical idea, and far more in accordance with the true religious taste of the Christian people.

Down to the fifteenth century the structure of the organ was so defective that such an execution as we hear to-day could scarcely be imagined. What information we possess of the organ and its use up to this time leads to the conclusion that it was rarely, if ever, used to accompany, but was played before, between, and after the singing. But as soon as the more perfect construction of the organ was followed by a more frequent employment of it in the divine service, the ecclesiastical authorities felt themselves obliged to issue stringent regulations, and not unfrequently to take energetic measures to prevent abuses and encroachments. Thus the holy synod of Trent decreed: "Ab ecclesia vero musicas eas, ubi sive organo sive cantu lascivum aut impurum aliquid miscetur . . . arceant, ut domus Dei vere domus orationis esse videatur ac dici possit"—"Let those kinds of music in which there is mingled, whether in the organ or in the chant, anything lascivious or impure be banished from the church, so that the house of God may be seen to be, and may be called in truth, the house of prayer." Some councils, as the provincial council at Mechlin in 1570, went so far as to establish the penalty of imprisonment for all those who in playing the organ should indulge in excesses offending against the gravity and dignity becoming the church. The papal General Vicariate at Rome, in the year 1842, fixed by decree a fine of ten thalers upon all chapel-masters and organists violating the ecclesiastical ordinances; upon a repetition of the act the offender to pay double the amount, and upon the third offence to suffer a temporary suspension from his office. The decrees on this subject are innumerable, and are to be met with chiefly where the church has had some occasion for speaking out her mind on this point. The spirit and sentiment of the church with regard to the employment of the organ and other instruments in the divine service may be discovered by reference to the Bullarium of Benedict XIV., sections xi., xii., and xiii. of the constitution *Annus qui*, 1749, treating in order "de instrumentis musicis, quorum usus in ecclesiis tolerari potest; de illorum instrumentorum sono, qui cantui sociari solet; de sono separatim a cantu—*i.e.*, de instrumentorum symphonia." Wherever the organ or other musical instruments are used in church music the singing should assume the exclusively predominant part, and hence it is the office of the organist to direct his playing to the support of the voices, to accompany the chant without limiting its independence; but he should never attempt to accommodate the free liturgical chant to the conventional rules of time and harmony. Our further expositions will shed more light upon this principle.

Figured music dates from the invention of the gamut by the learned monk Guido of Arezzo, and the invention of the measure by Franco of Cologne. Like organ-playing and other instrumental music, it degenerated soon after its rise, and gave early cause for ecclesiastical interference. It is acknowledged that only the model compositions of Palestrina redeemed polyphonic

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singing at the time of the Council of Trent. But such men as Palestrina, Orlando, and Scarlatti are rare, and, we are almost tempted to say, still rarer is the ability necessary for the execution of their compositions. What wonder, then, that the few good compositions should soon be unheard, and that figured music should fall back into the old, nay, into still grosser, errors, and thus necessitate another interference on the part of the church? (See in the Constitution of Benedict XIV., c. vii. of l. ix., Syn. Dioc.) In order to conclude from this that the church's liturgy hides within its bosom something of a higher character than aught that modern music can evolve, we have only to bring face to face with the abuses of the latter the unflagging zeal with which the church has so often and so strenuously interposed her authority against them. The earnest complaint of the learned Abbot Gerbert is only too just at the present time also. Speaking of his own times, he says: "Religious music has sunk lower than ever before. She, the holy daughter of spiritual men, has become a vile courtesan to ears inflamed with sensuality; her only object to gratify a love of pleasure and win admiration and praise. Instead of turning soul and heart to God, she draws the attention directly away from him to fix it upon her artificial vanities" (*De Cantu et Musica Sacra*, præfatio).

With regard to instrumental or orchestral music, we refer to one of the express orders of Pius IX., issued through the General Vicariate at Rome, November 20, 1856, which says that musical directors should bear in mind that instrumental music is only tolerated, and therefore that it should never subordinate the singing, still less drown it out, as though it were something inferior. Conformably with this the same decree allows the use of instrumental music only on condition that permission be obtained on every occasion. Generally speaking, all those enactments of a prohibitive character issued with regard to the organ apply in a fuller measure to other instrumental music.

In confirmation of what we have said concerning the chant, the words of Pope Benedict XIV., who is speaking *ex cathedra*, are worthy of thought: . . . "Cantus iste ille est, qui fidelium animos ad devotionem et pietatem excitat, denique ille est, qui si recte decenterque peragatur in Dei ecclesiis, a piis hominibus libentius auditur et alteri, qui cantus harmonicus seu musicus dicitur, merito præfertur"—"This is the chant which arouses the souls of the faithful to devotion and piety, and which, if it be correctly and becomingly performed in the churches of God, is heard more willingly by pious men, and is justly preferred to the so-called *cantus harmonicus* or *musicus*" (const. *Annus qui*). This truth is re-echoed with a like emphasis from the mouth of the whole Catholic episcopate. It will be enough to let one voice of our own time speak. Bishop Valentin, of Ratisbon, at the beginning of the decree from which we have already quoted, says: "Above all it must be made clear that a union exists between the liturgical music and the liturgical words. A liturgical music without words, or with words chosen at random, the church cannot recognize. The church puts forth the text as invariable, and by rendering it in accordance with the church's conception of its

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meaning, which alone can possibly be correct, even its musical expression is secured from the arbitrary and capricious notions of individuals. We have, then, a chant established of old by the voices of men in whom the spirit of the church was living and active, especially by St. Gregory, and authorized by the acceptance and constant usage of the church. This is the Gregorian chant, called also *cantus planus* or *firmus*, which, from the time of St. Gregory on through all the centuries, the church has recognized as the only liturgical music, as the adequate expression of the spirit of the liturgy, and she has therefore watched over it with jealous care."

We have made somewhat of a digression here, because in the course of our treatise we shall scarcely touch again upon these subjects of harmonic singing and instrumental accompaniment, but shall occupy ourselves rather exclusively, or at least in great part, with the principles of the pure, unisonous, Gregorian chant. Let us now resume the thread of our observations. We have seen from the connection of the chant with the liturgy, from the constant practice of the church, and from the ecclesiastical ordinances on this point, that the text of the chant is secured from subjection to the caprice of man by a positive divine disposal. The truth of this fact weighs overwhelmingly in favor of the liturgical chant. Even from this point of view, were we to go no further, all other music, in proportion as it varies from that which accompanies the holy text, must the more decidedly be kept in the background, be it ever so clever and original, be it ever so artistic in its harmonies. For, in the first place, it does not stand in that essential relation to the liturgy; secondly, it has not been suggested by the Holy Ghost; and, thirdly, it cannot be proved to be acceptable to either God or the church. On the contrary, it is often entirely out of keeping with the liturgical action; frequently the production of men whose sanctity, to say the least, was doubtful; and, at best, is only tolerated by the church out of regard to invincible prejudices, although failing to express her spirit and desire.

To make quite clear the importance of the conclusion we have reached, let us put the other side of the picture in contrast with the sketch we have given of Christian worship as it should be, in accordance with the idea of the church and the revealed will of God, and as it actually was in the most flourishing periods of Christian antiquity. In Germany every one acquainted with the liturgy and with the Masses and Vespers in the vernacular can bear witness how little the latter have in common with the Latin text of the Missal and Breviary. The texts are as far removed from each other as heaven is from earth; or, when a slight resemblance is traceable, then either something is cut out or the music is prolonged by senseless repetitions. Such omissions and repetitions are also found in almost all figured Latin Masses, to say nothing of the lack of those parts which give expression to the particular character of each festival—viz., the *Introit*, *Gradual*, *Offertory*, and *Communion*. With what superlative nonsense are single words, such as *gloria*, *et in terra pax*, *patrem*, etc., repeated in almost endless succession! And when this has been kept up for a quarter or half an hour, to make

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up for the time and exertion that have been expended, the *Gloria* is suddenly broken off at "*bonæ voluntatis*," or the *Credo* at "*et incarnatus est.*" Is this the intention of the church?

And what was the consequence of this wanton departure from the text of the liturgy? Nothing less than that the union of the singing with the liturgical action was lost sight of, the conception of this essential unity became more and more obscure, until at last church music was flooded with all those unbecoming elements that bishops today strive with so much energy to remove. And this was not the only result. Religious earnestness, too, vanished from the hearts of the faithful in proportion as their intimate participation in the holy sacrificial action was lessened. In a church where perhaps a thousand may be collected at High Mass, could we glance at the prayer-books of those present while the *Credo* is being sung, how many books should we find open at the *Credo?* And so with the other parts of the Mass. We merely ask, Is this the picture of Christian worship, as one thinks of it among the early Christians or in the believing middle ages? We only ask, Is it proper that the people should pray to be delivered from evil while the priest is singing the *Gloria*, or, while he recites the *Credo*, that they should make a memento of the faithful departed? We will not take into consideration the intelligent interest that Christians should reasonably take, in the course of the church's year, in the *proprium de tempore* and the daily feasts of the saints. A knowledge of these, whence springs continuous nourishment in the Christian life, the people must gain, with instruction, from a familiar use of the liturgy. Its text contains an ever-refreshing, ever-eloquent lesson, and one without which all private devotion will be devoid of lasting fruit.

To make this clearer let us take again as our guide a man whose authority in the domain of the liturgy, and whose true loyalty to holy church, offer a sufficient guarantee to the reader and a strong armor of defence to us. Abbot Gueranger, in the preface to the *Liturgical Year*, writes as follows:

"For a long time past, in order to remedy an evil but confusedly realized, the spirit of prayer, and even prayer itself have been sought for in methods and in books containing, it is true, praiseworthy, even pious, thoughts, but after all only human thoughts. This is but insipid nourishment, since it isolates the soul instead of leading it into union with the prayer of the church. Of this kind are so many of those collections of prayers and pious reflections which have been published, under different titles, during the last two centuries, and by which it was intended to edify the faithful, and suggest to them, either for hearing Mass, or going to the sacraments, or keeping the feasts of the church, certain more or less commonplace considerations and acts, always drawn up in accordance with the thoughts and feelings peculiar to the author of each book. Each manual had, therefore, its own way of treating these subjects. Unfortunately, such books as these must serve even pious persons for want of something better, but they are powerless to impart a relish and spirit of prayer to such as have not yet received these gifts. It may, perhaps, be objected that, were all these practical books of devotion to be reduced to mere explanations of the liturgy, we should run the risk of weakening, if not of entirely destroying, by too strict an adherence to form, the spirit of prayer and meditation—one of the most precious gifts of the Church of God. To this we answer that, while asserting the incontestable superiority of liturgical over

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individual prayer, we would not go so far as to recommend the rejection of individual methods; we only wish them to be kept in their proper place. We assert, moreover, that in the holy psalmody there are different degrees; the lowest is near enough to the earth to be reached by souls that are still plodding in the fatigues of the *via purgativa*, but in proportion as a soul ascends this mystic ladder she feels herself *illuminated* by a heavenly ray, until upon the summit she finds *union* and rest in the Highest Good. In fact, whence did the holy teachers of the first ages and the venerable patriarchs of the desert acquire that light and warmth which glowed within them, filling with life their deeds and writings? Whence but from the rarely silent singing of the Psalms, during which the eternal truths, simple yet manifold, unceasingly passed before the eyes of their soul, filling it with rich streams of light and love. What gave to the seraphic Bernard that marvellous unction which like a stream of honey runs through all his writings? To the author of the *Following of Christ* that sweetness, that hidden manna, still, after so many centuries, as fresh as ever? To Louis Blosius that charm and incomparable tenderness which move the heart of every reader? It was the daily use of the liturgy, in which they spent their lives, mingling their songs of joy and sorrow.

"Let not, then, the soul, the beloved bride of Christ, be afraid, in her holy zeal for prayer, that her thirst cannot be quenched by those wonderful streams of the liturgy which now seem like the gentle murmurings of the brooklet, now rush on like the thundering mountain torrent, and now overflow their banks till their expanse is like the ocean. She has only to come and drink of this clear, bright water which 'springeth up unto everlasting life' (St. John iv. 14), for this water flows even 'from the Saviour's fountains' (Is. xii. 3), and the Spirit of God quickens it with his power, rendering it sweet and refreshing to the panting hart (Ps. xli.) The soul taken captive by the charms of holy contemplation should not shrink back from the loud-resounding harmonies of the chant in the liturgical prayer. Is she not herself an harmonious instrument resounding to the touch of the Divine Spirit which possesses her? She should surely enjoy the heavenly intercourse in no other way than did the royal Psalmist, recognized by God and the Church as the model of all true prayer. Yet he, when he would enkindle the sacred flame within his breast, has recourse to his harp. 'My heart is ready,' he says; 'O God! my heart is ready: I will sing, and will give forth a psalm. Arise, my glory; arise, psaltery and harp; I will arise in the morning early. I will praise thee, O Lord! among the people: and I will sing unto thee among the nations. For thy mercy is great above the heavens: and thy truth even unto the clouds' (Ps. cvii.)

"He 'enters into the powers of the Lord' (Ps. lxx. 16); 'in his meditation a fire flameth out' (Ps. xxxviii. 4), the fire of love's holy excitement, and to assuage the heat which is burning within him he breaks forth into another canticle, singing: 'My heart hath uttered a good word: I dedicate my songs unto the King' (Ps. xliv. 2); and again and again he praises the beauty of the victorious Bridegroom, and the winning grace of his beloved bride. In like manner the liturgical prayer is to contemplative souls both the cause and the fruit of the visits they receive from God.

"Above all it shows its divine power by being at the same time milk for children and bread for the strong; while, like the miraculous bread in the desert, its taste varies according to the different dispositions of those who eat. This property, which it alone possesses, has often excited the wonder of those who are no longer of the number of God's children, and forced them to admit that the Catholic Church alone knows the secret of prayer. This is due to the fact that Protestants have, properly speaking, no liturgical prayer, just as they have no ascetical writers."

Thus much from Dom Gueranger in confirmation of what we have said concerning the important relation that the liturgy holds to church music as well as to the Christian life. Yet, granting the absolute necessity of a strict adherence to the liturgical text, it may still be claimed that we are at liberty to clothe it in whatever musical form we please. To refute

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this assertion we will again refer to the decree of the bishop of Ratisbon, in which he justly points out that the liturgical music forms one whole with the liturgical text, and is no less independent of the capricious conceptions of individuals; its foundations were laid by men in whom the spirit of the church was living and active, notably by St. Gregory, and it has been adopted by the church in its traditional form. We also refer again to the authoritative declarations of Benedict XIV., as well as to all the other quotations we have made in this chapter, which, although they apply particularly to the text, are of the same force when applied to the music which should accompany the sacred words. We will not dwell any longer on this point, because it will form the very pith of our subsequent discussion, and a true estimation of the question necessarily arises from a consideration of the nature and essence of plain chant in connection with the correct method of executing it.

V. THE PRAYERFULNESS OF THE LITURGICAL CHANT.

We have sought to form a conception of the liturgical music in its direct and immediate relation to the Sacrifice, and we cannot but regard it as an essential component part of the liturgy. But this is not its whole end and scope. Our examination has further set forth that the holy chant is not limited to any one particular act of worship, be it ever so pre-eminent. On the contrary, its tones, with the sacred words that accompany them, are heard resounding throughout the cycle of the Christian year. Nor even here have we yet reached the limits of the importance belonging to the chant. It is dedicated to the Most High and to the Lamb, and therefore it should resound in every abiding-place of the Most High Lord and God, wherever flows the all-powerful blood of the Lamb. In other words, the liturgical song of praise and thanksgiving should be offered to God by all beings who have ever felt the power of Christ's Blood and are capable of praising their Creator and Redeemer. It is, therefore, not an exclusive privilege of the priesthood, like the celebration of Mass, neither need it be confined within the limits of the sanctuary. Throughout heaven's wide realm it resounds, though unheard by our ears, while here on earth it issues seven times a day from the mouths of many thousand chosen Levites of the holy church, with the assistance and participation of all the faithful laity. In this new aspect the chant bears a twofold character: it is the common public prayer of the Christian people, and also the official (*officium*) homage given by the creature to the Creator. As the former it is the language wherewith the Christian people address their God, the medium of intercourse between the heavenly Bridegroom and his bride, the devout soul, and hence a channel of divine graces; as the latter it is the way divinely established in which the representatives of creation offer in behalf of their fellow-creatures, by day and by night, a continual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to the Author of all good. Let us consider the chant more particularly in these two relations.

Plain chant is the common public prayer of the Christian people. St. Peter, in the first Epistle (ii. 5–9), calls those he is addressing "a

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holy priesthood "— "sacerdotium sanctum "; "a royal priesthood—" "regale sacerdotium "; "a chosen generation"—"genus electum "; "a holy nation, a purchased people" —"gens sancta, populus acquisitionis." Now, if the priestly character implies the power of offering sacrifice, the Christian people, to be rightly called a priesthood, must be a sacrificing people. The apostle goes on to explain the sense of his words: "To offer up spiritual sacrifices"—"offerre spirituales hostias" . . . "that you may declare His virtues who hath called you out of darkness into his admirable light"—"ut virtutes annuntietis ejus, qui de tenebris vos vocavit in admirabile lumen suum." This is the same spiritual sacrifice spoken of by the prophet Osee (xiv. 3): "We will render the calves of our lips "—"reddemus vitulos labiorum nostrorum "; and by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 15): "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of lips confessing his name "—"offeramus hostiam laudis semper Deo, id est, fructum labiorum confitentium nomini ejus." "Magnify his name," says Jesus the son of Sirach, "and give glory to him with the voice of your lips, and with the canticles of your mouth, and with harps" (Ecclus. xxxix. 20); and God, speaking by the mouth of the royal Psalmist, declares (Ps. xlix. 23): "The sacrifice of praise shall glorify me"—"sacrificium laudis honorificabit me "—and chooses this as the source or channel of his benedictions: "And that is the way by which I shall show him the salvation of God"—"et illic iter, quo ostendam illi salutare Dei." Therefore does David often bid the people "offer unto God the sacrifice of praise "—"immola Deo sacrificium laudis "—not merely the flesh of bullocks and the blood of goats.

Prayer, then, is principally the sacrifice enjoined upon Christians as a priestly people. Now, this is not to be understood of private prayer, but of the common public prayer of the church. For the universal priesthood does not belong to individuals but to the people collectively. St. Peter does not speak of as many priests as there are souls, but of one great common priesthood. This universal sacrifice is destined for the good of nations and peoples, for Christian society in general. It must, therefore, be, in both matter and form, general and public, a prayer excluding all the selfish interests of individuals, and yet adapted to supply their needs as well as those of the community. In this prayer, though offered by particular societies in the name and in behalf of the people, each and every one has a share, proportionate to his capacity and pious impulses. Such is the common-prayer of the church, the Canonical Hours, a never-interrupted prayer of praise and thanksgiving, inspired by God and sanctioned by his church.

For our further proofs we will again follow the solid but somewhat prolix line of thought of the introduction to the *Liturgical Year*. Prayer is man's richest boon. It is his light, his nourishment, his very life, for it brings him into communication with God, who is light (St. John viii. 12), nourishment (vi. 35), and life (xiv. 6). But of ourselves "we know not what we should pray for as we ought" (Rom. viii. 26); we must betake ourselves to Jesus Christ, and say to him with the apostles, "Lord, teach us to pray" (St.

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Luke xi. 1). He alone can loosen the tongues of the dumb and make eloquent the mouths of babes; and he works this wonder by sending his "Spirit of grace and of prayers" (Zach. xii. 10), who rejoices to come to the help of our infirmity, "asking for us with unspeakable groanings" (Rom. viii. 26).

This divine Spirit dwells upon earth in the holy church. He came down to her in a mighty wind under the expressive symbol of fiery tongues. Ever since that day of Pentecost he has dwelt in this his favored spouse. He is her principle of life. He prompts her prayers, her desires, her songs of praise, her enthusiasm, and even her mourning. Hence her prayer is as uninterrupted as her existence. Day and night is her voice sounding sweetly on the ear of her divine Spouse, and her words ever finding a welcome in his heart. At one time, under the impulse of that Spirit which animated the Psalmist and the prophets, she takes the subject of her songs from the books of the Old Testament; at another, showing herself to be the true heiress of the apostles, she intones the canticles of the New Covenant; and finally, mindful that to her also has been given the trumpet and the harp, she at times gives way to the Spirit which animates her, and sings unto God her own "new song" (Ps. cxliii. 9).

The prayer of the church is, therefore, the most pleasing to the ear and heart of God, and consequently the most efficacious of all prayers. Happy is he who prays with the church, and unites his own special petitions with those of this spouse, who is so dear to her Lord that he gives her all she asks. For this reason our Lord has taught us to say "*Our* Father," and not "*My* Father," "give *us*," "forgive *us*," "deliver *us*," and not "give *me*," "forgive *me*," "deliver *me*." Hence, also, we find that the church, who prays seven times a day and at midnight in her temples, for more than a thousand years did not pray alone. The people shared in her prayers; they tasted with delight the manna hidden in the words and mysteries of the divine liturgy. Initiated into the sacred cycle of the mysteries of the Christian year, the faithful, hearkening to the voice of the Holy Ghost, came to know the mysteries of eternal life; and therefore it should not surprise us that the chief pastors of the church often chose, to be a priest or bishop, a simple Christian bred only in this school of the liturgy, that he might pour out upon the people the treasures of wisdom and love drawn from the very fountain-head.

For as prayer said in union with the church is light to the understanding, so is it also the fire of divine love for the heart. The Christian soul does not seek seclusion when she would converse with God and praise his greatness and his tender mercy. She knows that the company of the bride of Christ could be no distraction to her. Is she not herself a part of this church, which is the spouse, and has not Jesus Christ said: "Father, grant that they may be one, as we also are one"? (St. John xvii. 11). And does not this same dear Saviour assure us that when two or three are gathered in his name he is in the midst of them? (St. Matt. xviii. 20). Thus the soul can converse at pleasure with her God, who tells her that he is so near her; she can with David sing

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Psalms "in the sight of the angels," whose eternal prayer blends with the prayer which the church utters in time.

But now for many past ages Christians, fettered by worldly interests, have ceased to frequent the holy vigils and the mystical hours of the day. Long before the rationalism of the sixteenth century became the ally of the heresies of that period by curtailing the solemnity of the divine service, the days for the people's uniting exteriorly with the prayer of the church had been reduced to Sundays and festivals. During the rest of the year the solemnities of the liturgy were gone through with, but the people took no part in them, and each new generation increased in indifference to that which had been the strongest food of their forefathers. Individual devotion took the place of common prayer. The chant, the natural expression of the prayers and sorrows of the bride of Christ, was heard only on the solemn feasts. This was the first sad revolution in the life of Christians.

But even then Christendom was still rich in churches and monasteries, where, day and night, was heard the sound of the same venerable prayers as in the times gone by. So many hands lifted up to God drew down upon the earth the dew of heaven, calmed the tempests, and won victory for those who were in battle. These servants and handmaids of the Lord, singing untiringly the eternal songs, were considered as solemnly deputed by society, which was then still Catholic, to pay the full tribute of homage and thanksgiving due to God, his Blessed Mother, and the saints. Their meditations and prayers formed a treasury which belonged to all, and the faithful gladly united themselves in spirit to what was done. When any sorrow or joy led them into the house of God, they loved to hear those untiring voices in the holy hours ascending for ever to heaven for the welfare of Christendom. At times the zealous Christian would lay aside his worldly business and cares and take part in the office of the church, and all had still an intelligent appreciation of the holy liturgy.

Then came the Reformation, and at the outset it aimed a blow at this organ of life in Christian society. It sought to put an end to the sacrifice of holy songs of praise. It strewed Christendom with the ruins of our temples; the clergy, the monks, the consecrated virgins were either banished or put to death; and the churches which were spared were, in a great part of Europe, doomed to remain silent. The voice of prayer was hushed, faith grew weak, and rationalism reached a fearful development, and now in our days we see the pillars of human society totter.

Heresy had brought about a sad desolation, but the end was not yet. The nations fell into that spirit of pride which is the enemy of prayer. The modern spirit would have it that "prayer is not action"; as though every good action done by man were not a gift of God—a gift which implies two prayers: one of petition, that it may be granted; and another of thanksgiving, because it is granted. So there were found men who said: "Let us make to cease all the festival days of God from the land" (Ps. lxxiii. 8); and then came upon us that common calamity, which the good Mardochai besought God to avert from his people when he

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said: "Shut not, O Lord! the lips of them that sing thy praise" (Esther xiii. 17).

But, "through the mercies of the Lord, we are not consumed" (Lam. iii. 22). The remnants of Israel were preserved from destruction, and, lo! "the number of them that believe increases in the Lord" (Acts v. 14). What is it that has moved the heart of our Lord to bring about this gracious conversion? Prayer has returned to its original channel. Numerous choirs of virgins consecrated to God, and, though far less in number, of monks with their holy chant, are again heard in our land like the voice of the turtle-dove (Cant. ii. 12). This voice grows daily stronger, and therefore the Lord causes his rainbow to shine above the clouds. May the echo of this solemn prayer soon again resound in our cathedrals as of old! May the faith and generosity of the people make us again witness those wonders of past ages, which owed their greatness to the homage still paid by the public institutions of society to the all-powerfulness of prayer!

But this liturgical prayer would soon become powerless were the faithful not to join in its songs and melodies, at least in heart, should they be unable to take part otherwise. It redounds to the welfare of the nations only in proportion as it is understood. Open, then, your hearts, ye children of the Catholic Church, and come and pray together the prayer of your mother. Come, and by your loving share in it fill up that harmony which is so sweet to the ear of God. The spirit of prayer must be revived at its natural source. Let us remind you of the exhortation of the apostle to the first Christians: "Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts . . . let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God" (Col. iii. 15, 16).

Nothing that we might say could add to this representation—which we have taken bodily from Gueranger—of the liturgical chant as the public prayer of the Christian people. Let us now touch briefly upon the other characteristic of plain chant.

It is the official (*officium*) homage rendered by the creature to the Creator, the sublime mode of offering continually to the incomprehensible Majesty of God, by the representatives of creation, their dutiful homage of praise and thanksgiving. This truth has become only too generally unfamiliar; and our position, though thoroughly ecclesiastical, will appear strange to many. We have but to look at the question from the supernatural point of view, which acknowledges God as the sole and last end, and, judging of all actions and omissions, all human institutions and undertakings, according as they are referred to this end, it assigns everything a lower or a higher place as it contributes in a greater or less degree to the glory of God. From this stand-point many a thing apparently trivial becomes great and sublime, while things seemingly great and admirable prove to be worthless and insignificant. Thus the common notions about utility, gain, and success are seen to be in the main wrong and deceptive, while all actions are the more meritorious the further their intention is removed from earth and directed to the honor and glory of the Divine Majesty.

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Now, it is from this point of view that the holy Mass is recognized as the greatest and most august action, the action most pleasing to God, that man can perform upon earth. For from this unbloody sacrifice God receives an infinite increase of glory, since it lays at the feet of the Eternal Father in heaven the Son of God himself—he, the first-born of all creatures, befittingly doing the work which gives the greatest glory to the Blessed Trinity. But after the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, what is it that gives the greatest glory to God? It is the aureola surrounding with its rays the Holy Sacrifice, the Canonical Hours, never silent in the praise of God. Jesus Christ offers himself continually in heaven as an oblation to the Father, and in like manner the ever-blessed angels in heaven, and on earth the Catholic priesthood, and especially the contemplative orders, offer to God the action that next to the Holy Sacrifice most contributes to his honor. This is the perpetual singing of God's praise in the Canonical Hours, according to the words of the Psalmist: "I will sing praise unto thee in the sight of the angels" (Ps. cxxxvii. 2); "for," says St. Paul, "you are come to Mount Sion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to the company of many thousands of angels."

We can easily see how much the angels have in common with the Catholic priesthood, in offering the divine sacrifice of praise in psalms and hymns. If we ask what God's intention was in creating the angels, in the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews (i. 14) we find the question: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?" But this does not give us a complete answer. For God does not need the ministry of angels to bring men to eternal happiness, as he needs no assistance in any of his works. The angels were created before man came into being, and they will continue to exist for ever after the full achievement of the work of redemption. The common opinion is that not all the angels by far, not even all the classes of angels, are employed on earth in the service of man, and those who have some personal office to perform here below, as the guardian angels, generally belong to the lowest rank of the angelic choir. Very seldom, and only upon the highest and most important missions, have the archangels been sent to earth, while the principalities, the powers, the dominations are still further removed from us, and, as it were, from the higher regions of the empyrean rule those parts of the world that have been allotted to them. But the cherubim and seraphim, those exalted spirits of flame, appear never to leave the inmost sanctuary of heaven, never to be engaged in any exterior employment, be it of ever so great dignity. Whenever Holy Scripture speaks of them they are represented as being continually in the immediate presence of the divine Majesty. For what end did God create these lofty intelligences? Many other parts of Holy Scripture supply the answer which is wanting in the passage quoted above from the Epistle to the Hebrews (Ps. cii. 21; xcvi. 8; cxlviii. 2; Heb. i. 6; Is. vi. 3); and the Prefaces in the Missal proclaim in sublime words: "Majestatem tuam laudant angeli, adorant dominationes, tremunt potestates; cœli cœlorumque virtutes,

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cherubim quoque ac seraphim, qui non cessant clamare quotidie una voce dicentes: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus." The holy angels form God's court in heaven; they are the attendants at the throne of his unapproachable Majesty. Thus were they manifested to the eyes of the Seer of the New Covenant: "Et vidi et exaudivi vocem angelorum multorum in circuitu throni. . . . Et erat numerus eorum millia millium" (Apoc. v. 11). Thus were they seen by the prophet Daniel: "Millia millium ministrabant ei, et decies millies centena millia assistebant ei" (vii. 10). And among this host of spirits ever praising God the cherubim and seraphim stand nearest the throne —those wondrous spirits, glowing meteor-like in mysterious love of God. How wonderfully sublime is this service of God, which, the more it is misunderstood by a world entangled in its own cares, the more completely is it raised into the higher regions of contemplation, not to be withdrawn from mankind, so sadly in need of divine grace, but to throw wide open the gates of heaven, and shower down in richer streams the dew and sunshine of Heaven's clemency! The Mass and the Office are the golden chains of grace that link heaven to earth, the double rainbow of peace extending its arches above the renewed earth, the symbol of God's covenant with his people.

We have here unfolded the holiest and noblest significance of the liturgical chant. May it soon again resound in our churches, and, filling all with pure and holy enthusiasm, offer to our Creator and Redeemer the grandest tribute a creature can pay! Surely peace and joy would be brought back to thousands, the people would lead happier lives, governments would rule more mildly, were Moses again to pray upon the holy mountain. Then would we see continued, as in the palmiest periods of the church's history, the glorious line of saints, interrupted, alas! in these last times, since this manifest duty to God has been neglected. May God so rule it!

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ALZOG'S UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY. Vol. iii. (and last). Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. 1878.

The publication of this *History* in English has dealt a death-blow to old-fashioned Protestantism, in our own country at least, if such a *coup de grace* was needed. The young, sincere, fair-minded, and inquiring offspring of the old Protestant ancestry feel and know that they have been the victims of a gigantic swindle as soon as they find out the true history of the Reformation. Not that they accuse their own immediate or intermediate progenitors of intentionally deceiving them, but that they discover the authors and original propagators of Luther's revolution to have duped their forefathers, and these to have transmitted, for the most part ignorantly, an utter falsification of the history of Christianity, and of the motives, character, and work of the party which undertook to change the religion of Europe. This third volume of Alzog's great work, which has the merit and advantage of being both complete and compendious, places the historical truth of the matter in clearer and more open view before the English-reading world than has been done heretofore. The learning, accuracy, and truthfulness of the narration cannot be denied by any candid person, and is plainly admitted by a number of Protestant reviewers. Several so-called church histories have appeared of late years, either written in English or translated into the same from the German, which, like the eggs of the Poland top-knot hen, are more remarkable for their bulk than their quality as authentic history. But the sole result of real historical investigation has been to dispel the false, illusive halo of glory which aforetime hung around the names and the epoch of the Reformers. Dr. Alzog's history sets them out in the sight of all in their real moral deformity and intellectual incoherence, as many had done before him, but none in such a conclusive and intelligible way for English readers as he has now done through the medium of his American translators and annotators. This excellent work, now complete, will not supersede other histories which we possess in our mother-tongue, but it will take precedence among them. The indexes, additions, tables, and maps of the learned and diligent editors much enhance its value. We could have wished, had it been convenient for the editors to have added one more piece of work to their elaborate performance, that all the ecclesiastical provinces and dioceses of the Catholic Church, and all those also of the great schismatical communions, might have been exhibited in tables easy of inspection and reference. We notice also occasional oddities in spelling names and in the use of words, which are scarcely worth the trouble of particular mention, and one error in regard to an eminent modern writer, San Severino, who is classed as a Jesuit. The English style is in all important respects excellent, and the present volume shows a great improvement on those which preceded. Dr. Alzog, though generally accurate and remarkably impartial and fair when he gives the history of theological and philosophical doctrines and opinions, does not always show an equal insight into the doctrines themselves, and his judgments on such matters are not always profound or correct. One instance of this is found in the notice of Molina (p. 426): "*Unfortunately*, about this time a work appeared in Spain, written by the Jesuit, *Louis Molina*." We cannot consider controversies among Catholics as unfortunate, for only in this way can theology make progress, and Molina is a signal instance of that happy union of bold originality and independence of thought with profound deference for the authority of the church by which sacred science is most effectually promoted. Again, it is said (p. 428) that the system of Molina is "more or less Pelagian in tendency." This is neither true in fact nor just to those who hold the system of pure Molinism, irrespective of the question whether that system be true or false. Still more objectionable are the depreciatory remarks, scattered through those passages which give an account of the great moral theologians, on what is called "casuistry," and in particular the following passage: "Unfortunately, the theory of '*Probabilism*,' started in the year 1572 by *Bartholomew Medina*, a

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Dominican, was introduced into the schools of theology, and gave rise to a series of propositions of a lax and demoralizing tendency." It was not the theory, but a lax and abusive application of it, which gave rise to the aforesaid propositions, which were never received by the school of Probabilist theologians, and have been condemned by the Holy See. Of course whatever the author has written must be faithfully reproduced by editors and translators, unless expunged or altered by authority. But we think that in these cases qualifying notes by the translators would have been highly opportune.

Again, the learned author shows the inability to appreciate metaphysics which is so common to men of a decidedly historical genius, in his remarks on modern efforts to revive and improve philosophical studies (beginning with p. 909). Scholastic methods he considers obsolete, and the discussions of schoolmen wearisome logomachy. He speaks truly when he condemns the intolerance of certain advocates of the pure and simple system of the Peripatetic school. That some of these are too exclusive, and exaggerate the authority of tradition and great masters in a matter where authority has the least weight, and pure reason the most, by comparison with other branches of knowledge, mathematics excepted, we freely admit. But it is not true in fact that the scholastic "methods have been long since given up in the study of theology and philosophy," or are likely to be given up. On the contrary, they are recovering what ground they did lose for a time, and, as we think, to the great advantage of the two above-named sciences. Methods and principles are one thing, particular opinions are another, both in theology and philosophy. The latter must and ought to be discussed, and chiefly, where the supreme authority of the church gives no extrinsic rule, by the intrinsic force of argumentation upon the dictates of natural reason or those of revelation, or by deduction from premises derived partly from each of these sources, with due deference, but not with submission, to purely human authority. There is no opening and no thoroughfare leading to any result, except by principles and methods accepted by all disputants, and these cannot be found in any "modern speculative methods," or anywhere except in the old, traditional philosophy of the great ancient and mediæval masters and schools, where Aristotle and St. Thomas have vindicated for themselves that supremacy which belongs to the royal order of genius.

However, we do not look to a compendious history for more than an outside and superficial view of the history of doctrine and philosophy. It deals directly and chiefly with the extrinsic face of events and with concrete facts. The *obiter dicta* of such a work are of minor consequence. Dr. Alzog is a learned, impartial, veracious, and thoroughly Catholic historian, and his work is a masterpiece. His American translator is a man who is equal to the original author in erudition, and we must conclude by expressing our sense of the great value of his work of translation as also of addition by supplementary matter and annotation, and of the excellent service rendered by his editorial colleague. An admirable preface by the venerable metropolitan of Cincinnati fitly introduces this closing, and practically most important, volume of the complete work, and gives the whole its due sanction and commendation.

THE ELEMENTS OF INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. J. De Concilio, author of *Catholicity and Pantheism*, *Knowledge of Mary*, etc.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."
—MILTON'S *Comus*.

New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1878.

An adequate criticism on the work the first part of which is now before us cannot be made until we have the complete whole. This first part contains the Introduction, and Logic, Ontology, and the first half of Anthropology, under which is included Psychology. The second part will contain the rest of Anthropology, Cosmology, Theodicy, and the Evidences of Christianity. The author has specially aimed at writing in pure, idiomatic, correct English. In this he has on the whole succeeded remarkably well, the style of the present volume being far better than that of his previous works. He has also aimed at making a book easy of understanding, attractive

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to younger students, and really elementary. In this effort, also, he has attained no small success. The interspersing of choice and apposite selections of poetry here and there, and in general the literary tinting which softens the bare outlines of metaphysical reasoning, is, in our opinion, a happy thought, and we are quite sure that the young lads and lasses of sixteen or seventeen years who may have to study this book will bless the author for his little fragrant nosegays of poesy, especially in the winter, when they cannot relieve the monotony of the study and class rooms by looking out of window at trees and flowers. The author follows the scholastic doctrine of St. Thomas as commonly received in the most approved schools, and we have not observed anything thus far calling for special notice. The second part will treat of much more difficult and disputed questions, we trust with the same judgment and prudence which are seen in the general principles laid down in the introduction. As for the value of this *Philosophy* as an elementary text-book, we wait to hear the opinion of teachers and pupils who have made use of it. *Experto crede.* This can hardly be done before the complete work is published, and we trust that the Reverend author, who has prepared this first volume with a truly marvellous rapidity, will be as prompt as possible in giving us the one which will complete his undertaking. At the same time we suggest to him, in compliance with his invitation, that this first part is still susceptible of some emendations and improvements. We have heard it remarked, by a friend upon whose judgment we place much reliance, that the chapter on Universals is not sufficiently plain and to the ordinary reader intelligible. In the chapter on Substance the author makes "to exist *by itself*" synonymous with "to exist *from* itself," or uncaused; whereas, in the language of our best authors, it denotes existing as a complete suppositum, marking the distinction from existence *in itself* as a substance. In another place he uses the word *by* in this latter sense, where he asks (p. 212): "Does each nature absolutely require its own subsistence in order to exist and act; or is it possible and sufficient for it to subsist *by* the actuality of another nature?" Again, in explaining animation the language used is too explicit to suit the fastidious taste of English-speaking people, and therefore unsuitable for the class-room. In style and the use of English words and idioms there are some inadvertent slips and departures from the principles laid down by the author which are excusable in a foreigner, but still need correction. The use of "Nominals" for "Nominalists" is incorrect. "The beautiful spiritual" should be "the spiritual beautiful," or, better, "the spiritually beautiful." The Latin term *ignoratio elenchi* is employed when *the ignoring of the point at issue*, or something equivalent, would do better. We have noticed other faults of this kind, some of which may be errors of the press, and we recommend a careful revision in this respect by an accurate English scholar, both of this volume and of the one in preparation.

There seems to be a considerable amount of irascibility among the great philosophers, and it is likely that we may have some lively controversy. For ourselves, we endeavor to bear in mind the advice of the great Pope, not of Rome but of England:

> "Let such teach others who themselves excel,
> And censure freely who have written well."

Let every one write according to his gifts and lights, if he keep within the bounds of orthodoxy. It is no easy thing to make an easy text-book of philosophy. Repeated experiments will produce by and by, we hope, a masterpiece. We desire to welcome all who write with competent knowledge and a good intention, and to be impartial in recognizing merit wherever we find it, criticising modestly and with a kindly spirit.

Pereat diabolus!
Pereant osores!
VIVAT PHILOSOPHIA!
Vivant professores!
Procedamus in pace! Amen.

DE RE SACRAMENTARIA PRÆLECTIONES SCHOLASTICO-DOGMATICÆ QUAS IN COLLEGIO SS. CORDIS JESU AD WOODSTOCK HABEBAT A.D. 1877–78. Æmilius M. De Augustinis, S.J., Libr. Duo Prior. de Sacr. in Gen. de Bapt. Confirm, Euch. Woodstock: Ex Off. Typ. Coll. Benziger Fratres et al. 1878.

Father De Augustinis is the colleague of Father Mazzella in the chair of dogma-

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tic theology at the scholasticate of Woodstock. The course embraces four years, divided between the two professors, one of whom, called the morning professor, lectures daily on the topics of one department of theology, such as De Deo, De Gratia, etc.; the other, called the evening professor, also lectures daily on those of a second department, embracing De Re Sacramentaria, etc. Father De Augustinis is the evening professor, and this present volume is his first contribution to the complete course which is in the way of being published at Woodstock. We understand that the three volumes already published will be followed during the current year by two others, and that the whole course will appear in due time. The same thoroughness of treatment is manifest in the present treatise which we have seen in the preceding ones, and a general similarity of method with that followed by Father Mazzella. It requires no little time and study to make a thorough appreciation of such a work possible, and without such previous examination we could not venture to express a formed and critical opinion on the precise and characteristic merits of such an important and elaborate treatise as this one is. That it is erudite and able is obvious from even a cursory inspection, and there seems to be a general similarity in exposition of doctrine to the treatise of Cardinal Franzelin on the same subjects. The Woodstock course will certainly take the first rank among its compeers as a series of enlarged text-books, of the greatest utility to professors, advanced students, and the clergy in general.

We must say a word in praise of the typographical and mechanical part of the Woodstock publications, which would do credit to any printing establishment in the country.

In conclusion we beg leave to express an opinion that when the task of summing up the theology of the past is completed, there remains a new and great work to be undertaken, for which more original investigation and thought will be required, because the road has not been prepared by so many great leaders. A great part of the theology which is taken up in refuting the errors of the past three centuries is rapidly becoming obsolete. The errors of the day are new phases of falsehood which must be confronted and quelled by new phases of the truth. Besides, we think that those who study theology *con amore* thirst after something more than the systematic presentation suitable for a class-book, and that this thirst can only be satisfied by the waters springing out of the old scholastic theology in which there is a large infusion of the philosophical element. Father Ramière's last *brochure* has expressed admirably what the intellectual want of the age is, and the special task of those who are now called to labor in the construction of the edifice of Catholic science. The Catholics of America ought to be animated by a generous spirit of emulation to equal their European brethren in the prosecution of the higher and the sacred science. We have reason to be proud of the College of Woodstock and of the works which have emanated from it already, and we hope that what has been thus far accomplished is an earnest of more to come, and of other like institutions of learning to be raised to an equally high grade or to be newly founded and established.

In an appendix to the treatise of Father De Augustinis some propositions condemned by the S. C. in 1875 are for the first time, so far as we know, published. It would seem that any Catholic theologian ought to condemn them even without any judicial censure having been pronounced. However, as they relate to one of the most abstruse, difficult, and disputed questions in metaphysics—viz., that of the matter and form of corporeal substance—the decision of the S. C. will undoubtedly be a certain safeguard against possible errors into which amateurs in philosophy might fall unawares, unless they were warned in due season, and therefore we are glad to see them published in an authentic form. The agreement in philosophy which is so desirable does not exist as yet even among those who profess adhesion in general to the principles and method of the Thomistic school, and it cannot be brought about except by thorough discussion. Happily, all parties are docile to the authority of the Holy See, and devoted to the cause of purity in faith and doctrine. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the discussion of philosophical questions which have a connection with the manner of defending and explaining theological doctrines, conducted with sincerity and sobriety, will conduce to the clearer

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manifestation of the truth respecting those matters which are at present left by the church to investigation and argument in the schools; and promote harmony of sentiment and conviction, so far as that is attainable, under the guidance of that authority which is assisted by divine wisdom in abstaining from deciding disputes prematurely, and in making those opportune decisions which are always welcome to those who love only truth, and love it for its own sake alone.

SONGS, LEGENDS, AND BALLADS. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The *Pilot* Publishing Co. 1878.

This is a new and enlarged edition of Mr. O'Reilly's poems. To those that are best known are here added many new and beautiful ones, though we doubt not the old favorites—those strange, weird, melodious, and startlingly novel "Songs of the Southern Seas"—will still remain the favorites. To our own thinking Mr. O'Reilly is best at a ballad. He has the swing, the roll, the picturesque imagination, the free command of a homely English and a simple imagery that tell best in this good old style of poem, which unhappily seems to be growing rarer and rarer. Then, too, he tells a story with great art, and generally springs a surprise on his readers. We trust he will not abandon this rich vein for the more modern and mawkish style of verse that begins and ends in nothing. Here and there throughout the volume is scattered a sweet little song, or a happy conceit, or a few verses full of tender fancy and gentle expression. This last-mentioned quality is rare in Mr. O'Reilly. His imagination is more fiery than tender, his expression more vigorous than sweet. Sometimes he seems to have written in too great a hurry, under the glow of an excitement which is not always inspiration. The result too often is a careless versification, which is rarely to be found in his longer and more finished poems. The poem "Star-Gazing" will illustrate our meaning:

"Let be what is; why should we strive and wrestle
With awkward skill against a subtle doubt,
Or pin a mystery 'neath our puny pestle,
And vainly try to bray its secret out?
"What boots it me to gaze at other planets,
And speculate on sensate beings there?
It comforts not that, since the moon began its
Well-ordered course, it knew no breath of air . . ."

Every man, even a poet, has his bent. Had Shakspere attempted to write like Chaucer, he would in all probability never have won the heart and the mind of the world. Mr. O'Reilly's bent does not seem to be the subtle and metaphysical. To "pin a mystery 'neath our puny pestle, and vainly strive to bray its secret out," is, to say the least, a very confused and confusing figure. "Planets" and "began its," too, is a very limping rhyme, and "there" and "air" might have been easily improved upon. So with "Venus" and "seen us," "greater" and "sweeter," "minor" and "diviner," "Satellite" and "might," "centre" and "enter," "road" and "God," "science" and "appliance," "raiment" and "payment," "betrays" and "blaze"—in fact, as many rhymes almost as the poem contains.

The same fault is to be noticed in several other poems, and it is strange to us how they can have passed Mr. O'Reilly's sharp eye and harmonious ear. The rarer, tenderer tone we have noticed above is beautifully expressed in the short poem,

"FOR EVER.

"Those we love truly never die,
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,
Are laid upon their graves.

"For death the pure life saves,
And life all pure is love; and love can reach
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach
Than those by mortals read.

"Well blest is he who has a dear one dead;
A friend he has whose face will never change,
A dear communion that will not grow strange:
The anchor of a love is death.

"The blessèd sweetness of a loving breath
Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.
For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears:
She's thine unto the end.

"Thank God for one dear friend,
With face still radiant with the light of truth,
Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,
Through twenty years of death."

Very rarely nowadays do we come across poems so sweet and sad and true and touching as this, and of him who has written it all good things may be hoped.

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TRUE MEN AS WE NEED THEM. A Book of Instruction for Men in the World. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L.D. New York: Peter F. Collier. 1878.

It is to be hoped that "men in the world" will take up this book of instruction. They will find in it much practical wisdom, sound sense, and lessons in life and conduct that, if only even half taken to heart, would render this world a much happier place of abode than it now is for very many. Certainly one cannot read Dr. O'Reilly's very interesting volume without thinking not only how good it would be were we only all to live as he would have us—true Christian men—but *how easy* it is to do it if we would only try. If to arouse this feeling in the heart of his reader was one of the excellent and learned author's objects in writing his book, he has certainly succeeded so far; and we only trust he may succeed in something more than arousing a mere passing sentiment. He has covered most of the avocations in life and all grades of society, and by example, precept, kindly exhortation, set before us not the ideal but the *real* man in each, and how very possible a being he is. The author believes in manhood; he believes that these days may be made just as heroic as any others by the lives of men; and this strong faith greatly facilitates the task he has set himself—to woo men of the world out of that atmosphere of thought and action that makes lives which might be noble mean or colorless. There is nothing more heroic than to be a Christian in deed as well as in name, and this greatest heroism is open to all men. We cannot attempt to give an idea of Dr. O'Reilly's book. It covers man's life in its family, social, and business relations. It is a book that one can read through, or pick up and dip into at a leisure moment, with equal profit. Every reader will find something peculiarly applicable to himself. It is calculated to give courage to those who are despondent about life here and hereafter. Indeed, the whole book is healthy, cheery, and strong, yet, like its companion volume, *The Mirror of True Womanhood*, permeated by a spirit of tender piety and charitable humanity. They are both excellent works, and we heartily wish for them the success they richly merit. To men and women "in the world," to whom Dr. O'Reilly here chiefly addresses himself, works of spiritual guidance are, as a rule, hard to read. The life therein depicted seems, though it may not be, hopelessly far away from their every-day life. It is just here that Dr. O'Reilly steps in. Publishers, of course, know their own business best; but it occurs to us that if *The Mirror of True Womanhood* and *True Men as We Need Them* were produced in a very cheap and "handy" form, they would reach very many whom they would not otherwise reach, and great good might result. Their present form makes them too cumbersome for books that would make the best kind of "pocket companions."

O'CONNELL CENTENARY RECORD, 1875. Published by authority of the O'Connell Centenary Committee. Dublin: Joseph Dollard. 1878.

We can do no more at present than acknowledge the receipt of this magnificent volume, which is just to hand. In a future number we shall give it the attention it richly deserves.

EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan & Co. 1878.

A very neat, clear, well-printed, and well-arranged edition, reflecting much credit on the publishers.

WE have received from the Catholic Publication Society Co. *Deharbe's Catechism No. 2*; *The Young Girl's Month of October*, by the author of *Golden Sands*; and the *Introductory History of the United States* for the use of schools.

From James Sheehy a new edition, with important *addenda* by the Rev. R. Brennan, of Miles O'Reilly's *Lives of the Irish Martyrs and Confessors*; and *The Joint Venture*, by E. A. Fitzsimon.

From Henry C. Lea (Philadelphia) *Superstition and Force*, by Henry C. Lea.

These works will receive due attention later.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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AN IMPERIAL CONSPIRATOR.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON.

ONE summer evening, sitting in my tent in Falcon Court, Fleet Street, London, and looking out from the window upon the Temple, there enters to me a swarthy-faced, one-armed, and battle-scarred veteran of the corps of commissionaires, who with his remaining arm deftly unlocks the letter-pouch which he carries slung over his shoulder, extracts therefrom a billet, and presents it to me; then with a salute draws himself up and stands at "attention," waiting my pleasure. Good fellows are these commissionaires; picked men of the army and navy, who have served their twenty-one years on land or sea, or who have been retired at earlier periods by reason of wounds; who receive their pension of a shilling a day, or $90 a year; and who have been formed into a voluntary association, under military discipline, for the purpose of furnishing trustworthy messengers for merchants, lawyers, and others. They earn about a pound a week, and this with their pension enables them to live in tolerable comfort; although, like all other old soldiers and sailors whom I ever knew, they are chronic grumblers.

"I am to fetch back the reply, sir, if you plaze," said my messenger. "And, by that same token, I'm paid already for both jobs; but the jintleman, sir, is in a violent haste, he said, and wishes to know immediate."

The note was written in a large, bold hand that I knew well.

"It is all arranged. *He* and his ordnance officer are coming. They are to be in the gallery, in the top seat on the left side of the centre door. You are expected to meet them there, but not to say anything in the hearing of others that may betray their identity. As soon as I have done speaking you are to conduct them to the side door, where a cab will be in waiting and where I shall meet you. Then to dinner and for the great talk."

"The reply is, I shall be there," said I to the commissionaire; and the veteran, saluting, turned on his heel and marched off swiftly.

An hour afterwards I was in

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a hansom-cab, bowling merrily eastward. It was in August, 1871, and St. Paul's clock struck eight as we rattled by Sir Christopher Wren's greatest work. And this reminds me of two amusing stories concerning St. Paul's. Over the great door on the north side of the cathedral is the name of Sir Christopher, with the inscription, "*Si queris monumentum, circumspice.*" A visitor to the cathedral, which has not within all its walls the image or the picture of a saint, save a few figures on the eastern window of the chancel, but which is crammed with marble effigies of English military and naval heroes, was leaving it when he saw this inscription. "I understand now," said he. "I have been trying to ascertain what god or saint it was in whose honor this pile was erected; but nothing indicated it. Now I see—it is built in honor of St. Wren, and it is his monument." The other story is that an Italian sailor, coming to London for the first time, saw St. Paul's, mistook it for a church, entered it, and, after gazing around for some moments in search of a shrine or an altar, knelt down, blessed himself, and began to offer his thanks to God for his prosperous voyage thus far, and his prayers for his safe return home. A verger saw him, rushed at him, and pulled him to his feet. "Come! come!" he cried to the astonished sailor, "no praying here, you know."

When I told my cabby to drive me to the "New Hall of Science" I felt a little pang at the readiness with which he answered me. "New Hall of Science, sir?" said he. "Yes, sir, I know it." "Do you often go there?" I asked. "Well, sir," he said, "if you mean with fares, I do go pretty often; if you mean on my own account, not so often as I might wish. We cabbies, sir, are a little better than the sign-boards at the cross-roads: we tells people where to go, and we takes them there. But we seldom goes in ourselves. You see we can't afford it, sir. As for the New Hall of Science, I have popped in there now and again when off duty; and I'd like to go oftener. A very powerful speaker he is, sir; and, for my part, I think he is more than half right, although it does make my blood run cold sometimes to hear him go on. Perhaps, sir, he doesn't mean it all. Do you think he does?"

The New Hall of Science was once, I believe, a circus, or a menagerie, or a sale stable, or something of the kind. Notwithstanding the changes that have been wrought in its interior arrangements, the perfume of the sawdust and the straw hang round it still. In front is a ticket-taker's office, and above this are some apartments used as reading-rooms and committee-rooms. The hall itself is in the rear; it is a long, high, oblong room, with a gallery around three sides, and a high platform at the lower end, upon which are a table and a score or so of chairs. A flaring gasolier depending from the roof, and gas-jets along the walls, light up the place brilliantly. On this night of my visit it was crammed with men and women, the majority of whom were of the well-to-do lower middle-class: tradesmen, master-mechanics, students of law and medicine, small employers, solicitors' clerks, and so on. The air of the place was very close and hot; the ventilation was imperfect; the exhalations of the breath of the five or six hundred persons who

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filled the hall were anything but pleasant.

This "New Hall of Science" is the headquarters in London of that rude, violent, and aggressive atheism of which my friend who had invited me there that evening is the chief exponent. On reflection I think it best not to mention his name in these pages. His identity will not be concealed from those who know him at all, and who may chance to read what I am writing. If it seem strange to any one that a Catholic should call such a man his friend, it may be sufficient to say that my occupation made it essential for me to know all manner of men; that in almost every one, no matter how erroneous may be his opinions or how detrimental his influence, there is to be found something to esteem and admire; and that it is better, even if this be not so in an exceptional case, to know your man well in order that you may combat him more effectually. There is nothing more dangerous than fighting in the dark. In this case the man in question has not only a strong mind, a well-disciplined will, a highly-educated intelligence, and an extraordinary command of language, but he is gifted with a kind heart and an affectionate disposition. He was driven into infidelity by the stupid harshness and bigotry of a Calvinistic parson under whose spiritual direction—God save the mark!—he had been placed; and an ardent soul that might have been saved for God was thus lost to his service. He has waded so far in the dark waters of atheism and of revolution that, in his opinion, to turn back were more tedious than to press on. True, to press on will lead him to eternal perdition, while to turn back, amid the jeers of his party and at the cost of the loss of his ambitious and not wholly groundless hopes of political advancement, would perhaps enable him to save his soul. I told him so one day. He looked at me steadily and mournfully for some moments without replying. "Yes," said he at last, "perhaps you are quite right. Had I to live my life over again I should, at least, keep my opinions concerning God to myself. But it is too late now; and I cannot bear to think of turning back. What! be pointed at as the converted atheist and the reformed revolutionist? No; it would cost too much. I must go on, let the game end as it may."

This was the man who, as I entered the "New Hall of Science" on this hot summer evening, was on the platform holding forth to the assemblage I have described. He was attired in faultless evening dress; his large and strong form stood out boldly from the black background behind him; his action was suited to the word and the word to the action. I need say nothing concerning the subject of his discourse, further than that it was a vigorous, rude, uncompromising, and brutal assault upon God. It was a pitiful sight to see, a pitiful thing to hear—most pitiful, I thought, for the sake of the men and women who were listening to the speaker.

However, at the designated place "in the gallery, in the top seat on the left side of the centre door," I found the men whom I had been bidden to seek. One was a swarthy, stout, sharp-eyed, quick-motioned person—the very type of a Corsican. This was M. Roban, the attendant, servitor, guardian, major-domo, and confi-

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dant of the other. But who was the other?

Sitting there in the hot and stifling gallery of the "New Hall of Science"; jammed in between a lean and hungry bookseller on one side, and a fat butcher on the other; dressed in a shaggy coat, and wearing, as was permitted in this free-and-easy place, a slouched hat drawn far down over his face—who was he? He was the nephew of the greatest military conqueror the world has known since Alexander; the son of a king; the son-in-law of another king; the brother-in-law of a third king; and the cousin of a deposed and exiled emperor—in other words, he was Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul Bonaparte, generally known as Prince Jerome, and not unfrequently spoken of by his foes as *Plon-plon*.

By a skilful movement and the dexterous employment of a shilling I displaced the fat butcher and installed myself by the side of the prince, who, after greeting me with a squeeze of the hand and a softly-spoken sentence, resumed his occupation of listening attentively to the speaker, and of casting observant but furtive glances at the people. He was very quiet; occasionally a strangely sarcastic and half-pitying smile passed over his face. He did not join in the applause that followed many of the brilliant periods of the speaker; but now and again he made his comments, *sotto voce*. They were pungent. "That is well put; how easily one could turn the affirmative into the negative!" "That is a fallacy, but it goes well; I have heard it used more clumsily." "Your Englishman has not a logical mind, or else he would not swallow that." "These are fireworks; what is behind them in the way of action?"

The peroration of the speaker was full of fireworks; and in their blaze and smoke our party made its escape from the hall and found the hero of the night and the promised cab waiting for us. We entered and were driven away, at a rattling pace, to a destination unknown to me. There was not much conversation during that drive. It was a strange company—a prince, his officer, a revolutionary leader, and a looker-on sympathizing with neither of them, so far as he understood their aspirations and the principles of their action, but having an interest in each of them. This was not by any means my first meeting with Prince Jerome Napoleon; but our former intercourse had been cold and formal compared with the *abandon* of his Imperial Highness on this occasion, and the zest with which he entered into the spirit of the adventure. There is much difference, you see, between receiving one's friends, flatterers, and sycophants in the *salon* of the Palais Royal, and meeting an acquaintance in the gallery of an atheistical and revolutionary hall, and driving in company with the leading spirit of that place to take dinner in a tavern that was certainly respectable, but which could not by any stretch of courtesy be called princely. It was to a certain house on the Strand that we were driven; on arriving there we entered by a side door, and presently we found ourselves in a comfortable, spacious, but not too elegant room, wherein was a table prepared as for a dinner for four persons, and the usual sleek English waiter in attendance.

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And now was the weakness and imbecility of the far-famed secret police of the French government made manifest. This was a time when it was really of much importance to the existing government in France to know what the Bonapartists were hoping, planning, and doing; here was an excellent opportunity to learn something respecting these things. The proper course would have been to have dressed a police agent in the disguise of an English waiter, and installed him in our dining-room. That the movements of the prince were watched and reported to a certain extent we had evidence. "The pig who opened the door of the cab for us," said M. Roban, as we started on our drive, "was Brin; he is one of the most acute of the police agents. But he is off the scent now; he thinks we are going to Morley's, and he is satisfied with his night's work. He is writing out his report now, and as soon as he posts it he will go to bed. Meanwhile, we are free from his cursed observation for a few hours."

I do not remember much about the dinner, as a dinner, although my impression is that it was a good one; but almost all the conversation, except the mere *persiflage* and trifling customary at a dinner, is fresh in my memory, and I find that a reference to my notes is scarcely necessary.

The man who sat opposite me at table was fifty years of age. He was tall, well shaped, and athletic. His countenance was decidedly handsome and expressive. He wore no beard; his heavy moustache was very slightly touched with gray. His hair was thin; he was a little bald; the hair came down to a point upon the high, broad, and noble forehead, exactly as one sees in the portraits of Napoleon the Great. His dark brown eyes, set back behind rather deep brows, were very beautiful; at times they gleamed like diamonds; again they shone with a soft and lambent light. His mouth, faultlessly shaped, was, however, the most expressive feature of his countenance. When he smiled, he was fascinating; when he sneered—and he often sneered—he was horrible to look upon. Good and evil, the delightful and the repulsive, were strangely mingled in that face. I afterwards came to know him as having a very affectionate heart, and an equally imperious and misdirected will. Prince Napoleon understands English thoroughly, and writes it with ease and elegance; he speaks it well enough; but he knows that his pronunciation and his command of our idioms are not perfect, and he has a childish dread of giving any one cause to laugh at him. So it pleases him best, when in company with Englishmen or Americans, that they speak in English and he reply in French. Such was the rule at this strange banquet. Naturally, the conversation turned first upon the discourse to which we had been listening. "For yourself, my dear friend," said the prince, addressing the English atheist and revolutionist—"for yourself you have made a great blunder. You should let God alone. We do not wish to be martyrs—is it not so? A hundred years or more from now, and God may be wiped out from the minds of men; but now he rules them, and you and I, if we wish power, must not assail him."

"Well," said the Englishman doggedly, "I have enlisted for the

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war, and I am not going to turn back. I may succeed if I go on; I am sure to fail if I turn back; so I take my chance."

"You cannot succeed," said the prince. "From what class will you draw your support? It is all very well to say that the upper classes in England are one with you in their disbelief in God. That is a generalization, and generalizations are deceptive, One need not be a conjurer to know that many of your English nobles and gentlemen are as free from religious restraint as you are. But they are still bound by the force of public opinion and of the *convenances* of society. It is not yet respectable in England to be an infidel, as they call it, and your Englishman will not willingly put himself outside the pale of respectability. He will write magazine articles and books that are thoroughly rationalistic in their tone, and that tend to destroy faith. But this is a mere pastime; he is only half in earnest; he has not the Frenchman's courage of his opinions. He has the idea that the maintenance of religion is essential for the good order of society, and if a crisis should come you would find him on the side of his church. Besides, if these Englishmen were willing to enter upon a war against God, do you think they would take you, a man of the people, for their leader? Not a bit of it! What do you wish to do? You wish to sweep away the monnarchy and the nobility, and to set up a non-Christian republic. It is too much. One thing at a time. You might abolish the monarchy if you retained God. Cromwell did that, and the religious fervor of his troopers was the great source of their success. You might abolish God if you retained the monarchy; but to do both at once would be to give England what France had in the first Revolution; and we know how that ended."

"I care nothing for the lords and the ladies," said the Englishman with a sneer; "my strength is with the people. I know them well, and I tell you, monseigneur, they are sick of it. They are sick of the monarchy; sick of the queen; sicker still of the man who thinks he is to be king, but who never shall rule these islands; sick of the hereditary legislators, who do nothing but scold the Commons and then yield to them; sick of the Commons, who are the representatives only of three classes—the manufacturers, the merchants, and the land-owners. The populace, the great mass of the people, are weary of all this. It is from them that I shall get my support. They are with me. When the hour comes I shall have but to raise my hand, and the people—the people—will be at my command."

"I don't believe a word of it," said the prince; "you will never be able to make yourself ruler of England. You have great abilities, but there are things which are impossible. What is your programme?"

"Well," said the Englishman, "we do not propose to have a revolution during the life of the present queen, but at her death—"

"That will do," said the prince, shrugging his shoulders. "She will probably outlive all of us. If your revolution is to be postponed until her death, none of us may live to see it. We do things better in France. We move quickly there."

From this time on the conversation flowed in an ever-widening but shallower channel, and midnight arrived ere the repast was

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finished. The Englishman had elaborated his schemes for preparing the country for a republic; the prince had demonstrated the futility of them, and had insisted that the tide was really flowing the other way. In the course of his observations, which were rather disconnected, and were at times interrupted, but often illustrated, by an amusing story or a witty *jeu d'esprit*, he said:

"Just now, of course, the empire is discredited in France, and we shall have a republic for a while. But there is an infinite amount of humbug about a republic. Republican institutions, in their purity, are possible only in very small and primitive communities, where the duties of the government are simple, and where every member of the commonwealth can give his intelligent and personal attention to their discharge. But in a great empire like France, or England, or the United States the theory of popular sovereignty can never be but a name. It will not work in practice. The interests of the nation are too vast, too complicated, to be managed save by men who give up all else for that purpose. Even the elective legislators cannot do it; they have their own business to attend to. You will find that they will become the tools of one or two leaders, whose orders they will obey. Thus, here it is Gladstone or Disraeli; in France it will be Thiers or Gambetta, or—"

"Yourself, perhaps," said the Englishman.

"You go too fast, my friend," said the prince, with a curious twinkle in his eyes. "My cousin, the emperor, still lives. No member of our family can entertain an aspiration to displace him."

There was an awkward pause here; but M. Roban adroitly broke it by complaining of the thinness of the Bordeaux and suggesting the trial of the champagne, which had thus far remained untasted. Presently the prince broke out again:

"Certainly I am a republican, just as I am a Catholic. I can see the theoretical beauty of republicanism, just as I see the beauty of the faith in which I was born, of which my wife is a devout follower, and in which my children are educated. For the moment we will not speak of that—*mais je suis un Catholique*. They were not true—those stories that were told of me; they had only a *soupçon* of truth. But as for republicanism, it is a delusion. Men wish to be governed; to be taken care of; to be guided; to be guarded. Who wishes to be his own gendarme, and keep himself out of bed patrolling around his house to guard it from thieves? That is the business of the government, and he pays his taxes that he may sleep in peace and safety. So with the whole of it. If I mistake not, you will agree with me that your American compatriots are growing tired of the work of pretending to govern themselves. Would they not rather be really governed by some one, whom they could hold responsible for making all things go well, and whose head they might chop off if he made things go too badly? You will come to that in America before very long. How many elections do you have there every year? I asked M. Roban to count them for me the other day. Perhaps he made an error in confounding local and general elections, but he showed me a list that would give one electoral contest for each week in the year. *Mon Dieu!* Can you, then, afford to be always engaged

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in casting your ballots into the electoral urns? I have made a calculation. When I visited the United States this matter interested me; I inquired into the system. I learned what were the caucus, the primary meeting, the convention, and the election. They are but parts of a machine, and the crank is turned by a few men who make a trade of it. A sad farce is played; when the citizen comes to deposit his vote he only registers his approval of what has been arranged for him on one side or the other. If he attempted to look after it himself his time would be swallowed up and his business would go to ruin. Your Americans will grow weary of this in time. They will say, as did the Jews, 'Give us a king to rule over us.' They will want some one to be their Providence; to provide for them peace, security, and good order, and to leave them alone in their work of making money. They may not call him a king, but names are nothing. A president for life, with great power, but immediate responsibility to the people, and with advisers immediately responsible to him—that is what you want in America."

"The most perfect form of government on earth," said the prince at a later stage of the conversation, "is that of the Papacy. That the inferior should choose the superior, that the sheep should elect a shepherd, is absurd. In the Papacy we have a supreme ruler chosen for life and invested with absolute power. He is chosen by a select body of the wisest and best; he need not be one of their own number, although generally he is; he may have been born a prince or a peasant. Once chosen, he becomes the Supreme Pontiff and his will is law. The inconveniences and dangers of the hereditary transmission of sovereignty are here avoided; the democratic principle of selection and the autocratic principle of authority are brought into harmony with each other. The pope reigns as well as governs, and well would it be for the nations if their rulers were chosen as the popes are elected, and invested with the indisputable authority that they exercise.

"As for a republic founded on the principle that the will of the majority shall be the supreme law," said the prince, "I cannot understand how it can possess any stability or certainty. Nothing is so uncertain and capricious as the minds of men. To-day they are royalists; to-morrow they are democrats. To-day they are monogamists; to-morrow they are polygamists. If it be once admitted that there is no absolute right or wrong, no sanction of law higher than the will of the majority, we plunge straightway into a sea of unknown depth and with currents that lead we know not whither. It is here that the church has her great strength. She says to men, 'Obey me, for I speak the words of absolute truth, and my commands are those of the unchangeable and omnipotent God.' She does not object to plébiscites, but—"

"She will accept the decision only of those which are in her favor," interjected the Englishman, who all this time had been manifesting symptoms of displeasure and uneasiness. "To speak plainly, monseigneur, you seem to be amusing yourself with persuading our papistical friend here that you are a good Catholic at heart. Let us be done with shams. Your serene highness and myself are in the same boat. We have both been

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Christians; now we are infidels. We each are ambitious: you wish to rule France, I wish to rule England. Our path leads through revolution; in France your pot is boiling, in England mine is only simmering. But for neither of us is success possible save through utter revolution. We must destroy everything and rebuild from the ground. The greatest conservative force in the world is the Catholic Church; before we can effect our work of destruction we must get her out of the way, and that is why, as you phrase it, I will not 'let God alone.'"

M. Roban here interfered, and pointed out the fact that the hour for closing the tavern had passed. I suggested an adjournment to my own rooms in Falcon Court, and to my delight the prince welcomed it. Up to this moment I had not known whether I was the guest of the prince or the Englishman. But when the bill was brought in this doubt was settled. He took it, looked at it, and handed it to M. Roban. "Pay it," said he; and then we went forth. It was long past midnight. The Strand was deserted save by policemen, wandering women, and a few belated persons like ourselves. We went eastward, past the Savoy, Somerset House, through Holywell Street, around St. Clement Danes, under Temple Bar, and so on to Falcon Court. And as we walked this extraordinary prince talked. He seemed to know all about the Savoy, and led us, very unwillingly on my part and on that of the Englishman, down the narrow street that transports one from the bustle of the Strand to the sombre quiet of a graveyard. He said he wished to show us a view—"a beautiful picture." He did it. There was the old church upon the hill, surrounded by tombstones; the river flowed beneath, and Westminster Abbey and the Parliament Houses stood out against the still sky in the distance. His imperial highness now exhibited himself in the character of a cicerone. "You are an American," said he, "and you need not be ashamed to say that you do not know all the history of this place. There is our English friend, who never has given a thought to it. The past is nothing to him; he is all for the future. But see what a past is here! Here was the Savoy Palace, built by the brother of Archbishop Boniface and the uncle of Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry III. He gave it to the monks of Montjoy; Queen Eleanor bought it from them and gave it to her son Edmund; more than five hundred years ago it was the residence of the captive King John of France, who died and was buried here. At Chiselhurst, an hour's ride from here, there is another exiled sovereign of France waiting for his fate. What is it to be? Shall he, too, be buried in an English churchyard?"

This was in the summer. Early in the next winter the exiled emperor of France had found a grave in the consecrated precincts of the little church of St. Mary at Chiselhurst. His cousin knew that the emperor's disease was fatal. There existed, as I afterwards had good reason to know, a sincere and ardent affection between these two cousins. They had been boys together, and their juvenile love for each other was never extinguished. But there were curiously antagonistic elements at work in what should have been a happy family. Prince Jerome, who has his virtues as well as his faults, was

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heartily disliked by the Empress Eugenie. That there was reason for this dislike on her side is not to be questioned. After Sedan, after the fall of the empire, what remained for France? A republic as an interregnum; that was a matter of course. But what after the republic? The reader must remember that I am writing now of affairs as they were six years ago. What has since happened was not foreseen by any of the Bonapartes. There was to be a republic *ad interim;* but it was to be a red republic, that would overthrow property, family, and religion, and in the reaction against it the nation would stretch out its arms to Napoleon as its saviour. But who should be the Napoleon? After the death of Napoleon III.—and his death even at the moment of which I am writing was inevitable—the empress naturally looked upon her son as the predestined ruler of France, and with her were M. Rouher and the whole imperialist party of the country. Prince Jerome had notions of his own. He believed, of course, that only a Napoleon could save France; but he himself was the Napoleon.

Curious things occurred during the days immediately preceding and immediately following the death of the emperor at Chiselhurst. Without knowing how it happened, I found myself mixed up in obscure intrigues at this time. Camden House, Chiselhurst, is a delightful place; but during those months it was surrounded by an atmosphere of intrigue which was bewildering. As for the emperor himself, in my humble opinion he was the one who least of all was interested in these plots and counterplots. He was very much in love with his wife; he was extremely fond of his son; his pale cheeks would flush and his fathomless eyes would gleam with a strange light when he spoke of France and her future. But he knew that his part in shaping her destinies was ended. When he came to Chiselhurst he knew that he came there to die; and there is no doubt, I think, that he made a good end of his life. Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime* is a fine piece of sensational writing; but when I read it I could not see the resemblance between his Louis Napoleon and the Louis Napoleon whom I knew. Perhaps the fierce fires had burned away the base metal. From the time of his arrival in England until his death I had several conversations with the emperor. Once the empress and the prince imperial were with us; once we were alone together, walking in the grounds of Camden House. It was affecting to witness his anxiety to reconcile his wife with his cousin. But his amiable efforts failed; the truce patched up between them immediately after his death was quickly broken, and since then they have been open and avowed enemies.

In his exile at Chiselhurst the emperor was surrounded by a host of adherents, friends, and courtiers. Some of them—many of them, I believe—were sincere; others, no doubt, were merely time-servers. Among the schemes that were in the air was one for affecting public opinion in France and throughout Europe by means of the American press. The theory was that if the organs of opinion in this country were to range themselves upon the side of the empire, and to speak of its restoration as a desirable event, beneficial results would follow. This idea obtained

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such a hold upon the minds of a certain faction of the imperial party that an elaborate scheme for attempting to subsidize the American press was devised. It was never carried into execution.

My intercourse with the exiled family continued for many months; it was greatest with Prince Jerome, but it extended to the emperor, the empress, and the prince imperial. The death of the emperor was the signal for the commencement of a violent and acrimonious contest, of which the outline is recorded in the columns of the London *Times* of that period, most clearly in the letters of a correspondent signing himself "One Who Knows." For some months before the emperor's death the empress and Jerome had not been on speaking terms. But on the day of his death, when Jerome went to Chiselhurst, the empress, melted by her affliction, met him with open arms and embraced him tenderly. The selfish ambition of Jerome—an ambition which, under the most advantageous circumstances, would have been almost hopeless of success, and which his course has rendered absolutely futile—led him to insist upon the council *de famille* recognizing him as the head of the house, placing the prince imperial under his guardianship, and giving to him the direction of the future policy of the imperialist party. There was no question, I believe, of the empress, the prince imperial, M. Rouher, or any of the family or leaders of the party assenting to these demands. But Jerome made them; and there was a period of a few hours when he thought they were to be granted. The decision against him was emphatic; and from that moment he has been openly, as he was before secretly, the foe of his own household.

It is not to be questioned that Jerome is by far the most able of all the living Bonapartes. He has not been a very arduous student; but his knowledge of men and things is very extensive. It has been said that he was deficient in personal courage, but I have reason to believe that this is a calumny. His personal resemblance to the first Napoleon is very striking; and he consciously, or unconsciously, emphasizes this by assuming attitudes that every one knows are Napoleonic. After the partial destruction of the Palais Royal by the Commune, Prince Jerome managed to have what was left of the treasures of his residence there sent to him at London. He purchased a house on the Bayswater Road, and thither these articles were conveyed. The house was spacious, but they filled it from top to bottom and overcrowded it. He took me there one day when nothing had been yet arranged and all was in confusion. Paintings, statuary, arms, armor, vases, carpets, rugs, china, plate—all sorts of things were heaped up together. But in one room there were a marble bust of Napoleon I., and a marble group, by Canova, of Prince Jerome, as an infant, in his mother's arms. He gazed at them with admiration, as if he had never seen them before, and then said to me: "You see the resemblance, do you not?" Indeed, it was striking. So far as a child could look like a man, the infant Jerome was the counterfeit presentment of Napoleon I.

During the months when the intrigues of which Chiselhurst was the centre were most active, Prince Napoleon was often in my rooms in Falcon Court. No state was

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maintained there; the rooms were dingy and very plainly furnished, and they were approached by a dark and narrow stairway. But in a closet there were a store of good wine and boxes of fair cigars; and by the aid of these comforters Prince Jerome, M. Roban, and their English friend generally managed to make themselves comfortable. What strange conferences were these! Often protracted far into the morning, and seldom beginning until very late at night, they were marked with a rare freedom, and even a license, of expression. Very fascinating as a conversationalist is Prince Jerome Napoleon. He is very quick; he knows what you are going to say before you have fairly shaped your sentence; and although he does not quite take the words out of your mouth, he comes very near it. If you leave him to do all the talking, occasionally keeping up the ball by an adroit objection or a well-placed demurrer, he will charm you by the grace of his diction, the appositeness of his illustrations, and the cogency of his reasoning. But if there were any possibility of Prince Jerome becoming a power in France, the time for it has passed away. He had grand schemes at the time of which I am writing, and they continued to occupy him for months afterwards. He thought of forming a party of his own in France—a republican party, with himself as its leader, and with the understanding that he should be president first and emperor afterwards. The ramifications of his policy were bewilderingly extensive; they embraced the conception of a Latin league, and in their ultimate Italy, Belgium, part of Switzerland, France, Spain, and Portugal were to form one great confederation. It is possible that Prince Jerome might have formed a party at one time. But his time has gone by. He had his partisans in France; now, if I am well informed, he has none. He was never ready for action, and, what was most fatal, was unwilling to seriously imperil his fortune or sacrifice his ease and comfort by taking the steps which would have been necessary to make himself formidable.

The prince imperial is still so young that a judgment concerning his future cannot be pronounced. But every one who knows him is able to bear witness to his amiability, his religious principles, his personal intrepidity, his thorough understanding of, and adherence to, the political philosophy of his father, and the charm of his manner. France has now been republican for seven years—at least she has governed herself, after a fashion, for that length of time. If the republican leaders in France are but half wise, they can continue in power and establish a real republic. They must recognize the fact, however, that in France the republic must be Christian. The anti-Christian republic which M. Gambetta is believed to contemplate will not live on that consecrated soil. In the event of a great revolution in France the star of the Bonapartes might again arise; but it would be upon the young Prince Louis, and not on the old Prince Jerome, that the eyes of the people would be fixed.

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THE MONASTERY OF FULDA.*

ST. BONIFACE, after having founded numerous churches and monasteries and established several episcopal sees, conceived the design of founding a new monastery on a grander scale than any which had been heretofore erected. His disciple, Sturm the Bavarian, gave him an able and zealous co-operation in carrying this great plan into execution. He was commissioned by Boniface to go forth from Fritzlar, in company with two associates, to search through the great uninhabited tract of land called Buchonia, or Buchen-land, still covered with the original forest, for a proper site whereon to found the monastery. These envoys were ordered to survey with the greatest care the whole region, examining its soil, its mountains and valleys, streams and fountains. They finally selected a site on the banks of the river Fulda. Carloman gave it to Boniface, with an adjacent domain of 4,000 paces in circumference. Boniface, with seven companions, took solemn possession of it on the 12th of January, 744, and immediately began building a church and monastery, which were completed after an unintermitted labor of three years. As soon as the exterior edifice was completed Boniface applied himself to the interior organization of a monastic community. For this purpose he sent Sturm with two companions to study the arrangements of the most flourishing monasteries of Italy, and particularly that of Monte Cassino. After his return Sturm was appointed first superior of the monastery of Fulda.

The new foundation thus solidly established and wisely organized by Boniface flourished and grew in a manner far beyond his anticipations. The lands which lay in a wild, uncultivated state in the vicinity of the monastery were gradually reclaimed by the zealous and industrious monks, the forests were thinned out, the soil was brought under cultivation, and all sorts of mechanical and artistic labors were introduced. Skilled workmen, especially such as had trades useful for the monastery—tanners, tailors, hatters, manufacturers of parchment, weavers of linen and woollen fabrics—were induced to settle in the neighborhood. These weavers, at a later period, formed at Fulda the first guild, and were indebted to the monastery not only for their first foundation but also for many valuable rights which they afterwards acquired. All the works of the monastery—baking, cooking, scrubbing the floors, carpentering, gardening, sculpture, manufacture of articles made from the precious metals, painting, and the writing of chronicles—were divided among the brethren. Brower gives us a correct and graphic picture of these various industries, in which all were employed with an emulous zeal:

"No sort of employment which could call forth the activity of the mind or promote the common good was neglected by those men in whom the divine wisdom dwelt, in that early age, but every moment

* Translated from Schöppner's *Charakter-Bilder.*

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which remained at their disposal, after their ecclesiastical and religious duties had been fulfilled, was employed in the study of the sciences, the cultivation of the fine arts, and in reading, or listening to the reading, of the Holy Scriptures. Some dictated or wrote out commentaries on the books of the Old and New Testaments; others undertook the work of translation and exposition; others compiled anthologies composed of texts from the Scriptures or the writings of the fathers; others gathered collections of parallel passages illustrative of the meaning of important and obscure texts. Many of these monks gave evidence, through the sagacious, discriminating, and judicious manner in which they elucidated and explained the sacred text, of a degree of learning and intelligence scarcely to be equalled by any of their contemporaries in other monasteries or schools. Those who were not sufficiently gifted to attain the highest excellence in science or art found honorable employment in assisting their brethren according to their capacity. Some painted the initial letters and ornaments of the manuscripts on parchment, others put on the costly binding and clasps, or ruled the books and marked the larger letters at the beginning of verses and chapters with pencils of red lead or chalk. Others were copyists, and wrote out in a fair hand what had been hastily taken down from dictation on scraps of paper."

The historical records kept at Fulda were of the utmost value for all future times. The earliest of the annals of the empire begun at the suggestion of Charlemagne and by his order, and which are manifestly of an official character, are found in the annals of the monastery of Lorsch. These were the basis of the annals of Einhard, which come down to the year 826. The continuation of the annals appeared in the reign of Louis the Fat, contained in the Chronicles of Fulda, which are chiefly occupied with affairs of the empire, the domestic affairs of the monastery holding a subordinate place. The compilers evidently stood in a close relation with the court, as we know in particular that one of them, Rudolph, was Louis' confessor; they manifest a thorough acquaintance with affairs, and, as official historians, observe the same reserve in speaking of certain persons and events which we notice in the earlier annalists. They are written, moreover, in an excellent style, on a plan which was laid down by Einhard. They have the same calm and impartial dignity, without any obtrusiveness of the writer's personal sentiments upon the reader's attention, the events themselves being presented objectively with a tranquil continuity from year to year, and with the simple view of conveying to future times correct information respecting historical events, and that in such a way that the writer tacitly determines their judgment by the clear manner in which he presents his facts. These chronicles were not written up every year, yet they were always compiled within a comparatively short time after the events which they relate had occurred, and therefore we have in them an invaluable source of information of the highest authority, only we must always bear in mind the special scope intended by the writers. The form is unpretending, yet a careful inspection shows how much skill and art were requisite to keep all things belonging to

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those disturbed times in view, to avoid digressions upon unimportant matters, and to relate concisely and comprehensively everything of essential consequence.

Erhard, a monk of Fulda, of whom nothing more is known, was the first who undertook the continuation of the work broken off by Einhard, Charles' biographer, at the year 829, for the period of the reign of Louis. After him the annals were continued by Rudolph, a worthy disciple of Rabanus Maurus, a man who possessed the entire confidence of the king, and was fully acquainted with all the secret affairs of the court, and for purity of style and lucid arrangement of his narrative worthy of being compared to Einhard. The work of his successors is by no means equal to his own in merit, and from the date of the death of Louis the Younger the annals show by their unrestrained censure of King Charles that their character underwent a complete change. After the successful attempt of Arnulph to seize on the imperial crown they laid down their pens, apparently because they waited for better times before continuing their work. Besides these annals of the empire, there is much valuable historical literature in the shape of biographies of the abbots and other works, the product of the industry of the studious monks of Fulda.

The monastic school of Fulda exercised the most important influence on the culture of Germany. From the very beginning this school was divided into two distinct parts: the inner school, for the members and pupils of the monastic institute, and the outer school, in which children were educated for all sorts of secular pursuits. Boniface sent to this school for instruction and care a great number of youths from Bavaria, Franconia, and Thuringia. It speedily attained to a very flourishing condition, especially during the reign of Charlemagne, who favored it very warmly and enriched it by valuable donations of land. He wrote a letter to the second abbot, Baugulph, remarkable for the wise and earnest exhortations with which he encouraged him to spare no pains for the improvement and perfection of the school, particularly in view of the important end of giving a thorough education to the clergy. Baugulph corresponded so faithfully to the desires of Charles that this great emperor, as early as 787, recommended the school of Fulda as a model for all others, and laid the foundations of its library, which became afterwards so famous. Both the school and the monastery were, however, chiefly indebted for their rapid development to the great Rabanus Maurus. He had been sent there as a pupil in his eleventh year, and in his eighteenth year Ratgar, the third abbot, who fully appreciated his remarkable intelligence, sent him in company with his friend Hatto to the school of the most renowned teacher of that time, Alcuin, at Tours. Others of the most promising students were sent abroad at the same time, some to Einhard in Seligenstadt, others to Clement the Scot. This measure of sending the young men of greatest talent in the monastery to foreign schools was very beneficial to Fulda. They returned home and brought with them scientific and literary treasures which were sent by the munificent Charlemagne for the advantage of learning and education in Germany. Rabanus did not remain very long with

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Alcuin; nevertheless a life-long friendship was formed between them, and Alcuin continued until death to regard Rabanus as his disciple, not only in human learning but also in the spiritual life.

After Rabanus had completed his studies in Scripture, ethics, philosophy, and belles-lettres, he returned in company with his beloved fellow-pupil to Buchonia. On his arrival the Abbot Ratgar entrusted to his care the organization and direction of the school, which soon rose to such a height of prosperity that it not only far outstripped the Frankish and German schools, but even excelled those of England, which were then so celebrated. Rabanus was made rector in the year 810, when he was barely twenty-six years old, and the fame of his name drew pupils to him from far and near, insomuch that the greater number of the applicants for admission were rejected for want of sufficient accommodation. The school soon became the centre of studious culture in Germany, and Rabanus himself possessed all the science which in that age was attainable. Counts and princes, bishops and scholars, frequented his society, admired his wisdom, and were astonished at the extent of his varied knowledge. When in the year 822 Rabanus became abbot of the monastery, and was subsequently made archbishop of Mayence, the school possessed an ample faculty of competent professors taken from among the priests of the community, and its reputation was so universally established that both school and monastery henceforth continued to expand by their own innate vital force. Many among the monks, also, were distinguished for skill in painting and sculpture. Rabanus founded a special school for the cultivation of these arts, which was brought to its completion by Hadamar, the thirteenth abbot. By the order of these abbots certain pieces of property and certain revenues, pertaining to the chancery of the abbot, were specially devoted to defraying the expenses of the public worship in the church, and the whole remaining surplus of these funds was expended, under the direction of the abbot and his chancellor, upon works of art of every description, in architecture, sculpture, mechanical arts, and carving. It was the duty of the chancellor to take care that the abbot's coffer of construction was never empty, so that skilled workmen might be continually employed and apprentices be trained under their direction, "in order that the Lord's house might never lack their labor, but might be decorated with fine moulded cast-work and every kind of ornament in wood, stone, copper, and the precious metals."

The monastery of Fulda became in this manner for the subsequent periods of time a real university of sciences, and, what is worthy of particular mention, a nursery of the vernacular language, as well as, in addition, an academy of arts. What Monte Cassino was for Italy, St. Gall for Southern Germany, what Corvey afterwards became for Saxony and Northern Germany, that Fulda was for Middle Germany. The works of Rabanus and many other learned scholars, who resided or were educated in that monastery, have been only partially preserved; the buildings and works of art, moreover, have been almost entirely destroyed by the power of the elements and the gnawing tooth of time, in part also by the ravages of human avarice; but the few surviving

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remnants suffice to give us some notion of the achievements of that former age in science and art, and to fill us with admiration of the activity, persevering industry, and skill of their authors.

Boniface and his fellow-laborers wrought from no ambitious motives, but for the glory of God and the good of men. Science and art were cultivated as instruments serviceable in promoting these great objects, and Fulda was made their nursery in order that through them it might minister more effectually to the propagation of Christian faith and morality. The wishes and plans of Boniface found a speedy fulfilment. Even during Sturm's administration the seven monks who founded Fulda increased to four hundred, and the monastery became early in its history a seminary from which the most zealous and well-educated priests went forth. Previously to this time it had been foreign messengers of the faith who had made the light of the Gospel to blaze in Germany, but thenceforth they were native Germans who wrought the conversion of the Saxons and the other dwellers in Northern Germany. Most of these were educated at Fulda, and they implanted the knowledge acquired at that school, at the same time with the Christian religion, in the soil of the remotest regions of their country. Rabanus, a native of Mayence, is to be regarded as the father of German learning, and he stands at the head of a numerous school, out of which we select for individual mention only the names of Walafried Strabo, Abbot of Reichenau; Servatus Lupus, Abbot of Ferrières; Otfried, monk of Weissenburg; and Rudolph, monk of Fulda. Schannat enumerates among other renowned alumni of Fulda eleven archbishops, as many bishops, and fourteen abbots who were all educated there during its earliest period. Many other men were educated there who became councillors and chancellors of sovereigns, royal ambassadors and judges, and in those capacities extended in wider and wider circles the religious and intellectual culture they had imbibed at Fulda.

Alongside of these high mental occupations, the hardest sort of field-work and mechanical labor held also an honorable place within and around the monastery.

A part of the monks did not live within the monastic cloisters, but had dwellings assigned them on its territory, which they were employed in clearing and bringing into an arable condition. Upon these spots of ground they at first built a little hut or cell, in the neighborhood of which they laid out a small garden, which they extended by degrees to a larger and larger cultivated farm. These cells were gradually extended to a wider distance around the monastery, other farmers and laborers joined themselves to the monks, and out of these small beginnings arose the villages which are situated in great numbers around Fulda, still bearing names derived from their first founders or their original purpose, such as Maberzell, Bronnzell, Künzell, Mackenzell, Edelzell, Kehrzell, Orzell, Sargenzell, Pilgerzell, Kämmerzell, Bonifaziuszell, and the like. The origin of villages is perhaps nowhere so easily traceable as in Buchonia, where the greater number of their modern names denote what their beginning sprang from in the early times.

This most interesting historical picture which we have translated

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from Schöppner's admirable work in three volumes, in which a series of similar pictures from ancient and mediæval and modern history are graphically drawn, as well as the description of Cluny which was published in a former number of this magazine, suggests some reflections appropriate to our own time. In those old days princes and other laymen of high standing and wealth lent a zealous assistance to founders and superiors of religious orders and monasteries in carrying on their great and good work. Thus, they were able to accomplish speedily, and with a grandeur of achievement to us in these times astonishing, the noble designs conceived in their great souls. They worked industriously by their personal labors in that part of their undertakings which justly fell to their share. But the property, the revenues, the external means necessary to them were liberally furnished by the generous gifts of the wealthy laity, as well as by contributions in money, or its equivalents in labor and the fruits of labor, by the common people. In modern times this co-operation of the powerful and wealthy with the clergy and religious orders has gradually diminished, until it has reached a low ebb. We say nothing of the spoliation committed by those who have rebelled against the church or usurped her just dominion over her own temporalities. We confine ourselves to the neglect and parsimony prevalent among professed Catholics who claim to be loyal and are willing to have ecclesiastics and religious enjoy peaceably whatever they can earn or acquire for sacred uses, only too glad to be themselves sharers in the common benefit which thereby accrues to the faithful. The general rule of apathy and parsimony has signal exceptions. We hear occasionally of instances of princely munificence among the *élite* of the Catholic laity in Europe. At home we can point to some similar deeds of generosity, such as the foundation of the Westchester Asylum and of the new College of Omaha. But, as a rule, those who undertake colleges, schools, institutes for religious and charitable purposes, cathedrals, churches, and similar works, are left to shift for themselves, and not only to work in their proper vocation for the common good of rich and poor alike, but to earn the money, to borrow it, and to beg it from the common multitude of the faithful, with which they can furnish the materials and the means which are a *sine quâ non* for beginning and prosecuting their work. They must teach, and give missions, and lecture, and hold fairs, and set on foot excursions and entertainments, and perambulate, wherever the local ecclesiastical authority will permit or can be induced to connive at them, on mendicant tours, and draw on the charitable societies of Europe, and drum incessantly in church on the never-ending appeal to that patient and hard-working mass of the faithful whose good-will so far outruns their ability. The rich must lay up fortunes for all and singular of the children whom they so frequently spoil and render shiftless and fit only to become spendthrifts, by the effeminate education which they give them. They must also lavish their revenues in a costly and magnificent style of living, in ostentatious splendor of dress and appointments which good taste as well as Christian morals condemns, in every kind of pleasure

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and self-indulgence which belongs to an utterly worldly and dissipated life. The example of the very rich spreads downwards through every inferior grade of affluence, and reaches even to those who are obliged to spend the greater part of what they earn by their own constant exertion, in sacrifices to the idol of their vanity. The costly worship of idols leaves only a small residue to be given for decency's sake to the altar of the true God. The love of worldly pomp and pleasure extinguishes all zeal for the glory of God's house and all charity for men. Avarice and pride harden the heart against the poor and suffering, and make the mind too sordid to appreciate those things which appertain to the intellectual and spiritual part of human nature. They even blind the mind in respect to one's own personal interests which concern the future life. Hence it is so rare to find men solicitous to expiate their sins and merit grace by good works, and to provide for the relief of their own souls or those of their near and dear relatives, except by the ordinary celebration of the funeral obsequies, and with more regard to the ostentation of a grand funeral ceremony than to the alleviation and shortening of the sufferings of the next world, which those whose life here has been filled with earthly pleasures have more reason to dread than others. The want of good example on the part of so many who hold the most conspicuous place among the laity, and their indifference toward the interests of religion, cause a similar tepidity to pervade that class of Catholics who are less worldly and more religious, and would be susceptible to higher and nobler impulses if the atmosphere in which they live were not so relaxing and enervating.

The consequence of this enfeebled faith and charity is that enterprises undertaken by men who have devoted their lives to the good of society and the church languish for lack of support. It is difficult for those who wish to promote Catholic science and literature to provide for the education of all classes, to make the arts which enhance the splendor of religion flourish, to give dignity and attractiveness to the divine worship, to multiply the means of religious and moral improvement, to remedy the wants and miseries of social life, to get the books which they need for their libraries, to build and decorate churches, to afford the means of instruction to pupils who desire it, to publish and circulate the works which they write or desire to write; because they are left to earn, or slowly and painfully to gather up, the money which is absolutely requisite for such purposes. Everybody is ready to applaud them when they succeed, and to enjoy the benefit of their labor, but few are willing to help to produce the successful result. It seems to be thought that the works of religion and charity are the affair of the clergy and the religious orders, a kind of private enterprise for their interest, or something which they are bound to furnish to the people out of their own resources. As if the whole ecclesiastical and religious fabric and its furniture were not for the temporal and spiritual good of all the faithful and society in general, and as if it were not enough for the clergy and religious to give *themselves* and contribute their mental and spiritual activity, without the added burden of furnishing material means, and being

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harassed with oppressive taxation upon these very means by which they are enabled to serve the common good.

In our own country the disabling wound and paralyzing disease which blights spiritual, intellectual, moral, and social vigor is division in religion. Even Catholics feel its malarious effects. Religious unity is the only perfect remedy. The combination of all the best and soundest elements, of all the most valuable resources and efficient powers, in the unity of one religion and one church, would make the greatest and most far-reaching results possible and relatively easy. Unless that is effected, those who have the most personal interest in the stability and continuance of that imperfect order which we actually possess, have good reason to tremble at the prospect of a violent shaking of its foundations and the danger of their overthrow. If the lessons of the past are not sufficient to teach them wisdom, those of the present ought to startle them into at least common prudence. At all events Catholics ought to wake up to a more real and vivid apprehension of that to which they must give at least a "notional assent": that all worth having and living for in this world is deposited in the Catholic Church and religion, and that they are bound to exert themselves for its preservation, increase, and transmission, unless they would be recreant to their baptism and traffickers with the privileges of their birthright. Clunys and Fuldas, grand institutions and noble works, are as necessary in our age as in any which has preceded. It is only by a revival of the old spirit of the ages of faith that the old deeds can be accomplished. The ruins of Cluny and Fulda are a symbol of a deeper and more intrinsic devastation in Christian society. Let us hope that these ruins may be rebuilt, and that what has been laid waste may be restored, in the more ancient nations of Christendom; and that we may emulate by new edifices in our new country the great works of past centuries in the Old World.

A few of the magnificent monasteries of the mediæval period still continue to subsist with somewhat of their ancient splendor in the old archduchy of Austria, and Mr. Ticknor has given a most interesting account of a visit he made to two of these, which is published in his *Memoirs*. At Fulda there is still a large and flourishing Benedictine abbey, where great numbers of the German clergy have been during the present century wont to resort for making spiritual retreats. Since the beginning of the *Cultur-Kampf* the bishops of the German Empire have held a session there, at which they prepared and issued a joint pastoral to their people. They also agreed together in a project for establishing at Fulda a Catholic university when better times shall restore to the oppressed hierarchy and church of Germany due liberty of action, and the project is considered in the general assembly of German Catholics which is held every year. Many religious institutions still flourish there: a clerical seminary, several convents, excellent schools and a gymnasium. May the pious desire of the bishops be fulfilled, and similar institutions in our own country increase and flourish as in the olden time!

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A CHILD'S DESIRE.

And little things
On little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.
—F. W. Faber.

Out at sea the day was ending, rosy sails fast growing blue,
Glimmer of the light-house breaking fading sunset glory through.

All the day our feet had wandered through the sweet bay, on the sand,
And our eyes had been up-hoarding treasures of the sea and land,

While a little maiden cousin had been learning strangest things—
Eyes bent down along the surf-line, lifted to the sea-gulls' wings.

Now, her day's researches ended—little cormorant herself—
Limpets drying on the table, star-fish on the window-shelf,

Listening stories, eyes wide opened, my low chair she sat beside,
With each story claimed another, evermore unsatisfied:

Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty—founts e'er fresh of fiction old—
Country Mouse, Enchanted Princess, Stupid Hans with purse of gold;

Each in turn the eager maiden heard with air of little queen—
Not the old Arabian caliph knew a more commanding mien.

Not my store the wise sultana's, so I took a poet's words—
Read in music how St. Francis preached a sermon to the birds;

Told my little royal lady how once lived this gentle heart,
This great saint who gave each creature in his own deep love a part;

How he called the sun his brother, how his sister moon he praised,
And upon his willing shoulders lambs, foot-weary, softly raised;

How the wolf, when he besought it, bent obedient its knees,
How the little birds would greet him, singing in the olive-trees;

How they hushed their merry voices when he bade the song be still
Till he should have preached unto them how life's purpose to fulfil;

How, with meek and reverent silence, listened each obedient bird,
Ruffled not a tiny feather, not one crimson top-knot stirred,

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Till the sermon was well ended and the saint gave leave to fly,
When the happy flocks spread singing far up in the deep blue sky.

Grave-eyed grew my cousin Alice—never story seemed like this—
"Did the birds sit on his shoulders, and fierce wolf bend at his knees?

"Were there any sparrows with them? And why weren't they afraid?
Do you think the birds would love me? Did they know all that was said?

"I will be just like St. Francis—would the birds then understand?
Would they listen if I called them, would they sit still in my hand?"

Never held, in her child-wisdom, fairy girdle gift so dear
As this blessing bringing creatures into human heart so near.

O my little wise-souled cousin, petted, cherished, sheltered maid,
Bringing into us thy roses, thou to pick the thorns afraid,

Fearing any dust-speck clinging to thy dainty, dimpled hand,
Keep thy white soul world-unspotted, so thou too mayst understand

How to win the birds to love thee, bring the lambs about thy feet,
Win a heart all creatures loving, and a speech as honey sweet.

Every day in self-denial learn thy dear self to forget,
Prize the thorns that guard thy roses, keep heart's garden ever wet

With the dew of gentle pity given unto all who need,
And love God with all thy loving—so a saint one day indeed.

And perhaps the birds will know thee as thou tread'st the busy street,
Heart with God, and, for his service, footsteps diligent and fleet;

And their twitterings will grow softer as thou praisest in thy heart
God that he hath let thee serve him, in his great love given thee part

With the least of all his creatures. Ah! sweetheart, keep humble-souled;
Life may have no great deeds for thee, only little things enfold,

But thy littleness may crown thee with saint's halo, unawares.
Blessing on thee, and St. Francis ever keep thee in his prayers!

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

PARTING WORDS.

THE preparations for the journey were nearly over; everything had been sold or sent on to Broom Hollow, and the Redacres were to leave Paris in a few days. Meantime they were staying with Mrs. Monteagle, for their own apartment had been dismantled for more than a week.

Everybody was kind and sympathetic, and the invitations to good-by dinners were more numerous than the colonel could accept. It was not a joyful occasion, but neither was it one for mourning. They were leaving Paris under painful circumstances; but then things might have been much worse, and since her visit to Broom Hollow, and the satisfactory arrangement she had made with the Millses, Alice was as cheerful as a bride. She talked over the prospect of a house without servants as if it were some experiment they were going to try for their amusement. Pearl fell in with this cheerful view quite naturally, laughing and turning all the coming difficulties into fun. But what surprised every one was the way Polly rose up to face them; she, who had always looked to have every little pebble carefully swept from her path, who, as her father said, seemed the most unfitted of human beings to rough it, was full of energy and forethought, as if the altered circumstances had endowed her with a new character, tearing off the old one like a garment to be cast aside. Even her beauty was not the same. The sleepy languor of her deep blue eyes had changed to an expression of tenderness that filled them with an altogether different light, as when the morning mist melts away and the young sun shines out in unveiled beauty and serenity. There was something indescribably touching in the way she followed Pearl about the house, watching to help her in every little thing, so gentle and diligent in doing whatever work Pearl set her to; and you may be sure it was always the lightest that Pearl could find—packing fragile knick-knacks, or sewing something that was wanted in a hurry, anything to keep Polly from tiring herself. The colonel was active and useful in his way, and wonderfully contented, all things considered. Balaklava was behaving beautifully, or at any rate no one heard anything to the contrary.

There was a farewell *soirée* for them all at Mrs. Monteagle's this evening, and she particularly requested the girls to look their loveliest.

"I want to wring everybody's heart," said the old lady, surveying them with affectionate admiration; "it will be some consolation to see

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other people a little miserable when one is very uncomfortable one's self. But I congratulate you all on leaving this dreadful country. You are going in the very nick of time. We are on the eve of some frightful explosion. You are well out of it."

"It would have been good fun to wait and see the blow-up," said the colonel. "I can't say I'm glad to miss it if there is going to be a row."

"If there is! Dear me, it's wonderful how people can shut their eyes to what is going on under their very nose!" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"And what *is* going on?" asked the colonel.

"Everything that ought not to be going on. Here come the Léopolds. *He* keeps it all dark, of course; but when I said to him yesterday that things were not going on like this for ever, he couldn't deny it; he tried to laugh it off. But *I* know what ministers are; they are paid for telling lies—French ministers, at least. Well, *Excellence!* good-evening. It is very good of you fine people to come and spend your evening in unofficial company. Where is Blanche? Ah! putting a touch to her head-dress, I see. I was afraid she had not come, and my young friends would have been so disappointed!"

There was a ball at some ambassador's this evening, so several of the guests came in full dress, with diamonds, etc., which gave quite a brilliant air to the gathering. Mme. Léopold was very affectionate to Alice and the girls. Léon could not come with her and his father, but he was coming later, she hastened to assure Mrs. Monteagle, who took the glad tidings rather indifferently. It was not long before he made his appearance with Captain Darvallon; they were both in uniform, being bidden to the ball. A brilliant military uniform always shows to advantage amidst a crowd of black coats, and though theirs were not the only ones present this evening, they were by far the handsomest, and both the hussars looked very well in them.

"Who is that officer?" said Colonel Redacre to Mrs. Monteagle.

"The short man in the lancer's uniform?" she answered, pretending not to see who he meant.

"No, that tall, fine-looking man speaking to Pearl."

"That is M. Darvallon."

"What! the man who—You don't mean it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" And Mrs. Monteagle, with this rude and aggravating chuckle, turned away.

"What is the fellow saying to Pearl?" muttered Colonel Redacre to himself; and ostensibly to look after his daughter, but in reality moved by a desire to investigate the low-born, ridiculously well-bred-looking individual who was making himself agreeable to her, he walked straight up to them.

"Mademoiselle, will you do me the honor of presenting me to M. le Colonel?" said Darvallon to Pearl.

The presentation was made.

"Mon colonel, this is not the first time we have met. The last time I saw you was in the trenches before Sebastopol; you were helping to carry away a brave young fellow, a brother officer of ours, who was wounded; he died before you got him to the ambulance. I did not know who you were then; Léopold told me since."

"I remember; it was young De

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B——? Those were hard times in the trenches," said the colonel; and, as if by magic, the ice was thawed, and in five minutes he was fighting his Crimean battles over again, and protesting inwardly that this was the most gentlemanlike Frenchman he had met for a long time.

Pearl left them and joined a group of ladies who had captured Baron Léopold, and were listening with charming attention to what he was saying; but he would not enter on official matters, much to their disappointment.

"Ah! mesdames, no. I must not be decoyed into discussing state affairs in such company; before I know where I am you will have bewitched me into betraying every state secret I possess. There is no danger we statesmen have to guard against like the magnetism of your *beaux yeux*."

"That is very unkind, M. le Ministre," said a pretty Dalilah, who had set her heart on getting *les dernières nouvelles* from the minister to-night. "M. de Talleyrand trusted us more than that."

"Ce n'est pas là ce que Talleyrand a fait de mieux," replied the ungallant and inexorable minister.

"There is Mme. de Kerbec," cried Pearl. "How magnificent her dress is!"

"Ergo, it is a failure," said the baron. "The mission of a dress is to beautify its wearer, never to draw attention to itself; one should say on beholding a really well-dressed woman, 'Quelle jolie femme!' never 'Quelle jolie toilette!' That is the true philosophy of dress; I fear Mme. de Kerbec has not studied it."

"Yes, she has indeed," said Pearl; "at least I know that she complains of the dressmaker not considering her face and thinking only of the effect of the dress itself."

Pearl really meant to take Mme. de Kerbec's part; she was impressed by the serious tone of the statesman in criticising Mme. Galbois' latest combination; but everybody laughed, and one lady observed that the dressmaker was "très à plaindre."

The object of these remarks, meantime, ploughed her splendid way through the crowd—for the company was very numerous now—and spying Pearl in her quiet black dress, she dropped M. de Kerbec's arm, and seized upon her and drew her to a seat in a window recess.

They made a striking contrast as they sat there together, the large, elderly woman blazing in diamonds and amber satin, and past the fatal Rubicon of *embonpoint*, and the fair, slight girl in the severe simplicity of her black dress, that made her snowy shoulders glisten like alabaster. They had a little chat about things and people in general, and then Mme. de Kerbec, quitting the light tone befitting gossip, said gravely:

"Pearl, what do you think of my dress?"

"I think it is magnificent; it dazzled me when you entered the room," said Pearl.

"I am thankful to hear you say so! You are a true friend, Pearl. I know you always tell me the truth; and you will see that I am not ungrateful. I have been thinking a great deal about what I could do to help you and Polly, and I have hit upon a little scheme that I hope you will like. I mean to send you some of my ball-dresses. You will not be able to get pretty ones in England, you know, and mine will make a great effect down in Devon-

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shire; and they will be a nice easy fit for you both."

"It is very kind of you," said Pearl, whose dimples were starting into refractory fun at the last sentence, "but I fancy we shall have very few opportunities of wearing ball-dresses at the Hollow. We are to lead a very quiet life there."

There was music going on now; somebody began to sing, and conversation was hushed for a few minutes. When it was resumed Baron Léopold remarked how handsome Mrs. Redacre was looking; she did look wonderfully young and comely in her mourning.

"It is a great loss to us that they are leaving Paris," he observed; "but for her it is *un vrai malheur;* she is going to England just as her beauty is on the wane and there are no witnesses *là bas* to remember its palmy days; whereas here we have all seen it in its prime. To us she can say, '*Vous souvenez vous?*' and we can recall her *succès* in such and such a toilette, at such and such a ball. Here she might have lived a long time yet on her souvenirs; but she will have no past to live upon *là bas. Pauvre femme!* It is sad for her." And the tender-hearted Frenchman heaved a sigh as he gazed at the waning beauty—at the mother whose youth was so abundantly renewed in the blooming youth of her children that she would have laughed had the sigh of compassion reached her.

Blanche and Polly were in a private corner, deep in conversation, exchanging vows of undying friendship, and pledging one another to keep up a full and regular correspondence.

"I suppose they will marry me while papa is in office," said Blanche. "Mamma says I shall be considered a better *partie* while he is minister. I can't see how that makes any difference, unless they married me to some young man in diplomacy whom papa might push while we are in office; but even that he could only do through his colleague at the Affaires Etrangères, and mamma is a little *en froid* with Mme. de M——."

"Is there any one in view, Blanche?" inquired Polly, who began to suspect this close reasoning was not altogether in the abstract.

"Not that I know of," said Blanche candidly. "There have been several *projets*, but they all came to nothing."

"Would you like to marry a diplomatist?"

"I don't know. If he were a full-blown ambassador, yes; that would be very nice. But the *attachés'* wives are not to be envied; always dragged about *de capitale en capitale;* having to pack up just as one has settled down and got to know people; that is a bore. No, I should not care to marry a *diplomate.*"

"But if he were very nice himself?"

"I could not find that out until I married him. He might be very nice to look at and not at all nice to live with; that is why one must make so sure of the rest. When one has a good position and plenty of money, one can always make the best of one's husband."

Polly was not an idealist; she did not indulge in high-flown dreams of romance, but this cool calculation, that stripped marriage of all poetry and left it a bare bargain of prose, struck her as unnatural, even shocking. Blanche had never before discussed her own future so openly; but then, as

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she said, circumstances had only now brought it home to her as a close-lying matter that had to be considered like other immediate business of high importance.

"And that marquis that you danced with at the Tuileries the other night—is there no chance of his coming forward?" inquired Polly.

"M. de Cholcourt? Good gracious! Why, he is the greatest *parti* going. He may marry the best-born heiress in the faubourg. There is a Russian princess, who will have twelve millions, looking after him, they say; but she is *hideous*," added Blanche, emphasizing the word with a most expressive grimace.

"It would be horrid of him to marry her, then," said Polly; "he ought to marry a pretty girl with no money at all. If he were an Englishman he would."

"Ah! but he is not; he is a Frenchman, and his mother is a Frenchwoman. If he had not a mother, he might marry himself; and then there is no saying what he might not do."

"What a pretty girl that is that M. Léon is talking to!" said Polly, catching sight of her friend's brother in the inner salon.

"She is not a girl; Léon would not be talking to her if she were. That is Mme. de V——; she is a Spaniard. She was married last month."

"Papa and Captain Darvallon seem to be getting on very well together," observed Polly. "I bet anything they are storming Sebastopol! I wonder if soldiers *ever* have enough of fighting their battles over again? I get so sick of them when I have heard them three separate times! Does M. Léon treat you to the Crimean battles every day of his life?"

"He is not with us many days of his life; but he never bores us much about his battles. It sends me to sleep, and it grates on mamma's nerves, and papa is too busy about politics to care to listen; but he and M. Darvallon go at it by the hour together, I suspect. Don't you like M. Darvallon? I think him so charming. He always reminds me of the Prince de Condé—at least what I imagine Condé was, so brave and so gentle. Léon says he is a crusader come to life again. He saved Léon's life in the trenches; but he talks as if it were Léon who had saved his."

"I can fancy him very chivalrous," said Polly; "there is something so distinguished about him, too. Is it really true that he is of such low birth?"

"Bah! That is your English *morgue*. As if it signified in a military man what his birth was! In France *la noblesse d'épée* ranks with the proudest aristocracy of birth. Our greatest marshals rose from the ranks," said Blanche, bridling up with a warmth that made Polly stare at her with a sudden suspicion in her eyes. Blanche read it and laughed.

"He is my brother's friend. Léon positively adores him; if you were to say a word about M. Darvallon's low birth in his presence, he would be furious. But nobody ever does; nobody thinks of it, except to praise M. Darvallon."

Polly was wondering what he and her father were conversing about now; they were not making a sortie nor storming any place—she could see that from her father's quiet manner; but, whatever subject they were engaged on, he was evidently interested in it.

"No doubt it is often a great hindrance," M. Darvallon was say-

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ing; "but I don't agree with you as to its being a dead weight on a man. He must be himself a poor creature who is conquered by poverty. When one comes to think of it, the conquerors of the world have all been poor. Look at every department of life—science, art, the sword, the pen, philosophy; have not the greatest lights in them been poor?"

"They don't make a precedent for the common run of men," objected Colonel Redacre. "They were men of genius; not but that their genius would have thriven better had they been free from the worries and hindrances of poverty, instead of being, as many of them were, dependent on the bounty of some rich dunce or patronizing court flunkey. But the ordinary man who has to face the world with empty pockets is at a terrible disadvantage. Everybody makes small account of him; he is an object of pity to good people, and the world despises him."

"Just inasmuch as he despises himself—no more and no less," said M. Darvallon. "If he feels contemptible in his own eyes, he will look contemptible in the eyes of the world. There is nothing so contagious as shame; if a man is ashamed of his poverty, other people are ashamed of it; if he carries it proudly, they respect it. Men are too apt to sneak out of their poverty; and there is nothing the world despises so much as a sneak."

"That may be, but there is nothing the world respects so much as appearances," said Colonel Redacre. "If a man can keep up appearances, let him be as poor as he likes, it does not much matter. There comes the hitch in your philosophy; it sounds very well in theory, but it would not answer in practice."

"I have found it answer. I am a poor man, and I have always had the courage to say so, and I have never found the world visit the fact on me with contempt—on the contrary; and it is quite natural."

"Yes, I suppose it is natural to respect courage," said Colonel Redacre, himself doing instinctive homage to the courage that dared to say, "I am a poor man."

"Human nature, at bottom, is better than we make it out," continued M. Darvallon; "when we appeal to what is best in it we are seldom disappointed. My experience is that the sympathies of mankind are generally, almost invariably, on the side of truth and courage and simplicity."

"You are an optimist, I see," said Colonel Redacre.

"Why should not every man be an optimist?" said M. Darvallon, laughing. "It is, after all, only a choice of views; and it is so very much pleasanter to look on the good side of things and people than on the bad."

"Yes, that is good philosophy; but it is not always practicable, any more than your theory about poverty. How, for instance, is a man to look at the good side of a wooden leg?"

"Messieurs, these young ladies insist upon having a dance; let all those whom it concerns bestir themselves," called out Mrs. Monteagle in a loud voice, so that everybody might hear.

"Thank Heaven! it don't concern me," said the colonel, nodding at her defiantly.

"There is the answer to your question, mon colonel," said M. Darvallon, rising: "your wooden leg claims for you the privilege of

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sitting quiet, whereas the want of one compels me to abandon the pleasure of your conversation and exert myself in obedience to our hostess."

And with this consoling remark he turned away to look for a partner. The dance was to be in the dining-room, a good, square room that opened into the middle of the larger salon; the centre-table was removed, and the dancers paired off quickly and were soon whirling round to the spirited measure of a Strauss waltz which Pearl Redacre was executing on the piano.

M. Darvallon was looking for her, and, seeing how she was engaged, he went up to the piano.

"Have you promised the next dance, mademoiselle?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then may I have the honor?"

"Yes."

There was no reason why he need stand with his back to the wall, meantime, and watch Pearl till this waltz was played out, instead of getting another partner and joining in it; but such was apparently his pleasure. Captain Darvallon was not a dancing man. He danced well, and he did not vote the performance a bore; while it lasted he enjoyed it—that is, if he had a good partner; but he infinitely preferred talking to dancing.

When the waltz was over Blanche Léopold came and offered to relieve Pearl, and then she and M. Darvallon went into the dancing-room. Pearl danced beautifully; her slight figure swayed to the rhythm of the music like some docile instrument moved by its power; her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. She was tall enough not to be out of proportion with the commanding figure of her partner, who bore her along with easy strength, his brilliant uniform showing off more distinctly the graceful lines of her sable draperies.

"It is pleasanter dancing in this way than in the crush of the Tuileries the other evening," he said, when they stopped after a few turns. "Are you very fond of dancing, mademoiselle?"

"No, fortunately, not so very fond."

"Why fortunately?"

"Because I shall have to give it up now. This is my last taste of it for—I don't know, indeed, how long; perhaps for ever."

"I heard with regret that you were leaving Paris; but I hoped that it was not for good."

"I don't know; it is sure to be for a long time." And Pearl heaved a sigh.

"You are sorry to leave France? I am glad of that, though it may seem selfish to say so."

"Why should you be glad?"

Why, indeed? Captain Darvallon was at a loss for an answer. It was already much for a Frenchman to have said—more, assuredly, than he would have dared to say to a French girl. But he had forgotten that this English maiden was that unapproachable nonenity, *une jeune fille;* he beheld in her only a lovely type of womanhood, an ideal woman, pure, fearless, gentle, and the chivalry of his nature did spontaneous homage to her. He did not stop to question the impulse; he saw that Pearl was clothed in all womanly grace without, and instinctively he accredited her with every lovely attribute within. Kindred natures, moreover, recognize one another, and from the first M. Darvallon had recognized in Pearl a nature that had many points of resemblance with his own. He knew something of her circumstan-

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ces from Léon. He knew that life, which had dawned on her so brightly, had suddenly clouded over, and that poverty had overtaken her youth. For himself, he had learned to defy that cruel foe to peace and happiness; but he knew the world too well not to realize what the battle with it meant for one like Pearl, and as he looked at her in her soft, dependent youth his manhood was moved to tenderest pity. Not that she looked like one claiming, or even needing, pity, either for herself or her surroundings; her dimpled face made a picture of innocent brightness that was very good to see, and her family had no air about them of people who are down in the world. But that same world which crushes its victims so piteously also supports them in many ways; it helps, nay, it compels, them to wear a smiling countenance in its presence; beyond it only the mask may be thrown aside and the bitter floods let loose. Colonel Redacre was a thorough man of the world, and not likely to gnash his teeth or tear his hair in public; but there was a tone of sadness and irritation underlying his good-humored affability, a note that sounded a harsh and angry revolt against the decrees of his special fate. This had not escaped Captain Darvallon. And Pearl, too, as he scrutinized her more closely, did not certainly wear that air of careless security in happiness that was to be read on the countenances of other young girls around her — on Blanche Leopold's, for instance. More than once he had heard her sigh. This, however, only touched the bright graces of her youth with a shade of pathos which lent another charm to them. While he was indulging in these reflections Pearl was waiting for an answer to her question, "Why should you be glad?"

But it did not come. "Ah! there is my friend Mr. Kingspring!" she said, perceiving him in the distance. "I was wondering why he was not here to-night."

"Your friend!" repeated M. Darvallon. "It makes me wish I were an Englishman to hear you say that; it must be so good for men to have friends such as you. In France we are debarred from that privilege; we are forbidden to seek the kind of friendship which would be our best safeguard as well as our best reward. It is hard on us."

"Whose fault is it?" said Pearl, with an arch smile.

"Ours, of course. And yet, I believe that if we were trusted more we should be the better for it. I believe we should prove ourselves worthy of the friendship of women, if they tried us."

"I am sure you would," said Pearl impulsively.

"Are you?" He turned a sudden, grateful glance on her, and then, bending lower, he added in a grave tone: "Mademoiselle, will you try me? Will you let me prove whether I am worthy of being your friend?"

Pearl looked up at him in frank surprise; but there was no displeasure in the glance.

"It is very kind of you to care," she said; "I am sure you would be a good friend. But we are going away; you may never see any of us again. If we had met sooner we might have been friends." Her voice grew lower and trembled a little at the last words.

"We may meet sooner than you calculate. Meantime, will you

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think of me as a friend, and try to forget that I am one of those mercenary, degenerate Frenchmen whom you think so ill of?"

"Ah! that is not generous to taunt me with my foolish words, now that we are going to part."

"I did not mean to taunt you with them; I felt too keenly they were well deserved. But you have not answered my question."

There was a moment's hesitation, and then Pearl said, "Yes."

"And if at any time, in any way, I can be of use to you or any one belonging to you—life is full of these unlikely opportunities—will you give me a friend's privilege and tell me of it?"

"I will."

"Merci!"

They were silent for a few minutes, and then Captain Darvallon said:

"You are rested. Shall we take another turn?"

He drew his arm round her, and they finished the waltz. Then he led her to a seat and stood beside her.

"Is it true," he said, "that Colonel Redacre thinks of applying for the appointment of military *attaché* here or elsewhere?"

"No," said Pearl. "Who told you he did?"

"I thought Léopold said something to that effect; if it had been true I might have been of some little use."

"There was talk at first of his trying for something at home, at the Horse Guards," continued Pearl; "but I don't think he will do so now. As we are going to live in the country; he could not take a situation in London if it were offered to him."

"And your brothers are too young to be fit for anything of that sort, I believe?"

"Oh! yes; they are much younger than my sister and I." And Pearl swallowed a sigh. "What a pity I am not a boy! I might get something to do at once to help them at home."

"You will help them still better by staying at home."

"I don't know that. I might earn some money if I went away."

"At the Horse Guards? I am afraid you are not qualified."

He smiled; Pearl laughed merrily.

"No; in a family. I might go out as governess. Perhaps I may write to you one of these days, and ask you to look out for a situation for me. Will you, if I do?" She was laughing still; but every trace of merriment died out of M. Darvallon's face as she said this, looking up at him.

"Mon Dieu! Serait-ce possible . . . ?" he murmured almost inaudibly. There was a look of passionate pity in the dark gray eyes as he bent them on her that made Pearl drop hers, while a pang shot through her—a pang of mingled anguish and joy, that filled her with a strange trouble. What was there in this Frenchman that had power so to move her? No one, not even her mother, had ever looked at her with that glance—a glance that pierced her heart and drew it like a spell.

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CHAPTER VIII.

AT BROOM HOLLOW.

In the early afternoon of a raw, rheumatic day the Redacres alighted at Lamford. It was a pretty rural station, with a canal flowing amidst fields on one side, and on the other a road where the willows ran into line, with rising slopes and trees beyond, and the church spire in the distance.

The station-master recognized Mrs. Redacre, and came forward with alacrity to offer his services. Jacob Mills had ordered the fly to be in waiting, and he was there himself with the donkey-cart from the Hollow to take up the luggage. The village was on tiptoe to see the new family, and its leading men were on the platform, under cover of the luggage shed, to inspect them individually. There was Mr. Huddle, the butcher; and Mr. Needham, the baker; and Mr. Honey, the grocer—a worthy group of representatives, well clad, and competent to judge the new-comers, for they had large experience of real gentry, and could tell a gentleman by the cut of his coat.

"At your service, ma'am," said Mills, touching his hat to Mrs. Redacre. "Welcome to the 'Ollow, sir! The fly is ready, sir, if you and the ladies will please to get in and leave me to look after the luggage."

"All right, sir! I will see to the luggage," said the station-master. "Allow me, miss!" And he politely relieved Pearl and Polly of their large silver-mounted leather bags.

The Redacres were the only first-class passengers who had alighted; but there were a good many second and third class ones, and these became at once an object of interest and curiosity to the spectators on the platform. No liveries were to be seen, but, coming such a long journey, the men would naturally have taken to the comfort of coats and mackintoshes.

"Will your servants follow on foot, sir, or is the fly to come back for them?" inquired the station-master, taking the colonel's hat-box from him.

"There are no servants," said Colonel Redacre.

"Oh! they come by the late train, sir? I will see to them. Here, Mark, you carry these bags to the fly. Do you know how many boxes there are, sir?"

"Only three," said Mrs. Redacre: "two large gray ones and a long, flat black one. The others all come later; we sent them by sea."

"Oh! just so, ma'am. And the servants come down with them, I suppose?"

"No; there are no servants coming."

The station-master had no comment ready for this unexpected announcement; but he quickly recovered from the shock, and jumped at the conclusion that the new people had decided on keeping on the dean's old servants. Just at this moment he saw a woman, carrying a huge band-box, go up to the two young ladies and say something. It was merely to ask them for some local direction, and, finding they could not supply it, she turned at their suggestion to the station-master.

"How are you going up? Mills

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can take you with him in the donkey-cart, if you don't care to walk," said the station-master.

"Who is Mills?" inquired the woman.

"The gardener from Broom 'Ollow. You are Mrs. Redacre's lady's maid, an't you?"

"No, I am not. I am nobody's maid," said the woman, greatly offended. "I want to know where the inn is."

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Cross the road and turn to your right, and you will see the sign of the Hiron Duke straight ahead."

Meantime the colonel and Mrs. Redacre and the two young ladies had made their way to the fly; there was clearly no one else on the platform who could be mistaken for the lady's maid, so the station-master concluded that functionary was also to be replaced in the establishment.

"It's uncommon queer, though," said Mr. Huddle; "it looks as if there was a screw loose, folks like them comin' to a strange place, without a single body to speak to their hantecedents and tell one something about 'em. I don't like the look of it."

And Mr. Honey and Mr. Needham agreed that neither did they like the look of it.

"What does Mills say about 'em?" said the grocer; "he must know if the dean's people are engaged."

"Whatever Mills knows he keeps to himself," said the butcher; "he is a close fellow. But I tell you I don't like the look of it."

He walked off with this oracular remark, and the other two tradesmen followed him.

The fly crept slowly up the hill, which was steep enough, as Alice remembered, and the road was heavy from recent rains; but they soon reached the top of it, and she was on the watch for that turn which brought the house in view. The colonel knew it well, and was keeping an impatient look-out too.

"There it is! There it is, the old place! Look, Polly! Look Pearl!" he cried with a kindling eye, all his face alight with pleasure.

"O papa! how lovely it looks,' exclaimed Pearl. "I had no idea that it was in a valley—that is, that one looked down on it from such a height as this. Does it not look a dear old place, Polly?"

"Yes; a delicious old place!" said Polly. And glancing at her mother, she felt a sudden impulse to throw her arms round her neck and kiss her. This was a signal for everybody else to do the same, so they kissed each other all round and were very happy.

The gates had been left open by Mills, so the fly did not stop at the park, but drove right on, the well-laden horse going at a tremendous pace down the avenue.

"There is a dog!" cried Pearl in delight, as a sharp, loud bark notified the presence of that member of the household; and presently out he came to the front gate, where he proceeded to execute a war-dance round the horse, making feints at his legs, and darting back with his fore paws in the air, all the time keeping up a furious accompaniment of barks.

"Proud to welcome you to the 'Ollow, sir! My duty to you, ma'am, and the young ladies!" said Mrs. Mills, dropping a series of curtseys, as she opened the door of the fly and stood back.

"How do you do, Mrs. Mills? I am glad to see you here to welcome us all," said Alice.

"I'm proud to hear you say so,

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ma'am! I hope you don't feel too tired from the journey, young ladies? Please let me take your umbrella, sir. Get away, you naughty Fritz! Don't put your paws on the ladies, or I'll teach you!" But clearly Fritz had no fear of Mrs. Mills' teaching, for he continued to jump and bark as if she had promised him a bone for his pains.

"How delicious! O mamma! isn't it a delightful old hall? And look at all the funny swords and daggers! And such a lot of animals! And what a glorious fire there is!" cried Pearl, as she rapidly took in the surroundings, and then ran to the blazing hearth and held out her hands.

"I thought you would like a good fire, ma'am; it makes the place look cheerful, the first thing," said Mrs. Mills, highly gratified to see the success of her preparations.

"Quite right," said the colonel; "nothing like a jolly good blaze when one comes off a journey. And you have got something to eat for us, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I have a comfortable 'igh tea, as the mistress ordered, and I hope you will all have an appetite for it, sir."

"I will certainly," said the colonel, as he let her take his coat, and sat down before the fire; "I am as hungry as a hunter, Mrs. Mills."

"And a trifle tired, sir, I dare say? It's a long journey, all the way from Paris."

"Yes; and Balaklava has found it an uncommonly fatiguing one. You don't know Balaklava yet, Mrs. Mills?"

"No, sir; but I hope soon to make the young gentleman's acquaintance. They both come down to-morrow, ma'am, you said?"

A peal of laughter answered this inquiry, while Mrs. Mills, slightly disconcerted, looked from the colonel to the ladies, and from them to him, wondering what it meant.

"Allow me to present Balaklava to you, Mrs. Mills!" said the colonel, stretching out his wooden leg, and with his left hand he made a gesture of presentation.

The others went off into another peal. But Mrs. Mills did not see it, and, as she afterwards told Jacob, she began to feel uncomfortable, remembering about the madness, and being quite in the dark as to what particular form it took with these relations of the dean's, over and above the craze about the servants.

"Colonel Redacre fought in the Crimean war, and lost his leg at the battle of Balaklava," said the hero's wife, with a touch of gentle pride. "I dare say you know all about that dreadful war, and how our poor soldiers suffered out there in Russia?"

"I have heard Jacob Mills tell of it out of the papers, ma'am; he is a fine scholar, is Mills," said Mrs. Mills in a tone that seemed to say that soldiers' wives were not the only ones who had a right to boast.

"Then perhaps he remembers reading about papa's leg in the list of wounded after the Balaklava charge," said Polly; "we call the wooden leg Balaklava in remembrance of the battle."

"And a proud thing it is for you, miss, and the master himself, and all the family," said Mrs. Mills, reassured as to the sanity of the company in the present instance at any rate, and curtseying deferentially to the wooden limb, which the colonel held stretched out towards the blaze, while he surveyed it with a certain angry complacency.

But the girls were all impatience

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to see their rooms and to visit the house; so when they had enjoyed the fire and got well warmed, they set off with Mrs. Mills to inspect every nook and corner. They were in raptures with everything, especially with their own bed-room; their mother chose it for them—a large, bright room, with two little snowy beds set side by side, and two deep windows where the eastern sun would come in to wake them every morning. The walls wanted rehanging, and the curtains were faded, and the rest of the furniture had a corresponding care-worn look; but the bright fire within and the broad landscape without made up for these deficiencies, and the two girls in five minutes had filled up every vacancy and adorned the shabby room with their absent little gods, pictures, and vases, and work-baskets and brackets, and books, and two chairs worked each for the other as birthday gifts, and a boxful of knick-knacks that were to arrive with the heavy luggage in a few days.

Their mother's room was the late dean's, and very comfortable it looked, though a little solemn in its crimson dress, the red stuff curtains matching the color of the walls; there was a spacious dressing-room off it, and beyond that the room that had been made ready for the boys.

"I sha'n't have so much to do after all," said Polly—"only three rooms and the five beds; that won't take me so long of a morning."

"The boys must make their own beds," said Pearl. "I mean to keep them hard at work, I can tell you."

"They won't like it," said Polly.

"Yes they will; and if they don't, so much the worse for them. But they are dear boys, and I'm sure they'll do all they can to help us. I mean to bully them if they don't."

"Not you," said Polly; "you are not capable of bullying a mouse." And she threw her arms round Pearl and kissed her, looking lovingly into the brown eyes.

"We must settle it between ourselves about the work," said Pearl. "Mamma will want to be doing all sorts of things; but, of course, we won't let her. We will let her order, and keep the accounts, and do any amount of mending, but we mustn't let her do anything to tire herself."

"And how about the cooking?" said Polly. "You'll never be able to do it, Pearl!"

"You see if I won't. I learnt a whole heap of things from old Fanchette; and Mrs. Monteagle's cook put me up to a good many economical little ways and devices, and I have a capital cookery book that I can refer to when I want to attempt anything out of the common. But we sha'n't indulge much in *plats montés*, I expect," she added, laughing; "what I have been directing my genius to is the artistic arrangement of cold meat and vegetables, and the manufacture of soups; papa must have soup every day. You see if I don't do Fanchette credit! I like Mrs. Mills; don't you? I think she is a bit of a character."

"I wonder what she thinks of us?" said Polly. "I dare say she despises us; or perhaps she thinks we are out of our minds. I shouldn't wonder if she set papa down as a 'hodd gentleman' like the dean. Did you notice how scared she looked when he introduced Balaklava to her?"

"No wonder; papa looked so comically solemn," Pearl laughed.

"I hope he is not going to be

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awfully bored," said Polly; "he will find it so dull, poor papa!"

"No, he won't; he will have the boys to teach and to look after. I hope they won't be very unmanageable!" Pearl was conscious of a certain terror as the memory of past holidays came back on her, with all she had gone through to stand between the boys and the colonel in many a mad prank.

"I wonder what sort of people the neighbors are?" said Polly. "Dreadfully slow, I fancy; but we will soon be able to judge for ourselves; they will all be coming to a call one of these days. I wish they would not come till the boxes arrive and we have made the place look habitable."

"There don't seem to be many within calling distance," said Pearl. "Lady Wynmere lives alone, and Squire Barlow has only a wife and two daughters; the rector's is a large family, but they are nearly all in the school-room or away at college. I don't see who else there is near."

"No," said Polly; "and there is not much fun to be got out of any of them, as far as I can see. And such a lot of women! Papa won't have any one to come and smoke with him and talk politics. He'll be bored to death, poor papa."

But Pearl felt that a good deal of this commiseration for poor papa was intended for poor Polly herself, and the prospect of a dull life for Polly, and its probable effect upon her, preoccupied anxious Pearl more than similar fears for her father.

"He will have plenty to do," she said; "he won't be a bit bored, unless he sees we are, and that is not likely. O Polly! isn't it a blessing to be here in this nice house and all together, instead of poking somewhere in misery in a town, and I away as a governess! When I think of what might be and what is, I feel I could cry for thankfulness."

"Yes; but one can't forget what might have been and what is not," said Polly, dropping her voice.

Pearl threw her arms round her, and, putting her lips close to her sister's ear, "You must forget that," she said; "if you keep thinking of that, Polly, we shall both be miserable; if you love me, promise me to forget it."

"I will try," said Polly in a choking voice, and she let Pearl kiss her, scarcely returning the caress.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE AMERICAN NOVEL—WITH SAMPLES.

WHEN the poems of the late William Cullen Bryant were first published in England, the preface to the volume was written by Washington Irving. He said that Mr. Bryant's verse was "imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country." In reviewing the same volume Christopher North, whose pen was so often dipped in gall for British poets, dipped it in honey for the American.

"Many of the most delightful poems in this volume," he wrote, "have been inspired by a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love which is the support and solace of the heart in all the duties and distresses of this life is sometimes painted by Mr. Bryant in its purest form and brightest colors, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being, from the faces of his own family, he transfuses into the hearts of the creatures of his imagination as they wander through the woods or sit singing in front of their forest-bowers. Remote as these creatures are from the haunts and habits of our common civilized life, they rise before us at once with the strange beauty of visionary phantoms, and with a human loveliness, that touch with a mingled charm our fancy and our heart. Our poetic and our human sensibilities are awakened together."

There is much in this that seems a fit characterization of our American novel literature. It is certainly "imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country." Most of our thoroughly popular novels are extremely independent—independent, perhaps, of life itself; often undeniably independent of English grammar; and independent, alas! of Christian morals. They are full of the "buoyant aspirations" of a country young, free, and rising; but, unfortunately, those of our national infancy were better than their successors—Cooper and Hawthorne have not been equalled. It may not be true that many of our current romances have been inspired "by a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections," although to illustrate affections is their commonly-pretended aim; nor do our living novelists paint domestic life in "its purest form and brightest colors"; but no one who has read a dozen or two of these marvellous books will have the hardihood to deny that they are full of imaginary creatures, "remote from the haunts and habits of our common civilized life," and that by a diligent perusal of the description of their haunts and habits "our poetic and human sensibilities are awakened together."

Nor is this a smilin
We cannot laugh at the American novel, for more reasons than one. Fiction constitutes three-fourths of the people's reading. Not women's eyes, but novels,

"Are the books, the arts, the academes
That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

The American novel is the only really popular book in this republic. Whether it be in yellow covers and sold for a half-dime; whether it assume a long-drawn serial form, and appear weekly in a hebdomadal consecrated to sensational romance and wood-cuts; whether it

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appear in a more pretentious style, and reach the circulating libraries in gaudy binding, with several pages of flattering "press notices," the novel is the only universal book among the American readers. Hundreds of thousands never read anything else. The records of all our public libraries show beyond dispute the magnitude of this kind of gormandizing. The newspaper is charged with deterring people from buying books because it leaves no time for their enjoyment; but neither the best newspaper nor the worst has reduced the consumption of novels. The publishing business has felt severely the general depression of the period; novels have been considered the only safe goods to put on the market. The New England deacon told a curious visitor that they were not sure whether they would use the proceeds of their church fair to buy an ice-cream freezer or a hearse; no such vacillation from gay to grave, from lively to severe, has embarrassed the book-makers. "Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost"; but printers must not be expected in these straining times to live a chivalrous life toward learning. They must not be expected to print books to lose upon in order that learning may be the gainer. Novels are the only books on which printers have not lost. Their sale has scarcely been affected by the protracted panic. In all the trade-sales and book-auctions of the last few years the counters were freighted with contributions to science, to art, to humanity; there were few or no novels among them. The novel has no middle fate. It either sells "hot" or goes into the waste-paper room. American publishers of metropolitan experience have learned the public taste in romance so well that they make now few blunders in accepting manuscripts. Novels, if at all tolerable, are accepted, and with these the literary market is kept well stocked.

A caustic Englishwoman remarked to the writer that "in America people do two things: the men expectorate and the women write novels." The men, alas! write novels too, and the country is not much the better for them; but the great mass of American romance is made by women, and, with few exceptions, and those not extraordinary, the novels written by American women are bad. If the morality be not open to the severest censure, the literary style is atrocious. If the characters be not condemnable for depravity falsely painted as heroism or excused as eccentricity, they are insufferable for their dulness. If the ideals be not heathenish, the reality is so far out of nature as to be beyond the pale of civilization. The supposed aim of the maker of fiction—"that morality of effect shall result from truth of representation"—is not apparent in any popular American novel. Out of the general slovenliness of the work no truth of representation can be made to appear; out of the general ignorance of, and indifference to, moral philosophy there can be no morality of effect. Many a gilded hero who in actual life would be properly considered a brutal clown in gentleman's clothing, is set up by women novelists as a society deity in a shrine for the worship of women votaries. Many an episode which, in real life, even the least sensitive of virtuous people would condemn under one or other of the Ten Commandments, when recounted in one of

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these frivolous romances appears quite consistent with lofty rectitude. The fact is, most women's novels are written without any regard to actual life. There is no intention, no conscious design, of holding the mirror up to nature. If the gallant be of the good type, heaven contains no angel of brighter lustre; he becomes a minister and marries a heroine equally supernal and impossible. If a robust type be preferred, he is driven remorselessly on to the commission of offences for which, in real life, men are very properly thrust into jail; yet for these very offences he is represented as lovable in the highest degree, and many women's hearts (strictly supposititious hearts) are cast at his brutal feet. A New England boy was chid by his father for absence from "Sabbath" school. Jack replied, "Oh! the cannibal and pirate books have arrived at the library, and I shall go every Sunday now." A very large number of our popular novels are of the cannibal and pirate kind, although they are not classified as juveniles. A man could scarcely fall into the error of drawing a profane pugilist and imagining that women would admire him as an Apollo; but women novelists do this strange thing with surprising assiduity. Among certain semi-civilized tribes a wife is said to measure the intensity of her husband's affection by the frequency of his blows. Some of our women romancers would have us believe that brutality in man is the trait most cherished by the gentle and timid sex.

St. Elmo is the master-novel of this class. There have been many attempts at imitating it, with only moderate success. It remains unequalled; let us hope that its superiority shall continue without a rival. It stands at the head of American novels written by women, if we judge it by inherent vigor and uniform popularity. "By merit raised to that bad eminence" it presents itself to the analytical mind as a most amazing conglomeration of encyclopædic rubbish and muscular brutality, tempered by absurd incidents, impossible womanly heroism, and the snivelling cant of a false morality. Like the style there is nothing in English or any other literature. Like the hero there is nothing in mankind. Like the plot there never was anything in nature, and never can be. Like the hero, the style is without a model, and happily is not in the least likely to prove one. It is a laughable mixture of bombast, pedantry, and the incomprehensible. Encyclopædias are spilled into it in heavy heterogeneousness. Metaphors jostle each other with pokes and pushes, and similes tickle each other in the ribs and giggle at their own incongruity. All history, all art, all industry, all speculation, all fancy, are remorselessly shovelled into one great caldron of ink, out of which an audacious pen constructs a unique style. After reading a dozen pages Hecate and the witches force themselves upon the mind's vision:

> "Eye of newt and toe of frog,
> Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
> Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and owlet's wing.
> . . . . . .
> Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
> Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
> Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
> Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
> Liver of blaspheming Jew,
> Gall of goat, and slips of yew
> Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
> Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips."

Out of some such distillation was the style of this appalling fiction formed. In the first chapter we

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have a twelve-year-old girl singing the "words of the prophet upon Shigionoth" to "a strange, wild, anomalous tune, solemn as the Hebrew chant of Deborah and fully as triumphant," while she held a pail of water on her head "in an ancient classic Caryatides attitude." "The young face" "might have served as a model for a pictured Syriac priestess—one of Baalbec's vestals, ministering in the olden time in that wondrous and grand temple at Heliopolis." Moreover, this Deborah, this Caryatid, this phenomenon, this Syriac priestess, "could not fail to recall to even casual observers the calm, powerful face of Lorenzo de' Medici, which, if once looked on, fastens itself upon the heart and brain, to be forgotten no more"; but—so sudden are these breath-taking transitions!—her hair was "black and straight as an Indian's," and she was dressed, this Syriac priestess and suggester of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in "a short-sleeved dress of yellow-striped homespun"! And the reader must not fail to note that this vestal of Baalbec, with a "cedar pail" of water on her head—it was a cedar pail—did not remind the author of any of the other Medicis (of Ludovico or Alessandro, of Cosmo the Elder or Cosmo the Great, of Giovanni the general or Ippolito the cardinal), but of Lorenzo *il magnifico*—perhaps because, in addition to having a cedar pail of water on her head and being in a short-sleeved dress of yellow-striped homespun, her companion was a yellow dog, "a large, fierce yellow dog, with black, scowling face and ears cut close to his head"! In the next chapter "it was a bright day in January," and this wonderful girl's grandfather, a village blacksmith, was smoking, sitting on his porch. The priestess of Baalbec "tied her pink calico bonnet under her chin," "buttoned his shirt-collar"—thoughtful phenomenon!—"and bounded away in search of"—what? Some wonderful treasure of antiquity? No, "the cow, *who* often strayed so far off that *she* was despatched to bring *her* home." The succeeding passage must not be broken by such rude disturbers as partial quotation, hyphen, and interjection:

"In the grand, peaceful, solemn woods, through which the wintry wind now sighed in a soothing monotone, the child's spirit reached an exaltation which, *had she lived two thousand years earlier, and roamed amid the vales and fastnesses of classic Arcadia*, would have vented itself in dithyrambics to the great 'Lord of the Hyle,' the Greek 'All,' the horned and hoofed god, Pan. In every age, and among all people, from the Parsee devotees and the Gosains of India to the pantheism of Bruno, Spinoza, and New England's 'Illuminati'—Nature has been apotheosized; and the heart of the blacksmith's *untutored* darling stirred with the same emotions of awe and adoration which thrilled the worshippers of Hertha when the veiled chariot stood in Helgeland, and which made the groves and grottoes of Phrygia sacred to Dindymene. . . . The sun had gone down when she rose and hurried on *in search of the cow!*"

The man who would write in this manner would be at once sat upon by a jury *de lunatico;* but let us give women and poets license and hurry on—after the cow—a priestess of Baalbec, with Lorenzo the Magnificent's head, going after the cow:

"The shadows of a winter evening gathered in the forest and climbed like trooping spirits up the rocky mountain side; and as she plunged deeper and deeper into the woods, the child began—"

One would anticipate a recita-

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tion of the quarrel between the Greeks about Briseis, but it is only "a wild cattle call."

This is, to say the least, ambiguous. Was the call "wild," or was it a call to "wild cattle"? The doubt is insoluble; anyhow, "the old cow recognized her summons." She drove Brindle—the cow's name was "Brindle"—home before her, "merrily singing" no longer a "wild cattle cry," but, strange to relate, "singing her rude *Ranz des Vaches*," and suddenly, and in defiance of almanac regulations and weather records, "the moon rose full and round." Now, the moon was not there without "business," as the stage manager would say. The "business" of this round, full moon, which rose without a moment's warning, like a moon made of a candle behind the hole in the scene, was to show the old blacksmith dead.

The girl passed a bad night, which is scarcely to be wondered at under the circumstances, and for an "untutored child" her nightmare was astounding:

"In delirious visions she saw her grandfather now struggling in the grasp of Phlegyas, and now writhing in the fiery tomb of Uberti, with jets of flame leaping through his white hair—"

From which it is to be inferred that the child had grave doubts about the eternal destiny of her good protector. Kind friends propose to take the phenomenon away to a distant home, and she insists on having the short-eared yellow dog with her, for one of two purposes: to let the author say that in the railroad coach the brute looked as "hideously savage as the Norse Managarmar," or to kill him in the accommodating catastrophe which quickly followed. For while Edna was recalling, as the train sped, how she had clambered over the disappearing mountains "as fearlessly as the young llamas of the Parimé," there was a succession of shrill sounds; and at the end of the third chapter the casualties sum up as follows: a duel, four deaths, a railroad accident in which many corpses, including the yellow dog's, were left behind, and Edna is "severely but not dangerously" injured. The dead and the *débris* out of the way, the young heroine is convalescent in the house of Mrs. Murray, a wealthy lady, who has a stately form, "polished *hauteur*," and a son—a beautiful hero, who, the author assures us, is "a gentleman": ". . . A gentleman strode into the room. At sight of Edna he stopped suddenly, and, dropping a bag of game on the floor, exclaimed harshly:

"'What the ——— does this mean?'"

This "gentleman," profane in his mother's presence and to a sick little girl, "was a tall, athletic man, not exactly young, yet certainly not elderly; one of anomalous appearance, prematurely old"; his mouth "wore a chronic savage sneer, as if it only opened to utter jeers and curses." Perhaps the reader's acumen may be able to find out something about the fellow from this bit of lucid description:

"Symmetrical and grand as that temple of Juno, in shrouded Pompeii, whose polished shafts gleamed centuries ago in the morning sunshine of a day of woe, whose untimely night has endured for nineteen hundred years, so, in the glorious flush of his youth, this man had stood facing a noble and possibly a sanctified future; but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that darkened and desecrated fane, to a mel-

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ancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust . . . . *He wore a straw hat . . . !*"

The effort to fit a straw hat and a pair of muddy boots to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns will not reward protracted toil. He continued to insult and abuse the child and his mother to the end of the chapter, where this description of the hero is given by a negro servant to Edna:

"Whatever else you do, be sure not to cross Mass Elmo's path! Keep out of his way, and he will keep out of yours; for he is shy of strangers, and would walk a mile to keep from meeting anybody; but if he finds you in his way he will walk roughshod right over you—trample you. Nothing ever stops him one minute when he makes up his mind. He does not even wait to listen to his mother, and she is about the only person who dares to talk to him. He hates everybody and everything, but he doesn't tread on folks' toes unless they are where they don't belong." (Generous soul!) "He is like a rattlesnake that crawls in his own track and bites everything that meddles or crosses his trail. Above everything, child, for the love of peace and heaven, don't argue with him! If he says black is white, don't contradict him; and if he swears water runs up stream, let him swear, and don't know it runs down. Keep out of his sight, and you will do well enough; but once make him mad, and you'd better fight Satan hand-to-hand with red-hot pitch-forks! . . ."

This lovely gentleman is the possessor of unbounded wealth, of course—and a dog. This animal and the other, his master, furnish this gentle episode, of which Edna is the witness. St. Elmo leaped from his horse, seized the dog by the heavy brass collar, hurled him back on his haunches, and held him thus, giving vent the while to a volley of oaths:

"Pointing to a large, half-decayed elm branch lying at a little distance, he tightened his grasp on the collar, and said to the still trembling girl:

"'Bring me that stick yonder.'

"Edna complied, and there ensued a scene of cursing, thrashing, and howling that absolutely sickened her"

—but not the author's encyclopædia, for the poor brute looked "as ferocious as the hounds of Gian Maria Visconti, fed with human flesh by Squarcia Giramo." Edna at last interfered in pity:

"'—— ——! how dare you interfere? What is it to you if I cut his throat, as I mean to do?'"

He further assures the child that it would serve her right if he should "let the dog tear her limb from limb." She protests that the dog does not know how to behave any better. The "gentleman" answers: "Then, —— ——, I'll teach him!" The dog is at last released, and Edna tells St. Elmo that she is sorry for him. "Sorry for me?" exclaims the noble knight. "For me? Me—the owner of as many thousands as there are hairs on your head? Keep your pity for your poverty-stricken, vagrant self! Why the deuce are you sorry for me?"

The reader is by this time prepared for the announcement that Edna, when the proper period arrived, fell madly in love with St. Elmo, that he became a minister, and they were married, of course. Another specimen of the author's style, and we let this "great American novel" go. This is St. Elmo's room:

"Timidly she crossed the threshold, and stood within on the checkered floor, whose polished tiles glistened under the glare of gas from bronze brackets representing Telamones, that stood at regular intervals around the apartment. The walls were painted in Saracenic style,

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and here and there hung specimens of Oriental armor — Turcoman cimeters, Damascus swords, Bedouin lances, and a crimson silk flag, with heavy gold fringe, surmounted by a crescent. The cornice of the lofty arched ceiling was elaborately arabesque, and as Edna looked up she saw through the glass roof the flickering of stars in the summer sky. In the centre of the room, immediately under the dome, stretched a billiard-table" (was it gaping and sleepy?), "and near it was a circular one of black marble, inlaid with red onyx and lapis lazuli, which formed a miniature zodiac similar to that at Denderah, while in the middle of this table *sat* a small Murano hour-glass, filled with sand from the dreary valley of El Ghor. A huge plaster Trimurti stood close to the wall, on a triangular pedestal of black rock, and the Siva-face and the writhing cobra confronted all who entered. Just opposite grinned a red granite slab with a quaint *basso-rilievo* taken from the ruins of Elora. Near the door were two silken divans, and a richly carved urn three feet high" (by actual measurement, doubtless !), "which had once ornamented the façade of a tomb in the royal days of Petra, ere the curse fell on Edom, now stood in an *in memoriam* of the original Necropolis," etc.

The temptation to quote is almost irrepressible, but we have reached only p. 79 in a volume of nearly six hundred, and St. Elmo, who had "*stranded* his life and was recklessly *striding* to his grave," must give place to a hero of a different type—"Christopher Newman," the "leading gentleman" in that much-admired and generously-lauded novel, *The American*, by Mr. Henry James, Jr.

It will be hotly urged by Mr. James' friends, who are more numerous than his critics, that in *The American* we have just the counter-type to *St. Elmo;* that the essence of the story is natural, the style vivacious and simple, the action rapid but not turgid and confusing, the situations probable, the effects logical, the outcome rational. Perhaps the harshest thing which can be said of this book is simply that it is not interesting; the publishers' ledger undoubtedly confirms this more than suspicion. We take it as an illustration of the better class of American novels; not as a popular novel, for it lacks that vitalization of interest which is essential to popular success. That Mr. James has talent for writing fiction is apparent from others of his efforts as well as from this; and it is criticism which he needs to spur him into a more artistic use of his gifts. Matthew Arnold insists that the rule of true and fruitful English criticism may be summed up in a word — disinterestedness. The treatment which *The American* received from our home critics displayed so little of this quality that we trust we shall not be accused of endeavoring to make up the deficiency. Mr. James' novel, judged by the standard set up at the outset—that "morality of effect shall follow from truth of representation"—must be ranked low. That it contains much accuracy of representation is true; that much of it is vague, sketchy work, as dim in the author's comprehension as to the reader's perception, is also true; and the clearest truth of all is that its effect is wholly aside from morality. It would be unfair to say that its effect is immoral; but a book without a positive effect one way or the other must be weak as a work of art, inefficient, and without an aim. What is the aim of *The American?* It is impossible to say. Not to inculcate any lesson of morals. To improve the manners of Americans abroad? That were worthy of an American novelist; but the average reader is either so little disposed to analysis that he (or she, more often)

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will see nothing in the language, the attitudes, the ambition, the motives of Mr. Christopher Newman to censure and avoid; or the intended effect will be lost upon those keen enough to be amused by Mr. Newman's "pertinacious audacity," for such readers are too keen to read the book through, except in a flippant and careless way. It has not plot enough to hold an habitual novel-reader. Newman ceased attending school at twelve years of age; he served through the war and came out of it a general, of course; he had no money, no friends, and, conveniently for the author, no relatives. He went to San Francisco penniless, and amassed a fortune with great speed. He goes to Paris to "be amused" and to buy a wife—a "great woman." This is scarcely according to life. The American, no matter how quickly he makes his money, never thinks of going away from his own country to get a wife. Newman made his money on wash-tubs, and falls in love—the author would have us so believe—with a widow, whose eyes "were both gentle and intelligent, and Newman liked them immensely." This may be "simple" style! Here is the lady:

"Newman stood a moment and then he approached Mme. de Cintré. She looked up at him as if she were thinking of something to say. But she seemed to think of nothing, so she simply smiled. He sat down near her, and she handed him a cup of tea. For a few moments they talked about that, and meanwhile he looked at her. He remembered what Mrs. Tristram had told him of her perfection, and of her having, in combination, all the brilliant things that he dreamed of finding. This made him observe her not only without mistrust but without uneasy conjectures."

Why?

"The presumption, from the first moment he looked at her, had been in her favor. And yet, if she was beautiful, it was not a dazzling beauty. She was tall and moulded in long lines; she had thick, fair hair, a wide forehead, and features with a sort of harmonious irregularity. Her clear gray eyes were strikingly expressive; and they were both gentle and intelligent, and Newman liked them immensely; but they had not those depths of splendor, those many-colored rays which illumine the brow of famous beauties. Mme. de Cintrè was rather thin, and she looked younger than she probably was. In her whole person there was something both youthful and subdued, slender and yet ample, tranquil yet shy—a mixture of immaturity and repose, of innocence and dignity."

Does anybody know now what madame looked like? Is there any evidence in this description to justify anybody, even Newman, in falling in love with her? Madame was the daughter of the Marquise de Bellegarde, who had two sons, one of whom, Valentin, is killed in a duel, after partly revealing to Newman that his mother and brother killed his father in order to compel his sister to marry De Cintré, who died in a couple of years. The Bellegardes, despising Newman, but anxious to sell the widow to him, at first consented to the marriage, then changed their minds. She was wholly under their control, and went into a Carmelite convent—a serious step much easier to take in fiction than in fact. He obtained from an old English servant of the family a dying declaration by the marquis that madame had killed him, and with this Newman attempted what in fact would be called blackmail. He threatened the De Bellegardes that he would show the paper to their acquaintances if they did not restore Mme. de Cintré to him. In the management of this part of his plot, "if plot it may be called,"

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Mr. James shows nothing but feebleness. If Newman believed Mme. de Bellegarde guilty of the heinous offence charged, it was his duty to place the facts in the hands of the police. Morality would have demanded that. If he did not believe her guilty, what a brutal coward was he not to taunt an old woman with so atrocious an accusation, and threaten to blacken her among her friends! But the author intends that we shall believe madame guilty, and that we shall understand that Newman so considered her. Yet he used her crime only as a threat for the furtherance of his personal ends, and when he found that this could do him no good he destroyed the murdered man's statement. Thus there was neither Christian morality nor what the unchristian world calls "honor" in Newman's conduct. This man is represented as uneducated, clownish, given to profanity and "slang" and to stretching out of his legs; but manly, independent, generous, chivalrous. Some of the blame might be removable from his conduct could the plea be made that, although he held madame guilty, he had too much affection for her daughter to expose a crime whose disgrace would extend over the entire family. He did not keep the secret. He told a gossipy woman that the paper which he burned in her presence contained something which would "damn them if it were known."

"'Is it very bad, this secret?'

"'Yes, very bad.'

"'For myself,' said Mrs. Tristram, 'I am sorry you have given it up. I should have liked immensely to see your paper. They have wronged me, too, you know, as your sponsor and guarantee, and it would have served for my revenge as well. How did you come into possession of your secret?'

"'It's a long story, but honestly at any rate.'

"'And they knew you were master of it?"

"'Oh! I told them.'

"'Dear me, how interesting!' cried Mrs. Tristram. 'And you humbled them at your feet?'

"Newman was silent a moment. 'No, not at all. They pretended not to care—not to be afraid. But I know they did care; they were afraid.'

"'Are you very sure?'

"'Newman stared a moment. 'Yes, I'm sure.'

"Mrs. Tristram resumed her slow stitches. 'They defied you, eh?'

"'Yes,' said Newman, 'it was about that.'

"'You tried by the threat of exposure to make them retract?' Mrs. Tristram pursued.

"'Yes, but they wouldn't. I gave them their choice, and they chose to take their chance of bluffing off the charge and convicting me of fraud. But they were frightened,' Newman added, 'and I have had all the vengeance I want.'"

How much reputation the Bellegardes had left after Mrs. Tristram had finished retailing the story of Newman's burnt paper and grievous innuendo the author does not tarry to tell, for at this point the story ends. There is nothing in *The American* to improve anybody's morals or manners; and the style, as an illustration of American progress in literary art, is not likely to bring us credit. The conception of the story is wanting in breadth, clearness, vigor, life; there is not a gentleman or lady between its covers; and foreigners, reading it as a representative American novel, would be sorely puzzled to know if Newman, whom Mr. James characterizes as not only "a fine American" but also "a fine man," is a good specimen of our national manhood. He is asked if this is his "first time in Europe," and answers, "Yes, very much so"; he

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describes a hack in which he had been riding as "having a greasy line along the top of the drab cushions, as if it had been used for a great many Irish funerals"; and when asked whether he desired a wife of a particular nationality, the "fine American" answers, "No Irish need apply." To make his success in life "perfect" he wants to see "a beautiful woman perched on the pile"; he is sure that if people "notice my wife and admire her" "I shall be mightily tickled"; and his figures of speech are drawn from the prize-ring and other equally refined associations. Mr. James does not intend to use for himself the careless language which he habitually sputters out of the mouth of his fine American. He says that Newman in the presence of women was neither shy nor awkward: "Grave, attentive, submissive, often silent, he was *simply swimming in a sort of rapture of respect.*"

We have given this book more space than it is entitled to; yet it has been proclaimed as one of the very best American novels ever written. To be sure this is saying little; but before laying it aside is it not pardonable to inquire whether the bad types of our men and women are not caricatured enough by foreigners; whether it is commendable in American authors not merely to lampoon the national foibles which ought to be lampooned, but to paint an illiterate and audacious gawk in a pretendedly fine frame and label him a representative American? A good specimen of the sturdy, honest, and peculiar American is "Robert Pagebrook" in Mr. George Cary Eggleston's *A Man of Honor.*

Rutledge, which has held a prominent place among novels for twenty years and has never been permitted to go out of print, so constant is the demand for it, is of the *St. Elmo* class, but the hero is silent and incomprehensible instead of being a roaring blasphemer. Like St. Elmo, he is for years in love with a girl twenty years his junior, and does not let the fact out until almost the *finale.* The morality of the book is quite as objectionable as its style. The scene is laid exclusively among what we are frequently assured is "aristocratic" New York society; the personages who play the principal *rôles* in the drama are presumably educated in their native language, since an ostentatious display is made of their accomplishments in foreign tongues; yet we read that Miss Josephine "looked charmingly" until we wonder what it was she looked charmingly at; and that Mr. Somebody "enjoyed vastly" something until we are puzzled to know in what page of the finite dictionary he acquired his vastness; and the heroine was "feeling awkwardly," and she, a paragon of attainments in English and French, arouses our amazement with the question, "Who did she ask?" The unusual reward bestowed upon the unnamed heroine is as out of nature as it is out of morals. After doing her utmost to forfeit the esteem of the hero, a lover whom she is cruelly deceiving is driven to suicide in time to let her hear a declaration of love from Rutledge and get all his wealth. And all we are permitted to know of Rutledge is that he is "immensely" wealthy; he is habitually silent, and has a curious way of popping in and out of the story without doing or saying much. The heroine makes herself an interesting hoiden, and takes

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the benefit of the omission to put any good or attractive girl into the drama. As a picture of "first-class American society" it is as false in outline as it is absurd in detail. But as a novel it is not to be compared with the ridiculous and vicious trash so abundantly produced by those confessedly "popular American novelists," Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Stephens, and their large brood of "weird sisters." The Lenas and Arthurs, the Ediths and Marians, and Johns and Hughs, of these ladies are simpering simpletons in contrast with whom the villains of the dime Indian series are respectable.

And what shall be said of the American taste which literally feeds on these productions? The writer of this article went a few weeks ago into the second in magnitude of the public libraries of the United States. Having the *entrée*, he busied himself searching the shelves where the novels, according to the catalogue, were supposed to be kept. A polite attendant inquired, "What are you looking for? A good novel?" "No. I want a couple by Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Holmes, and kindred spirits." "Oh!" said the attendant, laughing, "you will not find them on the shelves. They never get so far from the counter. They are all engaged weeks in advance, and are taken up with uniform haste as fast as they come in. We have ten copies of each novel of this kind; but you will never find one on the shelf." This statement, reported with simple accuracy, explains why such novels are written. There is a demand for them. They "pay." Admirable and delightful romances remain on the shelves, to be called for by the "judicious few"; *Lena Rivers* and *The Cameron Pride* are as greedily clamored for by young women as *The Cannibal of Cannibals' Island* or *Red-Handed Jake of the Bloody Mine* by small boys. Matthew Arnold says that in the production of a master-work in literature two powers must concur, "the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control." So we still await the appearance of the true "American novel." Not yet have the power of the author and the power of the moment found each other out and united for the production of American fiction. Is the happy time at hand? There are no indications of its dawn. It might be hastened could the prevailing popular "school" of American fiction be annihilated, and the popular novelists be persuaded to turn their pens into darning-needles. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, in his new volume of poems, tells the legend of the rainbow; how it inspired one brother in the field to attend to his grain, and lured the other off in quest of the cup of diamonds to be found by him who would reach its base.

"'Tis the old, old story: one man will read
His lesson of toil in the sky;
While another is blind to the present need,
But sees with the spirit's eye.
You may grind their souls in the self-same mill;
You may bind them, heart and brow;
But the poet will follow the rainbow still,
And his brother will follow the plough."

We would be much better off could our novelists who follow the rainbow be persuaded to take to the plough; but so long as the popular taste rewards them with

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fortune—for it cannot give them fame—so long as they actually find the crystal cup and its precious contents, in greenbacks if not in gems, it is a waste of time to argue further upon the subject.

THE JEWS IN ROME IN HEATHEN TIMES.

THE origin of the Jews in Rome is usually ascribed to the vast number of slaves brought to the capital by Pompey after taking Jerusalem in the year 63 B.C., which was the first considerable event that fixed the attention of classical writers on this wonderful people. If credit, however, be given to a reading of Valerius Maximus, as found in his epitomizers, Julius Paris and Januarius Nepotianus, first published by Cardinal Mai, they were of much older date in Rome, and from their earliest settlement had shown a disposition to proselytize which was considered dangerous to the republic. On this account they were expelled from the city and their synagogues were closed—*Judæos quoque qui Romanis tradere sacra sua conati erant idem Hispalus* * *urbe exterminavit, arasque privatas a publicis locis abjecit;* but the mention of private altars erected by the Jews in public places has seemed so manifest an absurdity as to justify some in rejecting the whole passage as interpolated into the text of Valerius. We are loath to surrender so valuable a testimony of the early presence in Rome of Jews in considerable numbers, and perhaps the difficulty may be got over by supposing the pagans to have mistaken for an altar the elevated tribune or rostrum which stood in the centre of every synagogue and was used for prayer and the reading of the law. Our knowledge also that besides the regular synagogues, which were walled in and roofed, the Jews had sometimes chapels or oratories open to the air, presumably near the squares and gates or adjoining the highways leading out of the city, may help to explain the meaning of removing their private *altars* from the public ground. Whatever we are to believe about this banishment of the Jews along with Chaldean astrologers, it is quite certain that long before they had formed a distinct settlement in the city, and begun this oldest unbroken colony of their race in Europe, there had been communication between Jerusalem and Rome, and Jews visited Rome either as ambassadors in the days of the Machabees or in furtherance of that spirit of commercial enterprise which has always moved them. The earliest mention of the Romans with relation to the Jews in the Sacred Scriptures is found in Numbers xxiv. 24, where Balaam, speaking by anticipation of these conquerors of the ancient world, says that "they shall come in galleys from Italy: they shall

* This Cn. Cornelius Scipio Hispalus, who belonged to the noblest family of Rome, destined in afterages to give martyrs, popes, and virgins to the Christian Church, was *prætor peregrinus* in B.C. 139, and as such responsible for the welfare and behavior of strangers in the city.

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overcome the Assyrians, *and shall waste the Hebrews.*" * *Chittim* in this passage, which St. Jerome renders by Italy in the Vulgate, is often used to denote the Romans, who became the masters of the peninsula; but the first historic and explicit mention of *Rome* in the Bible is in 1 Mach. i. 11, where Antiochus the Illustrious is described as having been a hostage there. About the year 161 B.C. the Jews were brought into close intercourse with the Romans when Judas Machabeus, who had heard of their character and conquests, sent ambassadors to Rome with the consent of the council and people, in order to strengthen himself against Demetrius, King of Syria, and concluded a defensive alliance with the senate. "So Judas chose Eupolemus † the son of John, the son of Jacob, and Jason the son of Eleazar, and he sent them to Rome to make a league of amity and confederacy with them [the Romans]. And they went to Rome, a very long journey, and they entered into the senate-house" (1 Mach. viii.)

When the Jewish envoys — for such they were, despite their Hellenized names—arrived in Rome the republic was approaching its highest point of prosperity and power. Carthage was effectually humbled, although not yet destroyed, and Roman arms and intrigues had made themselves felt throughout Macedonia, Greece, and Asia Minor; the whole of Italy was reduced; Corsica and Sardinia were annexed; Sicily was a Roman province; Spain had been overrun, the Gauls, Ligurians, Istrians been vanquished, and every people on the shores of the Mediterranean had heard of the fame of the Romans, and that they were powerful and strong, and fear possessed them all. There already existed at that time, overlooking the Forum, one of the plainest, perhaps, but otherwise most important of all the public buildings of Rome from its connection with the foreign relations of the republic and afterwards of the empire. This was the *Græcostasis*, a mere open although richly paved and balustraded platform, whose only decoration was a small bronze figure of Concord, reserved as a waiting place, a sort of privileged tribune, for the ambassadors of Greece and the public agents and deputies of other states, before being admitted to an audience of the senate, whose debates could be heard from there, and whose decrees were afterwards communicated to the envoys there in presence of the people. Its situation on the right of the *comitium* made it conspicuous from the Forum, and the sight of princes and nobles from so many various nations, Greeks and Gauls, Asiatics and Egyptians, in their national costumes, and frequently bearing splendid gifts, must have rendered the spectacle almost as gratifying as a triumph to Roman pride and love of pageantry. Here, then, stood to wait their turn Eupolemus and Jason, the first messengers of Jerusalem to Rome, the forerunners of those two other Jews, "ambassadors for Christ," who later were to make Rome happy by the spilling of their blood:

O Roma felix, quæ duorum principum
Es consecrata glorioso sanguine:
Horum cruore purpurata ceteras
Excellis orbis una pulchritudines.*

* *Licet enim Roma tempore Balaam necdum esset condita, tamen Romam et Romanos conditum iri, eosque hæc bella gesturos, spiritu prophetico prævidebat Balaam* (Cornelius à Lapide, *Com. in Num.*)

† This Eupolemus has been identified by some writers with the author of the same name who wrote several books on the history of the Jews.

* Hymn of the *Roman Breviary* for feast of SS. Peter and Paul, 29th of June, composed by Elpis, wife of the philosopher Boëthius.

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A memorial of this public intercourse between the Jews and the Romans, and which shows the lasting impression it must have made upon the Christian mind of Rome in after-centuries, is found in that singular composition of some antiquary of the middle ages, commonly called the *Mirabilia Romæ*, written somewhere about the year 1150. We are there told that a copy of this famous treaty, inscribed in letters of gold on a large bronze plate, had been once set up in the wall of St. Basil's church: *In muro Sancti Basilii fuit magna tabula erea infixa que erat aureis literis grecis et latinis scripta continens pacem et amicitiam que fuit facta inter Judæos et Romanos tempore Jude Machabei* (from a MS. of the University of Prague apud Papencordt, *Rom im Mittelalter*). We know that the originals or first drafts of international treaties were preserved by the Romans in the *Tabularium* of the Capitol, while copies engraved on metal were deposited in the Temple of Faith—*Fides Publica*—and it is not impossible that some zealous Christian may have saved the one relating to the Jews and Romans from the rapacity of the barbarians, and that it was afterwards exposed to public view, as the author of the *Mirabilia* says; but if it ever existed there it has long since disappeared, and from the fact, too, that it was not seen by him—FUIT *magna tabula*—Jordan, while admitting the possibility of the thing, offers an ingenious solution of the difficulty (*Topographie der Stadt Rom im Alterthum*, vol. ii. p. 471). The treaty of amity was renewed by Jonathan, who chose Numenius and Antipater to go to Rome. The latter was son of Jason, one of the first two commissioners. The former, accompanied by other Jewish ambassadors, was again despatched to Rome by Simon I., bringing a great shield of gold of a thousand pounds as a present to the senate, which received him well and gave him letters in favor of his countrymen, addressed to the various Eastern powers dependent on the republic through the consul Lucius, who is called in Machabees by his prænomen only, and is probably Lucius Cæcilius* Metellus Calvus, consul in B.C. 142, immediately after Simon assumed the government. In the year B.C. 65, when Syria was made a Roman province by Pompey, the Jews were still ruled by an Asmonean prince. Aristobulus had lately driven his brother Hyrcanus from the high-priesthood and proclaimed himself king; but Pompey, interfering, took the part of Hyrcanus, captured Jerusalem, reinstated him, and brought his rival in chains to Rome. His sons, Alexander and Antigonus, and his two beautiful daughters accompanied Aristobulus. These royal captives were among the three hundred and twenty-four princes and chiefs who preceded the car of Pompey at the splendid triumph for his Asiatic victories. Many other Jewish prisoners were carried to Rome at the same time, where they were either sold into bondage or allowed to settle down to private pursuits. A special district was soon assigned to this class, not on the site of the modern "Ghetto," between the Capitol and the river, but across the Tiber. Many of the slaves were redeemed by their fellow-countrymen already living in Rome, and wealthy; and others, recom-

* He also belonged to one of those great patrician houses which was to give some of its noblest members to the early Christian Church. Vide Guéranger, *Sainte Cécile et la Société Romaine aux deux premiers siècles*, ch. xii.

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mending themselves to their masters by their accomplishments, and in some cases by their religion, were made freedmen. Indeed, these despised foreigners made many proselytes from paganism to the worship of the true God, even among the higher classes, and thus, to use the words of Seneca, "The conquered gave laws to their conquerors"—*Victoribus victi leges dederunt.*

Pompey displayed unusual clemency after his triumph by sparing the lives of his chief prisoners, and even dismissing them, with few exceptions, to their several states. Alexander was allowed to go—he was afterward beheaded at Antioch—but his father and brother were detained for eight years at Rome, when they escaped and excited fresh disturbances at Jerusalem. Gabinius, the Roman general, sent Aristobulus back to Rome, where he remained until Cæsar set him free, intending to send him into Syria with two legions to support his interests there against the party of Pompey, by whose partisans, however, he was poisoned before he could do anything. His body was preserved in honey,* and kept in Rome until Antony had it transported to Judea and laid in the sepulchre of the kings (Joseph., *Antiq. Jud.*, xiv. 13).

Julius Cæsar showed the Jews some kindness, allowing them the free exercise of their religion in Rome. They were the loudest and longest mourners at his obsequies in the Forum, and their hatred of Pompey, the first Roman violator of their sanctuary, must have deepened their attachment to his conqueror.†

Mommsen, in his *Roman History*, has developed the singular position which the Jews were destined to occupy in the reorganization of government and society which Cæsar began but did not live to complete.* Although the Jews who settled in Rome between the age of the Machabees and Pompey's capture of Jerusalem no doubt made a living by reputable traffic and industry, and some individuals even rose to opulence—perhaps, as Gibbon says, losing no opportunity of overreaching the idolaters in trade; after this national calamity, while their numbers increased, their respectability and popularity were much diminished by the immense influx which then brought in some of the poorest and most unruly of their brethren. From the contemptuous notices of the Jews which occur in the Latin authors after this period, most of them must have been in the lowest depths of penury, outcasts of society, utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which they lived—mere foreign adventurers; and still, as Milman says, "the heathen could not but look with something of the interest excited by wonder on this strange, unsocial, and isolated people, who dwelt among them and yet were not of them. While the philosopher despised the fanaticism which he could not comprehend, the populace mingled something like awe with their dislike. The worse and more destitute of the race probably availed themselves of this feeling; many, half impostors and half enthusiasts, gained their livelihood by working on the superstitious terrors of the people, who

* *Mellis natura est, ut corpora non sinat computrescere*, says Pliny in his *Natural Hist.*

† *In summo publico luctu exterarum gentium multitudo circulatim suo quæque more lamentata est; præcipue Judæi, qui etiam noctibus continuis bustum frequentarent* (Suetonius, *Cæsar.*, 84).

* *Stellung der Juden im Staate Cæsars*, iii. 598–535.

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were never more open to deception than in this age of comparative advancement. The empire swarmed with Jewish wonder-workers, mathematicians, astrologers, or whatever other name or office they assumed or received from their trembling hearers" (*History of the Jews*, ii. 466). The magician and false prophet called Barjesu (*Elymas* being only the Arabic form), who had attached himself to the proconsul of Cyprus, Sergius Paulus, when the apostle visited the island (Acts xiii.), will occur to the reader, who may also recall this line of Juvenal:

Qualiacumque voles Judæi somnia vendunt.
Sat., vi. 547.

The Jews formed under the empire the chief population on the other side of the Tiber—the modern "Trastevere"—whence Martial's expression, *Transtiberinus ambulator*, applied to one of them, and the principal business exchange of the smarter sort seems to have been a curious monument on the Forum, called *Puteal Libonis* or *Scribonianum*, resembling a well, whence its name. It was erected by one of the family of the Scribonii Libones, on whose coins it is represented.* The allusions to it in classical literature are associated with indebtedness or litigation growing out of money matters, and it thus became a rendezvous for usurers and brokers, among whom Jews abounded. Outside of the more thickly populated parts of the city a multitude of miserable Jews, particularly during Domitian's reign, pitched their camps, like modern gypsies, in the open air around the beautiful grove and fane and fountain of Egeria, their furniture consisting of a basket and an armful of hay to lie on:

Nunc sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Judæis, quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Juvenal, *Sat.* iii. 13.

Augustus, following the policy of his uncle, rather favored the Jews. Sharing in the general largess of corn which was distributed by the government among the poorer inhabitants of the city, he allowed them to have their portion reserved if the distribution fell on a Sabbath. Martial alludes to their filth, and describes them as pedlars and junkmen, trafficking matches for broken glass; Statius also mentions them in no complimentary terms. It was the amusement of the idle youth of Rome to visit the synagogue and make fun of the Jews; and the well-known passage in Horace's ninth Satire will occur to the classical reader:

Hodie tricesima sabbata: vin' tu
Curtis Judæis oppedere?

It is singular that the same low manner of showing contempt for the Jews which the poet was not ashamed to exhibit should have been associated with mockery of them for ages afterward, as we see by the fact that an ancient tower in one of the walls of Paris, in which the Jews were permitted to open a synagogue in the twelfth century, was called from that time "Pet au Diable."

Tiberius protected the Jews during the latter part of his reign after the fall of their enemy, the favorite Sejanus, but at an earlier period he drafted four thousand of the younger men into the army to serve in Sardinia and other unhealthy provinces, and banished the rest from the city: *Externas ceremonias, Ægyptios Judaicosque ritus compescuit; coactis, qui superstitione ea*

* Nichols, *The Roman Forum*, p. 127.

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tenebantur, religiosas vestes cum instrumento omni comburerent. Judæorum juventutem, per speciem sacramenti, in provincias gravioris cœli distribuit; reliquos gentis ejusdem, vel similia sectantes, urbe submovit, sub pœna perpetuæ servitutis, nisi obtemperassent (Suetonius, iii. 36). The immediate cause of their maltreatment was a sacrilegious fraud practised by four of their number on a certain Fulvia, whom Josephus calls a woman of great dignity, and one that had embraced the Jewish religion (*Antiq.*, xviii. 3). His successor, Caligula, grievously oppressed them and insulted their religion, and it was to seek relief by a personal application to the emperor that the celebrated Philo, a Jew of Alexandria, undertook in the winter of A.D. 39–40, with four others of his race, that embassy to Rome which he has so graphically described in his *Legatio ad Cajum*. Claudius, who succeeded his nephew by mere accident, commanded all Jews to depart from Rome, on account of the tumults connected with the preaching of Christianity; but this banishment cannot have been of long duration, for we find Jews residing in Rome, apparently in considerable numbers, at the time of St. Paul's visit. They had a sort of council or house of judgment, which decided all matters of dispute among themselves; there were also synagogues in different parts of the city, with their proper officers. Two old explorers of the Roman catacombs, Bosio and Aringhi, describe a Jewish cemetery on the Via Portuensis beyond the Tiber, which is now covered up again; but since they wrote two other Jewish catacombs have been discovered or reopened, one on the Via Appia, on the opposite side of the road to the Christian catacomb of San Sebastiano in the Vigna Randanini, in 1859, and the other —which, however, has been only partially excavated—in the Vigna Cimarra on the same road, in 1866.* All the national customs and prejudices of the Jews were opposed to the Roman practice of burning the dead, which Tacitus asserts they never observed (*Hist.*, v. 5), and they clung with tenacity to their own mode of sepulture. In the catacomb of the Vigna Randanini, which is the largest hitherto discovered, there are paintings, sculptured sarcophagi, inscriptions, and Jewish emblems such as the palm-tree—a symbol of Judæa—and the seven-branched candlestick, etc., cut on the terra-cotta or marble slabs that close the graves. Most of the inscriptions in these Jewish cemeteries (nearly two hundred having been found in that of the Vigna Randanini alone) are rudely engraved in Greek letters; but the words of some are Latin, of others Hebrew, and some are Hebrew in the Latin characters. At the principal entrance is an oblong chamber open to the sky, but originally vaulted, with a good black and white mosaic pavement, in which are drains for letting the water run off, which shows that the place was used for washing the bodies. In the adjoining chamber are the remains of a well or lavatory for ablution. A low door leads from here into the purely subterranean portions of the cemetery, and from one of the principal galleries six square rooms, or *cubicula*, open out; a lateral passage leads to other similar chambers. The greater part of the catacomb

* The best account in English of these Jewish catacombs is in Parker's *Archæology of Rome*, part xii.; and in Italian, in Father Garrucci's *Dissertazioni Archeologiche di vario argomento*, vol. ii.: *Cimiteri degli Ebrei*.

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is merely dug out of the soft rock; nor is there any certain indication of the age of the structure, except that, as Parker says, what architectural character there is in the upper part belongs to the first century. The construction of a wall at another entrance to the catacomb is of the fourth century. In some parts of the cemetery the *loculi*, or graves, are opened not parallel with, but at right angles to, the passage, and are cut in several tiers one above another, each capable of containing a corpse. This disposition of the bodies was called *cocim* by rabbinical writers. Sometimes the usual lateral direction of the graves is adopted, as in the Christian catacombs; and sometimes, again, the graves are sunk in the floor of the passages and chambers. Some portions of the cemetery indicate great poverty, and a crowding of the dead to save expense; yet it has been searched and despoiled, probably by the Goths or Lombards, as the great quantity of marble fragments and the displaced inscriptions attest. The inscriptions that have been recovered are set up *in situ*, but there is a cold and cheerless look about the place very different from that of any neighboring Christian catacomb, so full of the warmth of faith and hope and the sufferings of this life and of the delights of Paradise. The palm is found as an emblem in both Jewish and Christian cemeteries; but while in these it symbolizes that victory which has long been won, in the other it suggests defeat and the judgments of God—as in those famous coins of Vespasian, on which we see a woman at the foot of a palm-tree, bowed down and weeping, while a Roman soldier stands over her holding a spear, and we read the legend IVDÆA CAPTA.*

The majority of the Jews were poor and despised by the haughty Romans, but other Jews lived in Rome in wealth and honor, their princes being received with royal distinction and lodged in the palace of the Cæsars. Chief among these were the Herods, who, although of Idumean descent, and consequently aliens by race, were Jews in faith. The Idumeans had been conquered by John Hyrcanus (B.C. 130), and from the time of their conversion to Judaism remained constant to it, looking up to Jerusalem as their metropolis, and claiming for themselves the name of Jews. Herod the Great, whose father, Antipas, had gained the friendship of Cæsar, who made him a Roman citizen, was forced to fly to Rome (B.C. 40) before an invasion of the Parthians, where he was kindly received by Antony and Octavian. While in Rome he was appointed king of Judea by the senate to the exclusion of the Asmonean line, and signalized his elevation to the throne by offerings to the Capitoline Jupiter. Herod Antipas, his son, tetrarch of Galilee and Peræa, was induced by the ambition of Herodias to go to Rome and sue for the title of king; but he was opposed at court by the agents of Agrippa, and condemned to perpetual banishment,

*Many of the proper names in these Jewish catacombs are unmistakably Hebraic, and where the epitaphs refer to the station of the deceased it is always to officers of the synagogue—as APKONTEC (rulers), ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΙ (scribes), etc.; but the names of other sleepers show them to have been Greek or Latin proselytes. The Jesuit antiquary, Father Garrucci, has pointed out a peculiarity in some of these inscriptions which shows the minuteness of Jewish opposition to the early Christians; namely, that although they used the Greek ΕΝ ΕΙΡΗΝΗ—In peace—yet whenever they employed the Latin language, instead of giving the Greek equivalent they rendered it by *In bonis*, in order to avoid the well-known Christian acclamation, *In pace*.

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B.C. 39. Archelaus, another son of Herod the Great, was brought up at Rome and became a favorite of Augustus, but his tyranny after being made ethnarch by the emperor caused him to be exiled to Vienne, in Gaul, A.D. 7. A grandson of Herod the Great, Agrippa I., was educated at Rome with the imperial princes Claudius and Drusus; but he was a voluptuary like his companions, and after squandering a fortune in sumptuous entertainments, and bribes to the freedmen of the emperor, became so deeply involved in debt that he was obliged to leave Italy in disgrace. After a life of strange vicissitudes, which Josephus narrates (*Antiq.*, xviii. 7), he was thrown into a dungeon by Tiberius for an imprudent speech, and remained there until the accession of Caligula, A.D. 37, who loaded him with favors, even presenting him with a golden chain equal in weight to the iron one he had been made to wear in prison. Agrippa II. was at Rome when his father died, and about A.D. 50 was sent into the East with the insignia of royalty. In the last war he took part with the Romans against his countrymen, and, after the fall of Jerusalem, retired to Rome with his sister Berenice. He was there invested with the dignity of prætor, and died in Trajan's reign at the age of seventy, being the last prince of the house of Herod. Another very celebrated Jew living at this time was Josephus, who assumed the additional name of Flavius as a dependant of the Flavian family, having received from Vespasian the freedom of the city of Rome, where he lived the latter part of his life, engaged in literary pursuits and the composition of his works. His life reads more like a romance than sober history.

After the capture of Jerusalem by Titus on the 8th of September, A.D. 70, multitudes of Jews were brought to Rome either as slaves or concubines, and seven hundred of the tallest and handsomest men were selected to grace the triumph of their conqueror. Among them were John of Giscala, Eleazar, and Simon Bar-Gioras, the three chief defenders of the city; to these were reserved the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, the passage from the Mamertine to the *Cloaca Maxima* and out into the muddy Tiber.* Four years after his triumph Vespasian dedicated the Temple of Peace. Its magnificence surpassed all expectation. The golden table of show-bread, weighing many talents, and the golden candlestick, from the Temple of Jerusalem, were deposited there (Joseph., *Bell. Jud.*, vii. 5, 7). This edifice was destroyed by fire in the sixth century, and even its ruins have disappeared; but the Arch of Titus still exists, as if a special providence watched over it, on the *summa Via Sacra*, midway between the Coliseum and the Capitol, and has a greater historical and artistic interest than any other relic of imperial Rome. On each side of the interior is a fine *alto-rilievo* representing the triumphal procession of Titus. On the south side a number of persons carry aloft the spoils of the Temple—the seven-branched candlestick, the table of show-bread, and two long trumpets are clearly visible; on the north side the emperor, standing in his car drawn by four horses, is sur-

*"Jean de Giscala, Eléazar, Simon Bar-Gioras; qui pense à eux aujourd'hui? L'univers entier proclame et vénère les noms de deux pauvres juifs qui, quatre ans auparavant, dans cette même prison, avaient eux aussi attendu le supplice; mais le malheur, le courage, la mort tragique des autres, ne leur ont point donné la gloire, et un dédaigneux oubli les a effacés de la mémoire des hommes" (Mme. Auguste Craven).

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rounded by his guards and suite. Victory holds a crown of laurels over his head, and Rome personified is guiding the reins. To this day the Jews go around and will not pass under this memorial of their ruin. Near by is the Coliseum, to raise which twelve thousand captive Jews were made to labor:

Quid mereare Titus docuit, docuere rapinis
Pompeianæ acies, quibus extirpata per omnes
Terrarum, pelagique plagas tua membra feruntur.
Exiliis vagus huc illuc fluitantibus errat
Judæus—postquam patria de sede revulsus
Supplicium pro cæde luit, Christique negati
Sanguine respersus commissa piacula solvit,
Ex quo priscorum virtus defluxit avorum.
Prudentius, *Apotheosis*.

The only ones to take pity on the Jews, to defend them from oppression, to raise a voice in their behalf, were the successors of the poor Fisherman of Galilee.

ART SONNETS.

II.

FRA ANGELICO.

Not for earth's joys, triumphal, hymeneal,
Those harp-strings twang, those golden trumpets blare.
On gilded grounds, in place of the blue air,
In Byzant lines unrounded and unreal,
The simple monk worked out his own ideal—
And were there ever forms more heavenly fair?
Nay, from the life the ineffable angels there
Seem limned and colored by their servant leal!

What was his charm? Whence the inflowing grace?
The beauty of holiness! His child-soul dreamed,
When psalm and censer filled the holy place,
Till to take shape the mist, the music seemed;
Till Mary Mother's smile grew out of song,
To symphony of the seraphic throng!

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A HAPPY FAMILY.*

A FRIGHTFUL journey!

Frightful!

I know the word is a strong one, and you will suspect me at once of having placed it there, much as one fires a rocket, to draw the eyes of the curious. But an abuse of words is very much the fashion in these days (would that the abuse were only confined to words!), and the more noise one tries to make the less he has to say. An example of the truth of this sage maxim, not altogether famous for its novelty, you will find in the present narrative.

I was at Amélie-les-Bains, where I was vainly endeavoring to get a much-needed rest. One morning the postman brought me a letter from Belgium which ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am about to put your friendship to the proof. I ought to take my wife and children to Amélie-les-Bains. At the last moment an unforeseen accident prevents me. Political life, you know, makes imperious demands on us, and I cannot absent myself at this moment. Meanwhile the demands of health, equally imperious with those of politics, absolutely forbid me to defer the departure of my family. What am I to do? Was there ever anything so embarrassing? In a happy moment I learned that you were at Amélie-les-Bains, and at once I felt myself saved. You will do for me what I would do for you in a similar case. My wife, my daughter, and my son—invalids all three, especially my wife—will arrive at Perpignan on the 17th. I dare not ask you to go that far to meet them, for I am well aware that you yourself are an invalid. But it will be easy for you to send some one to pilot them as far as Amélie-les-Bains. For the rest, I know that once there they will be able to count on you, and you will assist them in finding a suitable stopping-place. Thanking you beforehand for your kindness, believe me to be your most devoted servant, X——."

The signer of this letter is a man by whose side I sat on the same university bench something like thirty years ago, alas! We were more or less intimate there, had the common habit for some years of saluting each other as friends when chance threw us together. After leaving the university our meetings were rare, for we pursued very different careers. I lived for work; my old college chum lived for pleasure. The heir to a very pretty fortune and a title, he found, as do so many other jolly fellows in this world, that the best return you can make to God for having created you under favorable conditions is to "enjoy life." This kind of enjoyment naturally supposes a large freedom, and scarcely concerns itself with any other code of morals than that india-rubber morality covering what the world calls an "honest man"—a title that has grown to be wonderfully elastic in its application. Well, well, young men must "sow their wild oats," say your practical philosophers.

X——, then, had passed a gay youth, and, finding it too pleasant to allow it to glide away rapidly, he had prolonged it as much as possible up to the very borders of a ripe age. At last, when even he began to see the wrinkles come and the hair go, the purse flatten and the waistcoat bulge, by way of making a happy end of it all he,

* From the *Revue Générale.*

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sensible man, married a very large fortune from the middle class. Soon after, stung by the fly of ambition and egged on by his worthy father-in-law, a very influential person in his province, X—— threw himself into the broad road of liberalism and became straightway a man of politics—a *rôle* that, once happily hit upon, demands no very vast amount of talent or wisdom to play successfully.

The easy character of X——, his joyous humor, had always brought him hosts of friends. "He *is* such a good fellow," people always said of him. The world is full of these "good fellows," whom an amiable thoughtlessness, a gay disregard of consequences, and the absence of all fixed principles bear along very far and, to themselves, very pleasantly on the whole.

I confess that the "good fellow's" letter made me a trifle nervous. I was scarcely able to go myself to Perpignan; I had no one to "pilot" the party thence to Amélie-les-Bains—a matter that, to tell the truth, seemed to me of no absolute necessity. "They will only have to hire a carriage," thought I, "and that is scarcely a feat requiring an extraordinary amount of intelligence or labor." I would have telegraphed to this effect to X——, but I saw that his letter had been delayed twenty-four hours and his family was already on the way.

"So much the worse," sighed I to myself. "This lady and her children will be here very soon. Time enough then to trouble about them. Till then I will bother my head no more."

But one is always thinking about the very things he ought not. Mme. X—— and her children stuck fast in my mind. To tell the truth, there was a strong touch of personal feeling in my preoccupation. I could not well avoid certain relations with the new-comers, and what a turmoil that was going to create in my calm bachelor life of absolute retirement, divided equally between labor and the cares of health! I thought also of these three poor invalids arriving at Perpignan and finding no one at the station to aid or direct them. I asked myself if the situation would not be a very distressing one for them. I knew nothing of the children's age. If they were little things what might not be the embarrassment of the mother, who, as my letter informed me, was the chief invalid! It was not gentlemanly in me to abandon the poor woman thus.

I passed a night battling with my conscience. The fever, my nearest and dearest foe, brought to my eyes heartrending sights. A dying woman, holding in her arms children in their agony, dragged herself through the streets of Perpignan, calling upon me in a voice that was a groan. It was too piercing. Must I confess it? My heart is weak and my mind not too firm. The thought that I was abandoning the widow and the orphan became insupportable to me. On the following day, although suffering intensely, I started as best I could for Perpignan. It was a rash undertaking, for the northwest wind, which is never felt at Amélie-les-Bains, gives itself full play in the plains of Roussillon. On leaving the valley of Tech this horrible wind caught me. Ah! one must have suffered from it in order to know rightly what it is. I appeal to all the sufferers whose nerves it has shattered, whose bones it has frozen, whose throats it has dried

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up, whose chests it has inflamed, all whose afflictions it has redoubled. In Roussillon and Languedoc it is not called *mistral*, as on the coast of Provence, but no matter. It does well to hide its name; one soon recognizes this demon. During that journey of four hours' duration, crouched in a corner of the carriage, my teeth chattering with cold, I made certain very cool reflections on the grand inconveniences of great sacrifices. It was on this very evening that Mme. X—— was to arrive at Perpignan. I had never even seen the lady; but it would surely not be difficult for me to recognize her at the depot. A sick lady, very feeble of course, two pale, wretched-looking children. . . . I pictured them to myself, the whole three as interesting, and I dwelt with a sweet satisfaction on the thought of the graceful acknowledgment they would make on seeing me, so really ill myself, coming to the succor of my suffering fellow-creatures. This happy thought relieved my nerves.

Before the hour of the arrival of the last train from Bordeaux I could rest at the hotel. I will not say at which hotel, because I should be obliged to add that I found it horribly cold and damp, in spite of a little gas-fire with which they favored me, and which gave out no spark of heat, but made up for this want by exhaling a stifling odor. An original and interesting town is Perpignan. It has a Spanish look. Certain quarters are very picturesque. I recommend above all to travellers who are in good health to pay a visit to its market. There they will see Catalan costumes, and the throng has not that dead monotony of aspect so exasperating in this age of fusion and confusion. Neither must they forget to go and see the charming alley of plane-trees planted by Henry IV. I have passed through it. I cannot absolutely guarantee that these trees go back to the Béarnais monarch, but I can and do affirm that they are magnificent. But above all I commend the cathedral to tourists; it is beautiful, rich, interesting, majestic. As for travellers who are not strong, I would dissuade them from making a tardy stay in the Catalan town. They will scarcely benefit by it. I reached the station a good quarter of an hour before the arrival of the train, so fearful was I of missing my invalids. As generally happens under such circumstances, there was a delay. I was chilled to the bone. At last came the warning whistle; then the signal of the signal-man; then the red round eye of the locomotive gleamed along the route; then the earth trembled, and the train came hissing and roaring into the station. I looked at the carriage-doors; I saw a confusion of heads, but no particular head that seemed sufficiently ill. The carriages emptied themselves of their passengers. There were very few of the first-class. I saw a little gray-headed gentleman pop out of one compartment. In his buttonhole he wore a rose; his air was that of a personage of great importance. He assisted a lady to alight, who was still young enough, but of so very generous a size that it seemed as though she were about to crush her little gray cavalier under her weight. While this mighty dame drew herself up with a haughty air, shook out her skirt, and deployed her train on the sidewalk, a young man of interminable length issued after her. His inevitable

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ulster made him look like an umbrella in its case. He had that weary air, weary and at the same time impertinent, which is considered so fashionable by certain young men. Behind him there appeared at the door a young lady to whom he never dreamed of offering his hand to assist her in descending. She succeeded in alighting with the greatest difficulty, thanks to the supreme elegance with which her skirt, drawn tightly back, nipped her about and hindered her movements. She at last descended and had already taken a step on the asphalt pavement while the end of her skirt was still in the train. She dragged this appendage after her, then advanced, balancing herself on her hips, to join the large lady and the important little man. All about her, from hat of all shapes or no shape at all to her boots with their bewildering bandelets and heels that seemed fashioned for vertigo, presented the accomplished type of young persons who aim at and succeed in being taken for ladies of that uncertain world that politeness calls by the significant title of *a certain* world. These four personages formed a group. The large lady had hooked her weighty arm in that of the little old man, who, despite his roguish and waggish air, was simply nowhere at all by the side of her. The pair, nosé in air, looked to right and left of them. The young man and the young girl seemed quite lost, the one in his ulster, wherein he buried himself with a visible satisfaction, the other in her small veil of white tulle, which she pinned behind with such exactness that it moulded her face like a mask.

I was quite disconcerted. Save the attenuated youth, I saw no person who bore the slightest appearance of delicate health. Then, again, what to make of this little old man, with his impertinent profile, whom I was certain I had never seen? And yet there were no other travellers in whom I could recognize those of whom I was in search. I made a step forward in order to show myself—an utterly stupid proceeding on my part, inasmuch as not a soul of them knew me. They looked at me, they exchanged a few words together, then in a metallic voice, while he watched me out of the corner of his eye, my gray little gentleman pronounced my name aloud as he asked his party if I ought not to have been at the station awaiting them. There was no need for further hesitation; these indeed were my invalids; I addressed them.

The stout female was Mme. X——. She introduced me to the little gentleman whose arm she held. He was her father, a very rich manufacturer, and he returned my salute with as much stiffness as though his backbone were made of one of the iron bars fashioned in his workshops. "My son, my daughter," said Mme. X——, presenting her two other companions. The young man disengaged himself a little from his collar and raised his hat; the young lady saluted by bending a little to one side—her skirts not authorizing her to do otherwise—accepted, although very much embarrassed by a fan suspended to her wrist, the arm I offered her, and we departed from the station. I had already engaged a carriage; a second one was needed. Moreover, a formidable quantity of luggage had to be seen to. The father, whom I shall call M. Rosette, gave in his coppery voice various resounding orders to a footman who had joined us, and

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whose manifold lace and scarlet vest had made a profound impression on the omnibus drivers and commissionaires.

"Jean! come here, Jean! Be very sure, Jean, that *the countess'* baggage and my baggage are all right. Do you hear, Jean?" It was plain to see that M. Rosette was the bluest of blue blood in speaking of his daughter, in the loudest tones he could summon, as "the countess."

"By the way, where shall we get out?" he asked of me.

I proposed my hotel, where I had ascertained there were apartments unoccupied.

"Very well," sighed Mme. X—— in a languishing voice. "Only let us make haste. I am horribly fatigued. But that frightful luggage. Arthur, could you not remain at the station with Jean, and make them bring it?"

But Arthur seemed very ill-disposed to offer his services for such a purpose. I ventured to propose that they should only take what was absolutely necessary for the one night they were to spend at Perpignan, and to leave the rest at the station until the following day. My suggestion was adopted. But there was still a sorting to be made. Each one pointed out to Arthur the trunk and satchel that were absolutely indispensable to them, even for a single night. The young man went off with a bored air, the skirt of his ulster flapping about his legs, and we saw him wander in and out among the trunks, followed by the flaming red waistcoat of the footman. Mme. X—— allowed herself to fall, with an air of aristocratic lassitude, in a carriage whose springs she tried to their very utmost; her daughter, after engaging in a single combat with her weighty train, got lodged in another carriage where a maid scarcely found room to perch on the seat opposite. M. Rosette was agitated, and he took as mighty strides on the sidewalk as his little legs would allow him to take, complaining the while of the insufficiency of the lighting arrangements. Finally the languishing Arthur returned, saying that the sorting was completed and that the indispensable baggage—four trunks and as many satchels—would follow; whereupon he pried his way into the carriage occupied by his sister and her train. Then was heard a great rustling of silks and stuffs, and cries of "Take your tail out of the way" and "Take care now," which proved that the movement was not made without violence. I mounted into the other carriage, where Mme. X—— and her father were seated, and at last we started. As we rolled towards the hotel I learned that M. Rosette had decided at the last moment on accompanying his daughter to Amélie-les-Bains. I could not prevent myself from thinking that if I had only received the slightest hint of this short father and this long son, I should without the least scruple have dispensed with the very disagreeable task to which I was now set.

Our installation at the hotel was a very trying affair. Mme. X—— found the apartments odiously uncomfortable; then it was necessary that her maid be lodged in the room next to hers; then her daughter could never occupy an isolated chamber; then M. Rosette was accustomed to have a fire in his bed-room. They exhausted themselves in plans, as though they intended putting up there for years. Arthur planted himself in the middle of the

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room which was assigned to him, and, his hands in the pockets of his trousers, his little hat pushed as far back on his head as it could go, he drawled out a "Well-l-l!" which depicted his utter disgust at the whole proceedings and the extreme bitterness of his heart. Mlle. X—— walked hither and thither, her train frou-frouing all over the place, her heels going tic-toc, tic-toc; but her discontent was mute, for the very good reason, doubtless, that her veil was drawn so tightly across her face as not to allow her to open her mouth. M. Rosette, on the contrary, was bubbling over; he emitted little ironical laughs in his coppery way, declaring that, for his part, since their arrival at Perpignan the insufficiency of the light had prepared his mind for droll things. Whereupon Mme. X—— remarked, with a touch of heat, that for *her* part she saw nothing at all droll in their being so frightfully lodged. At length they hit upon a combination of chambers which it was thought might possibly be endured for one night, deplorable as they were.

Then with one voice they asked for supper. A new and grave trouble arose when it was discovered that there was no private saloon, and that they should descend to the public dining-room. In vain did the butler assure them that they would find there scarcely any other travellers at such an hour; it was not so much the fact of possible witnesses as that of so demeaning themselves at all as to take supper in a common room. But hunger lent an argument of its own. Arthur gave vent to the void that was in him by saying with a yawn:

"Well, let us have something to eat, any how!"

His sister unmasked to say:

"Well, mamma, it is very annoying, of course. Still, if we do descend—as for me, I'm famished."

M. Rosette said, in a voice that grew more and more metallic, and with a laugh that grew also in irony:

"Well, serve the supper as fast as you can."

And Mme. X—— responded by a simple "Well" whose dull accent contained a whole history of resigned misfortune.

After these four "wells" I was invited to join them at supper. I refused. In the first place, I never eat supper; in the next place, the fatigue and annoyance made me extremely anxious to retire to my chamber. M. Rosette protested; Mme. X—— said that she had a multitude of things to ask me concerning Amélie-les-Bains.

"You surely will not begin by abandoning us? My husband told me that you placed yourself altogether at my disposal."

With difficulty I repressed a grimace; but, as they really wanted me, I accepted their invitation. Notwithstanding their famishing condition, they devoted half an hour to certain preliminary touches of the toilette. At the end of half an hour I descended to the dining-room. Its sole occupant was a bearded man, who devoured together with his supper a mass of journals of every kind which he drew from his pockets. Not a soul yet of the X—— family. Arthur was the first to appear, his hands plunged deep in the pockets of his startlingly-striped trousers; his long neck, being no longer upheld by the collar of his ulster, protruded itself lingeringly out of a collar that widened to his ears and was open to the collar-bone; on his by no means large brow were coiled the two scales of a coiffure *à la Capoul*.

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He drifted up to me with the motion of a frigate that is lying to, and asked:

"Is not my mother here yet?"

"I hardly think she is," I replied without a smile, but not without the passing thought that Mme. X—— was not precisely transformed into an invisible sylph.

"At this rate we sha'n't sup till to-morrow. What a nuisance! I'll go and see."

And he drifted out without for a moment losing his air of graceful extension.

In good time all the family assembled. Mme. X—— had on a robe of black satin, in which her robust form showed its bold outlines as in a reflection of polished steel. There were chains, clasps, medallions gleaming on this black ground. Her expressionless face denoted rude health; a little nose, perked upwards to the point of impertinence, pushed itself the best way it could from between two bloated cheeks; the eyes, half closed, posed for the downward look (which some people consider gives them an air of distinction); in the whole woman there was that something of silly vanity which bespeaks from afar off the wealthy woman of the middle class who is consumed with the distinction of having married a title. Mlle. Clementine—for so I heard the young girl called—was an improvement on her mother. She had some elegance in her traits. But what a vice for overdoing fashion! Such pinchings of skirts! What a debauch of hair on her forehead and on the nape of her neck! As for M. Rosette, vanity simply oozed out of all his pores; it was like an atmosphere which he always carried about with him, and which one felt from afar off.

The bearded eater, always deep in his journals, had to undergo, happily without suspecting it, more than one glance of displeasure and disdain from all the members of the family.

"They told us we should be alone here!" murmured Mme. X——, tightening a mouth which corresponded with her size.

"Pray forgive that poor gentleman, madame," said I in an undertone. "Indeed, he does not even dream that his presence here offends you."

The attention of M. Rosette, who found himself seated by the side of the intruder, was attracted by the journals. After some reflection he seemed to come to the conclusion that it would not lower his dignity if he asked permission to cast an eye over one of the sheets. The gentleman immediately offered him several in a very obliging manner, at the same time calling his attention to certain interesting intelligence. Soon after this traveller, whose accent and the rapidity of his speech pronounced him to be from some middle province of France, made a few remarks, to which M. Rosette condescended to reply. A conversation sprang up between the two, who found themselves in perfect accord on the matters which they so lucidly discussed. The Frenchman was a republican, a great admirer of M. Thiers, and in close sympathy with M. Gambetta; the Belgian was a liberal, full of contempt for all the abuses of all the ages, save that in which God called him into the world. M. Rosette having mentioned that he was a Belgian, the other, who seemed to interest himself about the politics of every country in the world, put certain questions to him con-

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cerning the situation in Belgium. From the manner in which he responded I saw soon enough that M. Rosette belonged to that class of men whom a party spirit moves to belittle their own country, without really recognizing the fact, I believe, just to give themselves the satisfaction of blackening their political adversaries.

But I soon lost track of this interesting and edifying discussion, my attention being necessarily devoted to Mme. X——, who plied me with questions about Amélie-les-Bains, how she might put up there, the manner of life they lived there, the society one met there, and so forth.

It was agreed that we should all start next morning for Amélie-les-Bains. I then begged and obtained permission to retire, for my fatigue was extreme. Indeed, it was sufficiently apparent, for Mme. X—— had already remarked that, to judge by my countenance, it did not seem that my stay at Amélie-les-Bains had greatly benefited me, and that "this was not very encouraging for poor invalids who went there in search of health." She was evidently thinking of herself at the time.

I passed a horrible night, almost without sleep. I had over-exerted myself, and was moreover terrified at the prospect of the thousand-and-one annoyances that this excruciating family promised me. I asked myself with stupefaction what ills these people pretended to come to cure at Amélie-les-Bains. If Mme. X——, for instance, was consumptive she disguised it with admirable effect. I claim no great merit for having risen early next morning; after a sleepless night one's bed is a rack. I breakfasted without seeing a single one of my friends, and returned to my room. There I remained a long while, and was just on the point of wooing forty winks from a sofa when a tremendous rap came to the door. I jumped with fright, crying out at the same time, "Come in!" A clumsy and heavy hand fiddled at the lock for some moments, then the door opened and the scarlet waistcoat of the footman flashed upon me, and the wearer of the waistcoat informed me that the countess was at table and awaited me in the dining-room. I gave vent to a sigh of resignation and descended. All the family had assembled and breakfast began.

"You see," said Mme. X——, with a wicked air, as though intending a joke, while I took the seat reserved for me at her side—"you see we have been waiting for you."

They were astounded to learn that I had already breakfasted. Arthur observed between mouthfuls that I rose earlier than he, whence he seemed to conclude that his habits were better than mine. It was very near the hour that had been appointed the night before for our departure for Amélie-les-Bains, and yet I beheld the whole family still in their morning costume, always excepting M. Rosette, who was the very identical M. Rosette of yesterday, as though some one had simply hung him up for the night to a peg and taken him down again in the morning. Arthur's gorgeous velvet dressing-gown and the ladies' long morning robes announced, on the contrary, by their elegance—which, to tell the truth, was a trifle loud—the premeditated morning *négligé* of fashionable people.

Breakfast over, they declared that an hour would be amply sufficient time to make their toilettes; that

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afterwards they would take a walk through the town, after which they would start for Amélie-les-Bains. I thought it my duty to inform them that it would then be rather late and the route was long. They seemed to be convinced that all needed to reduce the journey by one-half was to pay the drivers double fare. I was silent.

I was left alone in the dining-room with M. Rosette, who immediately tackled me on politics. A remark of mine the night before had given him a sad idea of my opinions. To improve them, doubtless, he had the goodness to furnish me in detail with an exposition of his own views, or rather of those of the newspapers which he read; for the poor little wretch had not an idea of his own, although he determined with cool assurance the gravest questions in politics, and even religion. I need not say that the Catholic Church had a very hard time of it under the merciless logic of M. Rosette. How much good the church might have accomplished if, instead of "traversing again the course of ages," it had willed to follow the "march of humanity"! As for him, Rosette, a man of his time, he was afflicted, of course, by none of the credulities of other ages, but he understood how to deal with the ignorance of the masses; he knew that for them to pass at once from a blind credulity to an enlightened incredulity was an impossible thing; for a long time to come religion would still be necessary for the people. If Catholicity had only understood its *rôle* and known how to make itself pliant and accommodating, it was the religion which enlightened men might have felt disposed to tolerate provisionally. But the Catholic Church seemed to feel it incumbent on it to render itself impossible. What would be the result? Why, that *Romanism* would be absolutely rejected by all clear heads, and Protestantism, beyond doubt, no matter under what form, would be the means to which men would have recourse in order to lead the peoples sweetly up to intellectual emancipation.

I looked with astonishment at the old head whence issued this vulgar medley of commonplace and stupidity. But M. Rosette never blanched. He went on and on, thoroughly convinced, I believe, that I was lost in admiration at his intellectual power and eloquence. After having exhausted the subject of religion, he proceeded, without drawing rein, to an exposition of his views on politics. He was, he assured me, at once very liberal and very conservative. Conservative indeed! He had millions of reasons for being so. His enormous wealth gave him a well-grounded horror of radical ideas. But, on the other hand, he knew the price of the great mental conquests of the time, and laughed at the blind ones who deny progress. The future, according to him, belonged to the middle classes, the only active and intelligent class. The nobility, ill-fitted for work and instinctively retrograde, would feel its powerlessness more and more, and would be compelled to sink itself in the middle class, carrying with it its titles and heraldic toys, on which fools still set some value. As though he suspected that I was thinking at that very moment of the emphasis with which on every possible occasion he called out the title of the countess, his daughter, M. Rosette felt himself obliged to inform me that as for him he had a profound contempt for all such

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matters, and that, had he wished it, he might have been created baron, even count, like so many others who, sprung from money-bags, industry, or commerce, posed before the world like sons of the Crusaders.

Having thus given me a sufficiently complete *résumé* of his opinions on all possible subjects, this terrible little man proposed that we should continue our conversation while walking through the streets of Perpignan. I refused with a start of apprehension.

"You are right," he said; "I was forgetting that you must offer your arm to the countess, who undoubtedly will soon be down."

I shivered. So awful a thought had never entered my head. To direct these people in their researches at Amélie-les-Bains I was perforce resigned. But to point out to them "the curiosities" of Perpignan—never! I had only one desire: to escape from the dining-room and lock myself in my room up to the moment of starting for Amélie-les-Bains. It was hard work to get rid of M. Rosette, who stuck to me like a cock-chafer. At last I succeeded, and, rushing for the stairs to get to my room and hide myself there, whom should I meet on the first landing but Mme. X—— in the very act of making a majestic descent.

"O you active creature!" she said. "You are flying up-stairs to learn what has become of us. I acknowledge we are a little slow, but it is impossible to dress quickly when one has such bad accommodations."

Speaking thus, she took my arm. I babbled a few words of excuse. Fatigue, headache, sleeplessness, need of repose dropped from my lips.

"Don't mention it," sighed she. "I am positively worn out. I have not been able to close an eye all night long because of my nerves. I don't really know how I have the strength to stand on my legs. But come, hurry; the air will do us both good."

She set out to descend the stairs. As she held my arm, I had to descend whether I liked it or no. It was very evident that she never contemplated the possibility of my not offering myself as her devoted cavalier. I have already confessed how deplorably weak I am under certain circumstances. Mme. X—— was such a circumstance. I placidly allowed myself to be led away.

Behold me and my lovely countess in the streets of Perpignan; Arthur and his sister follow; M. Rosette heads the procession, and crunches the pavement under his feet so ferociously that one would think it belonged to him alone.

"You told me yesterday that you were acquainted with the town," said Mme. X—— as she dragged herself along. And, indeed, I had been guilty of the imprudence of saying so. "Take me to the handsomest stores. I wish to make a few purchases."

O agony! All the members of this family had a mania for purchases. Instead of observing the interesting features of the town itself, they had eyes for the shop-windows and for nothing else. They left one store only to enter another. Jewelry, toys, hardware, linen, perfumery—what was there that they did not buy? The youthful Arthur pushed cynicism to the verge of actually purchasing boots of two different shoemakers, because, as he put it, he admired their *chic*. I was disgusted. I should have

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escaped had not Mme. X—— kept a keen watch over me and held fast to me with a pitiless care, consulting me obstinately on her purchases, despite my refusal of any interference whatever with matters of such gravity and so unknown to me. I verily believe that this woman had sworn to kill me. When they had finished rifling the principal stores, they expressed a careless wish to take a look at the ancient quarters of the town, whose inspection might be of some interest. But again they fell to on absurd purchases, so that they saw nothing at all. I called their attention once more to the fact that the hour was drawing late and that they could no longer delay setting out for Amélie-les-Bains. Some one spoke of going to see the plane-trees of Henry IV. Mme. X—— declared that trees had no interest for her. We two accordingly returned to the hotel, while Rosette *père* and the young people turned to the promenade. I was thus at liberty to enjoy freely and uninterruptedly the charms of the conversation of Mme. X——. She began with the state of her health, and informed me that, without appearing so, she suffered horribly from her nerves; she informed me, moreover, that Mlle. Clementine—of course without showing it—was also very nervous and had a most sensitive nature corresponding to that of her mother; in fine, she gave me to understand that Arthur was quite broken down for having, "like all the youths of his rank," enjoyed life a little too freely. The leading lights of the medical profession had been consulted regarding these three precious lives. In presence of this nervous mother, this sensitive daughter, and this broken-down son, the leading lights, after numerous grave consultations, had ordered a trip southwards. But the choice of a station was bristling with difficulties. Nice, Cannes, Mentone, San-Rémo, which naturally occurred to one's mind, had been pronounced impossible because of the *mistral* that would have inevitably slain the countess, and, moreover, because of the close proximity of the too gay and charming little town of Monaco, which would infallibly offer to Viscount Arthur a chance of exposing himself to new and horrible attacks. The leading lights thereupon cast their eyes on Amélie-les-Bains, where there was neither *mistral* to slay the countess nor fast society to shatter the viscount. Nevertheless Mme. X—— did not conceal from me that the advice of the leading lights had left her in painful doubt regarding the proposal of a stay at Amélie-les-Bains "from a social point of view." Was not the place exclusively frequented by middle-class people? Was it possible that persons "in society" could go there without lowering themselves in some way? In "her world" Mme. X—— knew of no family who ever went to Amélie-les-Bains; so that she could not help asking herself "if fashion really permitted her to go there." I hoped, despite my utter incompetence, to calm her fears on that score by assuring her that, hermit as I was, I had nevertheless heard pronounced more than one name which was a sufficient guarantee that she would find at Amélie-les-Bains some one to rub against without degrading herself.

Although I answered thus without allowing my desire to laugh appear, I was astonished for once again in my life at the ravages which vanity makes in certain craniums. This large woman, sailing

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along with her nose in air, was a type.

Mme. X—— and I had already returned to the hotel for some time, and the charms of our tête-à-tête were becoming absolutely overwhelming, when the rest of the family came back. M. Rosette condescended to admit that the plane-trees of the Béarnais king were not bad, but that he had in his own park some that were quite as good. Arthur remarked with a yawn that the trees did not appear so very old, and that it was ridiculous to trace them back to Henry IV., "because in that case they would be more than a thousand years old "—a chronological reflection that no one ventured to dispute. Mlle. Clementine confined herself to observing, as she freed her nose from the oppression of the veil, that the alley of plane-trees was full of an insupportable dust.

Meanwhile they resolved on setting out. Somebody went to look for carriages. The footman received detailed orders from Arthur regarding certain provisions, both liquid and solid, with which it was necessary to fortify themselves for a *déjeuner* on the route, to be taken as best it could.

"Well, that's all right," said the young man when he had finished giving his instructions. "But now how about the dinner?"

"What dinner? We shall dine at Amélie-les-Bains. I suppose they know how to serve a dinner there?" M. Rosette asked of me.

I simply named to him the two chief hotels.

"We'll send a despatch on ahead," said he. "I never go anywhere without announcing my coming. Order the dinner to be served in a private room."

Mme. X—— here interrupted to say that that was absolutely necessary.

"Of course," said M. Rosette. "Arthur, will you see to the despatch?"

"With pleasure. Give me paper, ink, and a pen to write with."

The young man set to work; and the work in question seemed one of great difficulty, for scarcely had one despatch been written than it was torn up and a new one begun. Then in the midst of his editing he stopped, counted the words on his fingers, scratched his head with great vigor as though seeking for inspiration, bit the end of his pen almost to pieces, and began to sigh like a man weighed down by excessive labor. After a quarter of an hour of such exercise he laid down his pen.

"Have you finished?" asked Mlle. Clementine with an air of mock compassion.

"No, I haven't finished," responded Arthur angrily. "It is very easy for you to talk, who sit there with nothing else to do but look on. Do you want to write the despatch yourself?"

"Thank you; I have no desire to stain my fingers with ink."

"Well, then, let me alone."

"But, Arthur," interposed M. Rosette, "it does not seem to me so very difficult a matter to order dinner."

"Of course not when one has only to open his mouth. But by telegraph, plague take it! it is not at all such an easy matter."

"I should think not, indeed," said Mlle. Clementine, still in her mocking tone. "'A dinner at such an hour.' It is frightfully difficult to write that. For I suppose you are not amusing yourself by drawing up the *menu*."

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"I have already asked you to let me alone," responded Arthur, looking at her savagely. "In the first place, you don't know what you are saying. I suppose it is not necessary to tell them how many persons there will be, and that a private room is wanted. It is not so simple a matter, let me tell you."

The young man set to work again, and after having spoiled several other sheets of paper, with an under accompaniment of curses "not loud but deep," he seemed satisfied with a final production.

"Here's the despatch at last," he cried in a tone of triumph. "But what a nuisance!" he muttered, sucking his finger. "My whole nail is black from it." M. Rosette cast his eyes over the message.

"It is not very readable," said he, adjusting his glasses.

"I have never plumed myself on my penmanship," replied Arthur. "But what does it matter? The telegraph people ought to be able to read all sorts of writing."

"But this seems to me very . . . difficult . . . indeed. . . . And then why do you spell dinner with one *n*?"

"Because a dinner wants an *n*."

"Yes; but it wants two. D-i-n-n-ė-r—dinner!"

"Oh! well, perhaps you spell it that way; but other people spell it with one *n*."

"But they spell it wrongly."

"Well, I never found that it made any difference when I asked for it."

"My dear Arthur," said M. Rosette, whose own ideas seemed to grow confused before the vigorous ignorance of his grandson, "I assure you it is spelt with two *n*'s."

"Well, then, throw in another *n*, if it is any satisfaction to you. Still, I don't see much use in telegraphing two of them when one would do just as well."

"Then, again," said M. Rosette, growing more and more perplexed, "what is this second *r* doing at the end?"

"Good heavens!" cried Arthur, tearing his finger out of his mouth, "you'll go through the whole twenty letters of the alphabet soon. The telegraph people don't bother themselves about spelling; the telegraph wire doesn't know how to spell, does it?"

"No matter," said the grandfather; "this despatch seems to me a little . . . But wait."

And he wrote another.

"Good," murmured Arthur, crumpling his up in his hand and sending it to join the others, whose *débris* filled the fireplace. "That's good for the paper business," he added gaily. "Meanwhile, I must go and wash my hands. I never saw such smeary ink before. Just look at my nail. Give me your despatch with the two *n*'s and the one *r*, and I'll take it to the telegraph office."

And he left the room, sucking away at his finger.

If the coming in was trying, the setting out was terrible. The getting into the carriages took nearly half an hour. To begin with, we had to wait for Arthur. Then shawls and overcoats were wanted which no one had thought of providing, and which each one in turn demanded just as we were about to start. One would think there was a wager among these people to see which one could detain us longest. Mme. X—— won; for after having asked one after the other for various objects—her umbrella, her little bag, her purse, a pair of gloves—she waited until we were just out-

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side the town to inform us that she could not possibly go any farther without her bottle of smelling-salts, which had been left on the table in her room. The footman, informed of the mishap, got down from the box and went in search of the bottle. We waited and waited, but, as he failed to put in an appearance, Mme. X—— told us with unalterable and highly aristocratic calm that she now remembered having left the bottle in a work-box where she was certain Jean would never find it. For once M. Rosette seemed to think this was too much. He ordered the driver to return to the hotel. Arthur, who with his sister occupied the second carriage, shot out of his ulster and his torpor to ask, "Why were they going back?" As nobody answered him, he ordered his driver to follow us, and presently the two carriages went rattling up to the hotel entrance. The porter, seeing them, thought they were new arrivals and gave a vigorous twang to the bell. The hotel-keeper, the butler, the waiters rushed out with the extraordinary display of eagerness belonging to this particular class of persons. They tore open the carriage doors, but no one descended, or even spoke to them, as they stood open-mouthed with surprise. Mme. X—— finally resolved on calling the maid who attended to her room. After some difficulty the maid was found, and when she arrived a key was given her with orders to go and look for the bottle of smelling-salts in the work-box. She came back to say she could not find it. Finally Mme. X—— announced, always with the same imperturbable calm, that she had it in her pocket. This time M. Rosette shrugged his shoulders and bade the driver start, promising him a triple *pourboire* if he drove us gaily. Anxious to show at once that he deserved such liberality, our driver lashed his horses furiously and set out at so terrific a pace that at the first turn he went within an inch of driving over an old woman and very nearly got entangled with a wagon, whose driver, wearing on his head an immense red cap, rolled out a volley of Catalan oaths. Mme. X—— uttered a piercing cry and declared that if that was going to continue she preferred to return to the hotel. M. Rosette, himself somewhat moved, expressed the hope that that would not continue.

"But, sir," said the countess in a doleful voice to me, "what sort of a country is this? It is truly frightful to be threatened by such coachmen! And what kind of a man is this with his horrible wagon? What language does he speak? What horrid cap is that on his head? It is the bonnet of the revolutionists, is it not? That is what they wear when they go to the barricades to kill everybody, is it not?"

"Madame," said I, "I think there are in all lands awkward drivers who run into one another, particularly when they want to go too fast. The man who has frightened you is simply a peasant, a little quick, perhaps, as are all the people of this region, to anger; the language which he speaks is pure Catalan—a sweet language, sonorous and very expressive; as for his head-gear, it is that of the country. In looking at it a second time you will acknowledge with me that it is original, picturesque, and far more pleasing to the eye than the vulgar cap of our Belgian peasants."

"I know nothing about it; I don't admire red as the color of

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the people. I always hear say that the reds are the brigands who wish to destroy everything, to rob the rich and kill them afterwards. Are the peasants on this side of France as wicked as those? Then I warn you that I will not stay at Amélie-les-Bains!"

"Calm yourself, madame. I believe I may safely promise that you will neither be robbed nor assassinated. True, people are a little radical hereabout; but what of that? The radicals maintain that they are none other than logical liberals, who, instead of halting by the way, go straight to the completion and last consequences of their ideas."

This reflection escaped me, because I recalled the theories that I had heard developed the evening before, and again in the morning, by the father of the timid countess. The little old man started like a horse who feels the spur, and set to work to overwhelm me with the lame reasons by which *doctrinaires* attempt to escape the logic of the radicals. This went on a long while. But as I was careful not to respond, there was only one possible end to the dispute. My eloquent little friend, after having exhausted himself, relapsed into silence. And so we rolled along the road to Amélie-les-Bains. Mme. X—— found the country sad, and saw nothing to admire in the Pyrenees, which already began to unroll before us the gracefully-undulating line of the Canigou, of the mountains between which the valley of the Tech and the charming chain of the Albères open out, whose last heights, crowned with Roman towers, lord it over Port-Vendres and Banyuls on the Mediterranean. The countess had not a glance for the enormous aloes which formed the hedges along the route; she had some just as fine in boxes on the terrace of her château; the climate here had nothing peculiar for her; the dust bothered her; the sun was too hot (there was not a breath of air stirring that day). I could not help remarking that it is precisely this warm sun, this sky for ever clear, that people come to seek in winter time at Amélie-les-Bains. She declared that an ever-cloudless sky was insupportable to a person of weak nerves. To this opinion, held by many people whom I know, there was no answer. The conversation slackened and died out.

At this moment the carriage conveying the young people passed ours. Arthur lay there stretched out gracefully, his feet resting on the seat in front of him. As he passed he greeted us with a grimace and a malicious smile, the meaning of which we understood a few instants after when we were blinded by the dust raised by the vehicle in front. To escape it somewhat we were compelled to tell our driver to stop awhile.

At the village of Boulou, well known for its alkaline waters, which resemble those of Vichy but are more active, we made a short halt to breathe the horses. Arthur graciously profited by the delay to pay us a visit. With his elbows leaning on the carriage-door, he regarded us with an air that grew more and more malicious. His little hat, pushed ever so far back on his head, disclosed the beautiful parting in the middle, on either side of which fell his locks like curtains. He was quite at his best thus.

"How goes it in your vehicle?" he asked.

"Dead from dust," said his mother with a sigh.

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"I should think so. When we were behind we suffered from it also. But I told our driver to whip up and take the lead. That was brutal, wasn't it?"

"Brutal indeed for us," said his grandfather, as he shook the dust off his rose.

The "viscount" went into convulsions of laughter over his wickedness. Then he invited us to come and see the horses—wonderful beasts, thin as nails, ugly as the horses of the *vigilantes*, but running like poisoned rats, and dry as spunk after the hard trot to which they had been forced. As nobody accepted his invitation, he said we were droll people to take no interest in the only thing which he had found worthy of remark since we first started on this infernal journey. M. Rosette remarked that the country was indeed of little note and bare of every kind of industry.

"As for industry," said the young man, "that is all the same to me; but we have not seen a single château or met with a gentleman's carriage. Life cannot be very gay in this quarter. Will there be game even? I fear it will not be worth much. No liveries! Always these rascally vines. But I am wrong in saying rascally, for if these produce the liquor we drank last evening I salute them with respect. By the bye, when are we going to have breakfast? I begin to feel a strange void in a certain region."

It was decided that at the next hill the footman should produce the eatables. When the moment came I saw spread out gastronomic wonders enough to make one believe they had sacked all the provision-stores in Perpignan. M. Rosette and his daughter particularly feasted themselves on *pâtés de foie gras* and meats, which they washed down with Grenache and Roederer. I regarded madame with admiration mingled with awe, and understood less and less the reasons on the score of health that summoned this very solid dame to Amélie-les-Bains. They heard with astonishment that I was not hungry, and looked upon me with compassion on learning that I only ate two meals a day. M. Rosette, strengthening his assertion with a last mouthful of *foie gras*, declared that very many ailments had no other cause than insufficient nourishment. They next proceeded to discuss the pastry. Arthur then stopped the carriages on purpose to favor us with a second visit. He wore his hat still farther back on his head than before, and held in his hand a glass of champagne, in which he soaked a biscuit. He was in excellent humor, and came to inquire how we had enjoyed the *déjeuner* which his forethought had prepared.

"Not bad!" said M. Rosette, with a little smack of the tongue, as he untied the napkin which was fastened under his chin.

"So that," pursued Arthur, as he closed his left eye with an air of extreme waggishness, "you will forgive me for having begun by making you eat dirt?"

This joke was heightened by a free gayety, and the grandfather, made tender by the good cheer, whispered aloud in my ear that his grandson was a mad wag and that his sallies were full of fun, fairly astonishing, in fact. Arthur then, making an end of his biscuit, invited me to take a turn in his carriage. I had not the slightest desire to do so; but he insisted, saying that his sister, who was always bored to death when she was alone

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with him, had expressly charged him to bring me.

"Indeed," said Mme. X——, "it will be exceedingly amiable in you to go and chat a little with poor Clementine."

I resigned myself to my fate. In passing from one carriage to the other the viscount, who had become very affectionate, linked his arm in mine, and, gaily shaking his empty glass, cried out: "Hurrah! now we'll have fun. As for my mother and grandfather, they will go to sleep. They always do after their meals."

He gallantly surrendered to me his place by the side of his sister, who, in the interest of our legs, had a new and terrible combat with her crackling train. Arthur, half-reclining on the seat in front, hauled out a bottle of champagne, and insisted, right or wrong, on making me drink a bumper. My steady refusal annoyed him.

"On my word of honor," he said, as he proceeded to drink it all alone, "if it is your health that condemns you to such a regimen, I pity you. I would rather die than live such a life. But come, now, between ourselves, tell me what kind of a seaport is this Amélie-les-Bains. I have an awful dread that I am about to be bored in that place. Clementine shares my dread, although the sly thing never says a word about it."

"You would do better to speak for yourself," she remarked in a dry tone.

"Well done! Now you are going to play the serious daughter. You would have people believe that you don't care for the gay world, *fêtes*, balls, concerts, sights, and all that sort of thing."

"At all events I shall know perfectly well how to enjoy myself."

"Yes, indeed; we all know that. We shall soon see what a face you'll put on it—or rather we sha'n't see, because I know well enough that if the air there does not agree with you, you, like myself, will do all you can to prevent our staying. Between us we shall have no great difficulty in changing mamma's ideas, who is already by no means too charmed to have come to the Pyrenees."

The young man questioned me at length on the means of amusement at Amélie-les-Bains. My replies were anything but satisfactory to him.

"The deuce! the deuce!" he cried, scratching his head with the greatest precaution for fear of disarranging the little coils that adorned his forehead. "There's no fun in the place. No theatres, no balls, no races, not even a skating-rink. Why, hang it! that isn't a civilized life at all. To admire beautiful nature, the beautiful sky, the beautiful mountains—thank you for nothing! I was sure of it. I was right in saying that we ought to go to the neighborhood of Monaco. There are friends of mine who have gone there and who are enjoying themselves amazingly."

While he proceeded to light his cigar I addressed a word to his sister, with whom I desired to speak a little. She addressed herself to me with a good grace; but it needed no long study to recognize in her a frivolous spirit and a character warped by a deplorable education which could be summed up in two words—vanity, frivolity. Arthur found a stupid pleasure in contradicting his sister and mocking at everything she said. She retorted impatiently, and nothing was more painful to witness than this irritating misunderstanding that exist-

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ed between the pair. This change in brotherly love is another of the fruits of modern *bourgeoisisme*. The old spirit of family, growing with the years, carries with it the respect of children for their parents and a like affection of the children for each other. I looked with sadness on these two young people whom the lack of good sense, of reflection, and the general incompetence of those who were charged with their bringing up had already spoiled. What kind of a man, I asked myself, will Arthur one day be? What kind of a woman Clementine? And how many Arthurs, how many Clementines, are there in a certain world where all the "old ideas" are systematically trampled under foot!

The brother and sister continued to snarl at each other, without dreaming of the reflections that were passing through my mind. As we entered the beautiful valley of the Tech I endeavored to draw their attention to the charms of the landscape. My success was of the smallest. Arthur, who posed a little as a *blasé* youth, regarded everything with indifference, and his sister was too superficial, too artificial, I may as well say, to be sensible to such impressions. In fine, I perceived that my young companions found me very tiresome. I, on my side, found them anything but entertaining, so that we ended by remaining silent. As we drew near Amélie-les-Bains, Arthur, in drawing his cigar-case from his pocket, pulled out a piece of paper, which he snatched at. Scarcely had he cast his eyes over it than he was seized with a sudden attack of boisterous merriment.

"Not bad! not bad! not bad!" he cried, as he roared with laughter and slapped his thighs in ecstasy.

"What? What is the matter?" asked his sister.

"The matter is—oh! it is *too* good."

New bursts of laughter and renewed slapping of the thighs.

"You would do better to explain, Arthur, than to beat yourself in that way. Indeed, you have anything but an intellectual or witty appearance at this moment."

"Oh! but it is droll. Just imagine: this paper that fell from my pocket is grandfather's despatch!"

"What does that signify?"

"Simply that I forgot to carry it to the telegraph office."

"A pretty matter for laughter that! Go and tell grandpapa, and we shall see how he will enjoy the joke. You know that mistakes of this kind are the only faults which he does not pardon easily."

"Yes, yes, I know it well; with his mercantile habits—'man of business,' as he calls it—he wishes one to be exact in a matter of correspondence. It is his hobby. But, faith, so much the worse. I am no man of business."

"No, indeed."

"After all, why should I say that I have forgotten this rascally slip of paper?"

"Don't you know that grandpapa's first words on arriving at a hotel are always: 'Did you receive my despatch?'"

"They will answer, 'No,' and the telegraph will be blamed."

"You know also that in such a case he is very loud in his complaints. He would go immediately with you to the telegraphic bureau at Amélie-les-Bains. He would telegraph to the bureau at Perpignan, to the hotel. You will be questioned; you will have to tell who carried the despatch."

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Arthur blew out several clouds of smoke, in order to clear his ideas.

"Pooh!" cried he suddenly. "What a fuss you make about nothing! I will go this instant and confess. He will not eat me after all."

And as the horses proceeded at a walking pace, he vaulted over the door on to the road and went to the other carriage. He was absent a long while. And as I forced myself, for politeness' sake, to converse with Mlle. Clementine, I was far from suspecting the trick that her brother was playing upon me. He suddenly appeared at the side of our carriage and jumped in again. He seemed peculiarly well satisfied with himself.

"Well," said he, throwing himself back on the cushion, "he was a little mad at first. They must have slept badly behind us, for neither was in a gay humor. As soon as I had rattled off my compliment you should have seen their faces! Grandfather was really savage, on my word of honor, and mamma groaned out that it was a shame. She said that we should have no private room, and that she would rather go without dinner than expose herself to the company of sick people. Indeed, it was a terrible affair. But all was settled at last."

He looked at me and winked; then, leaning over towards me, and patting me affectionately on the knee, said with an air of great grace:

"Thanks to you. . . . You don't understand, eh? I should think not. But see now how handsomely I extricate myself from an embarrassing position, and confess that there are ideas in my head when there is need of them. . . . And, first of all, you must be very good and not spoil my little plot by raising difficulties. That would be impolite, and I am very sure you do not wish to be impolite."

"Good gracious! what an amount of talk," cried out his sister. "Tell us in one word what you have done."

"Nonsense! He must first of all say 'agreed.' Come, Clementine, be sweet for once and ask him for me."

"It is impossible for me to understand what you want of me," said I. "Will you please explain?"

"Well, 'tis the best way after all. I am an ass to make such a fuss about it. I am sure you would be incapable of . . . In one word, I told grandpapa and mamma that we had decided not to go to the hotel; that you had arranged everything; that you had invited us to dine at yours, and that I had already accepted the invitation in their name."

I started with astonishment and let loose an "Impossible!" in anything but an amiable tone. Any other than this youth would have been most eager to let the affair drop, but he went on in the coolest manner possible.

"I know all that you would say: you have made no preparations; a dinner does not get itself ready, and so forth. But I foresaw all that. I have a good head when I really set to work. From the moment that the idea of a dinner at your place suggested itself to me I planned out everything. I was so well provisioned for the *déjeuner* that a heap of things remains in the baskets. So much for our dinner."

"And this is the manner in which you do me the honor of dining at my table? Such an idea is, to say the least—"

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"To say the least, excellent," added Arthur, rubbing his hands in glee. But his sister interfered.

"Arthur," said she angrily, "I could not believe it of you. The manner in which you make free with this gentleman's house is unheard of; I am going this instant to speak to mamma, who will not permit such an outrage."

"Go on," cried the young man. "Just look at her once she is off! What are you meddling with? Allow me to arrange my little affair with monsieur, and devote your attention to your rascally train, which is falling foul of our legs again."

The girl wished to stop the carriage in order to go and speak to her mother. Her brother prevented her. The discussion was waxing warm. I felt that my position was becoming rather awkward, and took my part in the affray.

"Mademoiselle," said I, "since your grandfather and your mother wish to honor me by visiting my apartments, resign yourself, I beg. I fear that your reception will be but a poor one, for which you will have chiefly to thank your brother. At present you would really disoblige me by further resistance."

She responded, with some embarrassment, that she only resisted through fear of causing me great annoyance. Then, turning to the young man, I said:

"My dear Arthur, your plan is excellent. It is understood that you do me the honor of coming to dine with me. You must only omit from your programme the remains of the *déjeuner* with which you propose to enrich my larder. You must content yourself with whatever I can offer you. You will dine like an anchoret, or nearly so, but you alone will have no cause for complaint, inasmuch as you alone are culpable. It will be a lesson for you. Another time you will not keep the despatches in your pocket which you have been trusted to forward."

I gave the driver orders to go straight to my house. I put on a good countenance. In reality I was provoked, put out, irritated more than I cared to say, yet very resigned to set my poor and modest fare before these *convives* who fell upon me as it were out of the moon. On leaving the carriage I thought it an act of charity to warn Mme. X—— that I could only offer her just what would prevent her dying of hunger. For politeness' sake she pretended to be not in the least alarmed at such a prospect. But the simplicity of my quarters soon inspired her, it seemed to me, with serious fears, and beyond doubt they regretted having accepted "my invitation." The very aspect of the garden produced a bad impression on my guests.

"Have you no means of taking a little exercise without leaving your own place?" asked Mme. X——.

"Certainly; behold!"

"Those cabbage-plots?"

"Exactly."

"Heaven preserve us! My nerves are already affected from walking among vegetables."

"Take comfort. You will find better quarters elsewhere. There are villas at Amélie-les-Bains which have charming gardens."

"Thank Heaven!"

Having introduced my guests to the small apartment that I dignified with the name of parlor, I left them alone an instant to go and give a few orders. This was soon done. I was resolved to treat the X—— family in precisely the same

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way that I treated myself—that is to say, in a very simple manner. On my return to the parlor I found them all very much cast down. Arthur, seated in a corner, sucked viciously at his cane; Mlle. Clementine and her skirts occupied a sofa; M. Rosette was engaged in examining, with visible disapprobation, a crack in the wall; Mme. X—— overflowed one arm-chair and cast any but charmed glances on the furniture.

"It says 'furnished' here, does it not?" she asked of me.

"Naturally. Strangers don't come here with their furniture."

"Is it not possible to bring furniture from Perpignan?"

"No doubt it is."

"Well, this will be another annoyance. Are there no villas here properly furnished?"

"Most assuredly. At the same time, if you expect luxury, I fear you will be disappointed."

"Without pretending to luxury one might easily require . . ."

"Something better than you see here? Oh! no doubt."

M. Rosette took me by the arm.

"Have you remarked the crack in that wall?" he asked in a tone full of grave anxiety.

"Yes."

"Are there any others in the house?"

"Possibly; I believe so, but I have paid no attention."

"Then the house must be either on a bad foundation or the land on which it stands is not solid?"

"Perhaps."

"Well! and if a house like this should come to tumble about our ears?"

"As for that, I think there is no danger."

"You are a philosopher, it seems to me."

"No more than any other man. For my quarters, as for everything else, I put up with what I can get: behold my philosophy."

"Children," said Mme. X—— in a plaintive voice, "I feel that I should become demented if I had to live with the thought that the house might at any moment tumble upon me. I believe your father, if he saw what we now see, would be the first to say that we should think twice before remaining in such a country."

"Most assuredly," said M. Rosette.

The children only responded with expressive faces. I confined myself to urging on these impressionable people not to judge of Amélie-les-Bains on the strength of a few old chairs and a crack in the wall.

"Perhaps so," said Mme. X——. "But I will not conceal from you that the first impression is not a favorable one. Suppose we go and see the best of these villas?"

"I am at your orders, madame."

Behold me, then, conducting my guests through the streets of Amélie-les-Bains. We saw some villas excellently adapted for their use. But each member of this family had, it seemed, the notion of finding everything everywhere just as comfortable as at home. This is a mania rather more common than is generally supposed among a certain class of persons. Arthur objected to everything, giving emphasis to those points which he judged most likely to influence his mother unfavorably. Mlle. Clementine on her side, in a subdued way and without seeming to do so, did her best in the same direction. Whatever she might say, it was evident that she had as little desire as her brother for a sojourn at Amélie-les-Bains.

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"How ill understood is everything here!" cried M. Rosette, as he criticised the arrangement of the houses. "There is nothing practical about them. How easy it is to see that we are not in a country of industry! . . . And the streets without gas even."

I cut our visits short. There is a limit to patience. They asked to see the baths; so the baths had to be seen. Overcome by the heat of the place, Mme. X—— clung to my arm and graciously allowed me to drag her along.

"My dear sir," she said to me suddenly, with wildly-rolling eyes, "is there no fear of one suffocating in this sulphurous atmosphere?"

I consoled her as best I could, but the perspiration began to stream down her face.

"I am dying," she cried. "Carry me out!"

"Carry me" was an easy thing for her to say. . . . With the aid of M. Rosette I contrived to drag the enormous countess as far as the entrance, then to help her as far as the public square, where we had to procure her a chair. When she had finished puffing there like a porpoise we returned to my room. The dinner was ready. Arthur, who had remained behind, rejoined us at the door and informed us that he had just swallowed a large glass of sulphurous water.

"There are fools who seem to think it unpleasant," said he. "That isn't true. I drank every drop of it without the least effort; and, indeed, I think it has given me an excellent appetite."

Mme. X—— said in a feeble voice that she was dying to take something, as she thought that would relieve her. I ordered dinner at once, but scarcely had Arthur taken a few spoonfuls of soup than his complexion changed to an unmistakable green color and he made a sudden dash for the door.

"What on earth is the matter?" exclaimed Mme. X——.

M. Rosette and I followed the poor youth. "The water! the water!" he murmured in a broken voice, and begged to be allowed to take a walk among my cabbages. I left him in the company of his grandfather and returned to allay the fears of Mme. X——. She thanked me faintly and made a show of resuming her dinner; but a few moments after she placed her large hands on her chest and declared that the choking was coming on again, affirming that all the sulphur which she had breathed in was consuming her internally. I attempted to reassure her, when suddenly, burying her face in the napkin, she burst forth into sobs and groanings.

"It is only her nerves," said Mlle. Clementine, without showing the slightest emotion. "If you will assist me, sir, we will set her on the sofa in your parlor. When she is laid out at full length the attack passes more quickly."

We laid her out. The countess breathed like a forge-bellows and turned up the whites of her eyes.

"I beg you, sir," said Mlle. Clementine, who seemed to be accustomed to this sort of thing, and whose admirable coolness never forsook her, "to return to your dinner. You must be hungry, as you took no breakfast."

I followed her advice, but was scarcely seated at the table when I heard Mme. X—— utter a series of terrible cries.

"A doctor! a doctor!" she screamed in agonizing tones.

I threw away my napkin and

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rushed out. Mlle. Clementine was cool and calm as ever.

"I believe," she said in an undertone to me, "that you will have to send for a doctor. My mother is terribly frightened at the idea that she has taken in so much sulphur. Unless somebody assures her to the contrary, I don't know when the attack may pass over."

I sent for Doctor B——, who was soon on the spot. The countess was always in a state of tears, of cries, of sighs. The doctor, who is a sensible man, saw soon enough the kind of patient he had to deal with. He gravely prescribed a peculiarly strong potion, consisting of sugar and water and orange flowers, and soothed his patient with fair words. She speedily recovered her calm. At that moment Arthur and his grandfather came in. The young man felt better; nevertheless he preserved a cruelly green complexion, but M. Rosette declared that they were compelled to quit the garden because a wind had sprung up strong enough to throw down the houses. And, in truth, we could hear the preliminary growl of one of those rude gusts that the Gulf of Lyons sends from time to time to Amélie-les-Bains. At the noise and at the mention of a wind strong enough to throw down the houses, Mme. X—— sprang to her feet and declared that she would leave the place at once. She gazed at the crack in my wall and expected every moment to find the house tumbling about her shoulders; I was extremely careful not to disabuse her. The footman received some hurried orders; the carriages were brought up in a twinkling. I heard Arthur tell his grandfather of the good things he still had in stock, and promise him a charming little dinner on the route, and in which he would join him if only the effect of that rascally water with its horrible smell should have passed away. I had not even a chance of protesting, for politeness' sake, in behalf of my poor forsaken dinner. They rushed for the carriages, while they flung a few hasty words of thanks to me.

Next day I received this note from M. Rosette:

MY DEAR SIR:

The countess, my daughter, and I have come to the conclusion that Amélie-les-Bains is not precisely the place that would respond to the necessities of her health and that of others of the family of Count X——, my son-in-law. Before returning again to that place we shall wait until it is lighted with gas, until they build a railroad between it and Perpignan, and until they build houses there that do not crack. I telegraph to Count X——, my son-in law, apprising him of our departure for Monaco.

We have to thank you for your kindness and hospitality. I do so with all my heart.

Receive, dear sir, etc., etc.

And if the reader find the journey not so very frightful after all, I can only wish him to have this happy family on his hands for twenty-four hours. He may then form his own opinion.

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THE FIRST VOW.*

"Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam."

BEFORE daybreak on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year of grace 1534, a man who, in spite of a halting gait, walked with a rapid and energetic step, was descending the Rue Saint-Jaques in the quarter of the university at Paris. Although he had apparently reached middle age, his dress was that of a poor scholar. But instead of the ink-horn usually suspended at the side of those of his class, a rosary hung from his girdle. From a stout cord passed over his threadbare cape was slung a wallet of coarse sacking, a far better weapon of defence than a sword for a night traveller through Paris. Mendicants are not objects of interest to robbers.

As the student crossed the deserted bridge the clock of the Sainte Chapelle struck three. He glanced up the Seine, bordered with dark houses, and saluted with a sign of the cross the towering mass of Notre Dame. No glimmer of light in the horizon announced as yet the approach of dawn.

It was the hour when all Paris sleeps, whether in the sixteenth or the nineteenth century. Neither while traversing the city nor the network of narrow lanes environing the *halles*, or public markets, did the traveller meet a living soul before he reached the gate of Montmartre, in the vicinity of the present Rue du Mail. The first houses were not then built in the new street of St. Eustache, on the road encircling the outer walls, of which this street still marks the tortuous trace.

"Whither go you?" demanded the sentinel.

"To the Chapel of the Holy Martyr, to keep the Feast of Mary Ever-Virgin."

The Chapel of the Holy Martyr, then situated in a lonely spot considerably below the parish church of Montmartre, and whose crypt, facing the Rue Marie-Antoinette, still remains, occupies the exact site of the altar of Mars, where St. Denis was martyred with his companions, Rusticus and Eleutherius, on the 9th of October, 272, for refusing to offer sacrifice to Mercury.

"You have ample time," answered the sentinel, "before the hour of the first Mass. Take the way to the right by the Fishmongers' Lane. The high-road is barred by the workmen at the Eau des Porcherons."

The stream of Menilmontant, or the Porcherons, which now runs underground, then crossed the road to Montmartre at the top of the present Rue de Provence. It partially dried up in summer, and its half-stagnant waters infected the air in its neighborhood.

The traveller took the way to the left through the wood, reaching Montmartre on its eastern side by the fields between the villages of the Chapelle St. Denis and Clig-

* In greatly abridging the discourse of St. Ignatius the writer has nevertheless endeavored to retain all its most salient points. These pages, for which the writer is under great obligations to M. Paul Féval, form the sequel, as to their subject, to an able and interesting article from another pen in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for March, 1878, and entitled "The Holy Cave of Manresa."

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nancourt, at the place called the Fontanelle, or the Goutte d'Eau, of which popular use has made the Goutte d'Or.

The morning twilight had not yet appeared, but the moon, sinking towards the horizon, threw vague gleams across the country. The spire of the abbey built by Suger rose from the middle of the plain, backed by the dark hills of Montmorency, and facing the four round towers of the Noble House of St. Ouen, from which the bells were sending forth a joyous carillon. Its masters, the Knights of the Star, instituted by King John in 1351, every year assembled there in full chapter on this day of mid-August, from the hour of Prime until after Vespers on the morrow.

The poor student had also been a knight, but for long past had lived in humility, far from the glories of the world. It was not for him that the bells of the Noble House were sounding. He was destined to found a chivalrous order otherwise illustrious than the Knights of King John.

Arrived at the highest point of Montmartre, under the east end of the parish church, and on the self-same spot where now have been laid the foundations of the basilica promised to the Heart of Jesus by the vow of France, he stopped, fatigued by the ascent, and, looking around, said to himself: "I am first at the rendezvous."

Then, by way of resting, he knelt down to recite the rosary.

Silence reigned on the bare crest, over which the wind of the summer night passed softly. The village of Montmartre, which showed its first houses right and left of the church, still slept. Nothing was visible on the rounded summit of the slope, between the kneeling student and the church-yard wall, but a few dark and motionless objects, like stones of some Druidic monument.

Four o'clock sounded from the church-tower, while at the same moment the chimes of the abbey began to ring for Matins.

One of the seeming stones moved and stood upright, then two, then all. The student, rising also, said: "God be praised! I thought myself first, and I am last."

The rising sun shone upon six young men surrounding our scholar, who was older than they, and seemed to be a master among his disciples. All except one, who was a priest, wore also the garb of the studious little population which followed the teaching of the University of Paris.

The priest alone had the complexion of the sons of France. The brown visages of the rest, the elder included, wore the features of the Spanish race, which at that time shared with France so preponderant an influence in the world.

Francis I. was king; Charles V. emperor. Columbus had just discovered a new hemisphere. Alexander Farnese, under the name of Paul III., had succeeded Leo X. at Rome on the throne of St. Peter. In this year, 1534, Luther was fifty years of age, Calvin thirty-three. The poor student, whose wallet now showed through its coarse material the crusts of bread bestowed on him in charity, was in his forty-seventh year.

But why do we tell the age of this poor scholar together with the ages of Luther and Calvin? Because this man was more powerful for good, himself alone, than Luther and Calvin were terrible

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and prolific in evil. His name was Ignatius de Loyola.

That he was a soldier was at once evident. The stamp of his indomitable valor could not be hidden by the humility in which his conversion had clothed him. But he was also a man of thought, and his brow had the nobility and amplitude of heads predestined for great things.

There was something of the eagle in his whole countenance, whose proud lines reflected with difficulty the immense gentleness which, by the help of God and his own strength of will, he had compelled to enter his heart, full of warlike fever when the light had stricken him down. His face had an expression of generous loftiness, and from his eyes shone all the beauty of his soul. His look awed and won at the same time, so full was it of tenderness and power.

Thirteen years had passed since the bloody night after the siege of Pampeluna, in which he had found himself vanquished in his victory, after the *mêlée* of twelve hours, which he had spent fighting like a lion.

The Loyolas, lords of Ognez, were of Cantabrian race, hard as the steel of their own good swords. Ignatius, once a page of King Ferdinand, and afterwards a brilliant captain, young, ambitious, proud, beloved, at first revolted under the Hand which held him prisoner to a bed from which he could hear the sound of battles. For lack of the chivalrous romances which he craved he read the books his attendants brought him—lives of the martyrs and the sacred Passion of our Lord.

There is a tradition in Guipuzcoa that Ignatius loved a beautiful maiden, rich and noble, and that she had been promised to him in marriage. But when he had read the story of the Passion in the Gospel of St. John, he laid aside a small portrait which he had worn near his heart, and, pressing to his lips a medal of Mary Mother of God, vowed his body to perpetual virginity and his soul to the free service of the faith, saying: "Henceforth I am knight of the great love and soldier of the sole glory."

Ignatius quitted the world long before binding himself by any public or solemn promise. For this, however, he prepared himself by abandoning all his possessions to the poor and by severing his dearest ties. This was his watch of arms; for it was as a knight that he approached the apostolate. With tearful eyes but steadfast heart he then departed, and on his way gave to poor suppliants his mantle and others of his habiliments, and his horse. On a pillar in the monastery church of Montserrat, near Manresa, and the end of his pilgrimage, he hung his sword. This was his final sacrifice.

In this monastery he made his general confession, which lasted three days; after which, clad in sackcloth, he retired to the grotto in which he had his first ecstasies and revelations, where he wrote the *Spiritual Exercises* and saw the plan of his *Constitutions*—that is, the entire work of his grand life. He also saw another thing—the necessity of learning in order effectually to teach truth and combat error.

But before taking his place among boys on the benches of a school the great captain thirsted to visit the Holy Sepulchre.

Alone, on foot, without money, he set out, trusting to the grace of God; obtained by charity his pas-

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sage on board a ship of Barcelona; and arrived at Rome, where, after kissing the feet of the Holy Father, Adrian VI., he resumed his pilgrim's staff, traversed Italy, begging his daily bread, and re-embarked at Venice in a galley which landed him in the isle of Cyprus. From thence he went to Jaffa, and reached the Holy City after a journey which had taken him, in all, nearly a year to perform.

Had not Providence placed an obstacle in the way of his designs, all the future of his mission would have ended here. The land hallowed by the footsteps of Jesus held him by so powerful an attraction that he resolved there to live and die. But the delegate of the Holy See, who had authority over the pilgrims, commanded his return to Europe, and Ignatius obeyed.

Seven months afterwards he entered as student in the lowest class in the University of Barcelona. Persecuted for his marvellous piety, denounced as a sorcerer, repeatedly imprisoned, driven from Barcelona to Salamanca, and from thence to Alcala, and accepting every insult and injustice with silence and resignation, he at last quitted Spain, turning his steps towards Paris whose university was at that time the first in the world.

Ignatius, arriving in France early in 1528, was then thirty-six years of age. He had the courage to recommence his humanities, first at the College of Montaign, then at Ste. Barbe; and notwithstanding the hindrances which his pious practices, absorbed meditations, and the apostolate which he already attempted seemed to place in the way of his elementary studies, he made progress. But persecution followed him across the Pyrenees.

Jean Pegna, one of the professors of Ste. Barbe, accused him, not of sorcery, but of enticing the students to waste their time in mystic reveries which interfered with their studies. He was therefore condemned to be flogged in presence of all the scholars. Ignatius submitted to the sentence with so much humility that the principal of the college, amazed, resolved himself to interrogate him.

On account of the perfection of his life, he was no favorite with the students. The news quickly spread that an exemplary flagellation was about to be administered, and the event was eagerly anticipated as an exciting entertainment. The crowd, already assembled in the great hall where the execution was to take place, testified its impatience after the manner of spectators at a theatre before the curtain rises.

The principal appeared, holding, or rather dragging, Ignatius by the hand. He passed thus through the pitiless ranks, and when he stopped in the middle of the hall it was noticed with amazement that his eyes were full of tears. For a few moments he remained silent, as if mastering his emotion. Then, after embracing Ignatius (or, as some say, kneeling before him), he said with a loud voice: "Not only has Ignatius de Loyola suffered himself to be falsely accused, but was about to submit with joy to the opprobrium of an unjust punishment; and this in recompense for all the good that he has done. I find in him the conscience of a saint!"

Hitherto even the less malevolent of the companions of Ignatius had ridiculed his ardor in turning

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souls to God. It seemed to them that the function of director of consciences ill befitted this stranger, who lived on the pity of passers-by, and the hair on whose brow was growing thin before he had taken any degree in sciences or letters. But after this incident impressions changed, and he was now sought by many.

Ignatius repelled none, but it was to a few only that he fully opened his heart. He was, in fact, carefully selecting those who were one day to be *Jesuits*.

The first chosen was a very young man, of great sweetness and truthful simplicity of character—Pierre Lefèvre. He also had come, a pilgrim, from the depth of Savoy to enter holy orders, and was already renowned for his learning. Ignatius made himself at once both his master and disciple: his master in the faith, his disciple in all that related to study. Thanks to his devoted assistance, all remaining difficulties in the path of learning were speedily surmounted. Ignatius took the degree of master of arts and entered the class of theology.

Lefèvre was united in the tenderest friendship with a student of his own age, by name Francis Xavier, who belonged to a very poor but noble family of Navarre. This youth was ardent and vivacious in character, full of energy and perseverance, and wonderfully eloquent. His heart was wholly set upon earthly fame and glory, but Ignatius undertook to convert him. It was with no small difficulty that he won this soul, but it was his most splendid conquest. Neither Lefèvre nor Xavier knew as yet that they were enrolled as captains in the army which had no soldiers. The thoughts of Ignatius on this matter were known only to God.

The third and fourth recruits arrived together from Spain with the determination of giving themselves to Ignatius, who sought not fame, but whom fame sought. Iago Laynez and Antonio Salmeron were welcomed with open arms. The first glance of the master perceived on their youthful brows the stamp of sanctity and genius.

Lastly came Alonzo from the village of Bobadilla, and the Portuguese Rodriguez de Azevedo. All six were so poor that, with the exception of Xavier, who was a professor of philosophy, they all lived on alms. Ignatius, the father of this family, stretched out his hand for his children.

Never had he let them divine his projects, yet they looked for great things from him.

Lefèvre was ordained priest. Some time afterwards Ignatius appeared more than ever to seek solitude, in order to give himself up more undisturbedly to meditation and prayer.

On the 13th of August, 1534, he bade his six companions fast and go to confession on the following day, the Eve of the Assumption. Then, telling Lefèvre to prepare for saying Mass on that feast in the crypt of the Holy Martyr, he added: "Go all of you before daybreak to the top of Montmartre, in the field behind the church, beneath the cemetery. I shall be there, and *I will speak to you*."

Those, then, who on this morning of the 15th of August surrounded Ignatius de Loyola at the place of rendezvous were Pierre Lefèvre, priest, Francis Xavier, Iago Laynez, Antonio Salmeron, Nicolas Alonzo de Bobadilla, and Simon Rodriguez de Azevedo, students. All these were destined to large

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though unequal shares in the glory of their master.

Ignatius kept his promise. On this mount, gloriously associated with the Apostle of the Gauls, and on which now the living God had taken the place of the dead gods of paganism, he spoke to this little band of chosen souls, who listened with eager interest.

The sun's early beams gilded the royal towers of St. Denis in the distance, and caressed close at hand the humble church of Montmartre, the ancient temple of Mercury, now sanctified by the blood of martyrs. As far as eye could reach all was solitary. Paris, awakening, folded in mist like dreams not yet dispelled, sent forth no sounds but those of the bells of her many sanctuaries, proclaiming the glories of Mary.

Paris, far in those days from Montmartre, was already called a great city, although but a confused assemblage of houses, palaces, and towers, occupying the centre of the plain, and dominated by the gray towers of Notre Dame.

It ended on the eastern side at the gardens of St. Paul, widely separated from the Bastille, which, with its massive crenellated towers, almost resembled a ponderous chariot on the way to the donjon of Vincennes. The city ended at the Louvre on the west; on the south at the enclosure of St. Germain des Près; and on the north at a few hundred paces from St. Eustache. Nothing at that time gave indication that it was so soon to spread far beyond its battlemented walls.

All this was dimly discernible through the mist, the breath of Paris, above which feebly gleamed the gilt crosses on the churches, as through their blue veil they received a mysterious kiss of light.

All was calm, but an indescribable sense of portending storm impregnated the moral atmosphere of this repose.

Ignatius spoke. His words live in his works, and his writings have immortalized them. Through the windows of the church came the sound of sweet chanting, while Ignatius, crossing himself, began the memorable discourse, of which we can only give a portion:

"You are impatient, my brothers and my sons, because for some days you have been waiting for me. But I myself have been waiting for fourteen years.

"For fourteen years past have I been raising my eyes to heaven and then looking around me at what is passing in the present age; seeking to know what heaven is preparing for the age, and what the age is meditating against heaven.

"The present time will occupy a long page in history. Peace to those whose names will not be heard of amid the tumult! Ours will be written there, all of them—some in letters of blood.

"Selim and Solyman have in turn threatened Europe. The crescent gleams over Rhodes, where no longer floats the standard of Jerusalem. We have seen Christians bidding God-speed to the Turk. We have heard a voice from the height of Rome denounce corruption in the cloister and falsehood that shelters itself beneath the shadow of the altar. Where will the chastisement for these things end? What does God will? And who may comprehend the language of his wrath?

"Behold Luther, the apostate: the brutalization of genius, the enslavement of mind, chained down

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by sense. The depth of his shame is at the same time a lesson which proclaims to the world that heresy is less the rebellion of reason than the revolt of the flesh.

"At his voice covetous Germany has with a bound plunged into sacrilege, robbery, and murder. Her princes lead the mobs who will hereafter trample on their crowns. By pillaging cathedrals they show how to sack palaces. The teaching will be fruitful.

"Hell triumphs insultingly. These men who call themselves Christians, and more than Christians, since they pretend to reform Christianity, suppress the Mass—that is, our Lord Jesus—and cast from the altar Christ insulted and his Blessed Mother dishonored.

"Behold them, these 'Reformers,' in arms against each other, and each accusing his fellows of disloyalty—the sole thing in which they speak the truth. Behold them in their tourney of impiety: Carlstadt, who kills the souls of little children by robbing them of the baptismal life; Münzer, the furious leveller, finding in his falsified gospel the law of theft, the confusion of *meum* and *tuum*, and the ancient folly of the partition of lands; John of Leyden, the histrionic prophet, preaching the community of all things, even of women—this man, the masterpiece of Satan, parodies royalty, priesthood, and even martyrdom; Zwinglius, the austere maniac whose heritage Calvin will appropriate to himself. But what matter names? Their 'reformation' is hypocrisy, blasphemy, pillage, slaughter, and devastation. It is time put in place of eternity; the riot of great words accommodated to the turpitude of men and the ignominy of things. This is 'reform,' red with wine and blood; a leprosy travestied into a panacea.

"The Turks deceive no man. They are barbarians, deceived by a false prophet. They have denied nothing. But Luther, Carlstadt, Münzer, Zwinglius, John of Leyden knew Jesus and have sold him to their interests, their passions, their love of power, of fame, and of enjoyment, and have made themselves, by their own free choice, ministers of the arch-enemy of man. And the enemy, secure of his tools, plays with them at pleasure, and with the horrible mingles the grotesque. Christiern makes a prelate of his barber, and Henry VIII., the gallant so ready with the axe, finds time, between the assassination of two of his queens, to turn reformer also, and write pamphlets in which he calls Rome a prostitute because she refuses to countenance his unhallowed licentiousness.

"For they are all alike. Each one of these 'reformers' accuses the church of the crime which he himself has notoriously committed. Evil drags Good to the prætorium with clamors of indignation. The assassin cries 'Murder!' the robber 'Thieves!' Judas denounces treason; the morality of Henry VIII. is scandalized, and the former 'Defender of the Faith' dips his pen in the blood of women, priests, and monks, and reposes from his fatigues as executioner by turning calumniator.

"And is this all? Would to God it were! We are in France, and there is Paris at our feet. Will the eldest daughter of the church protect her mother, threatened on all sides, behind the valor of her arm?

"It may be so. We will hope it.

"But you as well as I are the

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children of this grand University of Paris, the home of learning, the pride of the learned; and you, as I also, have shuddered at those sounds at first so timidly whispered—something keen yet stealthy, like the hissing of a serpent in the grass—sounds which year after year have been gaining strength, until they are swelling like the distant roll that heralds the approaching tempest.

"We have not here as yet the profound and open degradation of the sectaries beyond the Rhine. We have not the burlesque scenes of the Wartburg, the Protestant Sinai, where Luther, intoxicated, converses with the devil as Moses conversed with God. Nor have we the cold epilepsy of the northern tyrants, in whose pagan soil the cross was so long forbidden to take root, and which has always been tottering in those regions. Still less have we here the implacable arithmetic of the London merchants, calculating what it may bring them in to have a pope of their own, all to themselves, sharing with them the church's patrimony, and handling with equal adroitness the sceptre, the censer, and the axe.

"These things will not do for France. She requires other sophisms, and, above all, more precaution in the manner of presenting them. For her there must be an appearance of examination, a phantom of logic, some plaything with which she can amuse herself while giving it the name of Liberty. . . . Hitherto her acuteness and good sense have resisted the coarse bait held out to her, but the ardent and redoubtable spirit of the French has its own dangers. . . . It is woman who is opening the gates of France to the pestilence.

"The king's sister, the *Marguérite des Marguérites*, shelters and warms the viper of vipers within her bosom—John Calvin, the master-worker of the evil, who gives heresy its philosophical mask and its disguise of moderation; Calvin, who has already 'reformed' Luther, and who will himself be 'reformed' by hundreds more. For the history of Protestantism has but one word, perpetually heated over again and thrown into some new mould—*Reform:* that is, revolt; heresy hatching heresy, errors combining and multiplying into a chaos of contradiction, like a tangled and matted overgrowth of weeds in an ill-cultivated field.

"I have promised to build a chapel (do not marvel: we shall build many chapels, and churches also) on the very spot where the first Lutheran sacrilege against the Blessed Virgin was committed in Paris. It was committed before my eyes in the Rue St. Antoine. You will know the spot when you see the foundations of the sanctuary laid. The sacrilegious horde was led on by a page in the livery of the Duchesse d'Estampes, the king's mistress—herself also a 'reformer,' not of her own impure life but of the ancient honor of her race, by selling her betrayed faith and her deceived sovereign to the intrigues of the English king.

"It is under the favor of these two women, on whom God had lavished his gifts, that error is being propagated in France. Impious books swarm in the schools, and the first printed blasphemy of Calvin has been sent, bound in gold, to her through whom it can so surely find its way into the king's hands. Thanks to these importunities, he has made the Lutheran, Nicholas Cop, rector of

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the University of Paris, where he preaches insurrection not only against the Vatican but also against the Louvre.

"And is this all? No. This very year Calvin, who has not Luther's boldness, and whose burdened conscience sees everywhere the spectre of personal danger, fled from Paris. And whither did he fly? To the court of Nérac, to Marguérite of Valois, Queen of Navarre. From thence he endeavors to introduce error into Catholic Spain, while from another quarter the poison, emanating from Switzerland and traversing Savoy, penetrates into Piedmont—always hostile to the Holy See—and is propagated by Renée of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII., who well-nigh equals Marguérite de Valois in her madness after Calvin, and encourages Jean Valdez, whose emissaries insinuate themselves even into Rome.

"There, in the Eternal City, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, sitting on his abandoned throne, his hands raised to heaven, sees the deluge rise—rise unceasingly—a tide of falsehood swelling from all parts of the horizon to overflow the heart of the Catholic Church, the last bulwark of faith, authority, and truth.

"You, my sons and my friends, know all this. The evil is so evident that we can see it with our eyes shut, as the glow of a conflagration is visible through closed eyelids. What I desire to show you is the strength of the battalions leagued against the faith.

"But can the faith be vanquished? Never. Who will defend it? Jesus. Where is the army of Jesus? At Rome and in France.

"The army of Rome is not numerous, but it is strong.

"The army of France is here. Count it: six young men, and one mutilated, who will soon be an old man—seven in all.

"The army of France contains but one Frenchman. Despise it not, for by it God will do great things.

"While you were waiting for me, wondering at my silence, the lowliness of my prayer raised me to those heights from which are seen the days to come. I have read our history in the secret of Jesus. God accepts us for his soldiers. He has shown me the immeasurable battle-field where the other standard marches against his standard. This have I seen.

"I saw the whole world descend into the arena. I saw you. I saw myself. I ask you not if you are willing to fight. Why should I? I know that your will abandons itself to the will of God.

"And I know that you are the companions of Jesus. You will have this name. You will not take it yourselves: God will give it you.

. . . You will have hours of triumph so splendid that jealousy and hatred will rise in clouds about you, as water is troubled and steams when red-hot iron is plunged into it. You will have reverses so terrible that your enemies shall set their heel on what they believe to be your corpse.

"You shall not strike, but they shall be overthrown. You shall strike, never! This is your law, and by this law you shall conquer.

"The name of the enemy is Revolt. His rebellion is heresy, which is a lie. How are heresy and revolt to be combated? By the authority which is the truth—that is, the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church is attacked on every side. We are to defend her

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by opposing revolt by obedience, self-seeking by denial of self, the slavery of insatiable covetousness by a free sacrifice. . . . We must, by the loyalty of truth, combat the treason of which perverted science is guilty against ignorance which cannot defend itself. We shall not be warriors by the sword but by the word—by teaching the young and by preaching to men. . . .

". . . From the thrice-blessed hour in which, when I lay wounded, God visited me, I have been seeking the way that shall lead to the end so ardently desired—the greater glory of God by the abundant salvation of men. Along this way my thoughts have had three stages.

"In my grotto at Manresa I devoted myself to prayer and almsgiving. I knew not then the sickness of our times, yet something within me murmured, '*This is not enough.*'

"The Mother of Jesus, whom I incessantly implored, inspired me to visit Calvary. All the length of the way I heard a furious menace, launched in the name of Luther, and there arose within me the hope of combat. My heart burned for it, the supernatural combat of charity.

"Already I heard from afar the cry of 'Hypocrite! hypocrite!' which shall envelop me. This, of every outrage, is the hardest to bear, for my old pride of captain is still entrenched in a corner of my heart. 'Hypocrite!' Let me, then, my Lord and my God, live satiated with this insult, and die enshrouded in it, so that my shame may be thy glory!

"Nevertheless, to preach and teach we must first *know*. I studied, and in studying heard again the mysterious voice which I had heard at Manresa, still saying, 'This is not enough.'

"'O Virgin and Mother Immaculate!' I exclaimed, 'what is still wanting? Will not, then, my divine Master let me know what is his will?'

". . . And here I am withheld from speaking fully of the mysterious and miraculous events which have marked my time of trial. Was I worthy to see and hear what I have seen and heard? O Jesus! glory of the lowly, treasure of the poor. From the hour that first I touched the hand of Pierre Lefèvre my strength redoubled; the idea of our association arose within me, and never from that moment has the voice said to me, 'This is not enough.'

"It was enough. With the idea of association the plan of our society unfolded itself to my mind. I am a soldier: I could only plan an army. Besides, I remembered my first ecstasies, in which I saw the multitudes marching in gloom against the light of the cross, and the shock of the two standards in the boundless plain.

"My army existed, although I was alone with Pierre Lefèvre, to whom I had said nothing. You, my friends and my sons, came one after the other, and, unknown to yourselves, I enrolled you. Others came also, but I limited my choice to seven. The present moment will not have more. What the future may demand God will say.

"We are seven against millions of men faithless to God, and the men who remain faithful to him will not always be with us. . . .

"We have but one right—that of giving ourselves without requiring anything in return. Our force is in the absence of force. We are the company founded to carry the cross of Jesus.

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"Each of us will fall along the way, crushed beneath the weight of this sweet and terrible burden. What matters it? The work will live and grow. I know it. The Company of Jesus will conquer in and by Jesus. It will arrest the progress of the desertions which desolate the temple, and fill up the voids in the ranks of the faithful. Doubt it not, for thus it will be.

"Antiquity had a sublime fable: Orpheus going to seek his love even in the darkness of death. We will do as did Orpheus. The Company of Jesus will go and seek out the victims of apostasy even in the very hell of the apostates, and snatch these precious souls from the depth of the abyss.

"But there are also multitudes of little ones—children, the beloved of Jesus. These we must take by the hand and lead them to God. Again, there are countless myriads of souls perishing in darkness beyond the ocean. Xavier! your eye kindles. You will go. We shall go. The Company of Jesus will ransom, with the blood of its martyrs, souls that shall outnumber the victims of those who have wrought the shipwreck of 'reform,' and the double and treble, so great will be the crowds that shall press into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

"To every army there must be a general. We shall have one who will be our earthly chief. From without, the authority which, in Jesus Christ, shall be entrusted by us to this chief will appear so vast that men will say, 'Nothing like this has ever existed. It is a troop of slaves led by a tyrant.' Others will go further and say, 'It is a despot enthroned upon corpses!" Singular slaves, who have none above them but God alone! Jesus Christ is our beginning, our middle, and our end. In our general we see Jesus Christ. Our general sees Jesus Christ in us. *Christus omnia in omnibus!*

"It is thus that our Heavenly Master has given me, for you, an inheritance which is the Rule of Jesus—sufficiently vast to contain at once perfect authority and perfect liberty in the measure befitting the sorrowful pilgrimage of man here below.

"By men, because of the miracle of our poverty, we shall be accounted thieves; for the miracle of our charity, hypocrites; for the miracle of our humility, cowards. Even our deaths will not disarm either mockery or insult. It shall be said of us, as it was of our divine Master, that we play our part to the very end, and that our last sigh is our last lie. Glory to God alone, and all to the greater glory of God!"

Ignatius knelt down; the six knelt also. None had spoken. Ignatius raised his hands and said, his companions repeating after him:

"Jesu patientissime: miserere nobis.
Jesu obedientissime: miserere nobis.
Jesu dulcis et mitis corde: miserere nobis.

"God, who, by the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, hast shed the light of thy Holy Spirit into the souls of thy servants, be pleased to grant that their dwelling here below may be built for all, and not for themselves, so that, giving their lives for the salvation of souls in Jesus Christ, *they may never cease to be persecuted* for thy greater glory, who livest and reignest eternally. Amen."

And, crossing themselves, the seven rose.

It was broad daylight. The people of the neighborhood were mounting the different pathways to

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attend Mass at the abbey church of the parish. Ignatius and his sons descended the path which crossed the field reaching from the cemetery to the Chapel of the Holy Martyr, at that time an isolated spot. They entered alone the crypt, where the altar was prepared for the Holy Sacrifice.

Tradition fixes nine o'clock as the hour of its celebration by Pierre Lefèvre.

Here they all communicated, and, after taking the vows of poverty and chastity, made also a promise to God that, after finishing their course of theology, they would repair to Jerusalem; but that if, on account of the war, it should not be possible for them to reach the Holy City, they would go to kneel before the Sovereign Pontiff, to ask his permission to exist as an order, and receive his commands.

The Company of Jesus was founded.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

It is not of celestial angels that we are thinking, but of a kind of human beings who are frequently called angelic in the language of poetry. Angels are ministering spirits, exercising a benignant and gentle office of guardianship over men. Analogous to this is the truest and most perfect ministry of Christian women, who may justly be called, when they fulfil this loving duty in the true spirit of feminine devotion towards their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, "angels and ministers of grace" to men. The care of ministering spirits over their human charges costs them no trouble or pain whatever. But it is far otherwise with those feminine guardian angels whose nature is specially liable to suffering, and whose office involves in itself subjection to a law of self-sacrifice always severe, often exacting to the utmost limit of human fortitude. It costs a great deal to be a guardian angel of this sort. To describe adequately what it has cost and will cost to the end of time, of sorrow, pain, heroic patience, disinterested devotion, on the part of woman, to be man's consort in the work and struggle of life, and especially on the part of holy women, the *élite* of their sex, would surpass any graphic power ever wielded by a human pen. It would require a complete narrative of the history of the church and of nations, an exhaustive hagiology and martyrology, a story of infinite extent, embracing the annals of every family and the biography of every individual. It is impossible to do more than paint lightly and delineate faintly in this kind of drawing. The Virgin-Mother herself is in the scene as the principal figure. What did it cost her to be the companion of the King and Redeemer of men? Who can draw the portrait or narrate the earthly history of the Queen of Sorrows? And she herself is only the first and greatest amid a countless number, sharing her virginity or maternity, participating in her cares or her martyrdom. Of the great saints and illustrious women whose glory is blended with that of the

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apostles and heroes of Christendom, or of those who have been separated by their vocation from the ordinary state, we do not propose to speak; or to linger on the theme of that kind of self-sacrifice by which they have paid the cost of their high part in the ministry of grace among men. The Virgin Mary is the model of all Christian women, of those who remain in the ordinary spheres of domestic and social life, subject to the obligations and trials of the family household, as well as of queens and foundresses, martyrs and cloistered devotees of contemplative prayer or active charity. Mary was an angel of solace to her spouse, the much-tried Joseph; a guardian to her Divine Child; the great guardian angel of universal humanity; and this was at the cost of an inconceivable self-sacrifice. Those true Christian women who remain by the side of men in the every-day world, who leave the household of their parents only when they plight their troth with the wedding-ring before the altar, who serve God and merit heaven among their children and domestics, are truly imitators of the Blessed Mother of God and share with her in the office of guardian angels over men. And this is really a more difficult, a more arduous, a more painful, and a much more necessary office than that to which women are called by the religious vocation. The religious vocation is a favor, a privilege, a special grace exempting those who receive it from the severest part of the penalty inherited by the daughters of Eve. It is well for men and the world, and wisely ordered by the providence of God, that a few only can appreciate the happiness of such a life and find the way to it open to their choice in early youth. What would become of men and of children, if only fallen angels were left to be their guardians and companions? It is a supernatural grace which calls a maiden to be the bride of the Lord, and prefer the care of school-girls, orphans, the poor and the sick, or the solitary tasks and prayers of the cloister, to the sphere of human love and care in the family. What it will cost to pay the penalty of Eve's disobedience, to bring forth children in sorrow and be under the rule of a man, is happily unknown and unfeared by those who in the joy and charm of their youth are so eager to follow the bent of their nature and to fulfil their appointed destiny. Neither do they shrink from the sacrifice when they begin to find out by experience how great and painful it is. God has fitted the feminine character to the special destiny he has given to the woman as the companion of the man. It is characteristic of woman to devote herself to a service of love towards man and to find her own happiness in this devotion. If self-sacrifice is required by the exigencies of this devotion, she accepts it quietly, as something belonging to her position. This sentiment is the most vivid and powerful when it takes the form of love towards one who is actually or in prospect in the relation of a husband. But feminine devotion is by no means confined to this most special and close of human relationships. It extends itself into all the other social relations of women with men, whether these are founded upon natural kindred or upon some other human basis and support. It gives grace and tenderness to filial, fraternal and maternal, as well as to conjugal devotion; to friendship, to the

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honor and admiration given to men of great intellectual or moral worth; it refines and beautifies all domestic and social life; and it is even one of the main supports of the moral and political order and of religion when it is elevated, sanctified, and regulated by divine faith and the grace of God.

Matrimony is a sacrament, both typifying the sacred relation between Christ and his spouse the church, and actually effecting what it represents, by its own special sacramental and sanctifying grace. The sacrament of matrimony perpetuates and continually renews, in conjunction with the other sacraments, regenerate and living humanity; the consort of the Son of God, wedded indissolubly to his person through the medium of his own human nature. The relation of the husband and wife is sacramental, uniting them in a special way, by a special bond, with Christ through the church; and it is therefore an application and extension of the relation of the church to Christ. Every real marriage is for a baptized person sacramental *ipso facto*, and its offspring, as St. Paul teaches (1 Cor. vii. 14), "*are holy*"; that is, specially belonging to God and by their sacred birthright apt subjects for baptism. The sacrament of baptism consecrates infants to Christ in a common relation with their baptized parents, binding Christ, the church, the parents, and the children together in one sacred fellowship. The relation of parents and children in the church is sacramental; and by this sacramental sanctity Christ is made the father and the church the mother of the family; whose representatives are the natural parents, who are themselves also of the children of the household of faith. The relation of brothers and sisters is likewise sacramental, and so is that of kindred, and also the natural or spiritual relation of affinity which springs from marriage or baptism. Every such relation is only a particular mode of the universal relation of all the baptized with each other and with Christ through faith and the sacraments, which makes the church one family. Marriage is necessary to the existence and perpetuation of this universal relation and its particular modes. It gives to baptism and confirmation and order the subjects of their indelible characters; to the church the successive generations of faithful children; to the sanctuary its ministers and priests and pontiffs, to the cloister its virgins, to the school its doctors, to heaven its crowned saints. Mary sprang from holy matrimony; and in one sense Christ also, who came from Joachim and Anna, from Adam and Eve, through his virginal mother by lineal descent; and who was also born of one who was truly a wedded maid, and whose maternity was made legitimate and honorable before the human law by her marriage to St. Joseph. The family is the earthly type of the Trinity. Joseph, Mary, and the Child Jesus represent on earth the fellowship of the Three Persons in the Godhead. Paternity and filiation very distinctly and intelligibly represent in human society the relations which they imitate in the divine Fellowship. The conjugal relation represents love and unity as they are in the prototype of the Trinity. To the human relation the feminine element is essential, because it makes that distinction and opposition between the related persons which is the basis of the relation. Although there is no distinction of

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masculine and feminine in the Deity, yet there is a reason why the imitation of the relations subsisting in the divine essence cannot be perfect in human nature without this distinction. The divine cannot be imitated in the human in its absolute simplicity, but is reflected and broken up into a multiplicity of partial images, like the ray of light refracted through the prism. The simple essence of God is virtually and eminently equivalent to an infinite multitude of beings, each one reflecting something of its absolute perfection. And, for this reason, the unity of the one essence of God in three distinct persons which constitutes the relation of society in love and beatitude subsisting between the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, in order that it may be imitated in a human society, requires a number of distinct and different individuals. In God, there is numerical unity of essence in three Persons. In creatures, distinction of persons requires numerical distinction in the actual, individual nature of the persons. In God, paternity exists completely in the Father; in man, the parental relation requires two distinct parents, except in the miraculous instance of the virginal maternity of Our Lady, the Mother of God. In God, the essence or nature of the Father and the Son is numerically one, and the Son is of the same substance with the Father—*consubstantial;* in man, the parent and child are of like nature and substance only, but individually distinct in nature. The feminine element in humanity is, for this reason, necessary to the expression of the divine type in society. It completes the masculine element, and is equally essential in the constitution of the family, as the primordial society and the unit which, by its multiplication, furnishes the constituent parts of the more extensive associations of men in social and political communities, and in the universal society of the human race. The Holy Family, which was the human type of the Trinity, was composed of Joseph, Mary, and the Child Jesus. But, as Joseph was only a representative father in this family, the Madonna and Child are more usually depicted in Christian art without him; and these two really represent in perfection the idea of the divine society in the human family. For the real relation of human parentage and filiation was completed between these two alone, through the miraculous maternity of the Virgin Mother; and the representation of the Mother with her Divine Infant suggests to faith the Eternal Father, who cannot be represented under a visible form. The three persons of the Holy Family, Joseph, Mary, and Jesus, are, however, together, the prototype most perfectly expressed of the Christian family. And it is impossible to look with the eye of faith upon any group of a similar kind, where the father, the mother, and their child set before the sight a resemblance to the Holy Family, without a sentiment of its surpassing and mystical beauty. The very same is reproduced in the religious community, where spiritual sons or daughters are grouped around the fathers and mothers who govern the sacred household; and in the church, where the faithful are under their pastors and bishops, as children under fathers, and all together are under the tutelage of the Pope, as the "Holy Father" of Christendom. The most striking and impressive and

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naturally beautiful object, nevertheless, among all these is the one which is the most visibly and outwardly similar to its prototype in the Holy Family; that is, the Christian family itself, in the Christian home, where parents and their young children are united in one loving group, under all the hallowing influences of faith and sacramental grace. There are many such families, where the unseen angels may dwell contentedly, and where the Lord himself would look with complacency on the fulfilment of his own ideal, if he were to revisit the earth in his natural presence; as he certainly does regard it with benignant approbation from heaven and from the Blessed Sacrament. If the whole of mankind were such as these, the earth would become a Paradise, and the kingdom of God would be universally established in this world.

It is our special object to consider the woman's office in the family, and we must therefore specify more distinctly what it is in the feminine character and influence which has its own peculiar divine mark and quality. The mother is the immediate source and origin of life to man, as the instrument of the Creator. It is the law of the Creator that man should be born of woman and nourished by her during infancy. The Redeemer of mankind was born of a woman, as the indispensable condition of consanguinity with his fellow-men, though he had God alone for his father. This fact has elevated the one who is "blessed among women" above all merely human beings and all other creatures, and given special honor to her sex. The nurture of childhood, the care of the sick members of the family, the consolation of those who are in trouble, the intercession for such as are under the displeasure of the father of the family, spring naturally out of the maternal office and are better done by the mother because of her feminine character and qualities. The mother is also the natural and rightful counsellor of the father, and for this duty also she is specially fitted by the finer and more subtle moral intuitions of the feminine nature. Whatever belongs to the order and decoration of the household, to the arrangement of festivities and home enjoyments, it is her part to preside over and to give it the grace of refinement and politeness. In all these things her power lies chiefly in her influence, persuasiveness, and fineness of tact, in her native faculty for the things belonging to social *etiquette*, in the primitive and best sense of that term, denoting "lesser ethics," or whatever belongs to minor morals and manners: those customs and habitudes in daily common affairs which throw the charm of beauty and the grace of courtesy over the ordinary events and intercourse of the family and society. Above all it springs from the magic of love, "tender and true," disinterested, amiable, and self-sacrificing. In the nature of man, the wisdom, power, justice, and ruling providence of God are specially represented. In the feminine character, on the other hand, it is the beauty, the goodness, the love of God, and the gentle, persuasive interior government of the soul by grace, which are expressed in a human image; most perfectly in Our Blessed Lady, and, to a lesser or greater degree, in those women who resemble their type and model.

The guardian angels are the special ministers of grace, and in

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that capacity serve Our Lord, the Mediator of redemption, and Our Lady, the subordinate Mediatrix of grace, by their mediation and ministration of love between the heirs of salvation and the Heavenly Father. On account of the analogy between their office and that of the feminine compart of man in the human family, we have called her the "guardian angel of man." But it is not so much what man gains by her ministry as what it costs her to fulfil it which is the scope of our remarks upon this angelic and gracious ministry. The law of grace for fallen men is a law of suffering. The merciful ministry of Christ entailed upon him unspeakable suffering in the entire sacrifice of himself which was finished when he expired upon Mount Calvary. The partnership of Mary entailed upon her suffering only less than his, but still unspeakable.

Nobis salutem conferant
Deiparæ tot lachrymæ,
Quibus lavare sufficis
Totius orbis crimina.

The sin of Eve entailed upon her daughters, Mary included, so much special suffering and sacrifice as the condition of salvation, that the Scripture declares in the form of an axiom that "Man, *who is born of woman*, is of few days and full of trouble." This essential suffering belongs even to the ideal state of Christian domestic and social life in its happiest conditions; as well as in those which seem less favored, because they include more visible and tangible hardships and privations. By the ideal state we mean such a one as can be made actual by the observance in the family and society of all the divine laws, so that the miseries caused by actual sins against the divine order are excluded. Let society and the family be regulated by the divine law, as universally and completely as human fragility will suffer this observance to exist practically, in the most favored period of time among the most thoroughly Christianized portion of mankind, and there will remain the suffering which is inherent in the very law of life, from which none are exempt; and that, moreover, which necessarily belongs to poverty, to which many must be always subject. This is the indispensable personal cost of all that is good and best in this world. The feminine character is beautified by suffering, and elevated from a resemblance to the type of a heathen goddess to an angelic similitude and a conformity with the divine Madonna. In a holy family, all whose members are holy, the office of guardian angel involves pain and sacrifice. Every family may be called holy, in so far as its members are united in the Catholic faith and the practice of the commandments of God and the precepts of the church, without any habitudes of grievous sin which destroy or seriously mar its sacramental unity and peace. In this sanctuary the altar and the censer cannot be wanting, and they require a chalice with the heart's blood in it for a sacrifice, incense whose fragrant cloud ascends from the fire of suffering. The sacrifice which a Christian woman offers to God is herself. A man offers himself to God, to a great extent, by consecrating to him those things which are under his dominion, and his part is more that of a priest than of a victim. There is something in the sentiment awakened by the sight of a novice receiving the religious veil, or making her religious profession quite different from any awakened

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by the solemn ordination of a young ecclesiastic. The sacred virgin is a victim, who is offering her heart with her hand to the Divine Spouse. It is a sacred bridal; and, in a like manner, a bride before the altar, in her person, her dress, the fillet which binds her head, the ring which encircles her finger, presents the form of one who is devoted to another; who is given away at her own desire, but irrevocably, to become a part of another person, and thus to sacrifice her very self. This is her natural destiny, and it is a supernatural vocation which calls her to the celestial espousals of religious vows. The feminine nature, which is specially fitted and intended for such a destiny, makes every other relation in life, even in those who never receive either the wedding-ring or the religious veil, similar in character to the relation contracted in marriage. The sister is in the same attitude to her brother, of one devoted to another who receives her devotion. The mother is in a similar attitude toward her son. And no matter who or what may be the object of this peculiarly feminine devotion, the same element is present and qualifies the sentiment and the manner of bestowing human kindness or supernatural charity upon the recipient. And as the sentiment is peculiar, the necessity of suffering and sacrifice which accompanies it is involved in it, and receives its special character from the same cause.

It is involved in it, and cannot ever be separated from it or remain long dormant, though at times it may slumber. It is called into frequent and vivid activity even during the most sunshiny periods of the most serene and happy lives, at least after the "trance of childhood" has come to a close. Very frequently, even when the trials which come are not caused by having sinned or been sinned against, the necessity for sacrifice and suffering comes either from the very beginning of life, or comes soon afterwards, or comes suddenly, or comes so pressingly at the end of a long period that it effaces all remembrance of past enjoyment. Some are drawn by it to a life in the world as much apart from earthly enjoyment and as strictly self-denying as the life of the cloister. They are not with the banded group who bear their veils and lights in company, but they carry them with equal vigilance, on the same road, apart by themselves. Others find in a household where suffering and poverty have intruded, without sin having opened the door to the unwelcome visitors, a sterner rule of abnegation and arduous exertion than even that of a Trappist monastery. Or, in lone widowhood, with their half-orphans clinging around them, they must face, alone and unprotected, the anxieties, the cares, often the bitter privations, of a life of labors and struggles for which only manly strength and resources are naturally fitted. Perhaps some who have no such struggle to encounter suffer as much, or more, in the midst of affluence, when they are left alone with the portraits of the departed looking silently at them; in the old home where the voices of the past are hushed; amid the pleasant places, where the familiar forms of bygone days no longer walk, and the merry group of children no longer make the lawn bright and vocal with their presence.

This is one way in which the feminine heart pays the cost of its privilege. It is freely paid, and

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draws from the hidden treasure the golden coin of pure love without stint. It has been stated in the papers that during the recent visitation of yellow fever at the South men have abandoned their wives, parents their children, and children their parents, but that not one case has been known of a wife abandoning her husband. It is needless to prove what is known to every one, that every possible way in which a wife can show her fidelity and love to her husband when he is in need or peril of any kind, to the extent of a superhuman fortitude and daring, either in suffering or in action, is illustrated by countless known examples which can only be a small fraction of the whole sum of similar instances. The same is true in respect to parents, children, and other relatives, and, moreover, in respect to those who are related only by the bond of common charity. The daughter works for her dependent parents, nurses them even with the sacrifice of health and the risk of life, and offers on this altar her own individual aspirations for a home of her own in her own household or in the cloister. Her life of devotion is divided between the humble abode made comfortable by her earnings, the school or workshop of her daily severe labor, and the church; and she often fades early, showing all the unearthly sanctity which has bloomed unnoticed, only when a beautiful death attracts for a moment the admiration of a few who are its witnesses. A fond sister offers the savings of years without a moment's hesitation to give a brother the last chance of saving his life by an expensive journey to a milder climate. Another spends her days in teaching and her evenings at the sewing-machine to send her brother to college, perchance denying herself the longing desire of her own heart for the cloister, without a murmur. A mother exerts the cultivated talents which once adorned the drawing-room, and puts to hard service the elegant accomplishments which were acquired as a decoration for a more prosperous state, writing for magazines, going through cold and heat and drenching rain to give lessons in French or music to dull and wayward pupils, or she makes a clerk of herself in a public office, or a private governess or a housekeeper, living sparingly, dressing shabbily, suffering silently, to give her sons and daughters an education, and to provide for their future whatever hope she can of becoming respectable and comfortable and happy in life. If there is no other way of serving others at her own expense, and no other outlet for the defrauded natural affections of her heart, a woman of the noblest Christian type will find both in works of active charity among the poor and suffering, like the heroine of *A Sister's Story*. All this is done spontaneously, cheerfully, unostentatiously, as something which belongs as a matter of course to her position and duty as a guardian angel. One may observe in the eye a moisture of suppressed tears, and a trembling of the lips, when counsel or assistance is asked of a trusted friend and adviser about the way to make some sacrifice or find some work, but no wavering of the heart can be detected, no shrinking of the will from its high and disinterested purpose. If only the end is gained in the good of the ones whom the angel is guarding, if there is responsive love, if there is solace and alleviation gratefully received, if there is

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the reward of seeing the fruit of virtue, of piety, of honorable character and effort on the part of those for whom she is devoting her labor and sacrifice, and a promise of reaping at last in joy what has been sown in tears, whether she herself will live to share it or only be consoled in death by seeing that it has come for others, the true Christian woman feels herself amply repaid and perfectly content. Whatever it has cost to be a guardian angel, it has not cost too much when such a result has been accomplished.

This is, however, the lightest and easiest kind of self-sacrifice which is demanded from Christian women by the exigencies of their position and the obligations involved in it, as things are in real life. The hard and heavy trials come from the unworthiness and delinquency of those who are the objects of their angelic ministry, and who fail miserably in fulfilling their own duty in the family relation, or even grievously sin against its fundamental laws. A brave woman suffers pain from the additional burden placed on her shoulders by the privation of that strong protection and efficient labor which it belongs to men to exercise. But, if husband and son are laid low without loss of honor, there is no bruising of her moral sensibilities. Our Lord suffered the real, interior cross in his soul from the sins of men, and Our Lady suffered more from sympathy with this moral pain than from mere compassion for the physical torments of her Son. It is easier for a noble woman to see her husband die for his honor than to see him become a traitor; to witness the martyrdom than to behold the apostasy of her son. The delinquencies which come from moral *weakness* only, even though they are very serious and bring after them great troubles and sorrows, are easily pardoned, so long as there remains unbroken a bond of mutual affection, and enough of moral soundness in the heart to produce repentance or give hope that it will eventually be produced. Nevertheless, it is a harder trial to endure even shiftlessness and unmanly inefficiency, though unaccompanied by great moral faults, than to bear the greatest of the sufferings which come from a more worthy cause. Patient and indulgent as a wife and mother may be, when the part of a man is thrown upon her shoulders; and those who are by nature manly become weak and womanish dependants upon her; we cannot help thinking that it costs her too much to be a guardian angel under such circumstances. When selfishness, indolence, and vice have brought about this moral helplessness and dependence, it is a still more pitiable spectacle. It is a sad and humiliating position for a man who is the head of a family to be a mere cipher in the sum of the household, even though weakness of character and the discouragement of adverse fortune are the sole cause of this imbecility. It may be redeemed by gentle and amiable qualities, or by some of those finer intellectual gifts of the poetic and artistic temperament so often disconnected from practical capacity in common affairs; and if there is no need of struggling against poverty and encountering the hardships of misfortune, the wife may take on herself the managing and governing functions of the household without any serious damage to domestic happiness. So long as there is mutual respect and affection, and the wolf is kept from the door, the guardian angel can

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fulfil her double task cheerfully, and perhaps enjoy her supremacy a little, even when she has to govern her husband as well as her children. A man who has genius and is admired, one who is a scholar, a fine writer, or in some way recognized as of porcelain clay, is looked on with indulgence if he be somewhat feminine. If he is amiable, he may be more loved, notwithstanding a strange amount of shyness, awkwardness, or even childish helplessness, than one of more homely nature can be, however strong and useful in all common affairs. Nevertheless, it is a humiliating weakness in any man, even though he be a genius, to depend on a woman in those things in which the woman is naturally dependent on the man. If he is made of any clay except very fine porcelain, he cannot escape at least some degree of contempt from his wife and children, even though it is involuntary and they feel at times compunction for it, especially when he comes to die, and they remember only what was good in him. But how seldom is it that this imbecility is a mere excusable weakness, or that its naturally disastrous consequences are impeded and counteracted by favorable circumstances! In itself it is a ruinous delinquency and failure, like the sinking in of one entire side of the foundations of a building; and this failure is, generally speaking, morally culpable. There is at least moral cowardice and sloth, culpable negligence, carelessness, and shirking of duty. When a true-hearted and generous woman must take the burden thrown upon her by an indolent and low-spirited man, it is extremely hard, even though he may be good-natured, and willing to acknowledge and praise the virtues of his wife or daughter while he lets them do his work for him. Most frequently there is something worse than sloth and cowardice at the bottom of these miseries. It is vicious self-indulgence, especially hard drinking, which in the beginning has weakened and undermined the whole moral constitution, produced the state of indolent pusillanimity and unsteadiness of purpose, wasted the resources and destroyed the opportunities which were the germ and nucleus of future prosperity. It is enough merely to hint at the sins which are worse and more ruinous than drunkenness. We do not propose to go into the most dismal and distressing regions of the guilt and misery and tragic crimes of human society, either high or low. Most of our readers know enough already of these things, at least from the delineations of popular literature, to dispense us from anything more than a reminder. We have no intention of attempting a description of what women in all ranks suffer from the tyranny, brutality, faithlessness, and desertion of bad men, in palaces and in hovels alike. Vicious men are coarse, vile, and cruel, at least at times when they are under the excitement of their ungoverned passions, if not habitually; whether they be princes or tramps. Even though they may not, if they are restrained by habits of outward decorum and the power of those laws which control the manners of polite society, use violent language or commit personal outrages upon ladies who are so unhappy as to be their near relatives, their conduct toward them is none the less base and cruel. What those women who are truly angelic have suffered from their connection with such men no lan-

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guage can express, and only they themselves can fully understand. It is not necessary to go lower than the palaces of kings, and these not heathen but Christian kings, to find illustrations. Queen Catharine of England and Maria Leczinska of France may suffice. It was an old saying among the heathen Arabians, who used to bury their superfluous female children alive, that "the best son-in-law is the grave." Surely, it is much less sad to see a lovely young maiden consigned to the grave than to see her doomed to such a marriage. It may become the occasion of heroic virtue and extraordinary merit, and sometimes the most wicked men may become penitent and be saved through the prayers and the influence of saintly wives and daughters. Still, it is no less true that it would have been easier and more pleasant for these holy victims to have died in the trance of childhood, without passing through such a martyrdom. The angelic beauty of character acquired at the cost of so great suffering and heroism is worth what it costs, and no price is too great which redeems a soul, however sinful. Yet this does not alter our just estimate of the greatness of the cost, or of the odiousness of the sins which exact such a costly sacrifice. To expiate the sins of those whom she loves with a superhuman devotion; to reclaim them from sin and final impenitence; to resist and counteract the ruinous influence of their vices, their impiety, or their indifference; to be the visible representative and ministering angel of grace to hard and wayward men; is the most divine but also the most arduous office of the Christian woman in the family and in the world. It is quite enough for her to fulfil her office of angelic ministration to those who are themselves faithful to their own duty, by supplying what they naturally need and lack the natural faculty of furnishing to themselves. The necessity of supplying also for their gross delinquency, and overcoming their apathy or opposition, is disgraceful to the manhood of the delinquents.

It is the man who is the head of the woman and of the household in all things. In all the sacramental relations of marriage and paternity, as well as in the natural order, he is first and chief and ought to keep his place. It is for him to be the firm pillar of support to the family in respect to religion and morals, as well as in regard to temporal affairs. He is the ruler and judge, the domestic priest and teacher, the exemplar in whom all should find their model and standard of conduct. The wife ought to lean on him, and follow him in the practice of all religious duties and the moral virtues, and be only his coadjutor in ordering the household and training up the children in the way in which they ought to walk. It is a dishonor to his manhood when he falls away from the highest and noblest part of his duty, and leaves it to his wife. It is a shame for him to need to lean on her, and to be persuaded and led like a child to fulfil whatever he does fulfil of his duty as a Christian man; still more when by apathy or raillery, by gross neglect and bad example, even by openly professing bad principles and positively leading away from piety and virtue his sons, he thwarts and counteracts the mother's instructions and influence. It is base to need perpetual watching, lest he be led away into dissipation, and to tax the patient love and kindness of a woman in nursing him

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out of the miseries of intoxication. It is mean and ungrateful for sons to disappoint the hopes and break the heart of the mother who gave them life and nurtured their infancy, by worthless conduct; cruel and inhuman to make a sister blush for their degeneracy; and meanest of all to flout and deride the fine, feminine sense of morality as weak sentimentalism, and to set the imperious assertion of manly superiority as a shield against every just reproach and kind expostulation. The excuses and palliations which are thrown over these delinquencies, that they are common among men, that the temptations of life are too great to be withstood, that the fault lies in circumstances over which they had no control, are as degrading to the manhood of those who plead them as the cowardice of an officer who pleads panic fear as an excuse for running away from the field of battle. One of the most sarcastic sentences ever penned is found among the sayings of a woman who was one of the most gentle and amiable, as well as heroic, feminine characters among the saintly women of our age—Mme. Barat: "Les hommes d'aujourdhui sont des femmes, il faut que les femmes deviennent des hommes." It is a rebuke to the effeminate men of this generation, like that which the Avignonese cardinals felt they were receiving, when St. Catharine of Siena was exhorting them to rouse themselves to their neglected duty. Let women rival and equal men by rising above the ordinary level of the feminine character, and they deserve praise.

"Fortem virili pectore,
Laudemus, omnes, feminam."

But men who have lost the virtue of true Christian manhood, that *virtus* which is the same as virility, and are willing to sink into moral inferiority to women, deserve to be called *Mantalinis*, and not men or gentlemen.

Women are not all angels. Some are even demons. Many, who are neither the one nor the other, share equally with men in degeneracy from the character and principles which constitute the true dignity and grace of human nature in the man and in the woman alike, and make the union of the two in a sacramental fellowship a real expression of the divine type of Christian marriage. The concurrence of both parties to the sacred contract is necessary for the full effect of the sacramental grace, which Christ our Lord has given in order that it may elevate and sanctify in a special manner those relations of parents, with each other and with their offspring, which were already by the natural law high and holy. The delinquency of either party more or less violates the natural or sacramental sanctity of marriage and frustrates its intention; but the delinquency of woman is more fatal than that of man, and when both concur in impiety and immorality, a generation of reprobates is the natural offspring of the debased parentage. The total overthrow of all moral and social order and the ruin of the whole human race would follow, if this degeneracy should become so universal as to make the generation of the reprobate everywhere dominant. It is already general enough in Christendom to shake this order to its foundations, and to cause the ruin of a great multitude. The points of location, where the primitive causes of the general disorder of society lurk and work their fatal effects, are

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families; and to these points all preventive and remedial measures must be principally directed. From the family, regenerated and sanctified through the sacraments, incorporated into the church, and keeping the law of Christ, comes forth that multitude which constitutes the Christian people, of whom the church and the state are composed. Let the family once be placed on its right basis, and it is only necessary to continue and persevere in the observance of the law, to secure universal order and well-being. The Catholic Church has divine authority to promulgate and enforce this law, and the divine or Christian law can only be completely known, or in its full extent practically applied as a moral rule, through the doctrine and the commandments of the church. Every Catholic who is not ignorant knows that this is true, and that the precepts of the church concerning marriage are binding under pain of mortal sin. Yet it may not be useless to recall to the remembrance of some a few of these precepts which, if not forgotten, are frequently ignored in practice, and the reason on which they are based.

Marriage is one of the seven sacraments, and therefore entirely under the control of the church, whose jurisdiction extends to every baptized person. All marriages which the church declares to be null and void are absolutely null and void, whether sanctioned or condemned by the civil law. They are not merely devoid of all that is essential to make them valid sacramentally, but equally null as contracts, and are in no sense real marriages at all. Every true and valid marriage of baptized persons is a sacrament, and, like every other sacrament, must be received in accordance with the divine law declared by the church and the positive precepts enacted by her law-giving authority. Those who knowingly violate these laws when they marry receive a sacrament in the state of mortal sin, and profane a sacrament in the very act of receiving it. They not only deprive themselves of the grace of the sacrament, but they dishonor it and are guilty of contempt of the Author of the sacrament, who is our Lord himself. Those who act in good faith are innocent of sin in this matter, because their ignorance of the law of God excuses them. We are not judging those who are without the pale of the Catholic Church, much less calling in question the validity of any marriage otherwise lawful, merely because it has not been celebrated before a true priest according to the Catholic rite. We are speaking now of and to instructed Catholics, who cannot plead good faith as an excuse for transgressing laws which they know to be binding on their consciences. When they transgress these laws, it is simply because they do not care for the law of God, and are not governed by conscientious principles. Sin in the very sacrament which makes the indissoluble bond of marriage is a serpent in the nest. The punishment is sure to follow sooner or later, unless the sin is expiated by penance, and the obstacle which prevents the sacramental and sanctifying grace from flowing in with its sweet waters upon the garden of domestic life is removed.

We have shown what it costs to be a guardian angel, not to discourage those who have chosen or willingly may choose to accept the part which God has assigned to the

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Christian woman as her ordinary vocation, but to set in a clear light the holy and arduous service which is exacted from them. Whoever has in his company or in his memory of the past any of these angels; a mother, a sister, a wife, a daughter; if he has any true manhood, must honor the sanctity of the feminine character in the true Christian woman, and scorn the meanness of conduct which makes a man unworthy to be served by angels. Whoever aspires to be an angel guardian in a Christian household should remember, that it is only this feminine sanctity of a true Christian woman which can deserve and receive such high honor as that which is the just tribute from man to one who is an angel and minister of grace in the household. A Christian maiden needs as careful and religious an education for the fit and worthy reception of the bridal wreath and ring as a novice for her profession. Marriage is a sacrament, and there is no sacrament by which a special consecration to religion is sealed except holy orders. The vow of marriage is more absolutely indissoluble than sacerdotal or religious vows. The road of matrimony leads to the same end with the straight road of religion and the middle way of ecclesiastical labor, though it is more circuitous. If it has its own special pleasantness by reason of its winding through smiling vales and by murmuring brooks and along flowery paths, it is in the long run the most arduous and painful of all the ways which lead to the summit of the mountain. It is also more full of dangers; and for all these reasons, if possible, more prudence, more fear of God and a greater trust in him, more solicitude in seeking for special graces, are requisite in one who would enter upon this road in the manner becoming a Christian than even for the aspirant to the life of the convent.

The responsibility of parents and of those who have the charge of the education of young girls is very great in this respect. It is for them to supply that care and direction which is necessary for those who are too young to have all the prudence and forethought which are required in a matter so important, upon which the happiness, the religious and moral security, and even the eternal salvation of their precious charges are so dependent. Education is not a mere affair of schooling in certain studies and accomplishments suitable to the quality and position of a lady. It is a physical and moral as well as a mental culture, beginning in infancy, and in its general intention a complete preparation for marriage and the married life, with all the onerous duties and trials which this holy state involves. It cannot be entirely devolved on teachers and guardians, even though these are the most competent and conscientious ladies who can be found to undertake the task of education, in the world or in the convent; unless the children are orphans or otherwise necessarily deprived of the natural care of parents. The parents have an indispensable duty in this regard toward their daughters, but especially the mother. She is really the guardian angel to whose watchful and faithful care they have been committed, that they may be trained to become guardian angels in their own households. Negligence, laxity, but especially delinquency in this duty, and even grievous mistakes in the manner of fulfilling it, tend

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to produce the most dangerous, often actually disastrous consequences. When the sentiments, the conduct, and the family government of the parents are not regulated by the divine law, Christian principles, and a genuine Catholic spirit; or at least are very deficient in these respects, and in too great conformity with the degenerate maxims and customs commonly prevalent; the most religious education of the convent lacks its necessary counterpart at home and is defrauded of its due result. This topic, of the corruption of the Catholic type of the family and the desecration of its sacramental character and sanctity, is too grave and important to be treated in a few sentences. It is much to be desired that some one would treat it properly in a volume. And since those who need most to be instructed can scarcely be induced to read anything except light literature, we wish that our best writers of fiction would imitate the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, by depicting in a vivid and dramatic manner those tragedies of social and domestic life which are too often true and sad scenes in the real world.

Setting aside all that belongs to the spiritual and eternal welfare of our Catholic children and young people, and looking only at the question of life and health, with particular reference to the more fragile and delicate constitution of girls, the way in which they are too frequently brought up is contrary to common sense, as well as to sound and Christian maxims of morality. Although the girls are generally much better brought up than the boys in families of wealthy and easy circumstances; and the provision made for their education, in Catholic schools of the higher grade, excels that which has thus far been made for boys; it is no less a certain fact that they are frequently in danger of fading and even dying at an early age. One cause of this premature failure of physical vigor and health is their precocious exchange of the state of childhood for that of young-ladyhood. They are prematurely indulged in many ways, after the manner of young ladies in fashionable society. Instead of being refreshed and invigorated, as they ought to be, by their holidays and vacations, they are often enfeebled by the unwholesome excitement of late hours and amusements unsuitable to the temperament of early youth. Unfitted to endure the tax upon the brain which the application to study imposes; perhaps even unduly pressed and hurried to acquire the mental culture and accomplishments which are deemed necessary by ambitious and not over-discreet parents; they enter upon life, at the end of the schoolgirl period, too frail and delicate, already too much exhausted in mind and body, to bear the new strain upon both, under which they often give way, lapsing into the condition of perpetual invalids, or dying before they have fairly begun to live. Are there any parents who agree with the old Arabians that "the best son-in-law is the grave"? Is it a good thing to bury superfluous children? If not, then in God's name let not parents destroy them by the slow but deadly poison of luxurious living and nervous excitement. The precious state of childhood ought to be prolonged, and its healthful, delightful trance remain unbroken, both for boys and girls, until they are set free by the hand of nature from its tasks and sports and discipline. This is

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the natural preparation for the subsequent state of adult age, when the manly toga and the robe of womanhood are to be assumed, with all the grave duties and severe trials of real life in the world. Real life, in the only true and worthy sense, is the Christian life, which is a pilgrimage to eternity. The guardian angel who is given to man as his companion on this hard pilgrimage cannot fulfil her office, if she flies away at the very outset of the journey to the company of the angels in heaven. It is necessary to be strong as well as holy, in order to endure to the end, to remain by the side of the companion of youth until old age brings both near to the natural termination of the long and circuitous road, followed by the group of children and grandchildren, blessing and venerating the white and reverend heads, more beautiful in holy age than they were when crowned with the coronal of youth. That prudence which is as clearly the dictate of reason as it is inculcated by the principles of faith requires, that this journey should be undertaken with all those aids of sacramental grace which are needful to sustain and cheer the wayfarer along this difficult and dangerous road. Whoever appreciates justly what these difficulties and dangers are; how arduous is the way to heaven for one who is to be the guardian angel to encourage and allure by a gentle and strong influence of loving companionship the one who by struggling and fighting should lead the way, to keep the right path and surmount its obstacles; will be careful to enter on this journey with no companion who is not a man of faith and virtue. To no other will parents and guardians who are true to the trust confided to them willingly commit one out of their band of young angels. Only with such a guide and protector and strong defender and leader, to head and conduct the band of young pilgrims to eternity whom God will confide to her guardianship; will a truly prudent woman, who enters upon marriage in the love and fear of God, willingly assume the office of a guardian angel of childhood. It costs enough to the Christian woman to pay the inevitable penalty of her share in the transgression of Eve, and the cost of her participation in the divine maternity of Mary; to suffer the consequences of original sin and fulfil the conditions of redemption, in the holy and sacramental state of marriage with all the blessings of the Catholic religion to sanctify it. It is too great a cost to be willingly assumed, when she must suffer, through her own thoughtlessness or sin, or the faithless betrayal of trust by those who ought to be her protectors, from an ill-assorted and disastrous union which defaces or destroys the sanctity and the happiness of married life and of the family household. The strict observance of all the laws of God and all the precepts and counsels of the church secures for men and women and for children, in their family relations, all the well-being and happiness which is possible in this world. The violation of these laws brings misery after it as its punishment. The innocent must suffer by their relations with the guilty, but this is for them an occasion of greater virtue and merit. The penitent can expiate the sins which have brought suffering upon them by means of this very suffering. The innocent can expiate the sins of the guilty. Holy and pure vic-

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tims, by their prayer and suffering, and that spiritual power of sanctity which is always victorious over material force wielded by vicious passions, prevent the corruption of social life from totally destroying its moral order and beauty. Since the day when holy women kept faithful watch around the cross of the Lord, after all the other disciples had forsaken him and fled, their successors have never failed to atone for the delinquency of men by a heroism of virtue far beyond their natural feminine weakness. The Clotildas and Margarets and Catharines and Teresas have shed their angelic lustre upon the clouds of evil which have darkened the church and the nations of Christendom. The vestal virgins who guard the shrine of religious sanctity on their holy mountain have cast their bright light upon the path of the weary travellers who struggle and fight their way through its winding and difficult routes. But those to whom men, in the arduous and dangerous pilgrimage of life, owe the greatest obligation of honor and gratitude, are the guardian angels who accompany them through all its devious ways, from the beginning to the end of life; whose holy light diffuses its mild radiance over the path, whether rugged or pleasant, which they must traverse, day by day, with the great human crowd, along the common highway of the world toward the term where all ways meet; and where all who have not hopelessly wandered find the one, universal end to which all mankind are destined by the Creator.

MADAME DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

"You are in the habit of praising that merely human courage which frequently leads to fatal results; do you not think there is greatness of mind, true elevation of character, in acquiring a clear insight into one's own motives and a complete mastery over one's own actions? It seems to me that the greatest conqueror is nothing beside the simple and honest man who has made himself his constant study and self-conquest his greatest glory; who, having acquired the habit of self-repression, suffers little from the ill-regulated impulses of his nature, and can at any moment decide upon a line of action without being blinded by the impetuosity of his passions."

These words of the subject of the following sketch are a key to her own well-balanced character. Everything that helps us to a better understanding of that complex state of society which immediately preceded the first Revolution in France cannot but be interesting. We are not yet one hundred years distant from that time; men and women who died not thirty years ago remembered that state of society and played their part in it; and yet in many respects the gulf between those days and these is as wide as that which parts the English Catholic of this century from his ancestor before the Reformation, and wider than that which marks the New-Englander as a different being from his British

* *Life of Madame de la Rochefoucauld, Duchesse de Doudeauville.* Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

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contemporary. Even religiously speaking, the contrast is startling. The tone of the best society, in spite of the piety of some of the Bourbon royal family, in spite of the fervent and noble example of whole-souled members of the nobility, was as heathen as any that prevailed during the first successful years of the Renaissance, and side by side with this tone was an elaborate crust of official religious ceremonial, airily keeping its hold on society. The French Revolution was a mighty though not really a sudden shock, and, like the Reformation, did its work of inward rehabilitation in a negative way as efficiently as that of outward destruction. It showed many what they had been trifling with, and how lightly they had valued the only advantages of which mob-law could not deprive them. Their titles, their estates, and their lives were at the mercy of events, but their faith remained. To this they looked for encouragement and support when troubles drew dear, for comfort when they lost their dearest friends and relations, for fortitude when they were reduced to unaccustomed straits of poverty, exile, and dependence. The strange anomalies existing in pre-Revolution society seem monstrous when compared with the life of the descendants of the *émigrés*. The latter, though forming a caste apart —scarcely a political party, and yet an important dissentient element— are noted at present, and have been ever since the storm subsided, for practical piety, strict obedience to church rules, faithful discharge of family duties, and rigid adherence to religious as well as political principle, the latter being in their eyes synonymous with personal loyalty, even to their own hurt. In fact, they voluntarily put themselves in the same condition as the English Catholics before the penal laws were removed, so that every career and almost every profession were closed to them by their own tests. It is almost incredible that their young men especially should escape from the ill effects of such a system, and yet, thanks to the admirable ideal of family life in France, and to the traditions which half a century of inaction could not obliterate, they did not even become loutish or ignorant, much less lazy and immoral. On the contrary, one would think that the patriarchal life had revived among them: they married early; they never seemed to have any wild oats to sow; disturbing and illicit passions were unheard of; if they had estates, they lived on them and looked after them themselves; if they had none, they took to learning or to charity, and spent their peaceful and busy days in Paris. Sometimes they travelled abroad in wild places, exploring but making no parade of their researches, or served in the navy for a few years, and were invariably considered the bravest and best disciplined in the profession. Even the army in times of war they looked upon as a possible place for them, but the civil service, whether under the Orléans, the Bonapartes, or the Republic, they eschewed. When the Italian troubles broke out there was a rush of Légitimistes to the papal army, and these foreigners served the pope far more faithfully and more efficiently than his own subjects. With all the courtesy of the *ancien régime*, these remnants of the old *noblesse* disclaimed most of its prejudices, and above all abhorred its affectation of infidelity. Their piety became, on the contrary,

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a watchword, part of their honor, the outward sign of their ideal, the badge of their party. Religion was persecuted, weakened, out of fashion, and their chivalry was aroused in its behalf; the church was no longer a power in the state, with visible and undisputed sway, and it became to them in consequence a cherished institution which it was a point of honor to defend. There is something manly in this adoption by a whole class of the weaker side, this rallying round the standard of what, humanly speaking, appeared a lost cause. Politically the class in question made a grave mistake by withdrawing from the national life and progress; morally the national life lost the healthiest part of its vitality by this withdrawal; but the personal qualities of this isolated class are none the less admirable independently of their relation, one way or the other, to the public interests.

Mme. de la Rochefoucauld, or, as she was better known, the Duchess de Doudeauville, lived in both these different stages of society, though of the first she was at no time a representative. Her exemption from the prevailing tone of frivolity and unbelief seemed providential, for her eccentric and harsh mother could have had no influence over her, while her other relations (her father died just before her birth) had little to do with her education. Still more exceptional was the similar disposition of her husband, who was imposed upon her in such early youth that after their marriage she remained two years alone under her mother-in-law's charge while her bridegroom travelled during the same time with his tutor. Such passive marriages, the most ordinary occurrence in those times, needed much Christian fortitude to make them happy; but what added a further temptation to this conventional and impersonal method of mating was the style of social life and the code of social morals prevalent, the former, indeed, almost obligatory. The woman whose life ended at the age of eighty-five, just thirty years ago, was launched at fifteen in the court of Louis XVI., where, in spite of the blamelessness of the king and the unusual piety of his sister, Mme. Elizabeth, the outward forms were just as worldly, the etiquette as burdensome, the frivolity as triumphant as in the days of Louis XIV. Again, a special danger to young brides of that time lay in the want of preparation for so gay and yet ceremonious a life. They were literally kept in the nursery until the day of their marriage. Mme. de Doudeauville's mother, Mme. de Montmirail, actually made the bride-elect dine at a side-table by way of punishment for having made an awkward curtsey at the door the week before she was married. This strange person, who had been originally a Jansenist, but who afterwards delighted in the company of Jesuits, was generous to the poor, fond of the world, not above small artifices—such as putting the clock back during her country balls, while professing conscientiously to disapprove of dancing after ten o'clock—yet on the whole not irreligious, and, though whimsically severe to her two daughters, genuinely bent on bringing them up virtuously and godly. Whether from fancy or from respect, she insisted on having a special costume for the days when she went to confession, and when she was preparing for Holy Communion she passed the previous day fasting and in absolute re-

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treat; but on setting out for church she would turn round to her maids and say abruptly: "May God forgive you, mesdemoiselles, as I forgive you!"

Nothing could be a greater contrast to this woman than her daughter, and yet absolute obedience to her mother was the chief trait of Augustine de Montmirail's childhood. Her sister, Mme. de Montesquiou, who afterwards became governess to Napoleon's son, and who was almost the only one who dared to speak independently to the emperor, was much of the same type as Mme. de Doudeauville. No doubt they owed much to their teachers, Mme. Leprince de Beaumont, who had written several books for the young; and, after her, a pupil of Rollin, a grave, elderly man, who had known their father, and who infused into their studies that subtle element of interest which routine teaching generally misses. Although the education of that day was not technical nor of very great extent—indeed, the young girl, afterwards thrown among infidels, had to hold her tongue because her teaching had not armed her with any weapon of argument against false doctrine—it was such that if properly acted upon it produced models of domestic virtue and household management. It would be worth while at present, in view of the dissatisfaction caused by "popular" schools and the results of their training, to revert to that homelier pattern of teaching, to bring up girls more at home and with such accomplishments as their mothers are capable of imparting, and to equip them rather for their married life than for the brief period of their courtship. Augustine spent six months at the Convent of the Visitation, and made her First Communion there, after which her mother took her home again and subjected her to the same harsh and capricious treatment as before. That time at the convent naturally seemed a rest and a haven to the girl, and it is no wonder that she felt a desire, especially with the fervor of her First Communion encompassing her, to remain there all her life. She herself believed that an inward voice had warned her at the time that this desire was not to be fulfilled and that she was called upon to serve God in the world; at any rate she submitted very quietly to her mother's injunction to "observe carefully" the youngest and now only son of the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, who was to come one evening with his father to ask her hand in marriage.

"If he does not suit you," continued the mother, "you can tell me so; I will look out for another." The boy was fourteen, awkward and ailing; no one could have told what he would become later, and his bride certainly had to take him on faith, for they were not allowed to speak to each other, and even long after they were nominally married they did not meet without witnesses. Her husband's family were notoriously worldly, and his parents' house the centre of the wit—that is, the infidelity—of the day. She did not even know how strangely young Ambrose de la Rochefoucauld, through the influence left by the early training of a peasant nurse, had kept his faith intact, and even resisted that great temptation to a boy of appearing manly by laughing at religion. Augustine was indifferent as to the person her mother chose, and so made no difficulty, and the young people were married in 1779.

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The duchess (she assumed a title which belonged to her own family, and her husband took the corresponding one with its privilege of a grandeeship of Spain attached) was suddenly thrown among strangers, presented at court, chosen to dance in conspicuous quadrilles at Versailles, extolled as a beauty, followed by the silly exaggerations of a crowd eager for a new sensation (and she really was singularly beautiful, in the style of the Madonnas of Murillo), and initiated into the brilliant, empty, dashing life of her mother-in-law's circle. But she soon ceased to be the fashion; her timidity and silence neutralized her beauty; men found her unassailable and women dense; the habitués of the house affected to think her a nonentity or her coldness a restraint upon themselves, and her practices of devotion were universally ridiculed. Every one knows how much moral courage there may be in acts very insignificant in themselves, and such was the case with her when each Friday brought upon her the displeasure and sneers of her father-in-law because she would not give up fasting. Even the daily hearing of Mass was not long allowed her, and she wisely ceased to insist upon what was no obligation, anticipating her own dictum in later years, that prayers were never to be intruded upon the notice of one's husband or other companions, and made hateful to them by obstinacy. This time was a very trying one to her; the theatre she had a conscientious distaste for, and the novels of the day she abhorred; yet the former was a social resort to which the exigencies of her position forced her to go at times, though her mother-in-law, who really loved her, often helped her by making excuses for staying at home. There was an odd custom of presenting a bride to the public at the opera, and to this she had to conform, coming forward in her box and making a court curtsey to the pit and boxes, whence not only looks but cries and clapping of hands hailed her. The enthusiasm of novelty passed off, and those to whom her modest and maidenly beauty had afforded an unaccustomed sensation tired of what they called her want of sympathy and appreciation when they found her cold and indifferent to plays and books of doubtful moral tendency. She soon bade farewell even to harmless but useless books, from the conviction that the pleasure they gave her entailed loss of time; and in those early days of her court life this subject of loss of time was a grievous trial. It required two hours to dress the hair, and she tried to employ it in meditation or in learning verses by heart; every moment that she spent in society at home she used for needlework, and the quantities of her work preserved at her house of Montmirail and at the convent of Montléan show to what purpose she used her fingers. Her husband, who was fond of versifying, wrote a very ingenious play in rhyme on the word "point," or stitch, to celebrate this love of needlework, which, however, was a habit that her contemporaries commonly shared with her, not only in France but in other countries, as our great-grandmothers' productions testify.

Her influence—that of example exclusively, for she never argued, much less reproached—began to tell even on the worldly household of her husband's parents; and though they stopped her corre-

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spondence with him for fear of her religious influence, both her father, mother, and sister-in-law eventually gave way to this influence themselves. She put her own experience into words when years later she encouraged her daughter to stand up for the truth and trust to its ultimate triumph.

"... You will not, indeed," she says, "set yourself up as a preacher; no such office devolves upon you. ... Let a consistent life, conduct strictly in accord with your principles, be your apostolate. ... People who mock at you will soon leave off when they find that their jests are invariably received with gentle quiet reserve; and if you regulate your life by a steady and consistent rule, there will be nothing in it or about you for scoffers to take hold of. Pursue this line of conduct for two or three years, and at the end of them you will find yourself perfectly free; society, convinced that there is nothing to be gained by persecuting you will abandon the unprofitable pastime, and will turn its malignant attention to others, who may in their turn be encouraged and sustained by your example. After a few years of oblivion you will be surprised to find those persons who affected to regard you as silly and narrow-minded coming to consult you in difficult circumstances, sheltering themselves under the reputation which you will have acquired, and holding the interest which you evince in them and their affairs a high honor."

The Vicomtesse de la Rochefoucauld and her married daughter, the Comtesse de Durtal, both became good practical Catholics under Mme. de Doudeauville's influence, and her father-in-law himself on his death-bed received the last sacraments devoutly and acted as a penitent and believing man. In our own times and circumstances this teaching is not inappropriate. Unbelief in another shape is still undermining educated society, and steady example is still the likeliest remedy to work efficiently as a counterbalance to the cleverly-managed assault on faith.

When Mme. de Doudeauville's husband returned from his travels the young couple began their married life under good auspices, for their correspondence had made them known to each other, and they mutually upheld and encouraged each other in high aspirations and worthy deeds. Still, for a long time the wife was much in advance of her husband. Her judicious and personal care of her children, a son and a daughter, was consistent with the rest of her conduct; her main object being to become their friend and confidant, to prevent their being flattered and spoiled, and to render their estimate of religion grave, earnest, and practical. She trained them specially in practices of self-denial, and, instead of the fairy-tales which nurses in those days made the most prominent literature of childhood, she read them the histories of the patriarchs and told them incidents of the lives of later saints. She had already begun, by her husband's wish, to superintend the management of her own estates, which were considerable and settled upon herself, and when only seventeen had on her own responsibility changed her man of business, who had been found extravagant and unsafe. The duke, serious by nature, and more and more influenced by his wife, foresaw the dissolution of the existing state of society, and took the precaution of severing his affairs legally from those of the duchess, in order that no possible confiscation might in the future affect his children. This step was the beginning of the system of economy and good administration which left the family in the unusual position of landed proprietors when the Reign of Ter-

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ror was over and nearly all the rest of the French nobility were irretrievably ruined. Some of the latter had affected to make light of the political and social condition of the country previous to 1789, and the tone of the "philosophers" continued to imbue society until the latter was rudely awakened by realities too terrible to be borne except by Christian fortitude. Although too young to be elected to the States-General, the duke's appointment as "*bailli*" of Chartres made it his duty to preside over an assembly of five or six hundred, gathered to vote for the deputies to the States-General. All votes were still legally taken by "order" instead of by individuals, and, notwithstanding the resistance to what was then law, he succeeded both in preserving peace and conducting the election according to precedent. The orders, it will be remembered, consisted of the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, or, as they are called, the "Third Estate." This was the duke's only political effort before the *ancien régime* fell to pieces, and as things went from bad to worse, and the disqualification of his youth prevented him from exercising any influence, he resolved to travel in Italy for a while. Once he and his family were nearly drowned while crossing the river Var by a ford on their way to Nice. They stayed some months at Genoa, which was still under a doge, and where the duke's title of grandee of Spain procured him curious exemptions, from whose nature we can guess at the antiquated customs prevailing in that city, such as obstructing the entrances of most streets by huge chains, and closing the gates of the city at a certain early hour of the night. From here they crossed the Alps to Annecy, and made a prolonged stay in the country of St. Francis de Sales. In 1792 the duke returned to Paris for a short time, and, though strongly opposed to the emigration movement among the aristocracy, was finally induced, by the desperate outlook of politics and the forlorn hope of saving the king, to join the army of the coalition on the Rhine. "One short and disastrous campaign," says the biographer of the duchess, "convinced him that the coalition hid ambitious designs of its own under the avowed project of delivering the king and restoring order in France; and then, despairing of any good result, he quitted the army and condemned himself to long and painful inaction." The separation between him and his wife which necessarily ensued, and lasted five years, was their greatest mutual trial, but the duchess also had her share of lesser ones, and ran the common danger of all *ci-devants* during the year 1793. Repeatedly she harbored proscribed priests, had Mass said in her room, received domiciliary visits from the revolutionary gangs of *bonnets-rouges*, and was herself twice imprisoned with her mother and sister-in-law. When for the third time the two latter were imprisoned with some English nuns in a former convent, the duchess and her daughter voluntarily joined them as boarders. Her frankness and boldness several times saved her from the usual fate of those of her class. Once, when interrogated closely concerning her husband's conduct and whereabouts, she answered every question with unerring truthfulness, but when her questioner began to abuse him she launched into a warm defence of him, disregarding her terrified mother-in-law's signs.

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"You are, then, really afflicted by his absence?" she was asked.

"Yes, certainly I am."

"You regret him, then?"

"Much."

"Well, citizeness, I see you are a good woman; you shall come to no harm." And, continues her biographer, "on the following day, when the Section heard the report of the examination of the duchess, they unanimously applauded her dauntless truth." This characteristic stood her in good stead more than once. When about to leave Paris, according to the order issued to that effect to all former nobles not actually imprisoned, she went to the Section to get the necessary permit. While waiting she perceived a blind nun, whom the crowd were mocking and hustling, and, going up to her, she ascertained her business and resolutely made her way with her to the official desk, after which she turned away to wait longer on her own account. Presently a bystander who had noticed her kindness said to the commissary: "I hope you will give the citizeness a permit; she has been here three or four hours." She was called and asked her quality. "Ex-noble," she fearlessly replied, when the questioner, who wished to save her, said quickly in a low voice: "Say, rather, living on your own means." She then replied as he had suggested, for, indeed, it was the truth. The president, struck by her frankness, took down her name and address, and gave her his own, begging her if need should arise to apply to him; and though she herself attributed this interest to her youth and beauty, it is probable that admiration for her unusual straightforwardness had greatly heightened it.

After she had left Paris, and was living at Wissons, a village four leagues off, employed in all kinds of works of mercy, chiefly harboring and helping refugees, she heard that a priest from whom she had received some kindness at Annecy, the Abbé Thiollaz, afterwards bishop of Annecy, had been arrested at Bordeaux just as he was on the point of embarking for England. The duchess first wrote to a friend, asking for the liberty of the abbé and remitting three thousand francs for his use. This letter fell into the hands of some of the revolutionary inquisitors, and the abbé was in greater danger than ever. The duchess heard of this and at once set out for the tribunal of Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser. She outstayed every one present, and then addressed him thus:

"'I have important business to communicate to you.'

"'My only business,' said he, 'is to punish the enemies of the republic. What have you to say? Only denunciations are received here.'

"I have come about a denunciation.'

"'Indeed! Speak, then, citizeness.'

"'I have come to make a denunciation of an unusual kind. It is myself, and myself only, whom I denounce."

"'Then you come hither to seek for death.'

"'I know that, but I am fulfilling a duty.'

"Fouquier-Tinville looked at her with surprise, and listened to her with profound attention. She narrated her story with all its details, but without mentioning any names, and concluded by saying: 'If any one is to be prosecuted, it is I.' The fierce revolutionist answered her: 'Do you know that I, too, have a feeling heart? Why are you interested in this priest?'

"'Because he is in distress.'

"'Ah! yes, I understand; I can feel likewise. I have saved many people myself.' Then he reassured her, told her to make her mind easy, no harm should come to any one concerned in this matter, and, seeing that she was pale and

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tired, he offered his bare arm to lead her down the staircase. . . . She could not refuse the offer, which had been kindly made, but she never recalled the few moments during which her hand rested on the arm of Fouquier-Tinville without a shudder."

He did not fail her; her friend was set at liberty, and sailed for England with the money she had intended for his use. A little later the same fearlessness saved her children's fortune. When her estates were sequestrated she demanded an investigation, pleaded her rights, and before the local tribunal near her château of Montmirail proved that this house, whose furniture was about to be sold under the plea that it was part of the joint property of an *émigré* and his wife, was on the contrary her own sole property, settled upon herself. This same house, in 1814, owed its safety from destruction and pillage to the faithful and ingenious care of an old housekeeper long in the service of the family. The Duke de Doudeauville, in his memoirs, graphically describes Mme. Langlois' discreet conduct during the lawless times that preceded Napoleon's final overthrow. Prowlers of all kinds, both native and foreign, tried to get access to the house on various pretexts, and the housekeeper's vigilance no less than her patience was severely put to the proof. On one occasion, some Cossacks having been killed in passing through the village of Montmirail, a body of their comrades swore they would burn down the place, and it was only after lengthened negotiations that they consented to spare the people and the walls of the dwellings, provided they were allowed six hours' pillage in the village and two in the *château*. The housekeeper, on hearing of the decree, which she knew to be irrevocable, calmly let the soldiers in, accompanied them from room to room, jested, advised, made suggestions, and succeeded in preventing disorder or wanton destruction, and even the carrying off of the more precious articles. Though the Cossacks nicknamed her "the general" from the precautions she had taken to protect the sheepfold, she did not find her tactics of any avail against the ingenuity of the veteran sheep-stealers, who climbed into the lofts above the pens, stripped off the flooring, and caught the merino sheep with lassoes, declaring this novel mode of fishing excellent fun. No less than two hundred valuable animals were caught in this way. Napoleon himself proved to have destructive tastes when he visited Montmirail, making it his headquarters for one night. His room was not large enough for his maps, and with unlooked-for arbitrariness, instead of removing them to another room, he ordered the stone wall, three feet thick, which he called the partition, to be thrown down. The bold housekeeper "resisted him as sturdily as she resisted everybody else in our interests," says the duke, "and the 'partition' was saved." During the battle of Montmirail the duke's valet, who had wandered about with him in his five years' exile, wrote to him from the *château:* "They are fighting in the village; they are fighting in the courtyard of your *château;* the balls are striking the room in which I am writing; I know not what will be our fate, but rest assured that to the last moment we shall prove ourselves worthy of our good master and mistress. I only commend my poor children to you."

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This same house was the one which for the remainder of their lives the duchess' family made their chief home, and where her charity found most active scope. But before that time came many hardships had to be undergone: the duchess lived in almost abject poverty at Wissons, stinting herself in everything that she might be able to help those in danger, and the duke spent his forlorn life in Swiss and German villages, feverishly haunting the newsrooms, in one of which he suddenly learnt that his sister, Mme. de Durtal, had been guillotined; the husband and wife made ineffectual efforts to see each other, which were often foiled by the cowardice of others, and meanwhile their children grew towards youth.

In 1797 the duchess was able safely to join her husband at Lausanne. Though order was restored in France, the conveniences of travelling had not yet been put upon the same footing as before, and between arrogant bureaucrats with their petty pompousness, and the unchecked insolence of smaller personages, not to speak of the denuded state of the only available inns, the little party had by no means a comfortable journey. In one place, where they arrived an hour after midnight, they were lodged, says Ernestine, the duchess' daughter, "in a narrow gallery, where four not particularly clean beds were ranged with their heads to the wall, like a ward in a hospital; and very thankful we were for such quarters. We had two chairs among four of us, and had to put our candle on the ground because there was no table; nevertheless we were better off than we should have been in the street." But the *émigrés* were still forbidden to set foot on French soil, and, as the duchess' presence was necessary for the preservation of her estates, the husband and wife had to part again. The poor man promised not to tempt danger by trying to enter his native country, but he could not keep his promise, and availed himself of the passport of a Swiss merchant to make another attempt. His wife met him at Orleans, where he learned that death was the penalty for an unauthorized return, and he left France once more.

The new century began more auspiciously, and the duchess' family affairs were tolerably satisfactory; her daughter married the Marquis de Rastignac, and until her death, four years later, resided much at Montmirail, where she was buried; the political horizon cleared, and the sentence against many of the exiles was recalled. Society was much disorganized, the education of young girls rendered difficult and uncertain, the laws against the convents unrepealed, many families of good position hopelessly penniless. The duchess restored the remains of an old Benedictine priory at Montléan on her own estate, and transferred to it the patients of an ancient hospital whose funds and house had disappeared during the Revolution; but not content with keeping up old charities and bringing the Sisters of Charity to take care of the patients, she added two schools to the institution, one a free boarding-school, the other an orphanage, which new branches became the nucleus of the House of "Nazareth." Her own experience had taught her how useful household knowledge can become to persons likely to be reduced in circumstances, and she was anxious to pro-

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cure a sound, Christian and practical education for the young girls of the new generation. Having collected a few nuns of various orders, she gave them the task of superintending her new schools; but as years went on dissensions grew up among these *Dames de la Paix*, as they were called, and the whole colony, incensed at the foundress' wise restrictions against adding to their number, suddenly removed into the neighboring diocese and left the school unprovided for. A young girl whom she had brought up with her granddaughter, and who served her as secretary when her sight began to fail her, took temporary charge of the institution until a Mlle. Elise Rollat, a constant co-operator of the duchess in her works of charity, became free to take the permanent superintendence of a community gradually formed for this special purpose. Such was the beginning of an educational body which has since added missionary efforts in Palestine to the list of its good deeds.

While busy with these plans and the erection of a memorial church where her daughter and her husband's mother were to be laid, Mme. de Doudeauville administered her estates with the same prudent order as before, entered into the smallest details, made up her accounts herself, transacted business personally with her tenants, and, though the soul of kindness, never once allowed herself to be imposed upon. We confess that nothing in the life of man or woman in a position of trust such as often falls to the lot of the rich seems to our mind so attractive as this faculty of administration and its exercise. Charity often exists in good people independently of this faculty, but a charity thus balanced seems a hundred times more fruitful and more praiseworthy. It is from parents such as the Duke and Duchess de Doudeauville that the present generation of French Légitimistes learnt the solid virtues that distinguish them as a class. The duke found a field for his energies when the Restoration gave France a temporary breathing-time, and if all Charles X.'s ministers had been as enlightened, Bourbon obstinacy might not have proved so successful in bringing about a second revolution. M. de Doudeauville filled by turns, and sometimes simultaneously, the offices of president of the Board of Admiralty and chairman of the Committee of Primary Instruction of the department of the Seine; he sat in the Chamber of Peers, the French House of Lords, and was chosen administrator of the Paris hospitals and of the state Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. In 1821 he became Postmaster-General, then Minister of State and Privy Councillor, and lastly, in 1824, Comptroller of the King's Household, which latter office gave him opportunities similar to that of an almoner, as well as the supervision of the education of pages of the household. Both he and his wife had strong and unusually strict views on the subject of education, and he once incurred the displeasure of the easy-going king by summarily expelling from the court some boys whose example he considered injurious to their companions. Some time before the revolution of 1830, which he had foreseen, the policy of the court disgusted him by its mingled obstinacy and vacillation, and he retired from public life. His private charities and his family affairs, however, occupied him fully for the rest of his life. He died in

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1841. The duchess, in her last years, lost her sight; but every other faculty and sense remained unimpaired, and to the very last she portioned out her time between devotion, charity, and business. Her greatest pleasure, besides those of her fireside, where her numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren clustered round her, was to visit the convent and school she had founded, and to superintend the system which, as she desired, "would make it a special aim to preserve the pupils in noble and old-world simplicity, to cultivate in them industrious habits—in short, to train them to be good mothers and capable housewives."

Her own life was the best example of all she taught; her counsels to her daughter, committed to writing, were sober, judicious, and simple, conjugal love being the centre of the life she depicts, and compliance with a husband's wishes and tastes the test of the virtue she inculcates; while as to religion, there was no suggestion made leading to ill-regulated enthusiasm, sentimentalism, or obstinate adherence to minutiæ. The simplicity of domestic life in this new phase of the history of the old *noblesse* was in striking contrast to that whirl of court frivolity in which Mme. de Doudeauville made her *début*, and the laughable incident of an old servant, who, to let the blind duchess know when she had entered the convent corridor, where silence was enjoined, used to thump her on the back, denotes a state of things almost incomprehensible to the Anglo-Saxon mind. This mingling of familiarity and respect is common in France, where vulgarity of any kind is much rarer among all classes than it is in England and America. Mme. de Doudeauville lived to witness the third revolution, that of 1848, and the establishment of the second republic; but none of these changes affected her personally or pecuniarily, although, through the growing passion for gambling on the Bourse, her institution of "Nazareth" suffered severely, the steward in whose hands were its funds (the duchess' savings for years out of her personal allowance) having used and lost them. The school, however, weathered the storm and is flourishing at present. Mme. de Doudeauville died at the age of eighty-five, in 1849, at her old home of Montmirail, where the present family of the La Rochefoucaulds worthily continue her charities abroad and follow her example at home.

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PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.

VI. UNDE REGENERATIO?

Now that we have taken a general view of our subject, and have compared the condition of things at the present time with things as they should be, it is time for us to consider the only question that is really practical: Can we begin and carry on the use of the chant successfully? *Unde regeneratio?* In what way can we bring back the holy chant to its former place in our worship for the honor of God and the edification of the people?

The reader who has followed us thus far attentively will at once see that we must neither wish nor hope for this great regeneration at the hands of worldly musicians. We grant to Palestrina the unchallenged mastery in figured music, and hail him as its preserver and the creator of a dignified and estimable style; but unfortunately we cannot claim him as a restorer of the true liturgical chant. No, a master in the art of music is not thereby as a matter of course well qualified to be a regenerator of the chant. And why not? Simply because, as regards the chant, the question is not merely one of music, but more particularly of the liturgy. The chant takes root in far different soil from that which nourishes the artistic music of modern days—in the consecrated soil of the liturgy, nurtured by that strong natural talent for music that there is in the people. To attempt to restore the chant with the means that modern musical art affords us, and to execute it according to the rules of modern music, would be like lopping off the branches of a majestic old oak and grafting it with young sprigs from a greenhouse; the weak shoots, so tenderly and carefully reared by the art of man, would not thrive in the freshness of the open air.

When one already versed in the science of modern music betakes himself to the study of the chant to learn the correct method of executing it, he always has the greatest difficulty in freeing himself from the conventional fetters and barriers of the other system, in order to give free scope to the rules of this natural music as it is used in the liturgy of the church. From this it is also plain that an accurate knowledge of music, as well as great dexterity in the management of the organ, are required in order to accompany the chant—*i.e.*, to follow its free movements, as far as the inflexible mechanism of an instrument designed more especially for measured music will allow, and not only to refrain from hindering but even to support it in its free, natural course. Yet a great deal can be done in this direction by those in whom the necessary knowledge of the organ is combined with natural musical talent and a love for the chant. Let no one fancy, however, that he has done enough before he has at least learned to *sing* the chant with the proper expression. Otherwise, instead of accompanying the chant, he will only be always practising harmonies.

To be able to sing plain chant a musical ear, some technical knowledge and practice, but especially

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piety and common sense, are necessary. To sing the chant *well* one must have all this, and besides a knowledge of Latin and of the liturgy. But to sing it *perfectly* personal sanctity is needful, for the chant has come to us from the saints, and, itself holy, it is able to change us into saints. How, then, can those whose art knows naught save how to pander to men's passions dare to approach and touch with their profane hands this sanctuary? How can a singer who in the evening trills an operatic aria on the stage, in the morning fulfil the service of angels in the church? If Holy Scripture tells us that no one can utter the name of Jesus save in the Holy Ghost, so also it is fitting that no one should respond to the priest at the altar, and sing "Deo Gratias," without an interior devout appreciation of the liturgy and the spirit pervading it.

So to our question, "From whence should the restoration of the chant proceed?" we have but one answer: From the church, under the auspices of her pastors. The church alone, under the influence of divine inspiration, composed the chant; she alone, God's grace assisting her, has preserved it; and therefore she alone, with the aid of the clergy and the devout laity, can renew it and restore it to its proper place in the liturgy. If unconsecrated hands should seek to deck it out with embellishments unseemly and foreign to its nature, sadly its heavenly genius will retire to wait for better times. Thus it has happened but recently, and, in consequence, the most unauthorized elements "*omnis generis musicorum*" are paraded in our churches. The clergy have well-nigh lost the consciousness that to them, as the custodians of the liturgy, belongs the control of church music, and that it ought not to be left in the charge of professionals and *dilettanti* who have some knowledge of music, but whose practices are as far removed from the spirit of the liturgy as the prompter's box from the tabernacle or the ball-room from the church of God. But to know the evil is the first step towards its correction, and we hail with joy the dawning of a better future.

In proceeding to offer some practical suggestions as to the best way, in our opinion, of introducing the chant, two questions occur to us:

1. *Where* must plain chant be cultivated?

2. *How* must it be cultivated?

We have already intimated the answer to the first question by asserting that the cultivation of the chant is at once a right and a duty of the church. To this question, then, we reply: In the monasteries, in the first place, where this sacred task becomes a life's duty. We have need of monasteries above all else to perform on earth the service of angels in the holy liturgy. They should be reservoirs whence by day and night should ascend the dew of the liturgical prayer—the mark of monastic activity—to be poured in the fruitful rain of heaven's grace upon the thirsty lands.

Secondly, the chant should be studied and practised in seminaries and in those colleges whose end is the education of young men for the priesthood. Numerous councils and synods, especially that of Trent, have strongly insisted upon the study of the chant in seminaries. The liturgy is that richly-blessed field in which the priest gathers the matter wherewith to

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heighten the interest and joy of the people in the sacraments and other means of grace. The work of the care of souls would yield rich fruit, well pleasing to God, were it again to draw from the full mine of the liturgy the holy treasures there heaven-implanted; were Christian instruction again to come more from the altar than from the pulpit, so that the looks of all would again be directed with faith and devotion to the holy place of sacrifice, instead of seeking the pulpit to find matter for sceptical hypercriticism. Then would practice walk hand-in-hand with doctrine, if the pulpit were only to become the handmaid of the altar, by practical comments bringing home to the hearts of the people the truths contained in the liturgy. When our priests shall once more enter fully into the spirit of the liturgy, and learn to cherish it as the best means of furthering their own and their people's spiritual progress, they will realize the vast importance of the liturgical chant. A thorough knowledge of the chant would soon lead the people to take part joyfully in the public worship of God; the extremes of religious selfishness and coldness or indifference to holy things would be done away; the holy walls of our churches would again re-echo the tender strains of the chant, restored to popularity; in the family the altar-given blessings would be preserved in living freshness, imparting a spiritual flavor to conversation, banishing evil and spreading good abroad—thus, in short, would be renewed the face of the earth.

Call these ideals if you will. They are the ideals given us by God himself through our Lord Jesus Christ. Nor are they without their corresponding realities. The holy apostolic church of old wondrously brought them to universal realization, and even to-day, in the bosom of many communities and families, they have an actual existence. And if in our day evil has waxed great, if the Christian ideals have gradually lost their place in the lives and thoughts of men, only to be dragged in the mire by the godless, ought not this to be an incentive to us to pursue them with all the more zeal? The outstretched arm of God's mercy is nearer and stronger to help us the more pressing our danger and the heavier our affliction.

The first systematic schools for the study of the chant were those established by St. Gregory at St. Peter's and at the Lateran (vide Joh. Diac. *Vita St. Greg.* lib. ii. c. i. 6, Bollandists, March, tom. ii. under March 12). We have no sure historical evidence of earlier attempts, such as those ascribed to St. Sylvester. The schools of St. Gregory survived for centuries and enjoyed especial prosperity under Popes Sergius II. and Stephen VI. After the model of these, similar ones arose in various lands and dioceses, in part founded and directed by singers from the Roman schools. Some will have it, as *Joannes presbyter* testifies, that St. Gregory himself sent a Roman singing-master to Germany "to teach the rough Germans the soft chant." Many not very flattering accounts of the Germans of that time explain why the pope might thus express himself. A particular celebrity was later on acquired by the monastic singing-schools established by St. Boniface at Fulda, Würzburg, Eichstädt, and Buraburg. Afterwards this holy music made considerable progress through the zeal with which Charlemagne en-

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deavored to introduce the Roman chant into all Germany. In his time Metz and St. Gall were the chief seats of education in the chant, the former under the instruction of Peter, the latter under that of Romanus, two teachers sent from Rome at the request of the emperor (Bollandists, April, t. i. *Vita S. Notkeri*, c. ii. 12–14). With these schools were associated the others founded by Charlemagne at Reichenau, Trier, Mainz, Hersfeld, Corvey, and elsewhere, besides numberless other institutions soon extending over the whole empire. The same growth was attained by the ecclesiastical singing-schools in Gaul and Britain; they sprang up at once wherever the church began, in however small a degree, to put forth her strength. The pious Benedictines who converted England, and from thence evangelized Germany and France, well knew that in the holy liturgy lay the strongest bulwark against heathenism and idolatry, as well as the surest pledge of the increase and final establishment of the faith. With the decline of the ecclesiastical chant the fresh glow of the bright star of faith has also faded more and more. The cultivation of church music was given over into the hands of the laity; instead of the church's hallowed chant figured and instrumental music gained admission; and the sanctuary became a place of contention between the rival productions of our worldly modern style.

We have thus striven to settle the question as to the place where the chant should be cultivated, and our answer is that, in accordance with the usage of the ancient church, it should be in the monasteries and in the educational institutions of the clergy. Let us now turn to the second question: *How* must the liturgical chant be cultivated?

We do not mean to ask here what should be the method of technical instruction, about which opinions are various, but what is the correct starting point from which we should begin the study of the chant. It is by no means enough that a cleric called to devote himself to the chant should possess technical knowledge, a good ear, and readiness in singing; he must first of all know and appreciate the importance of the chant, its true place, its connection with the sacrifice, its character of prayer, the religious power that abides within it, its solemn significance, its special application to the occurring festivals. For this reason instruction in the chant should accompany the study of the liturgy and of the rubrics; it should be learnt together with the way of reciting the breviary and of saying Mass, and, because of its useful assistance in the perfection of the individual as well as for the future care of souls, with the maxims of asceticism. Let the sacred chant be learnt and practised in such a manner in seminaries; then truly will devout priests, their whole life long, possess in the holy liturgy a rich treasure, a wholesome nourishment for their souls; love and joy will fill their hearts in the holy offices, their zeal for the honor of God's house will be awakened, and the blessings of bygone days will descend upon their flocks.

To the objection that such ideas as these can be brought to realization only in the larger communities of clerics or religious we make two replies. First, that certainly such communities must take the lead in the introduction of the chant, be-

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cause, as we have insisted from the outset, the movement for the re-establishment of the chant must come from the church, not from the laity, no matter how great may be their musical attainments. Let the good work be only trustfully begun in seminaries and monasteries, and success will not be confined within their walls. For he who as a seminarian has drunk from these fresh fountains, even for a short time, will carry on the work in his after-life, and will finally succeed in establishing, though perhaps only after long years of patient waiting, the church's liturgical chant. Secondly, we remark that to execute the chant in a way not merely tolerable, but even quite edifying, only a few good voices are absolutely necessary. Generally speaking, every one who goes to the bottom of this matter soon finds that the introduction of the chant, far from being impossible, requires but trifling pains and expense in comparison with what is usually bestowed on the cultivation of worldly music in our churches; and this conviction gains strength as one begins to see the infinitely richer blessings flowing from the music of the saints.

But if the notion thus far current be adhered to, in opposition to the principles here laid down, that the question of church music is merely a question of *music*, we can have but little hope of any considerable results according to the mind of the church; at best we shall have but half-way measures. The holy chant, because of its grave nature, will never exert the same sensible charm as the music of the world, unless it be that the soul ennobled by the life of faith is raised above itself to a knowledge and participation of the supernatural. With regard to mere effect, the chant will therefore always be at a disadvantage.

But do we not seek to prevent the church from taking advantage of all the progress that in the course of centuries has been made in musical science and art? We hope to prove in the following chapter that plain chant, far from meriting the reproach of being inartistic, furnishes us with an opportunity for the practice and application of art in the highest sense of the word. We will always, however, hail with joy, as does the church, all true progress in music, provided modern art can give us, we will not say something better, but anything equal to what we have had for centuries.

We have thus briefly pointed out the way which, judging from our own and others' experience, we believe to be the only one whereby the restoration of the chant can be brought about in accordance with the mind of the church. If, in treating of so weighty a subject, we may seem to be over-bold in our assertions, we beg the kind reader to bear in mind that as a son of one of the great founders and patrons of the liturgical chant, St. Benedict, the glorious patriarch of the monks of the west, we speak only from a deep sense of the duty imposed upon us by the rule of that saintly lawgiver: to prefer nothing to the glory of God ("operi Dei nihil præponatur." Reg. S. Bened.), to unfurl the standard of the Roman liturgy, and zealously to love and cherish it. Let it also be remembered in our behalf that the creator and master of the ecclesiastical chant, St. Gregory the Great, was one of the most illustrious fathers of our order, as well as the most faithful son and biogra-

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pher of St. Benedict, and that through the centuries, that venerable chant which alone rejoices in the approval of the church has resounded in the churches of our order to the praise and honor of the Most High, calling down blessings upon the people, filling devout souls with joy and ghostly strength. These remembrances have impelled us to the present work, together with our desire to give expression to a feeling of deep reverence and love for our holy mother the church and her usages, and to fulfil a sacred duty of filial piety towards the great forefathers of our order, and especially towards its revered founder. We take the liberty of closing this chapter by giving a hearing to a voice of later times eloquently confirming the holy privilege we have claimed and its corresponding obligations. The following is taken from the as yet unpublished manuscripts—which are preserved in the library of St. Sulpice at Paris—of Jean Baptiste Olier, friend and spiritual son of St. Vincent de Paul, and founder of the Congregation of St. Sulpice:

"St. Benedict was revealed to me in prayer as the vivid image, the true ambassador of Him who is the author of all life and fruitfulness; and that not only because of the well-nigh infinite increase of his followers, as numerous as the sands upon the sea-shore, but also because the mission allotted to him was that of renewing the spiritual life in the whole church of God. In bestowing upon the church the life and works of the great order of which he is the head, he has transmitted by means of his children that religious spirit which is the fundamental principle of the church's life. . . . And this spirit shows itself in the profound self-annihilation which their retired life and the color of their habit express, but especially in the zeal, love, and devotion breathing through the holy chanting of the Psalms, so highly commended by St. Benedict to his children, to which everything in his rule has a more or less direct relation. The chief aim of this order is to give a material expression to the homage and worship paid on earth by our Lord to the Father, and which he now continues to render him in heaven. For this reason this order far excels all others in the splendor of its ceremonies, in costly vestments, reflecting the glow of the surrounding lights, thus enabling the soul to form a faint conception of the glory of heaven's worship as portrayed in the Apocalypse. Its magnificent churches, with their high-embowered roofs, proclaim the majesty of God; the grand old melodies their walls re-echo bring to mind the songs of the angels; the clear-toned bells swinging among the clouds are heard like the voice of the Lord speaking in the distant rolling thunder. In vain should we seek in other religious orders for this splendid solemnity in the divine worship—their vocation is not the same. Benedictine monks seldom go without their cloister walls, continually employed as they are in glorifying God in the temple of his majesty, like the chosen choir of the heavenly host, who unceasingly stand before the throne of the Most High to praise the thrice holy God, while the other angels are engaged in carrying the messages of heaven to all the spheres of God's creation. Within these well-beloved walls, within the studious cloister's pale, their life flows on; from thence they have ever ex-

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erted their attractive power upon the outer world, drawing it as it were irresistibly to themselves. In one sense the whole church entered this monastic order, and drew thence the strength wherewith to renew in the depth of the soul the reverence and worship due to God. The spirit of Christianity seemed to shine forth with new splendor, as in the first days of the church, when the faithful found it their chief pleasure to spend day and night 'in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual canticles.'"

VII. PLAIN CHANT ARTISTICALLY CONSIDERED.

We noticed in the last chapter the objection that such views as ours would banish art from our churches, and, by thus regarding harmonic singing and instrumental music with disfavor, would allow us to take no advantage of the undeniable progress that has been made by modern music. In order to meet this objection and to vindicate for the unisonous plain chant the place of honor that belongs to it in relation to musical art, we feel bound to express ourselves with some degree of minuteness here before proceeding to develop our method for the execution of the chant.

It is our opinion, then, that the unisonous chant, when rightly and properly executed, not only attains a high degree of artistic perfection, but also—what is by no means a necessary consequence of this—offers as wide and profitable a field for the exercise of technical skill as may be found in figured and instrumental music. To prove this shall be our task in the present chapter.

Art in general may be defined as the material embodiment of spiritual ideas. The expression of an idea without embodying it in a sensible form gives us only an abstract reflection; and if, on the other hand, the outward framework be separated from the idea it should express, we have but an empty form with neither life nor soul. In neither case is it a work of art, which demands an intimate union and blending of the sensible and the spiritual. The better an artist succeeds in joining the ideal with the real, the idea in his mind with its sensible expression, in a harmonious unity, and at the same time in avoiding everything that could mar or obscure the clearness of his conception, the better will his work meet the demands of art, the more completely will it fulfil the claims of æsthetic beauty. According as the images formed in the imagination find their outward expression in stone, wood, or metal, in color, sound, or words, arise the various fine arts, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. Among these architecture has the lowest place, because it deals mostly with the massive, and forms to some extent the groundwork for the expression of higher ideals. Sculpture brings before us concrete forms, the expression of mental precision, though hampered by the stiffness of the matter in which it works. It is marked by its inability to portray the living, intelligent eye. Rising higher than these, painting allows the mind to penetrate the thin veil of the colors into the inner life of the soul, to divine what passes within the inmost recesses of the spirit, the emotions and passions of the being represented in the picture. But while painting, too, is confined to tangible matter, music reveals the

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most hidden sentiments of the soul, without embodying them in a visible shape, since it appeals only to the sense of hearing. Finally, art attains its highest stage in poetry; for while the other arts are dependent upon the material and sensible, poetry makes use of a means which, comparatively speaking, is purely spiritual and interior—that is, the animated word, whereby the human spirit manifests itself in its noblest form. Let poetry be wedded with music, the art that ranks next to it in dignity, so as to form one whole; this is, so to speak, the culmination of art. As music and poetry are the more completely and intimately blended, and as the idea is more faithfully and plainly represented, we obtain a nobler and more perfect degree of art. These conditions are most thoroughly fulfilled, in our judgment, by recitative singing. Æsthetically considered, it is as far superior to measured music as an idea immediately represented is to one that is expressed by a series of complicated means; just as water drawn fresh from the spring is purer than that which is brought through many pipes and reservoirs and finally is served in glasses sparkling with many colors.*

These hints may suffice to indicate the artistic superiority of the recitative. The intelligent reader will find in them a key to a more thorough appreciation of the question, which we now proceed to view from another side.

Undoubtedly the perfection of art and the value of a work of art are determined not so much by the form in which the idea is clothed as by the idea itself set forth by the form and enduing it with soul and meaning. The value of the work depends upon the idea it seeks to express, and will be greater or less in proportion to the dignity of this idea, provided the work be constructed on artistic principles. Now, religious ideas are confessedly the most sublime of which the human mind is capable. In the service of religion art in all times has brought forth her choicest flowers; within the shades of the temple and the altar she has celebrated her grandest triumphs. Within the sanctuaries of religion, the favorite haunts of art, we must follow up her footsteps, in order to obtain a criterion whereby to form a just estimate of her nature and character.

We encounter at the outset a striking contrast between the ancient pagan or classical art and that to which Christianity has given birth—a contrast as strong as the diametrical opposition between the offspring of the religious fancy of heathenism and the revealed truths of Christianity. The tendency of paganism in its religious systems is to deify the sensible, and to materialize and divest of their divine character the scattered remnants of the original revelation. Pagan art, therefore, especially concerns itself with the outward, sensible form: in architecture it loves the contracted and depressed, and whatever is pleasing to the sense; in sculpture and painting it depicts the nude, the sensual, the voluptuous; in music and poetry it is effeminate but stimulating to the passions. The works of pagan art, without exception, bear the impress either of free indulgence in earthly and sensible pleasures or of a tragic and touching melancholy hopelessly bending low be-

* We are speaking here only of polyphonic *singing*, for instrumental music has so little bearing upon our present subject that we may be excused from any further consideration of it.

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neath the upraised hand of fate, in cold resignation or helpless despair awaiting the stroke of death. Pagan humanity, disheartened by its constant failures in the strife with vice, at last, throwing away its weapons, gives itself over to sensuality; and this we see reflected in pagan art. It is lacking in all the higher, spiritual, superhuman ideas, depicting the low and vulgar, or at best what is purely of the earth, earthy, with no nobler aim than, by glorifying the senses, to charm them and minister to their gratification.

Essentially different is the appearance presented by art under the influence of Christianity. Here divinity descends to humanity, not to lay aside the divine nature and assume the human, but to elevate, and as it were to deify, mankind. Christian art deals especially with the spiritual part of man's nature; in a flood of light shed from the glow of Christian hope, a thing unknown to ancient art, it soars aloft upon the wings of faith and love to heavenly spheres, in the God-Man, the perfect glorification of the finite through the infinite, to find its eternally inexhaustible subject, its highest ideal. Outward forms are no longer to it an end, but only means, rendered far more perfect, however, through the influence of the indwelling spirit that rules it. All true works of Christian art bear upon them the strong impress of divine power, of virtue, of immortality; they are encompassed with an atmosphere of heavenly peace; they draw the spirit upward and turn the thoughts within. Christianity, by its recognition of man's moral worth and by its victories over the evil one, however manifold and various his fierce attacks, places at the bidding of Christian art an infinitely more abundant treasury of ideas—a treasury as rich and inexhaustible as its source, Christianity itself. Thus art is neither of necessity confined to what is purely external nor obliged to become the handmaid of sensuality. In one word, unlike ancient art, it is not carnal but spiritual. And as the indwelling spirit of Christian art shapes for itself an adequate form, it shows the most perfect union, the most harmonious wedding of the idea with its outward expression, the source of that wonderful, unearthly charm which characterizes Christian art and makes it all unlike the ancient.

Let us now apply to our subject the principles here unfolded. If we are to estimate the degree of excellence belonging to a work of art in proportion as it sets forth a higher idea in the clearest and most adequate form, then the unisonous chant, with its recitative execution, is artistically superior to music sung in parts and in time, for the simple reason that its musical form is the most perfect, and that it is not only the best but the only one adapted to fully bring out with clearness and accuracy the idea that should be deduced from the words of the text. If some of our readers should think this assertion over-bold or paradoxical, it can only be because they have never heard anything but a sad abuse of the chant by an unmeaning and defective execution, rendering any intelligent appreciation of it a sheer impossibility.

If the text be capriciously and unscrupulously mutilated; if the notes, like the grave-stones in a cemetery, are set up in stiff array, without connection with each other, and grouped into lots by bars, then nothing artistic is left behind, and the Gregorian chant can neither be

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enjoyed nor understood. Whoever has any musical taste at all will turn away with righteous indignation from this stiff and lifeless method of portioning out the chant; and then one naturally has recourse to harmonized chant with its grave and dignified chords. But this harmonization gives the death-blow to high art in the singing of the chant; the spirit and sacred meaning of the liturgy are thrust into the background and made subservient to the outward charms of form; the godlike genius of Christianity, with its brilliant ideality, timidly withdraws and abandons the field to classical forms. Very soon it will no longer be thought necessary to adhere to the words put forth by the church; any taken at random will suffice, whether they have any bearing upon the particular feast or not, if they can only be adapted by curtailment or addition to the requirements of the musical form conventionally regulated by the respective styles.

And all this without any acknowledgment, or even suspicion, that in this way Christian and ecclesiastical art is abandoned in order to return to pagan and classical principles. On the contrary, it is claimed that this is more in accordance with modern views of art, which unite and reconcile with each other the principles of the classical and the ancient Christian schools. But to the profound elementary principles of Christian art such a theory as this is thoroughly hostile and repugnant, because, like ancient art itself, it is but superficial and devoted to giving pleasure to the senses, shaping its compositions according to the laws of the æsthetics of form, instead of letting the inherent power of the idea work itself out into its own modifications, even at the risk that this innate power should at times manifest itself abnormally.

So much for the position of plain chant in relation to art. We must add that there is need of carefully distinguishing between art and artistic gifts on one side and technical skill and facility on the other. There may be far more art and artistic merit in a simple ballad, unaffectedly rendered, than in the richest combination of sounds and chords executed with extraordinary skill, just as a single little flower may be more charming and perfect than the most showy bouquet. That a piece of church music is so commonly estimated according to the variety and complexity of its tone-figures, or according to the amount of difficulty in its technical execution, can be explained only by the fact that this distinction is not taken into account, and that the quintessence of art is supposed to consist in the exertion and display of abilities that it calls forth. But no one should infer from this that no skill is needed in order to sing plain chant well. On the contrary, we boldly assert that it is much easier to keep to the rules of the measured, polyphonic music, which are sufficiently well defined, than in the recitative, untrammelled movements of plain chant to observe, not only in every grammatical period and melodic phrase, but also at every word and in every group of notes, that movement and accentuation which perfectly express the spirit of the words—in short, speaking to sing and singing to speak, or rather, praying to sing and singing to pray. For this, surely, a small amount of mechanical ability will not suffice; it demands besides an extraordinary degree of

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skill, together with the finest artistic taste. The great masters of worldly music, in their most thrilling outbursts, sometimes rise to that genial freedom of movement which transcends the narrow, conventional limits of time, to that unconstrained, declamatory kind of song, which hurries along, shaping for itself its own measure and laws, according to the impulse of the spirit that fills the composer. The spirit that thus asserts itself at times in moments of the highest artistic inspiration, freeing itself from the luggage of instruments and the straitjacket of the measure, and roaming freely upon an open path—this is the fundamental principle and highest rule in plain chant. Take the chant as it is, let it be executed as it should be, to the best of the singers' abilities, and all the *virtuosi* may then come and judge for themselves whether they have ever heard anything that can compare with it, whether such a work and such effects are within their creative powers. In comparison with the divine sublimity and holy power of the chant all other compositions seem but artificial, while plain chant stands alone as a true work of art.

We shall conclude this chapter by citing in confirmation of our position the opinions of some competent judges. And first we must remember that Palestrina, Allegri, Haydn, Mozart, and others have with one voice expressed their admiration of the Gregorian chant and upheld its superiority in the field of music. Even Protestants have felt themselves constrained to join in this general voice of praise. Thibaut, for instance (*Reinheit der Tonkunst*), says: "The Catholic Church, in accordance with her system, had the strongest reasons for the retention of the primitive chants, called Ambrosian and Gregorian; their truly sublime and heavenly intonations, which in the glorious days of old were created by genius and nurtured by art, make a deeper impression than many of our modern compositions that aim especially at effect." The words of Forkel, a Protestant, are equally worthy of consideration (*Geschichte der Musik*): "The Gregorian chant has endured now for nearly twelve centuries, and will probably last as long as religious exercises and religious singing in common shall continue among men. Indeed, this endurance is itself a proof that Gregorian must possess the true attributes of a common, popular chant, though this can evidently not be demonstrated from its nature. That which through so many centuries, and during the very time that art was undergoing so many changes and improvements, could remain unchanged must have an indestructible, intrinsic worth." Our last quotation shall be from a writer in the *Berliner Musikzeitung*: "From an artistic point of view we must acknowledge that in the Gregorian chant, for all its simplicity and sameness, which are only consistent with its ecclesiastical character, there is yet found a great variety; and, what is more, that the melodies are the most faithful representations of the sense of the words, so that both text and melody together form a perfect unity, as though cast in one mould. We know their composers in but a few cases; for the most part words and music are the work of the same mind, which accounts for the intimate union between the verse and the melody. The highest office of music is this: to express in sound

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the feelings of the heart, and to awaken like feelings in the hearts of those who hear it; and this task is fully accomplished by the Gregorian chant. Its intrinsic worth will always be avowed by every real judge of music, although in modern times it has been almost entirely neglected and undervalued in the Catholic Church. Of course one who seeks and finds the summit of musical art in *bravura* arias will scarcely enjoy Gregorian. But one who without prejudice considers the intrinsic essence of music, and its end and object in its religious and ecclesiastical phase, will be forced to grant that the Gregorian chant stands unparalleled."

CRADLE AND CROSS.

I. BETHLEHEM.

TAKE unto thee to-night this Little One;
  Thy heart a cradle make for Heaven's King,
  Whose Mother, weary with wide-wandering,
Brings pleading unto thee her royal Son,
Who will not scorn in place so rude to rest,
  Breaking with light of sun the shadows dim,
  While filled the silence with enraptured hymn
Sung by Maid lips before all ages blessed.
So, as amid the manger's straw of old,
  The lavish harvest of the careless earth,
  Weak plant bore witness to its Maker's birth
And burst in white-starred blossoms manifold,
Thy heart's poor cradle, Jesus sheltering,
Shall burgeon forth in holiest blossoming.

II. CALVARY.

Fashion thy heart into a cross; make wide
  The extended arms, that the Eternal Love,
  Hanging thereon, thy charity shall prove—
For all men, as for thee, so crucified.
So will the nails that pierce his hands wound thee,
  The thorn that binds his brow thee also bruise;
  Thy heart, that did not Bethlehem's Babe refuse,
Shall bear the title of his Calvary.
Thy sins, alas! the bitter drop of gall
  He tastes, and gives no draught thereof to thee:
  Thy burden only this great charity
Thou holdest fast in its own willing thrall.
O happy heart! glad cradle for Love's King,
Blessed cross whereto the Crucified doth cling.

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THE LETTER OF POPE LEO XIII. TO CARDINAL NINA —CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY.

(FROM OUR ROMAN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROME, October 17, 1878.

"LEO XIII. has a penetrating and at the same time prudent spirit; he sees things at a first glance; but he has the great art of not coming to a decision without mature reflection, and of not coming out until he can strike a sure blow. His apostolic goodness moves him to the extreme limit of possible concessions before he takes a stand. His resolution, however, always moderate and just, is immovable. When we had the honor of seeing him we were struck with the assurance of his character and the clearness of his intelligence. His reserved comportment inspires respect and fear; one is anxious to know what lies hidden beneath his perfect serenity. It is evident that Leo XIII. continues his purpose of establishing friendly relations with the powers; his letter to Cardinal Nina attests this. His efforts seem to prosper." These are considerations of no less a publicist than Louis Teste. No need more of asking, What will be the policy of Leo XIII.? He has asserted himself, and is as well known to the intelligent world as his illustrious and lamented predecessor. The encyclical letter of last April was a clear proposition to those who read and had a mind to understand. The Liberals of Italy, who indulged in visions of a conciliation, accepted and became resigned to their position of Belial. The recent letter to the Cardinal Secretary of State is the logical and supplementary consequence of the encyclical. In fact, the preamble of the letter refers to the terms of the encyclical as to something clearly explained and demonstrated, and thus it becomes a middle term in the *sorites* of Pope Leo's official life, each act thereof being consequence and premise of the other.

Although the policy of Pope Leo XIII. be, in substance, that of Pius IX., of sacred remembrance, an evident change of religious politics, if I may so express it, is in process of evolution; and, if exception be made to Italy, and possibly France, the indications are favorable to the Holy See. To return to the letter in question: its tone is hopeful, which is encouraging when we consider that Leo XIII. "has the great art of not coming to a decision without mature reflection, and of not coming out until he can strike a sure blow." Bearing direct reference to this, and carrying with it a significance noted by all, is the fact that the letter, though dated August 27, was not published until the 25th of September. It happened that the Baron Keudell, Prussian ambassador to the Quirinal, returned to Rome from Berlin at the same time. For the present, however, we have to do with Italy in connection with the letter. The cry of the Liberal press, official, officious, and otherwise, is this: "Leo XIII. wishes to establish peace with all the powers of Europe, but his desire to isolate, and remain at implacable enmity with, Italy is palpable." How false the latter statement is the reader will judge from the letter itself. He is certainly at enmity with pseudo-Italy—that Italy which, in the name of civilization, has outraged, and still continues to trample under foot, the divine rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church. Touching the Italy which from the earliest times has been the subject of papal beneficence, Leo XIII. expressed himself clearly in the encyclical.

Let the reader bestow but ordinary attention on those paragraphs of the letter which describe the present condition of the church in Italy and then, if he can, without recurring to the memory of Macchiavelli and the now proverbial hypocrisy of the Italian Liberals, comprehend the following from the *Diritto*, an officious organ of the actual ministry: "This letter is one of the most important acts of the pontificate of Leo XIII. [most true], and comes opportunely to justify splendidly, if there were need of it, the attitude of the government towards the Vatican in the question of the bi-

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shops. It is a real programme of government for the Catholic Church—a programme that may be formulated thus: Implacable and perpetual war against Italian unity and institutions; policy of conciliation and of concessions in the relations of the Holy See with all the powers of the world, be they Catholic, Protestant, schismatic, Mohammedan, or Buddhist. The Pope for the first time establishes a bond of union with his predecessor. As for Italy, the extensive and dangerous concessions made to the Vatican—concessions which cost us conflicts with friendly powers, and which were marked for us as a black spot on the Italian horizon—these concessions have for a recompense the declaration that the government is a ferocious persecutor of the Catholic Church, which has no other hope but the destruction of the national unity and the reconstitution of the temporal power. Behold how the Vatican compensates the fatal abdication of the state before the church! Why dissimulate? The letter of the Pope has produced in our mind a sad impression; there is an injustice so systematic and wilful against the Italian government, there is so manifest a resolution of isolating Italy and of creating new enemies against her, that we may ask ourselves in apprehension whether the state be sufficiently protected by the laws in force, and if it be not opportune, nay, necessary, to think of new means of protection!" *Risum teneatis!*—this hypocritical whining comes from an official representative of a power that has been declaiming blatantly for the past eight years that the Papacy is moribund, consequently incapable of exciting any reasonable apprehension.

The *Bersagliere*, also a prebendary of the *Reptile Fund*, after the usual stage shudder at the "isolating" spectre, says of the letter: "In general this diplomatic *coup de main* has been judged pretty clever, both for the moment chosen by the Curia to open negotiations and for its aim, which was evidently that of insinuating itself between Italy and Germany, and, if not breaking, at least chilling the old union between the two governments and the two nations. In the face of so bold a policy we unfortunately adopt an ecclesiastical policy of citations on stamped paper." The *Libertà* also dreads the "isolation," but is hopeful in the loyalty of Italy to her usual rectitude (?) of principle. It adds, however: "We call attention to the second part of the letter of the Pope, in which he complains of the obstacles opposed by the government of the king to the appointment of bishops. This is the first time since 1870 that the Pope complains with reason (!), and it was precisely not to give him this advantage over us that a policy (interfering with the appointment of bishops in the Neapolitan province) should have been avoided which places us Liberals on the side of injustice, and excites against us the open censure of impartial people." But here the *Libertà* speaks in deference to the bilious party spirit of which it is the slave, and not to a sense of justice. The *Libertà* is one of the officious mouthpieces of the deposed Moderates of execrable memory. I remember well that, when these sanctioned laws—the suppression of the religious orders, the confiscation of church property, and the conscription of the clergy—as destructive in tendency of the divine rights of the church as interference with episcopal nominations, this virtuous organ was ecstatic with rapture. But the *Libertà* in those days battened on the *Reptile* cates.

The *Nazione* of Florence threatens the Pope. The *Perseveranza* of Milan, inspired by Ruggero Bonghi, of scholastic notoriety, writes: "Leo XIII. does not ignore either the worth of civilization or the legitimacy of the free institutions, and admits an independent action of the two powers, civil and ecclesiastical, in the interest of a tranquil position of the state in its actual conditions. Leo XIII., even holding as indispensable to the free exercise of the spiritual authority of the church the temporal power, does not insist upon this, but rather on the obstacles which the exercise of his own rights, of his spiritual jurisdiction, encounters in Italy. He only asks that Italian legislation be modified in some particulars, and in others remain faithful to the principles which it has avowed to profess. In these last years the government has departed, if not from the letter, certainly from the spirit, of the Law of the Guarantees, and has approached a policy of open hostility to the church. It is clear that an expression of opinions so temperate can precede but little the call of the Catholics to the administrative and political elections, and the formation of an eminently conservative party

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which will propose, even respecting the actual condition of things, a conciliation with Catholicism, contributing its assistance to the government of the country—a party which, as soon as announced, will change all the proportions and dispositions of the actual parties."

Waiving for the nonce the question whether, with a material and favorable change of the actual circumstances, Leo XIII. would be disposed to invite the Catholics of Italy to compete in the general political election of deputies, the portentous importance assumed of late in Italy by the Republicans, and their evident intention of striking a decisive blow at no remote date, will render the immediate formation of a conservative party extremely problematical.

In connection with his great desire that the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church be experienced by all the nations of the earth, be they orthodox or heterodox, the Holy Father writes: "You know well, Signor Cardinal, that, with a view of seconding these impulses of our heart, we addressed a word to the powerful emperor of the illustrious German nation, which, on account of the difficult condition created for the Catholics, called for our solicitude in a particular manner. That word, inspired only by the desire of seeing religious peace restored to Germany, was favorably received by the august emperor, and obtained the happy result of leading to friendly negotiations, etc." The hopeful tone of this paragraph may be accepted as a pretty sure guarantee that the negotiations, far from having fallen to the ground—as some of the Liberal papers of Italy gave out on the morrow after the publication of the letter—are on the eve of concluding something definite. The happy reception given to the letter in Germany, and the deferential and temperate, not to say favorable, opinions pronounced upon it by the official press—hitherto so unmitigatingly bitter against the Holy See—confirm this. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says: "Notwithstanding its reserve, the letter of the Pope announces that on his part he will do everything to co-operate in the work of peace. For this the letter is very important; but it becomes more so when we remember the words with which the chancellor characterized the negotiations with the nuncio, Mgr. Aloisi. The words were: 'They can offer nothing.' Published at this moment, the letter of the Pope seems to be a reply and an interrogation—a reply, because it says that much may be expected from the Curia, nay, all that the church is in a condition to give; it is an interrogation, because its practical purpose is that of knowing what is to be expected from the other side. We cannot dispense ourselves from answering this question. Political concessions are required, but the Pope retires on the religious ground, and can only promise that the Catholics will be the most faithful and devoted subjects. The Pope says clearly what he can offer, but on the other side the political demands have not as yet been formulated This must come to pass soon. Rome has spoken, Berlin has the floor." The *Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* characterizes the letter as having an eminently pacific tone from the double point of view of the desire for peace, and that this peace will be solid and lasting, not a mere *modus procedendi*. The officious journal admits that such a peace would, in the actual circumstances of Germany, be cordially accepted by both parties. It adds erroneously, however, that as soon as this peace would be established, which of course would imply the abolition or material mitigation of the *Kulturkampf*, and of the importance of the Centre party, whose *raison d'être* is precisely in its opposition to the *Kulturkampf*. I say erroneously, because several of the leading members of the Centre have already declared, in the same breath with professing their readiness to endorse and follow, as devoted Catholics, what may be concluded by Rome, that beyond this they have other views and aims as a political party, and that, as such, Rome has never tried and never will try to influence them. It has been bruited abroad that the Centre, because opposed to the sanction of exceptional laws against the socialists, is also opposed to the continuation of the negotiations of Kissingen. This is a pure invention of the Italian Liberals, and as such has received the lie from another declaration of the Centre, in effect that they opposed the passage of the law as proposed by the government because they were adverse, on constitutional principles, to investing the police with arbitrary powers. Besides, they were convinced that the

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exceptional laws would not produce the effect desired: sentiments and convictions, say the Catholic deputies, which have nothing to do with the establishment of religious peace. This much on the letter of the Holy Father and its impression on the German people. Touching the negotiations, they are still under consideration. Report has it that Cardinal Hohenlohe is now in communication with the Holy Father and continuing the negotiations; but I can offer no voucher for its truth. The arrival in Rome of Mgr. Schreiber, Bishop of Bamberg, has been coupled with the peace negotiations; but it is simply a visit *ad limina*.

The Liberals complain that the letter of His Holiness tends to isolate Italy and bring odium upon her. But her isolation was already developing itself before the publication of the letter, granting, *per absurdum*, that the Pope nurtured such a design. Without referring to the solemn isolation of Italy at the Congress of Berlin, it is sufficient to observe how quietly she is ignored by England and France in the present Egyptian business, and the formal *Age quod agis* bestowed upon her by the insignificant Bey of Tunis, and the supreme indifference of Austria to her present movements, to be convinced that the isolation of Italy comes from other sources than the Vatican. The rabid demonstrations of the Italians against the Congress of Berlin, the outburst against Austria in favor of the "unredeemed" provinces, and the impassiveness of the ministry in the face of the Republican and International movement in the land, cannot but produce an unfavorable impression on the powers of Europe. Of course I except France as represented by the Republicans of the Gambetta order. That worthy is expected soon in Italy, and his visit means alliance. Indeed, there are among the political *savants* here those who, on the strength of foreshadowed events, have published this proposition: "If the republic in France continue, the republic in Italy is a certainty."

In fact, the Republican party here no longer conceal their views. Republican meetings are held openly, and the government forbids them not. Rifle associations are fast being organized all over the peninsula and named after Corporal Barsanti, who was shot, according to sentence of a court-martial, for insubordination on republican principles. Moreover, other associations are organized for the purpose of inoculating the youth subject to military conscription with republican principles. Thus the loyalty of the army will be tampered with. As it is, the sectaries through secret agents distribute seditious papers and pamphlets among the soldiery, spite of the rigorous measures recently invoked by the Minister of War, General Bruzzo. With the proverbial loyalty of a Piedmontese—for such he is—he has called for the suppression of the republican associations bearing the name of the rebellious Barsanti. But in his annual discourse, delivered on the 15th inst. before his constituents at Pavia, Benedetto Cairoli, president of the cabinet, and a noted Republican, declared the intention of the ministry to respect the liberty of association. This declaration has been accepted by the Moderate party as a reply to the demand of General Bruzzo. Consequently, he will resign. Indeed, a partial crisis of the ministry is already expected, as Corti, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is on the eve of tendering his resignation. Permit me to sum up the condition of Italy and the probabilities of the republic in the words of Alberto Mario, the leader *en gants* of the party. In a letter to the editor of the *Perseveranza*, Bonghi's organ, he writes: "You ask me to let you know at my ease if I think Benedetto Cairoli is a *providential* man or not. I answer you immediately: Cairoli is a man of the Left, and in my opinion the Left extends the time for the existence of the monarchy; and it seems that King Humbert understands it well. I think that if Victor Emanuel had died in the arms of the Right, the dynasty would not sleep now between two pillows as it does. The Right was a government of resistance, and lately of reaction. It would have driven us rapidly to the barricades, and its return would push us there. As for me, I would wish the Right in power to get more quickly to the republic; but as I prefer—see how moderate I am—the *evolutionary to the revolutionary process*, I prefer the government of Cairoli to that of Minghetti or Sella. Perhaps you are aware that I do not believe Italy can be governed except by legislative regional autonomies co-ordinate with the political unity. The Left, being in power, and putting to

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the test all the virtues of the monarchy, will show how such a co-ordination is impossible. Hence the probable peaceful passage from the one (the monarchy) to the other (the republic)."

[This project is by no means the worst that might be. Were it possible to form in Italy a republic of this kind, it would be the most suitable to the genius of the Italian people, its past history, and the most likely to secure good government. Such a form of government would be not unlike our own republic, leaving to the different sections of Italy their local legislation for their peculiar interests, customs, and character, and securing at the same time for the common weal a sufficiently powerful central authority. The present government is simply the usurpation of the king of Piedmont over the rest of Italy. It cannot last. It is unjust to all other parts of Italy, and hence without cohesive strength.

What is most to be feared in Italy is a centralized democracy, which is only another name for Cæsarism, and the grave of all rights and liberties.

Are the elements strong enough, wise enough to form a truly republican government such as has been indicated? Have the Italian people the political sagacity to do as the founders of our institutions did—form a government on man's natural rights, in accordance with their genuine historical traditions, suitable to their circumstances, and calculated to enable them to reach their destiny as a people? Can they be made to understand that the state is incompetent in religious matters?—an idea as Catholic as it is American. The rights and functions of the church are not the rights and functions of the state, and the rights and functions of the state are not the rights and functions of the church. Their organizations are independent of each other; their true and normal action concurs to assist man to reach his true destiny. Is there sufficient faith, wisdom, and justice in Italy to embody, in harmony with its own genius, geographical situation, and political necessities, the example of the great republic of America? Italians, Catholics, sincere Catholics, and sincere lovers of their country as well, cannot avoid seeing the approaching political crisis; and if they will rise as it becomes them above all political parties and sectionalism, it is in their power to throw their weight in that direction which will secure both their rights and liberties, and those of the church, and once more place Italy in the foremost rank among great nations. God grant it!

If the Piedmontese usurpation has served for such a transformation, we shall be inclined to overlook much of its wickedness, tyranny, and persecution, and not unreluctantly say: *Requiescat in æternum.*—Ed. C. W.]

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IN MEMORIAM.

Two little graves beneath the long green grass
Within one year;
Two little babes that childless leave, alas!
One mother dear;
Two little lives that fleetingly did pass—
One hearthstone drear!

Fair hair and blue eyes, eyes of limpid brown,
Closed in death's sleep;
Golden and chestnut hair, smoothed gently down:
Weep, mother, weep!
Two little rosebuds, ah! too quickly blown,
Buried *so* deep!

Little hands folded on the quiet breast,
Toying no more;
Musical little feet laid at last to rest:
To the far shore
Two little birdies from their mother's nest
Fluttered before.

Silent the voices that made music gay
All the day long;
Hushed the sweet tumult of their infant play,
Sweetest of song!
Lonely the mother sits in the twilight gray,
While mem'ries throng.

In the gray twilight shadows come and go,
The dead live again;
In the gray twilight softened is our woe,
Eased our heart's pain;
In the dim twilight tears benignant flow,
Love's gentle rain.

Out of the darkness steals a healing voice;
List, mother, list!
Lift up thine eyes and see thine angels' choice:
Passes the mist,
And a great chorus cries, "Rejoice! Rejoice!
They are with Christ!"

ALL SOULS, 1878.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTOIRE DE MME. DUCHESNE, Religieuse de la Société du S. Cœur de Jésus, et Fondatrice des Premières Maisons de cette Société en Amérique. Par M. L'Abbé Baunard, D.D., etc. (author of the *Life of Mme. Barat*). Paris: Poussielgue Frères, Rue Cassette, 15. 1878.

Mme. Duchesne was like a sturdy oak, fitted to battle with the winds and storms and to shelter under its umbrageous arms generations of children in long succession. She was one of those noble Frenchwomen made heroines of faith and virtue by the conflicts of the Revolution, and sharing with the noble Catholic Frenchmen who survived that horrible cataclysm in the glory of re-establishing religion in France, and propagating it elsewhere by missionary zeal. The first period of her life was sketched in the Life of the holy foundress of her society, and has been noticed in our review of the same. In this new biography from the pen of the author of the preceding *Life of Mme. Barat*, of which it is a historical continuation, the events of Mme. Duchesne's earlier history, before leaving France, are more minutely narrated. The part which is of the newest and most special interest is that which describes her career in America from May 29, 1818, when she landed at New Orleans, until November 18, 1852, when she breathed her last, full of years and merits, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, the forty-seventh of her religious profession, and the thirty-fourth of her sojourn in America. Mme. Duchesne founded the houses of St. Charles, Florissant, Grand-Coteau, St. Michel, Bayou-La-Fourche, and St. Louis, and governed the entire province as the vicar of the mother-general until the arrival of Mme. Galitzin, near the close of the year 1840, when she ceased to be superior, and became a simple religious for the remaining twelve years of her life. The record of the labors, hardships, privations, and sufferings attending the first foundation of the society in America is very interesting and edifying, and is an important contribution to our ecclesiastical history, as well as a charming narrative of personal events and particular incidents in the life of the venerable mother herself and in the lives of her worthy companions. In great measure it is as new and strange to Catholics of our own part of the country and of the present time as it must be to European readers. Even those who have visited Missouri and Louisiana during the last ten or twenty years can hardly realize that such a different state of things from the present one can have existed during a period so near to our own time.

Aside from its historical value, this Life has another very special charm and excellence, as a portraiture of a woman of really heroic sanctity and of a most original and strongly-marked character. Spotless innocence, generous charity, exalted devotion, and energetic virtue were the qualities which adorned Philippine Duchesne from her earliest childhood, and during the whole period of her life which preceded her profession as a religious of the Sacred Heart.

The long course of her religious life was a continual progress in all those high virtues which are the characteristics of the great saints who adorn the annals of religion. Her most distinctive trait, that which gives a marked and peculiar individuality to her religious character, was apostolical zeal for the conversion of the most ignorant and uncivilized portion of mankind, especially those who are in the darkness of heathenism. All the enthusiasm of St. Francis Xavier seemed to burn in her bosom. And, although she did not find a practical outlet for this missionary zeal in actually working for the conversion of pagans, except on a small scale, every labor of this sort which she found opportunity of performing among negroes and Indians was most eagerly embraced. It is certainly not for this kind of work that the Society of the Sacred Heart was intended. Yet the missionary spirit which made Mme. Duchesne pant to emulate St. Francis Xavier, and that virile force which seemed too great

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to be confined within a woman's breast, made her specially fitted to brave the perils and hardships of the enterprise of founding the Sacred Heart in America, as the pioneer and leader of her sisters and daughters in religion. "Now the mother was to be admired above measure, and worthy to be remembered by good men; and she bravely exhorted every one of them in her own language, being filled with wisdom: and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought" (2 Mach. vii. 20, 21). Her successors were better fitted than she was to build on the ground conquered and possessed by her valor. But the merit of her ardent desires to extend the kingdom of God, her incessant prayers, which made the Indians call her "the woman who prays always," her penances and sufferings, her long life of generous labor and self-sacrifice, most assuredly have obtained greater blessings from heaven on the church in this country and throughout the world than could accrue from the mere personal labors of any one individual, however apostolic he might be, and however wide the field he might cultivate. The vital energy of the church is in the hearts of her saints. The apostleship of prayer is the living source that vivifies the apostleship of work. No one could have been found more worthy to establish in this country a society specially consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the fountain of the apostolic charity which acts through prayer and labor, than a woman whose heart was so filled with this same apostolic charity as Mme. Duchesne.

An English translation of Mme. Duchesne's Life is in course of preparation, we suppose by the same graceful hand which translated the *Memoir of Mme. Barat.* If some competent American reviser could correct the mistakes which the author has made in certain matters relating to our geographical divisions and political constitution, before his excellent work passes to a second edition or appears in the English language, the only serious fault which it has would be corrected.

LECTURES ON MEDIÆVAL CHURCH HISTORY. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

In these lectures Archbishop Trench appears to have had in view a single thesis: to show the necessity of the religious revolution of the sixteenth century properly called Protestantism, and his history throughout has been made in accordance with this purpose. Indeed, there was no other course left open to him as a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose origin can only be traced to this revolution. And how does the archbishop set about his task?

I. He gives his readers no idea of the nature of the Christian Church, as this would have brought him into the trying light of theological science. And as Protestantism has neither an historical nor logical basis, the learned archbishop cautiously avoids so dangerous an issue.

II. In view of his thesis he diligently gathers together whatever abuses, general or special, existed in the mediæval church. It is to be noted, however, that he is careful to give no authorities for his assertions or alleged facts. The absence of such necessary and important references can be easily excused in delivering lectures to a class of girls, but scarcely so when preparing them for publication and presenting them to readers as grave contribution to historical studies.

III. In the grouping and detail of his historical facts the archbishop keeps steadily before his mind his original thesis; and, with a dexterity that one can hardly help admiring, he so uses and adapts his materials as to render them always subservient to his main purpose and produce a corresponding impression on the reader's mind.

IV. In order not to appear as a lawyer pleading to a brief, but as a grave historian, and a man of large views whose sole purpose is the truth, the archbishop assumes an air of ingenuous candor and calm impartiality that is very captivating. He even acknowledges that there are many good things in the Catholic Church, but in out-of-the-way places, in the fewest possible words, and without explaining the significance of what he concedes. Whenever he trenches on matters favorable to the Catholic Church, the calm and dignified gait with which he usually marches yields to a more hurried pace—indeed (not to be irreverent), to a decided skip, as though he felt himself verging on very dangerous ground. But perhaps this was only natural, as to deal fairly

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with such matters would lead to full inquiry into the Catholic claims, and thus quite upset the chief object of the archbishop's history.

He has accomplished his task with an adroitness that well counterfeits fairness and truth. To those not more than ordinarily instructed the lectures would pass for true church history. The work may add to the author's fame as a writer of pure English, but not as a theological or historical writer.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE CHURCH IN BRITTANY DURING THE GREAT REVOLUTION. By Edward Healy Thompson. London: Burns & Oates. 1878. (For sale by The Catholic Publication Society.)

It is wonderful to see how soon men forget, or how coolly they disregard, the lessons of history. The struggles of one generation are unknown to the vast majority of the next, and the history of twenty five years ago is to many as remote as the history of as many centuries. Men live in the day, and look little to the past or to the future.

The revolutions going on around us in these days are not without near and startling examples. The present struggle in France is really the outcome of "the Great Revolution." The same principles are at stake; the same forces are at war. Gambetta and the party of which he is at present the leader are attempting to do the work cut out for them by Voltaire and Rousseau: to drive God out of the hearts and minds of men and to destroy the social order. Windy oratory and fine phrases are never wanting to conceal purposes that are really diabolic. The wonder is that sensible men accept them so placidly, and profess to see in the successors of the Revolutionists of 1789 the real party of progress and the saviours of society; while God's church is looked upon now, as then, as the great stumbling-block in the way of the social, moral, and political advancement of the peoples. Mr. Thompson has taken one chapter of that dark revolutionary period and set it fully and plainly before us. Its lesson cannot be mistaken by those who read it, and all men who wish to understand what the two parties in France are really fighting for ought to read it. The two parties in France are the Christians and those who are not Christians. The fight is between them, and there is no halting-place between.

It was this struggle, brought on and aggravated then as now—then with more reason and more deplorably than now—by exasperating side questions which immediately seemed to have no connection with religion at all, that devastated France during and after the great revolution. Mr. Thompson has selected Brittany as a place of observation whence one may see acted out in miniature, so to say, the whole dread drama. He writes with force and clearness, and with one plain purpose throughout—to get at and give the true story. That story is most interesting for its own sake, and made doubly so by the skill of the teller; but as history, and as throwing a strong, clear light on much that is blurred or misrepresented or hidden out of sight, it has a special and peculiar value. The general view of the first French Revolution is that there came suddenly a fearful outburst of fury from a starving and oppressed people against a court, a nobility, and a clergy corrupt to the core; that the people went too far in its blind but justifiable rage; that great harm was done and many innocent people suffered on the scaffold; that at last came Napoleon Bonaparte to end the scene of carnage, or rather to turn the French taste for blood into another channel. Such is the general outline that presents itself to the mind, and it has a strong *vraisemblance* undoubtedly. But it is far from wholly true, particularly as regards the French clergy. It is not true as regards a large portion of the French people, and the noblest of the nobles. Mr. Thompson has here given us the true story so far as Brittany is concerned, and we cordially re-echo the wish of the Abbé Tresvaux that a work similar to his, to which Mr. Thompson confesses himself indebted, "should be undertaken for other parts of France. But no time should be lost. Witnesses are disappearing, facts are being forgotten, and yet what a light they throw upon the past, and what lessons they furnish for the present—lessons which with them will be irretrievably lost."

Almost the first one hundred pages of Mr. Thompson's book lead up to his immediate subject, "the sufferings of the church in Brittany." These pages give a

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keen insight into the causes of the Revolution and its gradual growth and development. They are excellent in every way. One shudders and the heart sickens as he approaches the actual sufferings of the church and the cruel persecution undergone by those of every class who set their conscience and their faith above their lands and lives. The boasted freedom of conscience of the revolutionists comes out here in its true meaning. Gambetta told us how he interpreted it at Romans the other day. It is the same story, so far happily without the bloody illustrations of the earlier chapters. Reading the saddening record in these days we cannot but marvel that such things should be; that Frenchmen should murder and torture Frenchmen and Frenchwomen for no other crime often than that they would not renounce their Catholic faith. Yet these events are not yet a century old, and we approach a new century with the same cause for contention before us. It rests with the moral sense of civilized men and governments to prevent the repetition of scenes that darken the world. Absolute liberty of conscience and freedom of worship is the only guarantee against religious persecution. It is that and that only Catholics claim in France.

SENSIBLE ETIQUETTE OF THE BEST SOCIETY: Customs, Manners, Morals, and Home Culture. Compiled from the best authorities. By Mrs. H. O. Ward. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1878.

This is a very entertaining as well as a very useful book. However much the age may have advanced in certain lines, it has scarcely advanced in good manners. Indeed, it has, by too general a concession, deteriorated in this respect. Some attribute the falling away from gentle bearing and behavior to the spread in other countries, as well as in our own, of democratic ideas. The American is regarded by those who have never met him as a civilized barbarian, if such a combination be possible, or as a barbarian with a certain veneer, more or less thick, of civilization clinging to him. And it is an open secret that many of our own countrymen and countrywomen who "represent" us abroad give a strong color to this too general suspicion. A too great and too general rudeness, however, is complained of in other lands than ours, among all our "kin beyond the sea." Democracy is as little synonymous with bad manners as is wide-spread education with true culture. A variety of causes go to explain the too general lack of manners now prevailing; but at bottom of them all lies this: people are rude because they are falling from Christianity. The golden rule of Christianity is to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves. This is also the foundation of all culture and gentleness. On those who have this at heart the forms of etiquette sit lightly and come to them naturally. The author of this manual, as it might be called, of the forms of good society has not lost sight of this great truth, but inculcates it quietly, yet with force, from time to time. Her book is an excellent one, and those who are or are not naturally gentle will find much entertainment as well as profit in reading it. That "manners make the man" is a good old saying that will never lose its force; that they also make the woman is too often forgotten by those of all who should remember it—women themselves. Mrs. Ward places both under equal obligations.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF CATHOLICISM AND PROTESTANTISM IN THEIR CIVIL BEARING UPON NATIONS. Translated and adapted from the French of M. le Baron de Haulleville. By Henry Bellingham, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

The essays that make up this volume appeared originally in the pages of our highly esteemed contemporary, the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, while under the able editorship of Baron de Haulleville, the author of the essays. They were called out by a pamphlet by M. de Laveleye, *Protestantism and Catholicism in their Bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations*, which, our readers will remember, was taken up at the time in a most thorough and efficient manner by one of our own reviewers. The articles have since appeared among the *Essays and Reviews* of Bishop Spalding, published by the Catholic Publication Society Company. Baron de Haulleville covers

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much the same ground as did Bishop Spalding, though, as might be expected, the brilliant essays of the bishop have more immediate point and interest for English readers. Baron de Haulleville's work, however, shows throughout that profound historic and philosophic observation that gives a lasting value to writings of this kind. His style, too, is calm and pleasing, and has been well interpreted by Mr. Bellingham.

A translation of the same work, with important additions, has just reached us from Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street. It makes one of the most useful volumes that their excellently-conceived "Vatican Library" has yet given to the Catholic public.

LIVES OF THE IRISH MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL D. With additions, including a history of the Penal Laws, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A.M. New York: James Shechy. 1878.

This is a new and enlarged edition of a very valuable work which has already been noticed in our columns. The period embraced by Mr. O'Reilly in his martyrology consists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, those darkest days in the Irish calendar. The only light illumining them shines from the lives of these holy confessors and martyrs whose touching history is given here. Apart from its personal and Catholic interest the work is really a valuable contribution to the history of the times in which these men lived and died. This feature of the work is still further enhanced by Father Brennan's important additions, which take in the penal laws of the various periods and bring the record down almost to our own day. Those who study the history of England as an imperial power cannot pass by this book. It is a page that Englishmen would wish blotted out and forgotten; but history stands, and you cannot blot out blood. These records are written in blood and tears. They are noble and ennobling, and Catholics, Irish Catholics particularly, should know them by heart. Nothing in their country or their history is so great as the lives of these Christian heroes and saints. The volume is a very handsome one, and we understand that the publisher offers every facility to those who wish to procure it.

LIBRI QUATUOR DE IMITATIONE CHRISTI. Cum Appendice Precationum. Collegit et edidit P. Conradus Maria Effinger, Capitularis Monast. B. V. Mariæ. Einsidlæ: Benziger Bros. 1878.

This is an exceedingly neat and convenient little edition of the ever-welcome *Imitation*. The appendix is well conceived, and contains morning and evening prayers, prayers at Mass, for confession and communion, etc. The beautiful type of the whole combines clearness with smallness.

PICTURESQUE IRELAND. Edited by John Savage, LL.D. New York: Thomas Kelly. 1878.

This handsome work, issued in serial parts, is, as the title-page truly informs us, "a literary and artistic delineation of Ireland's scenery, antiquities, abbeys, etc." No country is richer in material for such illustration than Ireland, and Mr. Savage's name is sufficient guarantee that his portion of the work will be done as few could do it. His graceful pen luxuriates in the historic records, the sweet and sad romance, the poetic memories that linger over every inch of Irish soil. For the rest, it is enough to say that he is ably seconded by his publisher.

THE LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. By Mary Neal Sherwood. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1878.

Although this story does not possess the power and scope of *The Nabob*, it may certainly be considered as one of the most pathetic of Daudet's novels. It is the story of two natures, both loving each other intensely, one self-sacrificing, just, and honorable, the other pitifully weak and sinful. The interest centres in a poor consumptive boy, who manfully endeavors to save his younger brother from the ruin brought about by the latter's folly and dissipation. The studies of character are very good, particularly the character of Pierrotte, who in

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a manner resembles the Nabob. The study of Abbé Germain is perfect. His healthy piety is very grand, and his treatment of the Good-for-Nothing both loving and Christian. The scenes of French provincial school life are cleverly drawn, and are quite different from those related by English authors. What a pity, however, that the most tender, if not the most skilful, of French novelists cannot write without that tinge of immorality! Of course vice is painted with an intent to disgust; still, it is vice, and does not add to the real interest of the story. The translation is spirited, and as like the original as could well be expected of a translation.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE WORLD. By L. Maria Child, author of *Progress of Religious Ideas*, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

"The fundamental rules of morality," says the compiler of these *Aspirations*, "are the same with good men of all ages and countries; the idea of immortality has been present with them all; and all have manifested similar aspirations toward an infinitely wise and good being, by whom they were created and sustained. From these three starting points many paths diverge, leading into endless mazes of theology. Into these labyrinths I do not consider it useful to look. I do not assume that any one religion is right in its theology, or that any others are wrong. I merely attempt to show that the primeval impulses of the human soul have been essentially the same everywhere; and my impelling motive is to do all I can to enlarge and strengthen the bond of human brotherhood."

We cannot but thank the author for having shirked the "mazes of theology," though she tacitly and placidly settles all theological disputes by assuming that all forms of religion are much the same at bottom, and of about equal authority and worth. As she prefers to put it, "religion is a universal instinct of the human soul." She probably means a natural instinct; but no matter. To most people religion is a great deal more than an *instinct*.

"The amount" of this "instinct," we are informed, "will never be diminished in the world. Its forms will change, but its essence never."

If the author consults her Webster or her Worcester she will find a much better definition of religion than this. If she wishes to show that the world of man is always looking up to God, yearning for the light, seeking after its Creator, we are one with her, as will be all Christians. But this is much as to say the sick man craves for health. The author places the sick man and the strong man on exactly the same plane; and quotes as of equal authority sayings taken from various writers and teachers of men. There are not a few who think much after this fashion in these days, and who lazily drift into that very hazy thing called "the religion of humanity," which in its professors and teachers might be better described as "A Mutual Worship and Admiration Society, limited." To these worthy people, as to our fair author, "Moses; Hebrew:" "Lao-Tze; Chinese:" "Pythagoras; Grecian:" "Cicero; Roman:" "Mohammed; Arabian:" "Jesus Christ; Israelite:" "Voltaire; French:" "Emanuel Kant; German:" and (good gracious!) "O. B. Frothingham; American:" "Henry Ward Beecher; American:" not to mention the author herself and a host of other celebrities, are all numbered in the glorious company of the gods, and from high Olympus thunder to a listening and awe-struck world. We can only say that the author's company might have been a little more select. She has altogether too many lions at her celestial Bostonian tea-party. One name, at least, might have been omitted for reverence' sake, even if the author refuses to bow to that name.

RAPHAELA; or, The History of a Young Girl who Would not Take Advice. By Mlle. Monniot. Translated from the French by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1878.

A title has often killed a book, and certainly the title in the present instance is not inviting. It is decidedly of the "goody" order. The story, too, is told in an unhappy manner. As a rule, readers of fiction do not care to hunt after a heroine who has been killed in the first chapter. In addition, the translator, by being too faithful to the French, has given to the whole an un-English

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sound, and the frequent use of italics, whether due to author or translator, is absurd. In spite of these defects, any one of which is sufficient to warn a reader off, *Raphaela* grows in interest for those who can master the earlier chapters, and in parts shows real force and pathos and a good conception of "situation" and plot. It tells the story of a woman devoured from girlhood up with small pride, vanity, and their accompaniment, self-will, yet not without good feelings and a true sense of what is right. The author carries her through life, and groups together in a very natural manner the difficulties, dangers, and great trials, springing out of petty causes, of such a life. The character is not an uncommon one and it is vividly portrayed. Many a French author would have made a most touching and tragic story of this wrecked life, but Mlle. Monniot fails here. By aiming at being too good and too instructive, and by holding up the moral before her readers in every page, she withdraws attention from the story itself, which should have been allowed to point its own moral. This is the common defect of Catholic fiction, which is constantly wasting splendid material for sheer lack of a little worldly wisdom and common sense. We shall never drive the devil out of his playground in fiction until we can beat him with his own weapons and make the good more attractive and interesting than the evil. As long as all the good stories are slow the bad ones must take the lead.

HEROIC WOMEN OF THE BIBLE AND THE CHURCH. With Art Illustrations. Parts VII. to XVI. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1878.

We have here nine new parts of this well-conceived and beautifully-executed work. Father O'Reilly's graphic text scarcely needs illustrations. His publishers, however, have been wise. They have taken accepted and historic paintings of the subjects treated, and had them lithographed in a truly gorgeous style. The work, when completed, will be unique, and a favorite equally on the drawing-room table as in the library. Father O'Reilly is as earnest as he is successful in popularizing devotion.

CYPRUS: Historical and Descriptive. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Adapted from the German of Franz von Löher, with much additional matter, by Mrs. A. Batson Joyner. New York: R. Worthington. 1878.

One of the things for which Lord Beaconsfield and the Berlin Congress are answerable is the sudden influx of literature on Cyprus and its inhabitants. These were about as well known to the average reader as the moon and its solitary occupant. The present work is a translation, in rather indifferent English, of Herr von Löher's recent trip to the island and his journey through it. Who Herr von Löher may be we do not know. His account is gossipy without much gayety, and his observations do not impress one either with their keenness or profundity. There is the usual sprinkling of encyclopædic learning here and there, and the result, with the exception of an occasional mistake on Catholic matters, is a harmless, chatty book, not witty, indeed, nor wise, but giving one some idea of the present aspect of the island and its people.

LADY NELL, and Other Poems and Translations. By R. Lawrance Nicholson. Illustrated by W. B. Redfarn. Cambridge (England): W. P. Spalding. 1878.

This is a curious medley. Some of the poems—fugitive pieces, fragments often—are very sweet in expression and delicate in fancy. These we like better than the more ambitious efforts in the little volume. Most of the original poems have more or less of a personal character, and are evidently meant for near and dear friends, thus quite disarming a critic. Some of the pictures of English scenery are very true and fresh, and a few of them are well given by the artist. Of the translations those from the German, and the Breton Songs, are excellent.

GOD, THE TEACHER OF MANKIND. A Plain, Comprehensive Explanation of Christian Doctrine. By Michael Müller, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Bros. 1878.

We are glad to see that Father Mül-

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ler's excellent work has already reached a new edition.

INTEREST TABLES IN USE BY THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. For the calculation of interest and prices of stocks and bonds for investment. By William H. C. Bartlett, LL.D., actuary of the company. New York: Published by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. 1878.

This is, to business men, a valuable compilation. It saves a great deal of figuring and brain-work, and every accountant will thank the company for this beautifully-printed and elegant book.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S MONTH OF NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER. By the author of *Golden Sands*. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company. 1878.

These are two new numbers of this admirable little series of devotions for young girls.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1879 is now in press, and will be ready for delivery about the 25th of November. The year has been one of exceptional interest to Catholics, both in losses and gains. This gives a special value and interest to the new number of this ever-welcome annual.

NEW BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

LAUDES VESPERTINÆ, sive Cantus Diversi, excerpti ex Antiphonario, Graduali et Rituali Romano, quæ curavit S. Rit. Congregatio. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii: Sumptibus, chartis et typis Frederici Pustet.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, and other Sermons. By Rev. Charles Kingsley. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

POINTS IN CANON LAW: (claimed to be) Opposed to some of Rev. Dr. Smith's views of Ecclesiastical Law, as now applied to the United States of America. A reproduction of a series of articles contributed to the *Catholic Universe* newspaper of Cleveland, Ohio, by Rev. P. F. Quigley, D.D., Professor of Canon Law, etc., in St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland: M. E. McCabe. 1878. (Will be noticed in our next number.)

RECEIVED FROM D. A. NOLAN, 37 Barclay Street, a handsome steel engraving of Notre Dame de Lourdes. For sale by the publisher.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXVIII., No. 166.—JANUARY, 1879.

"ROME'S RECRUITS."

THE *Whitehall Review*, a London paper of some merit, has just published the names of all the converts to "Rome" during the space of the last forty years. When we say "all" the converts, we mean, of course, the converts who have had social position or some claim on the public attention. With regard to the taste of so exceptional a publication, this must be left to the individual estimate. Some persons like publicity, some do not; but we should have imagined that the majority of what are called "Rome's recruits" would have esteemed themselves "sacro digni silentio." However, taste was not considered in the matter. The *Whitehall Review* goes into a groove of society which Thackeray used to call "Vanity Fair," or that fashionable "upper ten" which likes to have bits of personal news to amuse it over its afternoon tea. And since ritualism has become rather popular of late years among persons of æsthetic disposition, so conversions to Rome have acquired a certain interest from a social if not a religious point of view. It is marvellous how much "religiosity" some people can possess without having much of religion; and the great charm of religiosity is that it enables every one to talk glibly about subjects on which every one may differ. But the new element which the *Whitehall Review* has introduced has this most conspicuous advantage: that it enables A. and B. to discuss D. and C. with reference to their personal shortcomings. "Ah! I knew him," said a lady to a gentleman who was yesterday reading out a name in the *Whitehall;* "he wanted to marry Miss ——. I don't think anything of *his* conversion." So this poor gentleman was dismissed, as being no argument in the controversy, and as having rather confessed to weakness by his change. It is so easy to depreciate the value of a principle by depreciating those who may adopt it that this new publication of persons—not motives—is quite sure to find favor with the scandalous. Lord So-and-so may have had titles and lands but every one knew that he was feeble. Lady So-and-so may have been fond of going to church, but she was admitted to have failed

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in writing books. The Reverend Fitzallen Smith was a good reader and a good preacher, but he was also much sought after by fashionable people. This sort of comment just suits the playful mind, which is anxious to postpone the real question; and it is evident, from the tone of "Vanity Fair," that this sort of comment will be general.

A brother-in-law of one of the most distinguished of lady painters wrote the earlier of the introductory articles. And very good articles they were. Full of wise consideration, and in excellent taste, they could not possibly offend the most sensitive. But it was whispered in Vanity Fair that the *Whitehall* was growing "popish"; and this seemed to trouble the *Whitehall*. So the editor employed the services of the nephew of a popular novelist to write an article in a different strain. And a very nasty and offensive strain it was. Whether the readers of the *Whitehall* would think any better of the paper for its blowing warm and cold in the same month is a point which must be left to conjecture. One more fact, however, may be mentioned in passing. Mr. Gladstone was asked if he would edit the new pamphlet. He thought not. He did not see why he should. Mr. Gladstone is known to be a universal writer and a universal patron of all things; but why he should "edit" all the conversions to Rome must be a question which would puzzle his admirers. Conversions *from* Rome would be more in his line; or conversions, say, to the czar's private church. However, Mr. Gladstone declined; and it was perhaps just as well that he did, for the world would have given him credit for too much. A sixpenny pamphlet, full of the names of "Rome's recruits," could go forth to the public on its merits; nor is the public likely to ask who the editor may be, since he cannot edit a single motive of a single convert.

It may be remarked, by the way, that of "reversions" to Protestantism there are happily few examples to be given. Such as have occurred may be easily accounted for on the most simple and most natural grounds. To mention names would be gross and quite useless. In the earlier days of what was called "the Oxford movement" but little inquiry was made of "Rome's recruits." It was assumed that they must have to contend with immense difficulty in the way both of faith and of circumstances. So charity attributed to them the purest possible motives, with a sufficient knowledge of the grounds of the faith. A few relapses taught Catholic priests prudence; and for many years it has been customary to subject to preparation all postulants for admission to the church. This will probably put an end to relapses, or at least it will put an end to such hasty mental action as outstrips pure conviction and gravity. And the new care which has been taken in the reception of postulants removes the scandal of the attributing *wrong* motives. Twenty or thirty years ago, when an Anglican became a Catholic, every motive was attributed to him except the right one. One of the greatest of living authors once indulged in the happy pleasantry: "If Dr. Routh, the venerable president of Magdalen College, Oxford, who has just attained to his ninety-ninth year, were to become a Catholic, Protestants would attribute it to the impetuosity of his youth." A clergyman at Liverpool, who was

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converted many years ago, was spoken of, "under the breath," as "a very unhappy person, who went to Rome to indulge his habit of drinking." This was a new estimate of the Catholic Church—that it was a symposium designed for the inebriate. However, such a reason was as good as any other, for those who would not accept a good reason. Another clergyman, on becoming a Catholic, was asked by his bishop, "Who is she?" This, at least, was a pardonable, human inference. We could hardly expect that persons who looked on "popery" as irrational should attach either intellectual or supernatural motives to a change which they could not understand. But one advantage which the *Whitehall* has now given to Catholics is that the vast numbers of conversions suggest convictions. Mere numbers in themselves might not do this, but when coupled with grave sacrifice they have weight. A sacrifice of position, of fortune, of prospects, or a sacrifice of domestic good-fellowship, is not undertaken by the educated mind without impressions of a very deep order. At the time of the Reformation, when the nobility were rewarded for their preference of loyalty over faith by gifts of abbey lands or high offices, there was a motive which was real, though it could not be said to be lofty, in the exchanging the Catholic religion for the Protestant. But in nine cases out of ten of the modern conversions to Catholicism the converts have had to pay for their exchange. They have had to pay for it in one of two ways: by actual loss of worldly place and prosperity, or by the still more painful loss of social sympathy. And it cannot but be admitted that even "fanaticism," which is costly, has more merit than an exchange which is lucrative. Taking the lowest possible view of "Rome's recruits"—such as doubtless there are many Protestants who still approve—a change of religion which brings a loss to the convert is more likely to be sincere than a bought conversion. And the proofs of such sincerity have been made ready to hand by the publication of a thousand names of known sufferers. Even the fact that converted clergymen cannot become Catholic priests without consenting to forego married happiness is in itself an immense advance over the (suggested) dispositions of such priests as have left the Catholic Church. It is an advance which human nature can appreciate. Human nature may exalt its own comfortable canons over the supernatural instincts of the church, but in doing so it cannot deny *a fact;* and that fact is the willingness to offer sacrifice in proof of reality of conviction. The *Whitehall*, then, has at least done this good service: that it has associated sacrifice with conversion.

The great number of ladies who are chronicled in the *Whitehall* as confessors of the faith to their own cost have most of them tales to tell which they would shrink from publicly telling, and which, indeed, had far better be forgotten. What they may have had to endure from domestic separations, from suspicions of friends and acquaintances, from material loss, present or prospective, we can very well imagine (for of some cases we know the details), and we must offer them our highest respect. The wives of clergymen who have "seceded from their husbands," as a Protestant newspaper once expressed it, have had to bear the imputation of a conjugal rebellion quite as much

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as of unfaithfulness to their church. Their trial must indeed have been terrible. And so, too, the daughters, whether of clergymen or laymen, who have run counter to parental authority, must have had to face both the loss of home sympathies and the charge of being wilful and disobedient. The mere change of religion, apart from the new direction, is an imputed insult to those who may rest behind; at least, this is the ordinary parental estimate. Change, in itself, seems disesteem; and, intellectually, it is accounted as showing weakness. "I hate a man who changes his religion," said a great man in authority to an inferior. "Sir," said the convert, "I hate him more than you do; for if my ancestors had not changed their religion I should not have had the trouble of changing mine." But this apology is not accepted by the Protestant. "Change *with* me" is a perfectly natural tone of mandate; "but if you change *against* me you insult me." And we imagine that half the bitterness which conversions have generated has been the bitterness of offended self-esteem. The Catholic convert has no bitterness; he has only charity and compassion; but they from whom he differs will not pardon the effrontery of the exercise of his judgment against theirs. This is, after all, but human nature. And there is more of human nature about polemics than there is about the differences of the affections, for the simple reason that intellectual vanity is stronger in most men than are the affections. A man may forgive another for disliking him; but if he knows that he is despised, or at least fancies that he is so, he is not likely to feel very gracious. And so we are driven to the conclusion that, in the vast majority of instances, conversion stings the vanity of friends. It may not do so with persons of lofty character; but persons of lofty character are rare. To the ordinary English Protestant a person who becomes a Catholic has committed this unpardonable offence: that he has pronounced his old friends to be "heretics" at the suggestion of his scarcely-found new friends.

One small body of converts—six clergymen and a hundred laymen—have just "come over" from two parishes in Brighton, and are more or less mentioned in the *Whitehall*. As an example of the incapacity of non-Catholics to understand this we may quote the Protestant bishop of Chichester. He referred in a recent charge to the causes of these conversions, as being thoroughly unintellectual and immoral; "craft, secrecy, and subtlety" being the obvious characteristics of the method and the animus of the conversions. Now, how it could be even possible that in two large churches in Brighton conversion could be secretly recommended, when all the world could hear the preaching and was talking of it, and all the world knew the "Romanizing tendency," we are quite at a loss to understand. The clergy of the two churches were well known as ritualists of the most developed or transcendental school; their ceremonial was a topic of public interest; all the other churches—that is, the other clergymen—were in the habit of warning Protestants against them; their extravagances were just as thoroughly made public as are the views of the London *Times* newspaper in a leading article; so that it was simply ridiculous to talk of secrecy and craft on the part of the clergy or

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the laity. "High Masses" were advertised in the newspapers. "Sacramental Confession" was openly preached. The whole ritual was suggestive of Catholic doctrine. Where, then, could be the secrecy or the craft? Is not the bishop's comment a striking instance of the truth that wrong motives must be found for all conversions? In the same way it has been affirmed that the conversion of young ladies —from one or the other of these two churches —was due to their feminine "curatolatry"; in other words, that their admiration of the curates led them to adopt all their extremes. But curates who become priests — that is, Catholic priests—are no longer within the feminine aspiration, so that this astute explanation breaks down. How much better would it be to leave motives alone, to let conversions stand strictly on their own merits, and to discuss, not the workings of single minds, but the claims of the Catholic religion! To throw dust into their own eyes is the habit of most Protestants—and conspicuously of all Protestant bishops—in contemplating that phenomenon which, by this time at least, might be allowed to be treated with gravity.

We have said that the later articles in the *Whitehall Review*, which were designed to be introductory to the long lists, were written by a gentleman whose sympathies, and perhaps prejudices, are most markedly on the side of Old Protestantism. He has unwittingly fallen into the most deplorable errors in his endeavors to "throw dirt" on the church. His historical allusions are most unhappy, and his knowledge of Catholic truth is simply *nil*. "It is quite impossible," he says, "to overlook the hideous crimes of the church which claims infallibility and impeccability." It is needless to say that the church no more claims impeccability than it claims to have invented the steam-engine. Such loose writing is degrading to any advocacy. And in place of historical facts, we have the threadbare accusations about "St. Bartholomew" and the "Marian persecution," the "Inquisition" and the "holocaust of the Lollards." Passing from these, we have the wonderful assurance that the church accounts mixed marriages "adulterous," and that "the wife must desert her husband, and the mother her children," in the event of conversion to Catholicism. It is not difficult to guess in what spirit of controversy "Rome's recruits" must be treated by such a writer; and it is satisfactory to find that the writer has called down on him the lash of more than one ecclesiastic. Mgr. Capel has both corrected his mistakes and has administered some sharp strokes to modern Protestants. However, all this was beside the immediate point, though it served well to introduce the list of converts. It could hardly be expected that a non-Catholic paper would introduce a thousand converts to its readers without first clearing the ground for the array of such testimony by a little popular abuse of Catholicism. Still, in these days it is inexcusable to rake up old blunders, precisely as though they had never been refuted, and to impute to Catholics a moral frailty or obliquity such as even a Red Indian might repudiate.

In regard to the lists themselves, the number of names and professions, and the proportion of one class to another, there is this necessary drawback: that only per-

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sons of some note could be included in a "fashionable" report. Town priests and country priests, had they chosen to do it, could have told of whole parishes of converts; but where would have been the interest attaching to such converts as could not influence the bent of modern thought? One duchess passes for more social value than the wives of a thousand city merchants; and the conversion of a peer is held by modern English thought higher in moral worth than would be that of the whole of his tenantry.

Now, we do not dispute that there is a vast "social" importance in the conversion of, say, two thousand "gentle" people. Yet, to measure the true value of the return to the faith, it would be essential to comprehend all the poor. *Their* motives are simply spiritual or interior, totally free from that "educatedness" of thought which may lead learned persons to "embrace Rome." Their longing for realities, as distinct from Protestant shams, is more of a moral than an intellectual aspiration; it is intensely genuine and simple and hearty; and it is not marred by a score of controversies about councils, or about the Inquisition, St. Bartholomew, or Galileo. Supposing it were possible to throw into accurate form the mental processes which conduct to such conversions, we doubt not that they would be as admirable for pure reason as for singleness of purpose and heart. Unfortunately the poor cannot "express themselves." They cannot write pamphlets about reasons. They know exactly what they feel and are convinced of, but they cannot shape their thoughts into argument. If they could they might surprise us by their sense. It must have happened to learned Catholics to converse with such converts, and to be delighted with the wisdom of their reflections. In England it will often happen that the best arguments and the purest reasoning are heard from the poorest class of converts. The manner of expression may be unscholarly, but the nature of the thought is simply exquisite. One of the most regrettable losses to pure controversy is that we cannot write the poor man's intuition.

Still, since we cannot have a *Whitehall* for the poor, we must be content with a *Whitehall* for the gentry; and now what do we find in these columns of the "respectable," these long lists of "gentlemen and ladies"? Of the clergy we have, of course, a great number. The immense majority are university graduates. Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin send "recruits." Some of the theological colleges also contribute. "Wells," which is a theological seminary for men who have already taken a degree, furnishes, we believe, three or four. Theological colleges, it may be remarked by the way, are quite a new institution in England. They came into existence thirty years ago. It was prophesied at the time that they would "do immense harm by teaching young men priestly ideas." They have done so. A course of study of the Fathers, of church history, of doctrines, was perfectly certain to beget a sense of ministerial importance such as the fathers of these new seminarists knew not. We see, then, that the first movement towards Catholicism was contemporary with the birth of these seminaries. To *be* a priest it was desirable to know what a priest *was*;

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and these seminaries have provided information. Yet there is one counter element in the way of church seminaries, and that is the great number of them which are "literate." The number of new seminaries where men can get diplomas without passing through a university course have thrown wide open the gates of the Anglican clerical order to a variety of persons of every class. We say nothing disrespectful of the motives of such persons, nor even of their possible attainments; but the fact remains the same that a less distinguished body of clergy has been introduced into the Anglican Establishment by these colleges. The result is a certain loss of clerical caste. Socially the clergy have fallen off; and such a fact must tell heavily against the prosperity of an institution which has owed much to its social prestige. Now, there are converts from this new class and from the old; there are converts distinguished and undistinguished. There are converts who, as scholars, were renowned for their success; and there are others who were not scholars at all. This is exactly what the "lists" ought to show. Catholicism is intended for all orders of men, from the most richly to the most sparsely endowed. From Dr. Newman to the last humble candidate for "a pass" we find clergy whose "catholicity" of natural gifts is conspicuous in sense of variety. We repeat, this is exactly what it should be. We can now answer the accusation that "only men of morbid sentiments are entrapped by the æstheticism of Rome." There are hundreds of clergymen, as practical as they are scholarly, as severely reasoning as they are markedly industrious, who add their testimony to that of others, some poetical, some artistic, and some famed for exceptional accomplishments. Cardinal Manning and Father Faber both appear as confessors to the same bent of conscience. One clergyman becomes a Jesuit, and another becomes a barrister, and a third is found busy in the city, because variety of gift or variety of disposition was no barrier to conversion to the church. And so, too, among laymen we have "recruits" from all professions, and representing every order of mind. Royal Academicians and distinguished geometricians; dramatic writers and the drollest of comic writers; great musicians and writers of dry school-books; eminent scholars and well-known comedians; all meet in one common agreement. Among ladies we have the daughters of the celebrated Mrs. Somerville, the wives of several rectors and curates, the wives and daughters of men famed in the world of fashion, and the founder of an Anglican sisterhood. As to peers and peeresses, there are several; and such a fact is not without its significance. An English peer represents English traditions with a certain broadness of outline which is exceptional; and it is certain that in embracing the Catholic faith he is outraging five hundred acquaintances. His conversion is therefore monumental. From the social point of view it is unique, since we have not yet welcomed a prince or a princess, nor would their conversion, if assured, be recorded. A bishop is still wanting among "recruits." An archdeacon has been converted, but not a dean. And yet these wants have been balanced—if we may indulge in such a fancy—by the fact that a Guardsman has become a cardinal.

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In Rome there is a cardinal who was at one time a popular officer in a regiment of Queen Victoria's household troops. In Rome, too, there are priests whose antecedents were as Protestant as they were English in home and in tradition. The colonies, again, possess many "recruits." One of these recruits is in high office. In France an immense number live retiredly. In one small town in France there were, about fifteen years ago, from forty to fifty English converts. The *Whitehall* could not take any account of these. They are mostly persons of small fortune but of no particular pursuit, who live abroad for tranquillity and for religion. Such "recruits" are to be met with all over Europe.

With regard to the probable effect on what is called the public mind of the publication of these long lists of converts, it may be expected that curiosity will take precedence of interest, and surprise of really earnest reflection. Some few may be led by such facts to consider "the argument from conviction"—we are glad to hear that the Rev. Orby Shipley has just added his name to the lists—but probably it will be the old story, so terribly taught in those words, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets." This, however, is mere speculation by the way. We have to consider what is the value of the past, since we cannot draw conclusions from the future. And the first feature in that value is that men's minds have grown accustomed to the phenomenon of conversion to the church. It is still a phenomenon; it still baffles the public mind; but at least it is accepted as an action which is consistent with the possession of both wits and sincerity. Thus much is a positive gain. It *used* to be thought disgraceful or foolish. Even Dr. Newman was said to have lost his head. The production of such works as the *Apologia*, the *Grammar of Assent*, and the Dublin *Lectures* has sufficiently dissipated that mistake. And so, too, of Cardinal Manning: his Catholic sermons and Catholic works are certainly richer in mental force than were his Anglican. Most Protestants have confessed, though they have regretted, this. It is now admitted that development in intellectual creation may just possibly be consistent with conversion. And even lighter characters, lesser wits, feebler natures have proved that they have gathered strength from the change. Thus far there is a gain on popular credit. Were it not for that recurrence to the old grooves of vulgar prejudice in which leading journalists and popular preachers still indulge, as an easy method of re-creating a popularity which is on the wane from the want of new interests, the "public mind," if we must again use that euphemism, would be disarmed of its hostility to the faith. The public mind is so quickly turned into old directions by those authorities whom it has respected from its youth that it mistrusts its own convictions when led back to the old paths by the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, or bishops' "charges." And yet, as to these last, the episcopal annual "trimmings," it must be owned that the Anglican bishops have no more official weight than such as they can claim from personal talent. A playful writer has observed: "An Anglican bishop and a weathercock are known to be identical in their meek submission to the temper of the winds; the only difference be-

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ing that a bishop takes the trouble to provide arguments for a submissiveness about which the weathercock says nothing." Every Anglican knows that every Anglican bishop is as much the victim of fallibility as he is himself; so that natural talent, not episcopal authority, is respected in the office and the man. Indeed, the office *is* the man, and nothing more; for no two bishops of the Establishment are agreed upon doctrines any more than on the grounds of their authority. Thus all Anglicans are more disposed at the present day to lend a willing ear to Catholic converts than they were in past times, when Protestant episcopal authority was a tradition, though it was not a fact. It must be very much the fault of a Catholic convert if he does not obtain a patient hearing. He is at least included among the champions of private judgment. He has exercised his privilege in the surrender of that judgment; but it was in the exercise of that judgment that he surrendered it. All Protestants now begin to perceive this. They admit the right of surrendering judgment to authority. Such a right was not admitted thirty years ago. And if the *Whitehall Review* has done no more than demonstrate that conversion may be a legitimate mental process, it has at least paved the way to a more calm consideration of the principles and the *rationale* of conversion.

ART SONNETS.

III.

THE FATES OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

ARE these the inexorable Sisters Three?
  These withered things, like witches of "Macbeth,"
  The devil's sibyls on the blasted heath?
Crowned, and on thrones sublime, the Fates should be:
The distaff reaching from the loft to lea,
  While threads of stellar rays weave life and death;
  Black robes of Atropos e'en, wreath on wreath,
Should burn with stars quenchless eternally.

For the Greeks had their Apotheosis,
  Their Hades—Tartarus or Elysium;
  The voice within the soul was never dumb
That told them of another life than this.
These should have beauty, too—of such a sort
That it should brighten their most awful port

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTY HESITATES.

THE boys were to arrive by the mid-day train. Mrs. Redacre had made a little extra toilette, donning a gayer cap than was quite proper at that hour of the morning; but the boys liked to see a flower or a bright bit of ribbon in her "bonnie brown hair," and it was easy to see that whatever the boys liked was law to the mother.

Jacob Mills started betimes with the donkey-cart to bring up the boxes. Pearl would have liked to go to meet her brothers, but she was busy in the kitchen, on hospitable cares intent; and Polly was shy of waiting on the platform, to be stared at by all those vulgarians. The colonel would have gone, but Mrs. Redacre would not hear of it.

"It will be much nicer being all here to meet them," she said; "and it is too tiring a walk on the damp ground for you, dear."

"I will run out and meet them at the foot of the hill on this side," said Polly; and she equipped herself in her waterproof, and set out at ten minutes past twelve.

It was dry enough in the park, but, once out on the road, the ground became a perfect slush. Polly walked along gingerly on the tips of her dainty Paris boots, and stood waiting at the foot of the rising ground, listening for the rumble of the donkey-cart. Presently it reaches her with an accompaniment of whistling and hurrahing and cracking of whips that assure Polly it is not sober Jacob who acts as charioteer. But all of a sudden the noise ceases, the clattering cart comes to a stand-still.

"They have caught sight of the house," said Polly; but she wondered why the boys, who were the reverse of sentimental, delayed so long admiring the prospect. At last she grew impatient, and picked her steps a little farther until she got to the top of the road, which quickly sloped down again on the other side. There she beheld a painful spectacle: the cart overturned, the donkey prostrate in the mud on one side and the two boxes on the other, and Billy and Lancelet Redacre shaking themselves in the middle of the road after a copious mud-bath into which they had been unexpectedly precipitated.

"Hallo! there you are, Polly!" cried the brothers, as they got sight of horrified Polly, with her arms thrown up and her face a picture of dismay.

"O Billy, Lance! what have you done? You have killed the donkey! And what a mess you are in! Won't you catch it when papa sees you!"

"Don't you let him see us till it's all made right," said Billy; "don't, there's a brick, Polly."

"How can I help him seeing you? He is looking out of the window. Is the donkey dead?"

"Not he! He'll be up and as

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lively as a pig in two minutes," said Lance, who was covered with mud from top to toe; even his face was bedaubed with it. Polly looked at him when he had reassured her about the donkey, and he presented such a pitiable appearance that she burst into laughter.

"It's no lark at all, though," said Billy; "if the governor sees us we shall catch it."

"What have you done with Jacob? Have you killed him and buried him in the mud?" said Polly; but before they could answer her Jacob himself appeared, and, catching sight of the catastrophe, hurried on, angry and excited.

"Well, young gentlemen! a nice piece o' work this. Gee up! Come along, old Ben. There you are! Is he 'urt, I wonder?" said Mills, examining the donkey, and patting him kindly all the while.

"Not he; he'll do. But look what a pickle we are in. I say, old fellow, can't we wash this off somewhere before we show ourselves?" inquired Lance.

"Not unless you was to step down to the village, sir, where you could wash it off in the canal, or else at the Hiron Duke; they would purvide you with the necessary," said Jacob, lifting the boxes on to the cart again.

"That would take us too long," said Billy; "father would suspect, wouldn't he, Polly?"

"Of course he would; but he'll find it out anyhow," said Polly. "I tell you he is on the watch for you."

"Couldn't you smuggle us in by the back way? It'll be awful if we have to enter like this; eh, Billy?"

"Awful!" said Billy, surveying Lance, and then looking down at himself.

"You can come round by the other side of the 'edge, sir, and just slip in by the back yard and have a wash at the pump," said Jacob, looking more mildly at the delinquents now that he was sure about the donkey, and safe not to get "blown up" himself for entrusting him to these two madcaps.

"But we should be dripping wet then," said Billy.

"I'm sure I don't know 'ow I can 'elp you, young gentlemen," said Jacob; "if I was you I'd put a bold face on it and own up at once, I would. The master, he's not going to be 'ard on you, and you only just come 'ome."

"Oh! an't he, though? I wish you were in our shoes to try it!" said Billy.

"I'll tell you what," said Polly. "Where are your keys?"

"In our pockets. Where else would they be?"

"Then just open the boxes, and get out dry trousers and jackets, and pop these muddy ones into the boxes."

"Bravo! You're a regular brick!"

"Hurrah! Let's peel off, Billy."

Jacob lent a ready hand to opening the boxes, and the boys began their *al-fresco* toilet in high glee, while Polly kept a look-out down the road. They were halfway through with the operation when Billy, who had got up into the cart, and thus commanded a wider view of the prospect, called out: "Mercy on us! if that's not father. I hear Balaklava tramping up the road."

It proved to be a false alarm; it was only a workman turning out of the park, who came thumping the ground with his spade as he walked. At last they were ready. Jacob Mills drove on with the boxes, and the boys, in Sunday suit, followed with Polly.

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The hall-door stood wide open, and Mrs. Redacre, with a mother's welcome, beamed on the threshold, waiting.

"Who'll be first?" cried Lance when he caught sight of her; and away he flew, vaulting over the railing that parted the lawn from the enclosed space round the house, while Billy flew after him, both whooping and hurrahing at the top of their voices.

The colonel came pounding along from the library, Pearl hurried out from the kitchen, and there was great laughing and kissing in the big hall, Fritz contributing to the fuss of the welcome by bounding and barking, and flying at the boys' legs with a view to testing their quality and the temper of the owners.

"An uncommon rum pair of young gents; they'll keep the 'ouse awake, I can tell you," was Jacob's comment to Mrs. Mills when he landed the boxes in the kitchen. "As to their lending me a 'and in the garden, I don't see much chance of that, unless when the happles and pears comes in; and I dare say they'll be ready enough to 'elp thea."

But Jacob was mistaken. The boys fulfilled his prophecy as far as keeping the house awake, for they filled it with noise pretty nearly all day long; but they were not the afflictive dispensation to himself personally that he anticipated. The colonel took them in hand at once, and it was a well-known fact that the colonel stood no nonsense; he was going to play schoolmaster, but he expected the boys to work hard, and, if they did not, it would go worse with them. He was a soldier, and his rule was a military one; a paternal and despotic government was his. No new-fangled ideas of progress or constitutional rights found favor in his eyes; and Lance and Billy knew it.

The work of the house was parcelled out to each, and it was a surprise to them all, after they had been in their situations for a few days, to find how little there was to do. At the end of the week the luggage arrived from Paris, and the drawing-room was enriched with the grand piano, embroidered chairs, fancy inlaid tables, etc.; pictures were hung, and in their bright frames stood out with good effect on the dark crimson walls. The old Hollow grew young again; its wrinkles rubbed out by the touch of the young household gods, its sullen silence broken by the music of song and laughter.

The boys justified Pearl's hopes in them. They worked all the morning with their father, and took good-humoredly to their share in domestic drudgery. When this was said, however, there remained a good margin for larks and mischief; but mother and sisters were leagued to screen and defend them, and even the colonel, though very stern to the delinquents when he found them out, was complacently blind when it was possible, and privately admitted to his wife that boys would be boys. Jacob and Mrs. Mills went like a pair of old-fashioned clocks, faithful and regular, and were a great comfort.

Mrs. Redacre and the girls had plenty to do, but they cheerfully acknowledged that they were content in their situations, and had no desire to change with a view to bettering themselves. The colonel was in good spirits, and Balaklava made no complaints. Everything went on smoothly, and at the end of a month they were as much

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at home in the strange place and the stranger life as if they had lived there for years. There had been no time, so far, to feel the dulness or pine for any other society than their own and nature's. Without being enthusiastic worshippers of the great mother, they were one and all responsive to her charms, and found genuine interest and pleasure in watching the aspect of the fields and the garden, the hedges and the woods. It was the beginning of April; there were few signs of spring yet, for the winter had been unusually hard, but, faint as the signals were, Pearl and Polly had begun to note them with delight. They took long walks together through the woods, gathering violets and early spring wild flowers, and by the canal, where the water washed against the grassy banks with a murmurous wave when the wind, sweeping over it, rippled the surface like a lake. Fritz generally accompanied them in their walks, and proved a most conversible dog, though not blessed with an angelic temper, and too much given to having words with other dogs whom he met on the road.

Mrs. Redacre's health continued steadily to improve, and, though she seldom felt equal to joining the young ones in their seven-leagued expeditions, she took very respectable walks in the park and its neighborhood with the colonel. He took wonderfully to his altered life, and was useful in the garden, acquitting himself with reputation of his share in the work of weeding and trimming. At least, so Jacob Mills said; but the boys declared that Jacob was an old humbug, who palavered the governor to his face and laughed at him behind his back. Lance vowed he had caught him in the act, one day that the colonel was belaboring a pear-tree that would not hold itself up and be pinned to the wall.

"I heard him going on with 'Just so, sir; that is the very way, sir; I'll be nowhere by and by, sir, if you goes on a'ead like this at gardening, sir,' and a lot more soft-soap; and then he slipped round the hedge and held his sides laughing fit to kill himself." This was Lance Redacre's testimony to his father's prowess in the agricultural line; but sons at that age are apt to be censorious judges of their parents. The evenings were filled up with music and games and reading. The colonel was a fine reader, and rather proud of his talent in that way; he was reading Shakspere to them now, and there was a talk of getting up private theatricals amongst themselves by and by, if the neighbors showed themselves intelligent and sympathetic.

"By the way, it is odd we have had no callers yet," said Polly one evening at tea. "Some of the people must be come back now, I imagine. I think Lady Wynmere is, for I saw a carriage driving up to the house this afternoon, and it did not drive out for a long time."

"It was her own carriage," said Billy; "she has been back this week. I saw her yesterday in the park; she is the size of a doll."

"Back this week!" said Mrs. Redacre. "That does not look as if she meant to be welcoming."

"Perhaps she won't call at all," said Pearl.

"She could hardly intend that," said her mother.

"It would be extremely rude of her," said Polly, firing up at the mere intimation of a possible snub; "would it not, papa?"

"It would not be very civil,"

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said the colonel. "But we won't accuse the old lady yet; she may have been poorly, or busy, or something of that sort. She'll turn up one of these days."

But another week went by, and Lady Wynmere made no sign. There could be no mistake about her intentions now, for she was to be seen driving about the country every day, sometimes in the great, roomy carriage, where she disappeared to the dimensions of a doll, as Billy had said, sometimes in a phaeton, driving a pair of long-tailed ponies. Squire Barlow, too, had returned with his wife and daughters, but they had not called at Broom Hollow. The rector was laid up with bronchitis, and there was scarlet fever in the nursery, so it was natural enough that he should not have appeared; but the absence of their other neighbors was painfully significant.

"The county evidently intends to ignore us," said Mrs. Redacre.

"But why, mamma?" said Polly. "We are just as good as the Barlows and the Wynmeres; why on earth should they cut us?"

"There is no reason in the world, my darling, unless it be because we are poor," said her mother.

"What do they know about that? We have not got it printed on our faces that we have lost our money, and I'm sure we are far better dressed than any of them. I never saw such a congregation of guys as they all were on Sunday. Such bonnets as those girls wore! I couldn't take my eyes off them."

"Yes; but they came with a lot of servants," said Billy. "I counted eleven, and you may be sure there were lots more at home that came to afternoon service. Jacob Mills says Squire Barlow is *awfully* rich.'

"He's an awful snob too," said Lance. "Jacob Mills says the people in the village say—"

"What business have you, sir, to listen to vulgar gossip of that sort?" said the colonel sharply. "Don't let me hear you reporting pothouse news here. You mind what I'm saying?"

"Yes, sir," said Lance.

"But he must be a snob, papa," said Polly, "if he cuts us because we are poor."

"When people are poor they must expect to be cut. If Barlow is a snob of that kind, we are well rid of his company," replied the colonel.

But, all the same, he felt the slight put upon his wife and daughters by the squire's family and Lady Wynmere.

"It is very odd of them," said Mrs. Redacre presently. "They all knew the dean, I suppose?"

"Of course they did. Sir Robert Wynmere was one of Darrell's oldest friends; that is, if he can be said ever to have had a friend."

"Then, surely, on his account one would expect her and the others to be decently civil to us."

"I should not be surprised if they knew nothing of our relation to Darrell. He never spoke of his concerns to any one, and he hardly saw anybody these last ten years. Ten to one he never mentioned our existence to any one in the county. We may be ticket-of-leave people for all they know," added the colonel with the asperity of a man who missed

"The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue."

"Papa, how absurd!" said Polly. "Everybody knows who you are."

"Everybody at the War Office and in some other civilized places, but these country bumpkins fancy

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the world ends at their park gates. They never hear of people beyond their own circle."

"Then we must tell them; we must let them know who we are," said Polly, tossing her pretty head.

"Nonsense! How are we to let them know? By writing out a family history and sending it to them with our compliments, and we hope they will condescend to make our acquaintance? Give me another cup, Alice." And he pushed his empty cup towards his wife.

"We will manage to be happy without them; they can't any of them be very nice people, or I think they would have guessed what very nice people we are." And Mrs. Redacre laughed good-humoredly as she poured out the tea.

"Yes, mamma; I am sure they are stupid and disagreeable, and we are well rid of them," said Pearl.

"You are quite right, Pearl; the loss is theirs," assented her father.

But Polly's brow grew clouded, and for the rest of the evening she was very silent.

When she and Pearl were alone in their room she recurred at once to the subject.

"This is a pleasant prospect, if we are going to be tabooed by the county."

"What does it matter?" said Pearl. "Country people are proverbially stupid; one always hears of them being so stuck up and dull. We shall get on very well without either the Barlows or Lady Wynmere."

"I don't see how. If we had any society to fall back on! But there is nobody; and one counted on Lady Wynmere for so much!"

"Did one?" said Pearl.

"Well, one knew she gave dances and garden parties, and that she keeps a full house part of the year. She does more for the county than anybody else. And she is very nice when she likes people."

"Who told you all that about her?"

"Mr. Kingspring."

"She is a friend of his?"

"No; but she is a friend of a friend of his who talks a great deal about her. She sent Mr. Kingspring an invitation to come down here with his friend last Christmas; but he was in Paris and didn't care to make the journey."

Pearl was amazed. She understood now why Polly took such an interest in Lady Wynmere's return. Probably the prospect had lent a brightness to the quiet life at the Hollow which had enabled her to enter upon it so cheerfully. She had counted on a fair quantum of gayety to enliven the home dulness. Who knows what visions of county conquests had been flitting in that dear foolish head?—triumphs of the accomplished Parisian young lady over the simple country-bred maidens whose dowdy bonnets had already merited her self-complacent scorn. Pearl was greatly pained. It seemed as if the spell were broken; that Polly's courage and content were now going to fade away, since the hope which had fed them was taken from her. They brushed their hair in silence for a while, and then Polly said:

"I wonder if Mr. Kingspring's friend will be coming down to Wynmere soon again?"

"He may be there now, for all we know," said Pearl. "It can't matter to us when he comes."

"But he would be sure to call upon us; he must have heard of us from Mr. Kingspring. He never would do such an ungentlemanlike thing as not to call on us when he is at our very door!"

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"He may not know that we are here. Mr. Kingspring, if he ever spoke of us to him—which I don't feel so very sure of—may not have told him that we had come to live here. Why should he? If he were a resident in the county himself—by the way, did Mr. Kingspring tell you his friend's name?" inquired Pearl, tying on her muslin cap as carefully as if it were a bonnet.

"Travers, I think it is, or some name very like that—Percy Travers."

"It wouldn't be Danvers? Mrs. Monteagle has a nephew called Percy Danvers."

"That is the name!" cried Polly. "Now I remember Mr. Kingspring spoke of him as a relation of hers; but I didn't know it was so near as a nephew."

"How extraordinary!" said Pearl, who had yet to find out how small the world is. "Who would ever have thought of our meeting Mrs. Monteagle's nephew away down here?"

"We have not met him yet; and you seem to think that we are not likely to meet him."

"He is sure to hear about us from Mrs. Monteagle," said Pearl. "How very funny!"

"Nobody has written to Mr. Kingspring yet?" said Polly after a moment's reflecion.

"No. I promised to write as soon we were settled and had made acquaintance with the neighbors; but he will have to wait a long time if I don't write till then, it seems."

"You must write to him to-morrow, Pearl—you must, indeed—and tell him the truth: how disgustingly rude and vulgar all the people are about here; and tell him that we suppose Mr. Danvers does not mean to treat us in the same way when he comes down. He is sure to be a gentleman, as he is Mr. Kingspring's friend; mind you say that."

"Having Mrs. Monteagle for an aunt is a surer guarantee for his being a gentleman than having Mr. Kingspring for a friend," said Pearl, laughing.

"Of course, I know that," replied Polly testily. "But Mr. Kingspring sets up for being such a perfect gentleman himself that it will flatter him to say it."

"Flatter him? Why on earth should I flatter him?" asked Pearl, looking round in surprise.

"Goodness me! how you do take one up. I only meant it in fun. But I see you don't want to write to him. I suppose you are afraid it would look like encouraging him; everybody knows the poor wretch is in love with you."

"In love with me! What an absurd thing of you to say, Polly! You know it is absurd," protested Pearl with rather too much vehemence, considering how very absurd it was.

Polly laughed and made a face at her.

"I will write to him myself to-morrow," she said, sitting up in her little snow-white bed and folding her hands with a meditative air. "*I* have no scruples about encouraging him. I will just tell him how abominably we are being treated, and that he must write to Mr. Danvers to come down to see Lady Wynmere at once and explain to her who we are; and you will see if my lady doesn't call next day."

"Papa would not like you to do that; I am sure he would be annoyed at our catering in that way for the visit of Lady Wynmere or any one else," said Pearl. "You mustn't do it, Polly."

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"And we are to be buried alive here, and snubbed as if we were low-born, disreputable people! It may be very well for papa to bear it, but I won't—not if I can help it. It's all nonsense to talk of our catering for attention; it would not do, of course, for papa or mamma to complain about it, but there's no reason why I should not. And I will. I'll write to Mr. Kingspring to-morrow."

"O Polly! for goodness' sake don't. You are sure to make mischief."

Pearl never dreamed of referring to the past or reproaching the self-willed girl with that other letter; but the words were no sooner spoken than she felt the full force of their bitterness.

"O Pearl, Pearl! I wish I were dead," cried Polly; and the cry sounded like a scream at that silent hour.

Pearl blew out the candle hastily, and held the red wick between her fingers to kill it.

"Darling! be quiet. Lie down!" she said in a frightened whisper. "Mamma or the boys are sure to have heard you, and they must not find us talking if they come in to see what's the matter."

She jumped into bed, and both of them waited with beating hearts for a few minutes.

Then there was a sound of footsteps hurrying along the carpetless corridor; the door of their room opened softly, and Mrs. Redacre stood looking into the darkness. A moonbeam streamed in from the mullioned window outside and washed over Pearl's bed, overflowing to the pillow, and showing the young face upturned in the silver shadow.

"You are both asleep, my darlings?" said the mother in a low voice.

There was no answer, so she closed the door noiselessly and went back to her room.

Mrs. Redacre was not as indifferent to the contemptuous behavior of the county as she pretended to be. In summing up the advantages of living at Broom Hollow the chance of good English husbands for her daughters had not been left out of the reckoning, and it was no light disappointment to see this hope dashed from her at the very outset. She felt it keenly, and, being the mother she was, immediately set to work to prevent those whom it most affected discovering that she felt it. But it was hard on her. The thought that Pearl and Polly were to be cut off from every worldly advantage, from all the pleasures and enjoyments natural to their age, was very bitter; the thought that they were to mope away their sweet and brilliant girlhood without the chance of making any friends, even acquaintances, wrung her heart, but she would at least spare them the pain of knowing that it did.

Meantime Lady Wynmere was severely exercised in her mind concerning the Redacres, and, until she came to a decision, neither the Barlows nor anybody else would make a move. Lady Wynmere was the potentate who decided the fate of every new-comer at Lamford. She was anxious always to be kind, and, in doubtful cases, her natural bent was to the side of mercy; but she understood her duty to the county too well to let this hurry her into indiscretions. People should be furnished with credentials; their moral character should be unimpeachable, and they should have some voucher of

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known social respectability to introduce them before she held out her hand. Now, the Redacres had absolutely no one to speak for them; and as to their character, it was impossible to form any opinion about that; it might be immaculate as mountain snow, and it might be as black as the ace of spades. Very odd stories were afloat in the village, and these had filtered through the tradespeople to the servants at the Park, and on through my lady's maid to my lady herself. The family at the Hollow were decidedly odd; they had arrived with an enormous amount of luggage, their trunks and bags were of the most expensive, they travelled first-class, everything about them bespoke habits of wealth and gentility, but they did not bring so much as a maid with them, and they were living without servants at the Hollow. It was natural that these damning circumstances should throw grave suspicion on the family; and suspicion easily strengthens into belief, and belief into the certain knowledge of facts. So it was at Lamford. Somebody heard—nobody could say precisely who, but most positively somebody heard—that there was something odd about the new people; something about a will that could not be found; detectives had been down from London about it, and Colonel Redacre was not allowed to stir out of the house till they had searched it from roof to cellar. All this, with a great deal of personal comment, Lady Wynmere learned while she was having her hair dressed the morning after her return.

"And they have absolutely *nobody* to serve them? Do you mean to say that they cook their dinner and black their shoes?" said Mrs. Barlow, who that afternoon drove over to the Park and discussed the new people with the county lawgiver.

"I don't see who is to do it, if they don't," said Lady Wynmere; "unless they go without either dinner or shoes. The gardener's wife does the washing and manages the dairy—there are two cows—and attends to the farmyard, so she can't have any time for indoor work."

"What extraordinary people they must be! And yet they look like gentlefolk, you say?"

"The rank and fashion of the village say so. I have seen none of them yet. But we shall have an opportunity of judging on Sunday. They all go to church; there's that in their favor."

"As far as it goes," observed Mrs. Barlow cautiously. "It is a good name, Redacre?" she added interrogatively. Lady Wynmere, of course, was the person to settle that point.

"Yes, if it be their real name, and if they have kept it clean. There were Redacres in Lincolnshire who were connected with poor Sir Robert's brother's second wife. I think it was a brother of hers who married a Redacre; or, let me see—no, I don't think she was a Redacre herself, but her mother may have been. One ought to pay more attention to these ins and outs of family connections; one never knows where a name may turn up, and it is so awkward not to see at once where it stands."

"It can't be a name of much consequence, or you would know exactly where it stood," said Mrs. Barlow.

"If it were in the peerage, yes: I am as well up in my peerage

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as most people, but I am ashamed to say that I have not studied my county families as seriously as I ought. However, that is not so much to the purpose in this case. What we want to know is who these particular Redacres are, what antecedents they have, how they come to be in possession of Broom Hollow, and why they black their own boots."

The two ladies and many other people watched for Sunday to see for themselves what the Redacres looked like. Ill luck would have it that Lady Wynmere was seized with a bad headache and prevented from attending church; but the Barlow family came over in full force, deserting their own parish—a thing they only did for some special reason and on very rare occasions. The effect produced on them, especially on the squire, by the occupants of the Hollow was startling. They had prepared themselves for everything except what they saw, and the shock was proportionately great.

Colonel Redacre walked up the aisle with that air of well-bred ease and military command that was habitual to him, Balaklava's hard ring on the stone pavement adding a certain prestige of practical heroism to his general appearance. Mrs. Redacre and her daughters followed one by one, dignified, graceful, and beautifully dressed; their mourning, which was not of the deepest, had been ordered, you remember, while they were under the impression that they had come into the dean's property, and Mme. Galbois had been restrained by no economical considerations. Everything from their bonnets to their boots was of the most elegant and becoming that good taste in Paris could command; and we all know what an air of distinction fresh, handsome mourning gives even to a plain person. Mrs. Redacre looked queenly in her sweeping sable draperies; and the girls, in their black silk costumes, so artistically looped and trimmed, and their pretty feathered hats, looked like two young princesses as they modestly drifted on after their mother; the two boys, curly-headed, manly lads, embryo soldiers every inch of them, closed the procession, and made a striking addition to the group as they all stood together in their pew.

"It passes belief!" exclaimed Mrs. Barlow, who hurried across in the pony carriage next day to talk the mystery over again with Lady Wynmere. "To say that that woman and those girls spend their time cooking and sweeping is simply preposterous. Or, if they do, there is something in it that won't bear looking into. Why, their dress in itself is a sight; the money it must have cost would pay the wages of three servants. I know what it costs to keep girls decently fitted out. And this has all been done in Paris, where the first-class dressmakers are so frightfully expensive!"

"And they look respectable? How did they behave during the service?" inquired Lady Wynmere.

"Oh! perfectly; the father and mother, at least; indeed, all of them. The boys were having a private joke, nudging and winking at one another part of the time; but the colonel scowled on them, and they set their faces like judges. The girls behaved very becomingly all through. One of them is a perfect beauty; the squire has done nothing but rave about her. He is for my calling on them at once. He says it's all nonsense there

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being anything amiss; he's ready to swear to their respectability all round —father, mother, and daughters."

"I dare say. Just like a man! A pretty face makes a fool of the wisest of them. But it must not make fools of us, Mrs. Barlow. We must know who these people are before we commit the county. Is there no clue to be had? Dear me! it is most perplexing. You see they may turn out to be everything that is respectable, and then we shall all be in a fix for not having done our duty by them at once. However, if people will fly in the face of decency and come amongst us like discharged prisoners, without so much as a servant to introduce them, they must take the consequences." And Lady Wynmere danced on the edge of her chair, and put the tips of her fingers together as she spoke.

"Could you not make inquiries of somebody in Paris?" suggested Mrs. Barlow.

"I thought of that, but it is not a nice thing to do; it looks like playing detective. I dare say we shall come upon some track in the natural way when we are not looking out for it."

"But then the time is going by, and, as you say, if they turn out to be quite correct in every way, we shall be in an awkward position for having snubbed them."

"I can't help that," said Lady Wynmere. "I don't wish to hurt anybody's feelings; but I know my duty to the county."

"I want the squire to make inquiries about Colonel Redacre through a friend of ours at the Horse Guards," said Mrs. Barlow, who always felt cowed before Lady Wynmere's superior breeding and wider experience of the laws that regulate good society.

"The Horse Guards! That reminds me of Mr. Danvers. I will write to him this very day; he will easily find out about the colonel, and he has a relation living in Paris, I remember, who may be able to tell us all about these people."

The little lady was quite elated at hitting on this clue. She beat her finger-tips together as if she were bestowing applause on a prima donna from her opera-box, and made that little dancing movement on the edge of her chair that was always, with her, indicative of interest and satisfaction. As soon as Mrs. Barlow left her ladyship sat down and wrote to Percy Danvers.

The second post arrived at one at the Hollow, and this was a trial to the male members of the family. The dining-room was given up to the classics of a morning, and was called the school-room until the clock struck two, when it resumed its own name and natural functions for the family dinner. While the studies were going on no mortal ventured to enter the school-room; nor did tutor or scholars ever stray from the learned precincts under any pretence until the regulation hour. This was the trial, for the arrival of the postman suggested letters full of the interest of the unknown, and a whole hour must elapse before they could be read.

The advent of the postman was, moreover, announced five minutes sooner than it need have been, and thus the pangs of expectation were cruelly and unnecessarily prolonged. And it was Fritz's doing. Fritz, a delightful dog, and excellent company when he liked you, was given to taking violent dislikes to people,

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and the inoffensive, cherry-faced little postman had unluckily provoked one of these aversions. Regularly as the clock marked ten minutes to one Fritz opened fire on the enemy by a growl—a series of growls kept up like the prelude of a fugue, *crescendo*, *sempre crescendo*, then bursting into a cannonade of barks, louder and louder, more and more infuriated, until the letter-carrier set foot within the avenue, when Fritz's feelings culminated in a perfect convulsion of rage that lasted until the letters had been delivered and the obnoxious cherry-face had turned his back on the Hollow. This performance was repeated every day as regularly as if it were a part in the postal-delivery system. The first growl was a signal for whoever was within hearing to fly at Fritz, and, by coaxing or threatening, secure him bodily till the enemy was out of harm's reach. If Jacob Mills caught him, he chained him to his kennel, and the sight of the mercurial, elastic little creature leaping and straining in impotent rage was a source of enjoyment to the postman, which the boys said betokened a cowardly soul and fully justified Fritz's antipathy. This morning Fritz happened to be master of the situation, for it was raining heavily and he was trotting about the lawn, his mind bent on a rabbit burrow that he had discovered, when the hated footsteps sounded in the distance. He lay back his ears, and, like a hunter when the horn sounds, away he flew to meet the postman. Colonel Redacre looked up from Virgil, and caught sight of the white flash upon the grass.

"That dog will get us into trouble. Go and whistle to him and bring him back," he said.

Billy made one bound through the window and whistled his loudest; but on flew Fritz, Billy after him, and the postman advancing slowly and exasperating the little Pomeranian by picking up stones preparatory to flinging them.

"Don't you hit him!" cried Billy; "if you do it will be worse for you."

The park gate was closed, and, though Fritz in his right mind could easily have run through it, Fritz in a fury could not; so Billy seized him by the collar and held him tight while the postman advanced, his cherry cheeks alight with an angry glow.

"Give me the letters," said Billy, holding back the dog. "Don't be frightened; he won't bite you, though it would serve you right if he did. What business have you to shy stones at him?"

"I don't shy no stones at the brute. I never 'it 'im with nothing 'arder than words, I didn't," said the postman.

He gave the letters, and Billy, dragging muddy Fritz along with him, turned back to the house, where he found the whole family, including Mrs. Mills, assembled in the hall to witness the conquering hero's return.

"He's an incorrigible little brute; Mills must keep him chained of a morning, and not let him loose till after post-hour," said the colonel, taking the letters from Billy.

"O sir! excuse me, but the dog would feel that dreadfully—he would indeed, sir," said Mrs. Mills.

"It's the postman's fault, I'm sure," said Pearl; "he must have hurt him, or he would not hate him so."

"He swears he never hit him with anything but hard words," said Billy.

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"That's just it, sir," said Mrs. Mills; "I've 'eard him use very bad language to the dog; and I can assure you he understands a deal more of what's said than people imagine, Fritz does." And she held up her finger with a knowing look at the company, while Fritz, as if to corroborate this statement of his friend, bounded up on her with his muddy paws, and wagged his dirty white brush of a tail against Mrs. Redacre, who, being less appreciative of his attentions, started back with a little exclamation of alarm.

"Hallo! here's a piece of news that will surprise you!" cried Colonel Redacre, who, once out of the school-room, was breaking through rules with a school-boy's gusto. "Bob Redacre has returned from India just in time to drop into a peerage!"

"Goodness me! Bob? I'm delighted to hear it!" exclaimed Mrs. Redacre.

"It's the oddest thing! He seems more surprised himself than any one. Come in and hear what he says. And you, young gentlemen, be off to your books. It wants full three-quarters of an hour to the bell yet," said the master peremptorily. But the boys protested that this was too hard on them; they wanted to hear the news too.

"Yes, let them off the rest of the time to-day," pleaded the mother. "Lance is quite right: it is not every day they have a cousin turned into a lord."

"How do you expect me to do anything with the young rascals if you keep spoiling them in this way?" demanded the colonel, and the boys saw it was all right, as it was sure to be when their mother interfered.

It was of course very exciting, this news of Cousin Bob getting a peerage, though it would not be very interesting to enter into the history of the succession. Robert, or Bob Redacre, as he was called, was first cousin to Alice, and had been for years within three lives of the peerage of Ranperth; but the event of his ever succeeding to it had been so remote that neither he nor any one else had ever reckoned it among the chances of the future. He had gone out to India as a lad, and worked as hard to make his fortune as if he had no expectations of any sort. He had succeeded, and had just come home a moderately rich man when the news reached him that he was a peer to boot. Lord Ranperth and the two surviving heirs had all three died within six weeks, one in the hunting-field, the others from a railway collision.

"You are the first person that I write to announce it to," said Bob to Colonel Redacre. "I don't think there is anybody else who will be so glad to hear of my good luck. At any rate, nobody helped me when I wanted help but you. I don't forget how often you tipped me in the old Indian days when I was so deucedly hard up. I mean to run down to see you all the very first thing when I get to London. Let me find a line from you or Alice at my club."

"If he's a good fellow he'll tip us now," said Lance.

"It will be a horrid shame if he doesn't," said Billy; "he must be as rich as a Jew."

"Dear Hugh, what are we to do about his coming down?" said Mrs. Redacre, her thoughts flying at once to domestic incongruities. "We can't possibly receive him without a servant in the house, with nobody to wait on him?"

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"Lance and I will wait on him," said Billy. "Don't we wait on papa, and see to his hot water, and keep his clothes all right, and black his boots till he could shave in them, they are so bright?"

"I never was better waited on in my life," said the colonel; "and if Bob Redacre can't make himself comfortable here, he's not the good fellow he used to be. The peer hasn't had time to change the man yet. I hope it never may with Bob. I don't believe it will. Just write to him, Alice, and tell him the kind of primitive Christian household we are, and, if he is frightened, he won't come; if not, he will have a hearty welcome, and we will do the best we can for him."

"Yes; and I will cook him such lovely dinners!" said Pearl. "Tell him how beautifully I do curry, mamma; that will encourage him."

The boys hurrahed and were in high glee.

Polly was the only one who did not seem to share the general satisfaction at the prospect of the visit; but she said nothing, and in the excitement of the conversation no one noticed the cloud on her face.

"Was there ever anything so absurd?" she said, following Pearl into the kitchen when it was time to serve the roast mutton. "The idea of inviting a peer to stay with us when we have to cook the dinner! But I don't suppose he'll come. I hope he won't; it would be too humiliating."

"If papa doesn't feel humiliated, I don't see why anybody else should," said Pearl. "But I dare say Lord Ranperth will find it great fun—it will be so new to him; though from what papa says he has often had to put up with worse quarters than he will have here. And mamma is so fond of him, he must be nice. He may be kind to the boys, too."

"You are always thinking of the boys," said Polly pettishly; but she added quickly, in a softer tone, "You always think of everybody except yourself. What a lot more trouble you will have! We can't set him down to a roast every day, and you will burn your eyes out making little dishes. I wish you would teach me how to do them. Why don't you let me help in the cooking?"

"You do help me," said Pearl. "Put those potatoes into that round dish. If you would only be happy, Pol, and not pine so after the old life, that would help me more than anything. It would indeed, darling. But it makes me miserable to see you fretting."

"I'm sure I never complain," said Polly.

"No; I sometimes wish you would—to me. It might be a relief to you; and I see when you are worrying just as well as if you spoke. Now, there's a darling, do be glad about Lord Ranperth. I don't mind the trouble a pin, and it will be such a pleasant break to us all, to say nothing of the glory of having a lord to entertain. There, that will do. Run out and ring the bell. Lance has forgotten it, and it is past two, I see."

She gave Polly a kiss and placed the dishes in the slide, and then ran to wash her hands.

It was true what she had said about Polly's helping her best by being happy. It was a dead weight on her when Polly's brow grew clouded and her spirits drooped; and the fact of her never complaining was no consolation, for Pearl knew that her silence arose, not from courage or resignation, but from remorse. The mem-

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ory of that letter was always in her mind, upbraiding her, embittering every occupation, poisoning her life. Pearl first hoped that the total change of scene and the absence of associations would have reconciled her sister by degrees to their altered circumstances; but as the days went by, this hope grew weaker and weaker. Sometimes she wished Polly would vent her unhappiness in grumbling, or at least ease her heart now and then by pouring out its bitter thoughts in words; but if she did not feel the need to do this, there was no use inviting her.

Lord Ranperth's answer came with little delay. He was delighted at the prospect of his visit. The picture Alice drew of the household was like a chapter in a story-book. All he stipulated for was that he should be allowed to black his own boots. He had learned to do it many a day ago when he was up in the hills and dependent on those ignorant dogs, the blacks, for everything.

"He must be charming, mamma," said Pearl; "I am sure we shall be great friends."

Even Polly lost her terrors when she saw how simple and friendly the new peer was, and she began to build castles on the strength of this visit of his—an occupation which had a soothing, even an exhilarating, effect on her spirits. Lord Ranperth was not coming for ten days, however; there was some business connected with his succession to the title and estates which must be attended to at once.

Meantime the Hollow was enlivened by the anticipation of his visit; Polly busied herself adorning his room with muslin curtains, and pink bows, and various other little delicacies which she thought would add to his comfort. Then there were letters from Paris, very pleasant and amusing. M. de Kerbec wrote at great length to the colonel, giving him news of what was said and done "dans le Faubourg," and Baron Léopold wrote a long letter telling him all about the political situation of France, and the great reforms he, the baron, hoped to effect in various departments of the public service. "I have communicated my ideas to the emperor," said the Minister of Public Worship, "and his majesty observed to me, 'I discover, baron, that you have *le génie organisateur. Vous êtes l'homme qu'il me faut.*' You will understand, my dear colonel, the satisfaction these words afforded me, while you will sympathize in considering the burden of responsibility they place upon my shoulders."

"What a vain ass that man is!" exclaimed Colonel Redacre as he read the letter, indulging in his loud laugh over its concluding remarks.

Mme. de Kerbec sent a volume of twelve pages to Polly by the same post. It was full of her troubles with the milliner and Mme. Galbois, who still selfishly refused to consider her face, and sent in bills that actually made one's hair stand on end. "My life is embittered to me by that woman," she said, "and I miss your kind sympathy and Pearl's more and more. Our dear friends the Léopolds are as kind and charming as ever. Mme. Léopold's sympathy is a great comfort to me; but I wish they were in our *monde*. I am doing my best to get them frankly received in the Faubourg; she is such an excellent woman, and Blanche is a sweet girl. They are now in the very best set—that is, the

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best outside the Faubourg. The Corps Diplomatique received them quite *dans l'intimité*. They are giving a grand dinner on the 10th—there are to be four ambassadors and their wives—to meet the Princess Mathilde. They have invited us, and, though I hesitated long on account of the princess, I decided on accepting. I felt it would be kind to the Léopolds. They naturally wish to muster a few good names on the occasion; and there being so many ambassadors will give the affair a foreign character that will, I hope, prevent my getting into trouble in the Faubourg. My dress is to be *eau de Nil* satin trimmed with point d'Alençon, and I shall wear all my diamonds. It will gratify the Léopolds, and I am always glad to be of use. How I wish you were all here and going to this dinner! I expect you and Pearl to come and pay me a visit soon. Everybody will be so glad to see you!"

"There never was such a goose as that woman!" said Polly, when she had read the letter.

"Except that man," said the colonel.

"M. Léopold?"

"No, De Kerbec. The idea of his letting her talk such rank nonsense."

"But he can't help that, papa. You couldn't help mamma talking nonsense if she were a goose," said Billy.

And his father had to admit that, under those circumstances, he would himself have been powerless.

There was nothing in any of these letters which seemed calculated to affect the social position of the Redacres; and yet it so fell out that they did.

Mrs. Barlow's coachman chanced to be down in the village at the post-hour, and turned in to the post-office to see if there were letters for the family. He stood by while the contents of the mail-bag were being sorted, and noticed the three envelopes with coronets on the flap put aside for the Redacres.

"Do the people at the 'Ollow have lords and ladies writing to them?" he inquired, examining Mme. de Kerbec's scented epistle, with its elaborate gold and blue cipher surmounted by the countess' coronet.

"Yes; and they write to lords, too," said the cherry-faced little postman. "I've took down three letters to a lord these last ten days or so. Lord Ranperth his name is."

"Queer folk they seem to be!" said the man, as he departed with the family budget.

That same afternoon he drove his mistress over to Wynmere Park.

"Rampart? There is no such name in the peerage," said Lady Wynmere, who was busy clipping flowers in the conservatory, and went on with the work while Mrs. Barlow talked.

"I thought not," said the squire's wife, who had not thought anything of the sort. "But I thought I would just tell you about it. It might lead to a clue."

"Not if the name is Rampart; there is no such title in existence," said Lady Wynmere in her mildly emphatic way. "Are you sure it is Rampart?"

"That was the name my maid said; but she may have got it wrong."

"There is Ranwold, and Ranperth, and Ranymede, and Ran—"

"Ranperth! You may be sure that was it," said Mrs. Barlow.

"One ought not to use a peer's

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name in that light way," said Lady Wynmere. "Come, and we will look into the Ranperth title and see what light it throws on these Redacres."

She drew off her gardening-gloves, and hurried into the drawing-room with her swift little bird-like gait, while Mrs. Barlow marched heavily on behind.

"Bring me that book," said my lady to the butler; and he immediately brought the ponderous red volume from the library, where it lived on a round table by itself, and placed it before her.

"Let us see! Ranperth you think it was? Here it is: 'Agamemnon, eighth Baron Ranperth, born 17—, succeeded to the title in 18—, married Martha, dau. of Josuah Wood of Brighton [evidently a nobody]; no issue [all the better].' Well, I don't see what this tells us. Stop a minute: 'Heir, J. Agam., first cousin by, etc.; heir pres., Ralph Algernon, born, etc. [here we come]; failing issue, to Robert Redacre, son of General Redacre, of Holton Hall, Berks, and Elizabeth Herbert [ho! ho! we are getting on. Herbert—first-rate; they are people with blood in their veins, these Redacres. I knew they must be if they were genuine; but there are counterfeit Redacres, as there are counterfeit Herberts, and Wynmeres too, for the matter of that]. Elizabeth, daughter of——.'" Lady Wynmere carried her finger along the line, and danced lightly on the edge of the sofa like a bird gently beating its wings before it takes a flight, while she read on and on, her flute-like voice rising to its clearest treble as she advanced.

"The late Lord Ranperth is not a month dead. This must be the man," with her finger on the name. "I don't remember who succeeded to the title, but it is evidently one of these three. Redacre comes last, and the other two are younger than he by a year and eighteen months respectively. I should not think he is the present peer; but it is something to know these Redacres are of that stock. I am very glad to have found out that much. In fact, I don't see now what there is to prevent my calling."

"Only, as you say, there are counterfeits," said Mrs. Barlow; "and there is nothing here to prove that these are genuine ones."

"I beg your pardon. To my mind, the fact of Lord Ranperth being on friendly terms with them is sufficient proof. There is nothing a family resents more than these counterfeit names; even a branch that has deteriorated one keeps aloof from as much as possible. Depend upon it, whoever the present Lord Ranperth is, he would not recognize these Redacres if they were not the real thing. I must get the other book and look out all about the Redacre family. Mr. Danvers has gone over to Paris for a week, so he won't be down here just yet; but I really think I must risk it and call at the Hollow without waiting to see him."

Caution prevailed, however, and Lady Wynmere did not call. It was safer to wait, and, all things considered, it could make no material difference. Meantime a great event was at hand.

Five days later Lord Ranperth came down. Colonel Redacre was at the station to meet him.

"Well, old fellow, here you are! The same old Bob as ever, eh?" said the colonel, giving his hand a shake that nearly wrenched it off.

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"Who should I be but the same old Bob?" was the hearty rejoinder.

They were walking off arm-in-arm when Colonel Redacre remembered that his guest had probably a portmanteau to be seen to.

"To be sure! And a box, too—a big black box, rather the worse for wear, for it has come all the way from India with me; a few knick-knacks for Alice and the girls. Will you see to it, please?" This was to the station-master.

"Yes, sir. It is addressed to the 'Ollow?"

"No, it has no address, only my name."

"What name, sir?"

"Lord Ranperth."

The station-master's countenance would have made a study for a painter. He had seen a live lord once in his life before; it was on the hustings, when a successful election raised triumphant salvos round the noble candidate, and encircled him with the double halo of a lord and a member of Parliament; but here was a lord standing on the platform like a common man, talking to him, Jenkins, about his portmanteau, and called Bob by Colonel Redacre, who blacked his own shoes! The wonder was over the county before nightfall.

Meantime the hero of the hour had been introduced at the Hollow, and was soon as much at home there as the master of the house. He and Mrs. Redacre were friends as well as cousins, and had endless subjects to talk over in common; and Cousin Bob, as he insisted on being called by the whole family, was a popular man with the boys before he had been an hour in the house. He would have no Greek or Latin going on while he was there, he said.

"He is a regular brick!" said Lance; and Billy agreed that he was.

"Well, you see, there was nothing to be frightened at," said Pearl, when she and Polly were alone in their room; "he is just like one of ourselves."

"He *is* one of ourselves," said Polly. "How absurd it seems! But I am glad he came. It will cheer up papa. I wonder if the people about know of his being here?"

"What do we care whether they do or not?"

But Polly had her own reasons for caring, and fell asleep with her pretty head full of dreams of the county calling and being most satisfactorily snubbed by herself and the rest of the family.

The first part of the dream began to come true two days later. They had all gone out for a walk, all except Pearl, who stayed at home to attend to household cares, when Lady Wynmere's barouche came rolling along the road beyond the hill, and then down to the Hollow.

"Good gracious! here are visitors, and I shall have to open the door!" exclaimed Pearl, as she spied the carriage from the kitchen window. The office of hall-porter had been allotted to the boys, who so far had never had occasion to exercise it; but there was no one in the house now except Pearl, and for the first time she was conscious of bitter mortification at the absence of any domestic service. Luckily, however, Jacob Mills was at hand and went forward to open the gate.

"Are Colonel and Mrs. Redacre at home?" asked Lady Wynmere.

"No, my lady."

She handed her card and drove away.

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"Well, I never heard anything so mean, so disgustingly mean!" protested Polly when they came home and heard of the visit. "It's all because you are here, Cousin Bob. She never would have come near us if it were not for that."

Bob laughed.

"What a snob the woman must be!" he said.

"And such a barefaced snob!" said Polly. "Mamma, of course you won't return her visit?"

"We must consider about that, dear," said Mrs. Redacre; "it is certainly not very complimentary to us, but there is something to be said for Lady Wynmere."

"What, mamma?" said Pearl. "She has behaved in the most rude, unlady-like way; I don't see what excuse she has to offer."

"You are right, Pearl. I am for snubbing her," said Lord Ranperth. "What do you say, Hugh?" he added, as the colonel came in, with a scowl on his face which was accounted for by the unusually heavy thump with which Balaklava pounded along.

"You men never understand those sort of things," said Mrs. Redacre; "you had better leave us to settle it."

"What is it all about?" inquired her husband. Then, when he heard, "Nonsense! of course you must return her call. It need not go farther, if you don't like; but you must not be uncivil because she happens to be a snob."

"Yes, that is just it," said Polly. "We will leave cards, and then her ladyship will call again and invite us all with Cousin Bob to dinner, and we will refuse, and will keep on refusing, and just let her see that we don't mean to be patronized by her impertinence. How nice it will be to snub her and the rest of them! You may be sure the county will all come trooping after her now. A nasty, vulgar set they are!"

Lord Ranperth laughed.

"That's it, Polly! I would not be sat upon. I would snub them all round."

"Don't encourage her in such nonsense, Bob," said Mrs. Redacre, who was mortified to see this public display of vanity and temper in Polly, though in her heart she was full of indulgence for it. "We have really no right to feel annoyed with Lady Wynmere or anybody else. When people fly in the face of society by living in the way we do, they must expect society to resent it; it is quite natural. Nobody knows anything about us; we might be most undesirable acquaintances for anything Lady Wynmere could tell to the contrary."

"Then why did she all of a sudden discover that we were desirable acquaintances?" said Polly. "It is just because Cousin Bob is here!"

"Very likely, and very natural," said her mother. There was a general outcry at this, Cousin Bob joining loudest in it.

"Yes," persisted Mrs. Redacre; "it may be snobbish and anything else you like, but the fact of Lord Ranperth being our guest settles the question of our social position, and informs the county that we are people whom it may visit."

There was a good deal of animated discussion as to the justice of this opinion, and it ended in Mrs. Redacre's gaining over the others to her view. But it was agreed that they would be in no hurry to return Lady Wynmere's tardy civility.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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ITALY AND THE POPE.

A REPLY TO AN ARTICLE IN "SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE."

A LARGE number of modern writers publish what they are pleased to call "histories" of certain periods, for the purpose of illustrating or confirming a theory held by the writers themselves. Hence follow a manipulation of facts; an unwarranted credulity when favorable testimony offers; and an otherwise unintelligible blindness when contradictory or contrary facts obtrude themselves. Writers of this class, with preconceived ideas on important questions, proceed to illustrate the accuracy of their opinions on these questions by such an arrangement of historical facts as may justify the judgment formed. Very many writers of to-day are open to this charge, and, as a consequence, the people pass entirely erroneous opinions on some of the plainest facts of history. A notable instance, on a small scale, of this practice appeared in the July number of *Scribner's Magazine*, in an article entitled "Italy and the Pope." The article was written by Mr. Louis Monti, who is presumably an Italian and has probably enjoyed ample facilities for a thorough acquaintance with the facts which form the basis for his theories regarding Italy and the Pope.

Mr. Monti laments that after an absence from the United States of twelve years, during which he was in the service of our country, he finds on his return a strange and unaccountable misapprehension here on the subject of the relations existing between the Pope and the Italian government. The misapprehension complained of is this: A general opinion prevails among men that there is a relation between the spiritual and the temporal power of the Pope, so that an invasion of the temporal dominion of the Roman Pontiff and a retention of authority within it by any other sovereign are an indirect attack on the spiritual power of the Holy See.

Mr. Monti endeavors to demonstrate the novelty of this opinion, its falsity, and he adds a claim that in his present circumstances the Pope can far more readily attend to the duties imposed on him by reason of his position than if he were encumbered with the cares of his temporal dominions.

Mr. Monti seems to be under the impression that there may be found Catholic theologians who assert as a dogma of faith the right of the Pope to his temporalities, for he asserts: "I do not believe any Catholic theologian in Italy would assert as a dogma necessary to salvation his belief in the temporal right of the Pope to these few square miles of territory." Mr. Monti may feel quite assured on this point: no Catholic, theologian or not, in any part of the world dreams of such an assertion. The belief of Catholics in this regard may be summed up in the following proposition:

In the present condition of the church and civil society there is a moral necessity that the Roman Pontiff should possess a civil prin-

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cipality whereby his spiritual independence is guaranteed; and hence Catholics recognize it as a special design of Providence that such a state of independence is secured in the sovereignty of the States of the Church.

It follows, then, that as there is a moral necessity for the Pope's civil independence, an attack on this independence affects more or less his liberty of action as head of the church. Mr. Monti considers this a novel theory introduced among the people of this country, whilst abroad the distinction between the two powers is readily understood, and no one imagines that the spiritual independence of the Holy See is attacked or lessened by the forcible possession of its temporalities. First as to the *novelty* of this view: In the year 1848 Vincent Gioberti (an authority whose word should have weight in this question) said: "*The temporal power of the Pope is of great aid in preserving the independence of the Holy See in the sphere of religion.*" In the same year Aurelio Bianchi-Giovini published a translation of Connenin's pamphlet on the *Independence of Italy*, and in this translation (pp. 55–56) he wrote: "*The Pope is head of the church. He cannot exercise that office in a fitting way unless he is free and unless he lives in a country free from all foreign influence.*" During the same year the Piedmontese Minister of the Interior sent a note to the parish priests of that country, directing them to excite their people to arm against Austria; and among the reasons alleged in this document (Aug. 1, 1848) is the following: "*If the emperor should succeed in Lombardy he would not be satisfied with the limits of his old dominion, but would seize the Legations from the Pope, thus destroying his political independence, to the grave peril of his ecclesiastical freedom.*" After the outrageous action of the insurgent party, whereby Pius IX. was forced to quit Rome and seek refuge at Gaeta, he addressed an appeal from that city to the Catholic powers. Spain sent, in response, a note to the European courts, in which she declared her intention "*of doing everything for the Pope which may be necessary to re-establish the visible head of the church in that state of liberty, independence, dignity, and authority which the exercise of his sacred duties imperatively demands.*" We may add here that during this exile at Gaeta the opinion was openly expressed that Pius IX. was not free, because he was in the dominions of the King of Naples. Even Gioberti himself made this accusation against Pius IX. Yet King Ferdinand was a zealous, devoted Catholic king, who gladly welcomed the Pope to his territory; while to-day the Pope is in his own city, and a monarch, who is assuredly neither a zealous nor devoted Catholic, and who besides is inimical to the Papacy, usurps authority and calls himself sovereign, and the men who lamented the Pope's subjection under the Neapolitan Ferdinand indignantly deny his want of freedom under the subalpine Humbert! In the year 1849 Adolph Thiers declared: "*Without the authority of the Supreme Pontiff Catholic unity would be destroyed; without this unity Catholicity would perish amid the sects, and the moral world, now so much shaken, would be completely overthrown. But this unity could not be preserved unless the Pope is fully independent. . . . Nor could it be preserved if in that territory which the centuries have assigned and the nations of the earth*

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have confirmed to him another sovereign, prince, or people ruled." In 1865, when the Franco-Italian treaty was under discussion in the French Chambers, M. Thiers answered those who claimed that the Pope would be free and independent even after the loss of his temporalities. His argument was that unity would be destroyed and each country would have its own religious chief.

The *Gazzetta Piemontese*, a thoroughly ministerial paper, in its number of December 1, 1867, used these words: "France has never admitted that Rome should become, in fact, the capital of Italy. The reduction of the Supreme Pontiff to the grade of subject, the renunciation of a certain territorial immunity of his see or the transfer of that see elsewhere, are propositions which as yet are opposed to the judgment of all the powers, Catholic and non-Catholic."

A so-called liberal paper of Paris, *L'Avenir National*, speaking of the proposed restoration of Pius IX. to his throne after the forcible occupation of Rome by Victor Emanuel, said that France, to be consistent, must either interfere in favor of the Pope or—abolish the Catholic religion; for on the Pope's absolute freedom as a temporal ruler depended his liberty of communication with Catholics outside of Italy.

Leopold Galeotti, an Italian revolutionist, in his work, *The Sovereignty and Temporal Government of the Popes* (pp. 120 et seq.), says:

"The temporal sovereignty guarantees to the Papacy independence in precisely the same manner that her revenues assure liberty to the church; because this sovereignty removes the supreme spiritual power from the usurpations of civil authority; because it withdraws the arbitratory office of the popes from the sinister influence of political dissensions; and, lastly, because it removes from the papal decrees the suspicion of offending the reciprocal dignity of the Christian nations. If the Pope remained at Avignon he would have become a beneficiary of France, and no one outside of France would have recognized him; a Pope subject to Charles V. could never have acted as arbiter for Francis I.; a Pope subject to Napoleon would have been a dignitary of the French Empire; a Pope subject to Austria would neither be recognized on the Vistula nor the Seine. Do not tell me that treaties and conventions can guarantee the independence of the popes. Treaties may declare that the Pope is theoretically independent of all civil governments; diplomatic conventions might withdraw the sacred person of the pontiff and his court from every appearance of subjection; but neither treaties nor conventions can change the force of facts, nor much less lessen the force of public opinion, before which both treaties and conventions are impotent. The suspicion of hidden influence and underhand inspiration would for ever destroy respect, reverence, and confidence; and suspicion, whether coming from the throne or the square, is the most desolating demon of society."

With one other name we close our list of authorities. Dr. Döllinger, the head of the new Protestant Church of Germany, on the 11th of September, 1861, at a meeting of the German Catholic Association, formulated his ideas on the temporal power as follows:

"1st. When the Pope defends his temporal dominions against the attacks of foreign malice and foreign cupidity, he defends a most just cause. 2d. The cause of the Pope is the cause of all legitimate monarchs; the cause of public law, of peace and order in Europe. 3d. Furthermore, the church has absolute need of a supreme and independent head. The Pope neither can nor ought to be the subject of any monarch or foreign government. He should be—the well-being and unity of the church demand it—sovereign. This sovereignty neither can nor ought to be in name

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only ; it must have a reality, a solid foundation ; he must have, then, a territory with sovereign rights, and if he be despoiled of this, his restoration becomes the common affair of Christianity."

It is scarcely necessary to give a more extended list of authorities in support of the claim that the opinion which Mr. Monti endeavors to combat is not a new theory. The action of Pius VII. toward the great Napoleon should have been enough. Has Mr. Monti ever heard that our late pontiff, Pius IX., in 1860 and often after, declared that the temporal power was given to the popes by a special design of Providence, in order to secure their complete freedom of action; and that the bishops of the world, assembled in Rome in 1860, expressed the identical conviction, and presented to the Holy See an address containing a magnificent defence of the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff? It is known that solemn excommunication is declared against all persons who have brought about the invasion of the States of the Church. The fact that the name of no prominent Italian was officially mentioned as having incurred this penalty does not afford much comfort or satisfaction. The only novelty in this entire matter is that a writer should be found who honestly believes that the conviction of Catholics with regard to the temporal power of the popes is of modern growth. Mr. Monti is, no doubt, perfectly sincere in his own belief; but, as has been shown, some of Mr. Monti's political friends very materially differ from him on this point.

Mr. Monti's next claim is this: Granting the legality of the Pope's title on the ground of long possession, yet, after all, this right is a mere human one, and not divine. The theory which obtains to-day in the world is that governments derive their right to govern from the consent of the governed. This theory is applicable here. But the Romans have demanded a change of government. This demand was evinced in the Plébiscite. Mr. Monti then devotes his attention to the events in Italy during the pontificate of Pius IX., and in this connection he speaks of the "foreign mercenaries" who were called in, and that these "foreign fanatics murdered Italians under the plea of defending the head of the church." He asserts that the Law of the Guarantees assures the pontiff complete liberty of action; and, in fact, that the Pope's condition is infinitely improved under the mild sway of the Piedmontese Humbert.

As to the right of the Pope being merely a human one, my right to my purse is purely a human one, and yet the infraction of that right implies a transgression of a divine law. If some stranger stole, for example, a hand-organ, the fact would constitute a theft; and if the perpetrator was assisted in the transaction by some of his friends of musical proclivities, the moral aspect of the case is not in the slightest degree altered. On the same principle, if the seizure of the Pope's dominions was effected by ten, twenty, or twenty thousand men, the participators were none the less thieves and spoilers, and their number in no degree frees them from amenability to God's law punishing theft.

In the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we read of a man and his wife selling a piece of ground and retaining a portion of the price. They sold it in order to give the proceeds to the first

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Pope, St. Peter. It was a concession—a transfer of dominion to the pontiff. The man and his wife coveted a portion of the Pope's dominion; so Ananias came, with a lie in his mouth, to St. Peter. What a dreary solitude would seize the Piedmontese ministerial apartments and parliamentary chambers if the like effect followed a like crime to-day! Ananias fell dead at St. Peter's feet. His wife, Saphira, came later. She, too, was concerned in this annexation of papal dominion. The same fate befell her. Now, according to the Subalpine theory, as illustrated in the article on "Italy and the Pope," this was all wrong. These people gave their money and they yearned for its recovery. It was a human right involved, and they might have thought that the Pope could more readily attend to his spiritual duties if he was free from the cares of temporal matters. We have here also a kind of foreign interference when Almighty God upheld the cause of the Vicar of his Divine Son.

As to the famous Plébiscite, or vote whereby in October, 1870, the Romans expressed their ardent desire for annexation to the constitutional kingdom of Victor Emanuel, it might be said that even the people have no divine or human right to do what they please; but we prefer to examine this so-called popular justification for the "right of Italy to her capital." It does not seem to matter that Rome was never the capital of Italy, and that Italy itself is merely a geographical expression which is temporarily verified. Before entering on our examination let us ask Mr. Monti what he supposes would be the action of the present Subalpine rulers in Rome if a revolution were to break out to-morrow in Italy? Would not the ministers be bound to inquire if a majority of the Italians desired such a change as the revolution aimed at? Then, if the majority, by a plébiscite or other means, pronounced for a republic, would not the ministers at once resign, and would not Humbert of Savoy announce himself a candidate for the presidency? These questions seem to require an affirmative answer, granting Mr. Monti's premises; but such a logical consequence would scarcely be allowed by the Subalpine party. On the contrary, shooting and hanging would rapidly and effectually dispose of the patriots; and Humbert of Savoy would, with as easy a conscience as he must possess to-day, sign his name "King of Italy, by the grace of God and *the will of the people*."

Eighteen years ago there was a flood-tide of enthusiasm at Nice, when her people *groaned* for annexation to France—at least, we were told so; and the returns seemed to justify the report, for only *eleven men* were found faithful to Italy, whilst seven thousand stretched their arms towards France. It must be added, for history's sake, that these eleven seem in time to have converted the seven thousand to their way of thinking, just as the forty-seven of the Roman Plébiscite appear to have brought to their way of thinking a majority of the forty-odd thousand who voted for annexation.

The number of qualified voters in Rome on the day the Plébiscite was taken was 64,800. Now, 40,785 votes are claimed as having been cast for annexation. An examination of this vote reveals the following facts: 1st. There came into Rome with the army a very large contingent of camp-followers

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(to whom, or to a similar class, we are accustomed in this country to apply the name "*bummer*"), who were utilized on the day of voting as Roman citizens. Having been in Rome from its occupation until after the Plébiscite, the writer knows of what he speaks. 2d. Any person in Italy who had been born in Rome could vote, and government employés in Florence and elsewhere who came under this category were furnished free passes to Rome, in order that they might vote. 3d. No challenge was made either as to age or residence, and it is notorious that many of the first class enumerated above were not of competent age. 4th. Some Germans stated after the election that they voted repeatedly and at different wards. They considered the election a fraud, and acted accordingly.

Now, with the opportunities for fraud presented, with the known frauds perpetrated, it seems to require too much of one's credulity when he is asked to concede the legality and honesty of the Plébiscite. We add a last reason for distrust, which is this: The Subalpine government has never been deterred from gaining a point by scruples about honesty or right. It has time and again violated solemn treaties; bribed officials of a friendly power to rebel; and used every species of deceit and dissimulation. It has practically adopted the motto, "The end justifies the means." Fear has been its only rein, cupidity its constant spur.

The following facts afford some proof of the real feelings of the Romans towards the Pope in his temporal capacity. One of the first elections held in Rome after its forcible seizure by the Subalpine party developed the fact that the citizens were faithful to the Holy See; for, a participation in the election being considered as an acknowledgment of the *de facto* government, out of 7,864 registered voters, only 1,984 voted. On the 14th of February, after the occupation of Rome, an address was sent by the Roman nobility to the various Catholic societies throughout Italy, which had protested against the occupation of Rome. This document was signed by the first families of the Roman state, and it declared that the people were faithful to the Pope, assigning, as reasons for fidelity, *conscience*, *gratitude*, and *love of country*. Seemingly, none of these reasons was properly appreciated by the Subalpine party, for the address was almost universally ridiculed. When Humbert of Savoy and his wife, the Princess Margherita, arrived in Rome (January 23, 1871), more than one hundred and fifty of the nobility of Rome presented a protest to the Holy Father, in which they declared their unshaken loyalty to his person. On July 24 of the same year an address was read to Pius IX., which, in its entirety, was never published in the papers on account of the stringent press law in Italy. This document openly denounced the iniquitous action of the Subalpine government, and at the same time announced the fidelity of the signers to their legitimate sovereign. The signers were all men over twenty-one years of age who actually resided in Rome. They numbered 27,161. So that an experience of nine months of Subalpine rule enabled the forty-seven Romans who professed themselves loyal to Pius IX. on the day of the Plébiscite to convert to their way of thinking 27,114 of their fellow-citizens! To an impartial mind, an address of sympathy and loyalty

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coming from citizens actually under a foreign domination, and in times when fine and imprisonment were the lot of all who dared openly to express dissent or dissatisfaction, is far more likely to be a true expression of popular sentiment than a plébiscite where every opportunity for fraud was permitted and every inducement to deceit held out. We have in our own country discovered means whereby the result of an election may express a totally different condition from that wished and desired and *voted for* by the majority of our citizens; but Returning Boards sink into insignificance beside the far simpler but far more efficacious managers of the plébiscites of the Subalpine heroes in Italy.

The next claim of Mr. Monti which requires attention is that wherein he insists that Pius IX. at first fostered and encouraged the movement which resulted eventually in the unification of Italy, as it is called. Mr. Monti sketches briefly and rapidly the troublous times in Italy before and during the reign of Pius IX.; how the amnesty of Pius IX. was received with enthusiasm; how revolutions broke out which were staved off or defeated by the duplicity of the grand dukes; how finally Pius IX. faltered, and, forsaking the policy already commenced, fled secretly to Gaeta; how gradually Piedmont became the centre and sole exponent of Italian unity; and how the people yearned for her motherly care, until finally the prayers and vows of an enslaved people found an answer and a recognition. He then turns his attention to the conquest of Rome, which crowned the work and made of Italy a united country.

Pius IX. ascended the pontifical throne on June 16, 1846. Within a month of his election he proclaimed an amnesty in favor of all political offenders. He declared that he believed that those who accepted his clemency would respect his rights and their own honor. This action was hailed with joy throughout all Italy, and festivities were organized in the Roman States *apparently* for the purpose of celebrating the clemency of Pius IX. Pius IX., seeing the great expense which the people would necessarily be under if this system of rejoicing was kept up, declared that he was satisfied with the known loyalty of his people, and would not wish that they should be put to this expense.

The new Pope encouraged public works, and took a lively personal interest in everything which seemed likely to promote the well-being of his subjects; and one of his first cares was to elaborate a system of government whereby the people would be brought into closer relations with the government. About the middle of July, 1847, the Austrians, on a pretext of protecting the Holy Father, occupied Ferrara. This action provoked a protest from the pontifical authorities, and became the signal for meetings and demonstrations throughout Italy. The entire peninsula was honeycombed with secret revolutionary societies, progenitors of the International and kindred communistical societies of to-day. Among these were: *La Giovane Italia; La Setta Punica; Amici del Popolo; Comitato Franco-Italiano; Propaganda rivoluzionario di Parigi; Giovane Europa; Vedovella; Ingenui; Federati; Trentunisti; Sterminatori; Legione Italiana*, etc., etc. The design of these societies was the overthrow of the existing

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governments, the destruction of the church, and a distribution of lands. Mazzini, with his Carbonari, directed the movements of all these and utilized their forces. Cantalupo disclosed many of the secrets of the society of which he was a member, and in his revelations he expressly declares that the assassination of traitorous members was the rule of the order. Joseph Montanelli, one of the Carbonari, published in the *Revue de Paris* an account of the action of the societies. These articles were afterwards collected and published in Turin under the title, *The Italian National Party: its Vicissitudes and its Hopes;* Turin, 1856. The societies resolved to select Rome as their field of action, and to avail themselves of the reforms and amnesty granted by Pius IX. in order to overthrow his government. The people were found to be too sincerely Catholic to indulge in insurrection or revolt, hence the alternative presented—either to corrupt the faith of the populace or to pretend to a participation in their religious belief. The second plan was adopted, and Gioberti was chosen as the apostle of the new evangel—Gioberti, of whom Montanelli writes: "The adventurous pilgrim of liberty set out to plant the tricolor on the dome of St. Peter's." Mazzini directed that celebrations should be continually undertaken for the ostensible purpose of testifying the gratitude of the populace at the policy of Pius IX., but with the real design of using these popular assemblages as means of corrupting as far as possible the masses, and inciting them to clamor for further and more radical changes and reforms. The Carbonari instructed their members to applaud openly the action of the Pope; to mingle freely with the people and pretend to be their champions; and to use every means in their power to create disturbance and embarrassment for the government.

With 1848 came revolutions throughout Europe. Meanwhile the Roman Parliament was to assemble. The candidates of the Carbonari, being loud-mouthed in their professions of loyalty and gratitude to the Pope, were proposed and elected. An uprising took place at Palermo. The Austrians were driven out of Milan, and Venice declared herself free. A scheme—originating, it is said, in the fertile brain of Gioberti—was proposed, whereby the different Italian governments should unite under the presidency of Pius IX. All Italy was in a ferment, and during the excitement the Civic Guard of the Pontifical States crossed the frontier. The commanding general, Durando, issued under date of April 5, 1848, from Bologna, an inflammatory address, in which he announced the blessing and sanction of Pius IX. for the war against Austria. Pius IX., who could not control the action of these men, who were mostly all Piedmontese refugees and members of some of the secret political societies, promptly repudiated this document; and on the 29th of the same month he pronounced probably the sublimest sentiment of his memorable pontificate. In this allocution the Pope declared that he was the Father of all Christians, and that nothing should ever induce him to shed Christian blood wantonly. Every political inducement was held out; the advantages accruing to himself as a temporal ruler were shown; but Pius IX. was firm. He had done everything he could do to secure the peace and prosperity

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of his people, but his conscience would not permit him to declare war against Austria. Pius IX. has never received the meed of praise which this act of firmness made his due. He had everything to gain by yielding to the clamor, and he no doubt foresaw the consequences of his refusal.

The secret societies now threw off the useless mask. Mr. Monti claims that they were deceived by Pius IX., who retreated when he had led them on to the critical point; but a better witness than Mr. Monti, Joseph Ferrari, writes: "These two years Pius IX. was always the man of the conclave, the Pope who fought the revolution with his reforms, in order to secure the tranquillity of his States." The real charge should be that the revolutionists appeared more thoroughly papal (in a political sense) than the Pope himself until the time came when disguises were no longer needed.

Charles Albert invaded Lombardy, and Daniel Manin proclaimed the republic in Venice. The sequel is known. Charles Albert was defeated, and he abdicated, being succeeded by his son, Victor Emanuel. The revolutions having been put down by force, the Carbonari once more turned towards Rome, and with their advent commences the first chapter of the so-called Roman Republic, when Mazzini, Saffi, Armellini, Cernuschi, Cattabeni, and companions ruled the destinies of the Eternal City. As Mr. Monti accuses Pius IX. of co-operating at first with these men, whom afterwards he forsook, it may be well to give a brief account of their schemes and actions.

Carlo Rusconi, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the republic, in his work, *La Republica Romana del* 1849 (vol. i. p. 40), says: "The Pope's encyclical [he refers to the papal allocution in which Pius IX. declined to declare war against Austria] destroyed a power which seemed firmly established. Rome was enraged and rushed to arms. The gates were closed and Castel Angelo seized by the people; a guard was placed over the cardinals; the destroying angel seemed hovering over the Eternal City, and the prelates trembled at the popular storm." Rusconi's poetry, reduced to prosaic truth, means that the Carbonari now discovered themselves foiled and gave up their hypocritical line of action.

Pius IX. was ready and willing to concede all reasonable reforms, but "reform" was merely a pretext. The Pope called to the position of minister Pellegrino Rossi, who, entering fully into the ideas of his sovereign, sought to carry to completion the will of Pius IX. The Carbonari, finding in Rossi a man who would carry out the Pope's policy firmly and thus defeat their aims, sentenced him to death. "Counsels, anonymous letters, secret threats could not convince him," as Rusconi writes, "that if he continued on he was lost." His assassination and the horrible manner of it need no mention here. Montanari entered the Chambers and announced the murder, but the announcement did not cause a ripple of excitement on the surface of the parliamentary proceedings. Mr. Monti cites this as the *sole* case of political assassination under the Italian revolution. There might be found persons who could be persuaded that morality is a virtue of general observance among the Turks, or that the Subalpine government has obtained

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an enviable notoriety for the observance of treaties and solemn promises; but no one would envy them the possession of such child-like innocence. Yet even these would question Mr. Monti's sincerity if they heard his claim that the Italian revolutionary party was pure and clean in the matter of political murders. Mr. Monti finishes this statement with one calculated to produce an impression equally as correct, for he says: "Others accused the ultra clericals [of the murder] because he was a liberal and a layman." The truth is that the murderers made no secret of their crime. The French minister in Rome, in a despatch dated November 16, writes:

"The murderer was not arrested, nor was any attempt even made to seize him. Some gendarmes and National Guards who were on the spot did not interfere. It was with difficulty that the minister's servant could find any one to help him in carrying the body of his master into a neighboring room. In the evening the murderers and their adherents, to the number of several hundred, with flags at their head, fraternized with the soldiers at the barracks, and none of the magistrates came forward to act."

Later they marched through the streets until they came before the house where their victim lay dead, and these heroes insulted his dead body and outraged the feelings of his agonized relatives by shouts of "Long live the hand that poniarded Rossi!"

The poniard is the fitting emblem of the Italian revolutionary party. In 1857 Daniel Manin declared that it was time to discard the dagger. Mazzini, in his work, *Italia e Popolo*, says he would not condemn the man who stabbed the traitor, and he adds significantly: "*The majority think with me.*" Antony Gallenga was sent in August, 1833, by the members of *Young Italy*, to murder Charles Albert. Mazzini furnished him with a thousand francs, a passport, and a *poniard*. In 1858 Mazzini published in London a letter to Count Cavour, in which, whilst noticing that many of Cavour's supporters were formerly his (Mazzini's) companions, he concludes: "*The use of the avenging poniard was sanctioned by the oaths and the solemn decisions of the Carbonari.*" Ageslao Melano (a Mazzinian) made an attempt on the life of King Ferdinand II., and his praises were sung everywhere; odes were composed in his honor, and a medal commemorating his action was coined in Geneva and distributed in Italy. So much for some of the doings and sentiments of the revolutionary party in the matter of political murders.

The Carbonari were now jubilant. They proposed—we quote the French minister—a programme to the Pope including a declaration of war against Austria. The Pope could not and would not grant this, and they demanded admission to the Quirinal. Galletti, a man pardoned by Pius IX., and who had sworn fidelity unto death to his sovereign, was the bearer of fresh proposals, which met the same fate. The rabble attempted to force an entrance to the Quirinal, and shots were fired. The fire was returned again and again. One of the Pope's officials was shot dead whilst standing at a window. The belfry of a neighboring church was ascended, and from this place shots were fired at the doors and windows of the palace. The Pope was informed that if he did not yield the palace doors would be forced down and every one found inside would be murdered, "save

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and except his Holiness." Thus threatened and imprisoned, the Pope decided to leave Rome. And of this determination Mr. Monti makes the unwarranted and reckless statement: "Unable to stem the current of the revolution of which he had at one time been the leader, the Pope privately abandoned Rome, took refuge at Gaeta with the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and threw himself entirely into the arms of the despots and foreign enemies of Italy. . . ."

Pius IX. from Gaeta appealed to the Catholic nations for redress. Apparently Mr. Monti thinks it a national disgrace that foreigners should be called in to oust the "patriots"; he seems to consider that the expulsion from Rome of the Carbonari was a victory of despotic force over a gallant but totally inadequate band of heroes. We willingly admit that the men who at that time had possession of Rome were Italian patriots of the generally-approved order, and that their action must meet the approval of all supporters of the present Subalpine rule; but we must add that an Italian patriot bears no resemblance to an American patriot, for in this country the test of patriotism is not loud-mouthed professions of loyalty, but rather unselfish devotion to our country's cause. Let us recall some of the glorious actions of the heroes and patriots against whom Pius IX. appealed to "foreign despots and enemies."

On February 9, 1849, the Carbonari decreed the downfall of the temporal power. The second article of this historic document guaranteed the Pope complete freedom in the exercise of his spiritual prerogatives; the third section declared the republic the government of the Roman States; and the last proclaimed that the republic desired and would maintain friendly relations with the other Italian powers. This decree was signed by the political acrobat, Galletti. History repeats itself. Twenty-two years later a second decree guaranteed the spiritual freedom of the Roman Pontiff. The decree of February 9, 1849, was countersigned by only five heroes and patriots, whilst that of May 13, 1871, seemed to require the endorsement of twice that number. The names of the immortal five of '49 should not be allowed to drop into oblivion; they were: president, G. Galletti; secretaries, Giovanni Pennacchi, Ariodante Fabrietti, Antonio Zambianchi, Quirico Filopanti Barilli. The ten of 1871 are yet in the land of the living, we believe; we do not recall now whether or not capital punishment has been abolished throughout Italy. On February 21 a decree was issued confiscating church property in Rome. The next day the public treasury was enriched by theft. February 24 the bells were stolen from the churches, in order that they might be utilized for making cannon. March 12 the brothers and sisters were expelled the hospitals, and in their place immoral women were assigned; so that the sick and dying were compelled to listen to the most outrageous conversations and witness actions which a pure pen cannot write. April 9 the chapter of St. Peter's was fined for refusing to participate in a sacrilegious celebration of Easter by a profligate ecclesiastic. During these days three countrymen were found in the streets, and, a cry having risen that they were Jesuits, they were

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literally torn to pieces on the bridge of Sant' Angelo. Houses were entered and goods stolen and worse crimes committed. Farini, from whom most of these facts are taken, says that in Ancona murders were committed in broad day and no man dared interfere. Zambianchi was placed with a detachment of troops on the Neapolitan frontier, and, having seized and sent to Rome some priests and others, he found to his amazement that they were not killed at once. He declared with an oath that he would henceforth act as constable, judge, and executioner. Strange to say, he kept his oath. His first victim was the Dominican, Father Sghirla. He afterwards rented a house in Trastevere, and turned it into a prison for religious, whom he tried, condemned, and murdered. Farini (vol. iv. p. 149) reports that he had heard that fourteen dead bodies were found in the garden attached to the residence. Murder, theft, and licentiousness had full and unrebuked sway under the hero and patriot Mazzini, whom even M. de Lesseps has called the *modern Nero*. Yet these are the idols of the Subalpine party, and for their expulsion by the French regrets are expressed by Mr. Monti. Catholic Europe at that time called murder, murder; and Catholic Europe soon interfered, for it recognized that the Pope's freedom as a temporal ruler had too intimate a connection with his liberty of action as head of the church. General Oudinot, in command of the French army, advanced on Rome, and, after overcoming the stubborn resistance of the heroes and patriots, on April 30 Rome saw her patriots quietly stealing off to the more congenial soil of the Subalpine kingdom. When Pius IX. was betrayed and robbed by his avaricious neighbors, brave men from every Catholic land, knowing that these attempts against his temporal sovereignty were but covert attacks on his spiritual prerogatives, rushed to Rome to defend their father. These were Mr. Monti's "foreign mercenaries." In that list of "foreign mercenaries" were found some of the noblest names of France; and the soil of the Roman States drank in the purest and best blood of faithful Ireland and persecuting England. In the French Assembly, on December 4, 1867, M. Thiers answered the charge launched against them of being mercenaries: "These men were not mercenaries. He who acts from conviction is no mercenary." The States of the Church, in a certain sense, belonged to each and every Catholic, as their retention by the head of the church was inseparable from his complete freedom of action; hence Catholics, who do not recognize a territorially-limited church, but one whose limits are coexistent with those of the world, defended their own rights when they helped to maintain those of the Pope. A peculiar comment on this and another of Mr. Monti's theories is afforded in the *Official Acts of the Italian Parliament*, No. 143, p. 558:

"*Alli-Maccarani.* For a long time it was said that Rome was necessary to satisfy the yearnings of Italy. We were told that we must go to Rome by moral means. It was said, besides, that we must have Rome, not merely to satisfy the national aspirations but to free a people oppressed by tyranny. But this people never stirred until Porta Pia was broken down by our army, so that we did not see the effect of this tyranny.

"*Carini* (interrupting). But the Romans?

"*Alli-Maccarani.* I will answer the honorable deputy. I know well that

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the Romans had twelve thousand men in their territory; but of these twelve thousand only five thousand were foreigners, so that the Romans, with the native troops, could easily free themselves."

We are not in the habit of applying the name "foreign mercenaries" to that gallant nation beyond the sea whose aid we so passionately invoked in the dark days of our Revolution when our freedom was the stake; nor, in our cosmopolitan country, do we even apply the term to gentlemen who, coming from abroad to our shores, accept lucrative positions in the military or civil service of our government.

With the advent of the patriots to Piedmont a new plan of action was mapped out by Mazzini. But the arch-conspirator met there his master in a man whose name and career are notorious—Count Cavour. He was a man who could utter the most sublime apostrophe to duty and honor whilst his daily acts were a denial of every principle of right; a minister determined on securing the supremacy of his sovereign, he hesitated not a moment to sacrifice everything an honorable man holds dear. His was an utterly inexplicable character on every hypothesis but one. In no other country could he have retained political ascendency.

In order to follow Mr. Monti we must here speak briefly on the means employed by Piedmont in the complete "unification of Italy." These means are defended and supported by Mr. Monti.

Lombardy was obtained after the war in which France aided Victor Emanuel. Italy afterwards repaid this debt of gratitude by breaking her plighted word to France, and using France's misfortune as a favorable opportunity to invade a territory which she had solemnly pledged herself to respect. In Mr. Monti's narrative the people of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena rose against their rulers, and, expelling them, implored annexation to Piedmont. Count Cavour to his intimates made no secret of his policy. "If diplomacy be powerless," he writes to Rattazzi, "we should have recourse to means outside the law." Cavour utilized the fiery zeal of the heroes until their zeal led them beyond the bounds of discretion, and then he promptly repudiated them. He led them on with fair words, and when they had prepared the path and forced an issue he coolly stepped in and reaped the spoils.

He sent men and money into the other Italian countries, and paid for the demonstrations which his own friends organized. The patriotic exhibitions of devotion to Piedmont were marketable products. This peculiar policy did not die with him, for the writer well recalls how the authorities in Rome paid for the enthusiasm with which Victor Emanuel was welcomed. The popular demonstrations in Italy are, as a general rule, evidences rather of a large fund for contingent expenses than proofs of the will of the people.

The Piedmontese ambassador at Florence gave his palace as headquarters to the men who were secretly plotting against the government to which he was accredited. The English ambassador charged the Piedmontese representative at Parma with the same duplicity. "Help the revolution," wrote Cavour to his friend Persano, "but help it in such a way that it may appear in the eyes of Europe to have been a spontaneous work."

When the grand duke was com-

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pelled to leave Florence the Piedmontese agents organized a government, and the result was that the people were said to sigh for annexation to Piedmont, and Victor Emanuel was proclaimed dictator. The same farce was enacted in Bologna when the Austrian troops withdrew; but Victor Emanuel or Cavour became somewhat alarmed at the premature discovery of the plan, and the Piedmontese king declined the proffered office, but sent D'Azeglio to organize a government in the territory of a friendly sovereign. In Perugia the same game was attempted, but the plot was discovered and the insurrection nipped in the bud by the troops of the Pope; and this assertion of the supremacy of law over riot and excess is called by some the "massacre of Perugia." Piedmont then, under a pretence of complete liberty of action, withdrew her so-called protectorate, and, money having been spent freely, plébiscites declared the will of the people for annexation. The congress of powers to settle Italian affairs delayed until Cavour, assured of non-intervention, and assisted by the patriots Garibaldi, Farini, Pepoli, etc., gained for his master by dishonest means a large increase of territory and subjects. The seizure of Umbria and the Marches was even more infamous. The story of the seizure may be epitomized by Count Cavour, who, in a despatch under date of August 30, 1860, directs that an insurrection be got up as a pretext for the interference of the Piedmontese troops. Cialdini was directed to seize Ancona whether the insurrection was suppressed by the pontifical authorities or not, and Admiral Persano was ordered to co-operate. Now, let it be remembered that the Subalpine government had no quarrel with the Pope; that it had solemnly pledged itself to France not to attack the Pope's dominions, and through France had informed the government of Pius IX. that there was no cause to fear unfriendly action, as Piedmont had solemnly assured the French ministry that the Papal States would be respected; and during the whole time these assurances and guarantees were being made by Cavour he was busily engaged in fomenting an insurrection and arranging plans for a forcible possession of papal territory. Cavour's plan succeeded admirably, for the Pope's government was entirely unprepared, and the Pope would not believe such duplicity possible. The gallant La Moricière defended Ancona; but what availed a handful against an army? Ancona was forced to capitulate, and the Subalpine party revenged themselves for a stubborn resistance by a twelve hours' furious cannonade *after the surrender* (see letter of an eye-witness, Count De Quatrebarbes, Angers, October 8, 1860).

The annexation of Naples was accomplished in much the same way. Persano and Villamarina, the latter the Piedmontese ambassador, were instructed to play the same game. Villamarina took advantage of the peculiar freedom allowed foreign ministers to conspire against the Neapolitan government. On August 30 Cavour wrote to Persano to hasten the rising before the arrival of Garibaldi. Secrecy was urged with reference to the arms and ammunition which Cavour was sending to Villamarina. Mazzini and Garibaldi were enlisted as auxiliaries, and, hoping for another lease of power like that enjoyed by them

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during the Roman republic, they entered heartily into the scheme. Persano wrote back to Cavour that Garibaldi and he understood each other perfectly, but, if from any cause a premature disclosure took place, he would take all the blame and exonerate Cavour from any knowledge of the transaction. The result is known. Garibaldi and his brigands (we use this term advisedly, for it was stated in the Italian Parliament that brigandage almost entirely ceased throughout Italy during Garibaldi's expeditions) invaded the Neapolitan territory, and Cavour professed himself indignant. He even went so far as to request permission to march troops through the Pontifical States, in order to suppress the revolution! Victor Emanuel afterwards declared solemnly that he had been unaware of Garibaldi's expedition. Admiral Persano was publicly ordered to put down the revolution which he had got up, and—in a few days Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi rode through the streets of Naples side by side.

How Rome was taken is so recent as scarce to need recital, yet a few official extracts will place the deceit and perjury of the principal actors clearly before the reader's mind. In the Subalpine Senate on January 23, 1870, Senator Linati used these words:

"The day will come when France will demand an account from us of our work. In 1861 we entered into a treaty with France, wherein we pledged ourselves not to take Rome and to leave the capital at Florence. That convention was a free one, not made under compulsion. We could have been freed from our obligations in 1867, but instead we confirmed the treaty; furthermore, last August (1869) we assured the French government that we on our part would observe the treaty. But instead we went to Rome, and now we wish to transfer the capital there. We have thus broken our solemn treaties, and have been found wanting in principle in our dealings with a friendly nation in her hour of peril."

When the French Minister of Foreign Affairs advised the government of Victor Emanuel of the withdrawal of the French troops from the Roman States, he added that France relied on Italy's observance of the treaty, by which she was pledged to respect the Papal States. Visconti Venosta replied in these words: "The government of the king, on its part, will exactly abide by the obligations imposed by the treaty of 1864."

As might have been expected, this declaration of the ministry provoked protests from the radical element in Parliament, and to these attacks the minister replied:

"This obligation, gentlemen, even though not imposed by the treaty, would yet be required by the common law of nations and the reciprocal relations of the states. The French government and people, and in fact all Europe, would have been persuaded that we were taking advantage of the difficulties of France, and that by an underhand and most ungenerous design we desired to seize the moment when material force no longer restrained us to abandon our liberal policy as having been a policy of hypocrisy."

Visconti Venosta told the exact truth when he asserted that an infraction of the treaty would be base, dishonest, and ungrateful. Yet in a month he and his companions consummated this base, dishonest, and ungrateful action by entering Rome through a breach made in the walls by the Piedmontese guns.

Mr. Monti is doubtless a believer in an overruling Providence, and he must believe that divine justice overtakes nations as well as individuals for crimes committed.

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If it be true that at times God sends wicked rulers as a punishment on his people, then truly for more than a score of years has the Italian peninsula been terribly scourged; for in the reigns of Victor Emanuel and Humbert of Savoy the bitterest enemy of Italy must find reason to rejoice.

Mr. Monti devotes the last portion of his article to a defence of the statement that the Pope enjoys ample liberty in the present condition of affairs. He declares that the Law of the Guarantees provides sufficiently for the purpose for which it was drawn up, and he advises the Sovereign Pontiff to trust to the fidelity and honor of the Italians, who are all Catholics, and who respect his position.

It is somewhat strange that the party now in the ascendency in the Subalpine government is the one which, under other circumstances, declared the Pope's freedom endangered when Austria, France, or Naples had political ascendency; but it seems that under Subalpine domination the bare mention of subjection is intolerable, for, should any unlucky writer to-day insinuate that the Pope is restrained by Humbert of Savoy, he will soon experience one of the beneficent effects of the press law: his paper would be suppressed and himself fined or imprisoned. To impartial outsiders the argument was either good then or not; if good then, it is true to-day. There is, of course, a difference in the situation to-day, for now the Subalpine party are in possession of a territory which they solemnly pledged they would not touch; whilst France, Austria, and Naples only interfered as friendly powers defending the Pope against the Subalpine party and their assistant, Garibaldi.

Before discussing the question of the freedom possessed by the Pope under the Law of the Guarantees, it may not be amiss to see what the Law of the Guarantees is. An example will best illustrate the law and its effects. A man breaks into my house, and, having superior physical strength, reinforced by a supply of weapons, he compels me to give up all my money and valuables. The thief then coolly informs me that he proposes to occupy my house indefinitely, and he assigns as a reason that his children are clamoring for my property, because it will afford them the possession of the entire square. I am, however, informed that I may continue to occupy the cellar, and that he will provide me with three meals a day. Aghast at the coolness of the proposal, I manage to say: "But the house is mine; you are a thief and plunderer." The thief says I am unreasonable, that I cannot desire more than he guarantees me, and that I will be better enabled to prosecute any charitable work by being freed from the cares necessary to the management of my estate. I rush to send a messenger to the nearest police station for an officer, when I am deterred from acting, and furthermore taunted with calling in "foreign mercenaries" to dispossess my friend and benefactor!

The law pretends to assure the Pontiff liberty, and assigns him a regular annual sum (not a penny of which has he ever touched) and the two palaces in Rome, the Vatican and Lateran. It declares that the Pope is free to perform all his spiritual duties. The person who is best able to form an opinion on the liberty assured by this law is certainly the Pope himself. His word is final with all who look on him as

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their spiritual father, and should be conclusive evidence to all fair-minded men, for he gives the result of personal experience of the working of the law. As soon as the law was promulgated Pius IX. condemned it as being utterly inadequate; "for," said Pius IX., "no privileges, honors, or immunities which the Subalpine government may concede can in any way secure the free and expeditious exercise of that power divinely committed to us." After an experience of freedom under Subalpine law the Holy Father declared:

"Now, indeed, the world must be thoroughly enlightened as to the value of these pretended guarantees which, to delude the simplicity of the incautious, a show was made of giving to the head of the church to ensure his dignity and independence—guarantees which have no other foundation than the caprice and ill-will of the Government which applies, interprets, and carries them into effect according to its desire and its particular interests. No, the Roman Pontiff neither is nor ever will be free and independent under the dominion of a foreign prince. In Rome he must either be a sovereign or a prisoner. . . ."

Pius IX. to his dying day never ceased to affirm that the Law of the Guarantees did not assure him liberty, and that he was not free in the exercise of his spiritual prerogatives. In connection with a protest against the law it was stated by the Pope that his officials had been subjected to search on leaving the Vatican. The papers which published the encyclical letter of the Pope from which we have made extracts were sequestrated. Now, that the Pope may exercise his duties with perfect freedom it is absolutely requisite that he should enjoy complete liberty of communication with all his children; yet this official document, addressed to all the ecclesiastical authorities throughout the world, was suppressed by the Subalpine ministry. What confidence can be placed in a government which, after the occupation of Rome, was publicly charged by the radical papers with tampering with the mails?

The Pope, in the exercise of his spiritual duties, consults from time to time ecclesiastics who are versed in the matter to be treated of. Hence it follows that their immunity is bound up with his, and attacks on their persons or liberty are assaults on the pontifical prerogatives. But the law whereby the religious orders were suppressed has had the practical effect of driving away from Rome some of these counsellors; and the daily outrages to which those who remained in Rome were subjected by the friends and supporters of Victor Emanuel have rendered their stay in the city of questionable prudence. An experience of three years of Subalpine rule in Rome enables us to state that scarce a day passed when the papers did not record some wanton outrage heaped on peaceful ecclesiastics in the streets of the city. The most popular phrases in the mouths of the rabble were: *Death to the Pope, Death to the Jesuits, Death to the priests!* The so-called Law of the Guarantees is a law passed by the Subalpine Parliament; and even conceding that this law could attain the purpose, is it not evident that another parliament could alter, amend, or repeal it? And are we Catholics to be satisfied with that independence of the Sovereign Pontiff which has no other foundation than the uncertain one of a vote in the Subalpine Chambers? Let us suppose that a war broke out

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between France and Italy. France has an ambassador accredited to Leo XIII., and a minister at the court of Humbert of Savoy. Leo XIII. has no quarrel with France, and could not be expected to enter into the lists with Italy against France; but he would be placed in an apparently hostile position, as the French ambassador at the Vatican would doubtless have to leave Rome, and thus the Pope would be deprived of all means of communicating with French Catholics.

The Subalpine government has a rather peculiar idea of what constitutes true freedom.

On June 26, 1860, when a project for a loan of one hundred and fifty millions was under discussion in Parliament, Minghetti said that although Italy's debt seemed enormous, yet she had vast resources, and among these he enumerated *church property at Rome*. This was one of the great patriotic motives which induced the heroes and patriots to seize Rome. The Subalpines copied the decree of the Roman Republic declaring the temporal power of the Pope for ever at an end, and later on they imitated the Carbonari in a wholesale seizure of church property in Rome. Just as soon as order was partially restored after the excesses and brutality of September 20, they commenced a search for quarters. Strange to say, in every instance a convent or a monastery was imperatively needed. True, private palaces abounded which, with far less expense, could be utilized; but the sisters and monks were turned out and their homes taken to satisfy an imperative exigency of public service.

It is true there was a freedom which the Subalpine rulers brought to Rome, and a freedom to which the Romans were strangers—the freedom of insult and sacrilege; the freedom of license and theft—a freedom whereby every one was at liberty to strike a blow at the Pope, and no man free to defend him.

Yet Mr. Monti says the Pope has no just right to complain of a want of freedom. He says, and with his usual accuracy, that the religious rites can be observed with the pomp of yore, when he knows, or should know, that such is not the case. He claims that the statute assures ample liberty; yet the writer recalls how four years since, on the anniversary of the statute, a body of American ladies and gentlemen were forced to spend an entire day in Civita Vecchia in order to escape the insults which we were assured would be heaped on us (for our loyalty to Pius IX. was known) if we entered the Eternal City.

The Pope is free, says Mr. Monti, and he knew they broke into his palace, the Quirinal, despite his protest, and expelled the ecclesiastics occupying a portion of it. Yes; he is free—the free target for insult and abuse; but let a word be said of his hypocritical persecutors, and there is neither freedom nor mercy. The Pope is free, when the Subalpine Parliament can pass laws whereby the rights of the church are trampled under foot and the protests of the Pope are sequestrated as containing matter offensive to the "sacred person of the king" or subversive of the existing order. With the forcible seizure of the offices of his counsellors, with the sequestration of his letters to the Catholic world, with the daily attacks on the religion of which he is the chief, there are yet found persons bold enough

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to assert his freedom, and others credulous enough to believe the statement.

Mr. Monti declares that the people have settled this vexed "Roman question," and that they are sincerely Catholic and would do nothing to interfere with or limit the liberty of the Holy See. The Italian people, it is true, have from time to time given expression to their feelings in regard to the occupation of Rome; once they expressed them by abstaining from voting; again by numerous protests against the occupation of the Eternal City, one of which bore 555,475 signatures. No more atrocious slander on the fair fame of Italians was ever uttered than the charge that they sympathize with, approve of, or are fairly represented by their present Subalpine masters.

Mr. Monti seems to consider the fact that the first article of the statute recognizes the Catholic Church as the religion of the state as an unanswerable proof of the freedom guaranteed by the Subalpine party. It is true that Charles Albert insisted on the retention of this article, but it is no less true that under Charles Albert's son and grandson it is a dead-letter. In recognizing Catholicity as *the* religion of the state, the state does not assume any right or power of alteration or amendment of the doctrines of the church. Now, the supremacy of the Pope is a doctrine of the Catholic Church, and his amenability to no earthly tribunal in the discharge of his office is a necessary consequence. The Pope is supreme in his sphere, and no Catholic, under peril of salvation, can dictate to him the manner in which he shall perform his duties. This power of the Pope is not the *creation* of the church, nor is it *accidental*, but *essential*. These truths are recognized by all Catholics as an integral part of the Catholic doctrine. Hence the statute law of Italy, in acknowledging the Catholic religion as the religion of the state, recognizes these truths as binding. If, then, an obstacle to the exercise of this *essential* power exists, it would seem the duty of the government, which guarantees to the people the right to worship God, to remove such an obstacle. The Subalpine party are placed in this peculiar position: by their constitution they recognize the power of the Supreme Pontiff and his absolute independence as to the means of its exercise; whilst in this so-called "Law of the Guarantees" they, with an assumption of superiority, concede certain privileges, limit the exercise of others, and presume to dictate the general limits in which the pontifical authority shall be exercised. Now, these so-called concessions suppose an authority over the pontiff; for the legislator is manifestly the superior of the one legislated for.

Among the cases of interference with pontifical authority are the so-called laws regarding marriage, the suppression of religious orders, and the appointment of bishops in Italy. Mr. Monti pronounces the temporal power a dead issue, but so men spoke before. Seventy years do not seem such a period as that their lapse should bring oblivion of events occurring then; and seventy years ago the Roman Pontiff was dragged violently from his Quirinal Palace and carried a captive to France, whilst his captor saw the most powerful nations of Europe succumb to his arms. Men said then that the world had seen

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the end of the Papacy. Yet Pius VII. came back to Rome in triumph, and his persecutor was imprisoned at St. Helena.

"Do not think me fanatical, or blind, or senseless, if I affirm," says Cardinal Manning, "that the temporal power is not ended yet, but that the Roman question is only now once more begun. We have had to repeat, even to weariness, that some five-and-forty popes before now have either never set foot in Rome or have been driven out of it. Nine times they have been driven out by Roman factions; times without number by invaders. Why not, then, a forty-sixth time? Pius VI., Pius VII. were prisoners; why not Pius IX.? Pius IX. has been already once in exile; why not a second time? Nine times the city of Rome has been held by usurpers; why not a tenth? Seven times Rome has been besieged; why not an eighth? Twice it has nearly been destroyed, and once so utterly desolate that for forty days, we are told, nothing human breathed in it, and no cry was heard but of the foxes on the Aventine. Warfare, suffering, wandering, weakness, with imperishable vitality and invincible power, is the lot and the history of the pontiffs; and Rome shares their destiny. There has nothing happened now that has not happened, and that often, before; the end that has often been predicted has not come; why should it now? Men are always saying, 'Now, at last, is the end.' But the end is not yet."

To Mr. Monti, doubtless, these words may be mirth-provoking, but he who laughs last laughs best. No man can foretell the day or the means of a settlement of the Roman question; that rests with God, who can protect his Vicar. Since the forcible and temporary solution of the question the two principal actors have passed away and have undergone the ordeal of the judgment of God. We cannot doubt but that the Roman question entered into that judgment. Their characters, then, are interesting studies in this connection, as representing policies as far asunder as the poles. The verdict of mankind, if based on facts, must record of Victor Emanuel that his private life was notoriously corrupt; that his public acts were an hourly denial of his private professions; that he was responsible for outrages heaped on that faith of which he declared himself the adherent, and upon the ministers of the religion whose succors he tremblingly pleaded for in his need. And the verdict on Pius IX. records a blameless life in private and a public career of unexampled length, illustrated by an undying devotion to principle and justice.

Mr. Monti arrays himself with the enemies of Pius IX., for he knows there is no middle party. The writer has one regret: that he is not able to illustrate his theme by the examples of those who in ages past have sought to wrest the sovereignty of his states from the Pope. They were many, doubtless, but unfortunately writers seem to have wearied of the oft-repeated story of discomfiture, and hence we know little else than their untimely end.

It has been said that there are two cities in the world which the Providence of God has not left to the caprice of men—Jerusalem and Rome. The first-named shall never live again, for there the Lord of life was put to death; and Rome shall never die, for there the immortal Vicar of Christ sits enthroned.

Mr. Monti cannot be ignorant of those famous lines which speak

Dell' alma Roma, e di suo impero
La quale, e il quale, a voler dir lo vero,
Fur stabiliti per lo loco santo
U' siede il successor del Maggiore Piero.

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TWO FAMOUS DEANS.

THE recent visit of Dean Stanley to our country recalls the memory of another dean, more famous historically, more vigorous-minded, as a comparison of their respective works shows, and, strange as it sounds, a much stancher Church of England parson; we refer to Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. We cannot imagine two men more diverse in even external feature. Stanley, with his bland smile, his handsome face and hair, and his marked attention to the shape of his clerical surplice and bands, must be the delight of photographers, who would have regarded the darkling brows and torn cassock of fierce old Swift with a disgust which nothing but his walking-stick would have kept them from betraying. Swift looks out upon you from his pictures with those stern and pitiless eyes which made even Pope tremble and Queen Anne afraid to meet him, and his dark and melancholy genius and history are written upon every lineament. The fierce indignation (*sæva indignatio*) which, as his epitaph says, lacerated his heart would have lashed itself into fury against just such a parson as Stanley, if for no other reason than that our dapper dean seems to cherish a particular affection for Dissenters and infidels, two classes detested by Swift as much as he was detested by them.

But, as a study of their works indicates, no two deans of the Church of England differed more completely in mental structure and in their attitude toward their church. A prominent journal (whose name we conceal for the sake of the charity which hides ignorance) spoke of Dean Stanley as "another Swift in intellect and another Sydney Smith in geniality." We know nothing about Stanley's conversational powers, but it is safe to say that they do not rival Smith's; and in none of his books, even the lightest of them, have we been able to find the slightest suspicion of a joke, while Sydney could not keep from joking even in the pulpit. In fact, we suspect that Smith would have kept the table in a roar, describing the vain attempts of such parsons as Charles Kingsley and Stanley to prove to their bewildered congregations that religion is a sublime emotion, a beautiful dream, a gushing forth of the spiritual in man, and not by any means so vulgar an institution as what is known as a church. Smith would have probably said that if such an idea could by any possibility be got into the heads of the people, they might begin to doubt the necessity of parsons, and *then* what would become of the tithes?

As regards Swift, the severest historical inquiry has failed to prove that he did not, at least intellectually, assent to the truths of Christianity—for we cannot speak of faith in a dogmatic sense concerning any one outside the Catholic Church, particularly one who, like Swift, is not ignorant of her claims and proofs. But there is nothing in Swift's writings or in the records of his life and conversation to show that he was an infi-

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del. When *The Tale of a Tub* appeared Archbishop Shairpe said that it was the production of an infidel, for the coarseness of the satire against both Catholics and Dissenters dismayed the Church of England itself; though Dr. Johnson, whilst agreeing with the propriety of Shairpe's remark, admits that Swift's intention to uphold the tenets of Anglicanism must be clear to every reader. Now, Dean Stanley speaks slightingly or, what is the same thing in his case, pityingly not only of the English Establishment, but he speaks of Christianity itself in language which leaves no doubt of his disbelief in its doctrinal value and authority. Swift's advocacy of the Christian religion is unequivocal, nay, forcible, argumentative, and, as presented by him against deism, convincing. Dean Stanley glories in his prominence as a powerful advocate of what is politely called "liberality of religious thought," which means simply religious indifferentism. This mere parody on the word religion Swift would have called by its coarsest name.

No one of the slightest positiveness of religious faith can read Stanley's *History of the Jews* without the impression that its author diverges widely from the generally-received Christian belief in God's miraculous dealings with the Hebrews as the chosen people, in the authenticity of the Sacred Scriptures, and in their credibility as historical records. Colenso's writings upon the Pentateuch are poor, commonplace essays, gathered together from the least erudite of the German school of Biblical criticism, and they are of no interest to the hermeneutical scholar. Colenso does not thoroughly know the Hebrew language or literature, and he lays mighty stress upon so puerile an objection as to how the animals could have had room in the ark—a problem which he attacks with vigor, and with which he no doubt feels able to grapple, for he has written several arithmetics, and even invented a new way of doing long-division. But Dean Stanley, wiser in his generation than Colenso, leaves arithmetical questions alone, and applies to the Scriptural history of the Jews the methods of historical investigation that the great French and German historians use with such effect in the study of secular history. The result is easily to be foreseen. Once place the historical books of Scripture upon the level of Herodotus, Plutarch, Livy, and Suetonius, and the miracles become myths, the prophecies impassioned speeches, and the Word of God a divine work in the sense in which the Sibylline Books were held sacred by the Romans, and the verse of Homer consulted as oracular.

So infatuated is Stanley with this mythologization of the Scriptures that he will scarcely admit the actual historical facts therein recorded, though proved *aliunde*. He doubts the authority of Josephus in any statement that runs counter to the grand theory that the Bible is a book of sublime visions, hopes, and yearnings, the product of a people which, like all the Semitic races, is profoundly influenced by the religious idea. The wars, the triumphs, and even the defeats of the Jews must be examined narrowly, lest we should take the fervid imaginings of some Hebrew "prophet" for historical facts. Thus does the "hope of Israel" vanish under Stanley's scientific touch. Dean Milman's *History of the Jews* is better than

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this, even if he did fall into the nonsense of predicting the downfall of "Popery" from the book of Daniel: "Yea, even to the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute"—though, unfortunately for Milman's predictive powers, the year passed by and the pope remained.

Swift had common sense, and common sense to believe in Christianity, though he, of course, saw the absurdity of the Protestant rule of faith in submitting the Bible to the expounding of every man and every woman. He believed in a church, in a ministry, in ecclesiastical authority, and in at least two sacraments. In his sermon on the Trinity he states the question of mysteries with all the clearness and exactness of his thoughts and style. Stanley smiles at the idea of the Trinity, unless as a sweet symbol of the trinal power seen somewhere or by somebody in nature; and affectionately requests you to examine the word *mystery*, as used by Hesiod, before you form an idea about the mystery of the Incarnation. Is not everything a mystery, dear friends? Is not the petal of the rose a mystery to the stamen? Is not the solemn mountain a mystery? We might mysteriously ask: Isn't Mr. Stanley himself a mystery?

In his *History* the dean does not display very clear ideas about the point at issue among Hebrew scholars regarding the name of God—Jehova-Elohim, for which, to this day, in reading the Scriptures, the Hebrew substitutes Adonai. *Jehova* is the *tetragrammaton*—the unspeakable name of God. The question is merely etymological, and has nothing to do with the Hebrew belief in the divine Unity. The word Elohim (Gen. i. 1), being in the plural, is supposed by the church to insinuate an idea of the Trinity, which most holy mystery was not clearly revealed by the Father until the coming of the Eternal Son; as St. John tells us, "The Son that is in the bosom of the Father, he has revealed him"—*i.e.*, the Father. It is, therefore, difficult to conjecture why Stanley should make a doctrinal question out of an etymological one, unless it be to question the true and proper divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, true God of true God.

That Stanley does not believe in the necessity of baptism or the Eucharist—two sacraments which the Church of England did not reject—is evident from his articles on the subject of the sacraments in the magazine, *The Nineteenth Century*, during the past summer. He spoke of the sacraments as being valuable rather as suggestions and reminiscences of Christian faith than as any embodiments of grace or sanctification. He declares the doctrine of the church regarding the power of the sacraments to give grace *ex opere operato* to be as absurd and barbarous as the Latinity of the theological phrase which expresses the faith of the church, and the faith of his own church, if he regards the Church of England as his own. He hopes that the beautiful but now meaningless forms of christening and taking the sacrament will yield to that higher and more spiritual frame of mind which no longer needs symbols, no longer leans upon the merely crude and cumbrous forms of religious expression in which our rude forefathers found such delight. A squalling baby at the baptismal font is, no doubt, shocking to the æsthetic sense of the fastidious dean, and the hands that grasp the sacra-

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mental bread may be vulgarly red and rough; but baptism is a sacrament which nearly all England has received, and the Lord's Supper, even with the Real Presence absent, is a glimmer of light which not all the rationalizing of all the Stanleys can wholly darken or extinguish.

Let not the reader misunderstand our purport in speaking of Dean Stanley with what may seem to be unnecessary harshness. We criticise him only as a theologian. We admire his patience in having politely put up with the brutal and vulgar rejection of his amiable request to administer the sacrament according to the Greek rite at the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh, at which he assisted, with becoming gravity, as chaplain to Prince Arthur, who, we are told, consoled the dean with the advice "not to mind those old Russian patriarchs." In fact, to comfort the dean, the prince took the sacrament after the Anglican rite; from which our now happy dean augured the union of the Greek and Anglican churches. He goes hence to England with the same joyous feeling that he has reconciled all our American religious squabbles.

Dean Stanley is by birth, education, and natural refinement of feeling and character a gentleman. He is a fair scholar, and, in particular, the master of an English style of marked rhetorical beauty. His position as Dean of Westminster may have much to do with his universal religionism, which he unfortunately thinks is Christian charity. The Westminster deanery is mainly a civil office. It is part of his duty to conduct the funeral services of any eminent deceased Englishman, no matter of what belief or unbelief, that the authorities may see fit to inter in the venerable abbey. The dean has no right to object to such interment for religious reasons. Of course no man of strict, or what Stanley would call "narrow," ecclesiasticism would or could hold such a position. To take an illustrative case. The late Charles Dickens left express directions in his will to have no religious services (or, as he phrased it, "no mummeries") held at his grave. He told his children in the same document to dissociate themselves from any religious organization, and to content themselves with reading the New Testament "in the broadest spirit," whatever that means. Dickens, however, was buried in the abbey. Dean Stanley conducted the services. And what do our readers think of Stanley's sermon on this occasion? He coolly compares the dead novelist to our Lord Jesus Christ. From the text, which was the parable of Lazarus and Dives, to the conclusion this horrible blasphemy is kept up.* Christ, we are told, was a great story-teller; so was Dickens. Both instructed the people in parables. Both preached the same great gospel of humanity. Both felt the same abounding love for the poor, etc. This latter statement is peculiarly ludicrous in view of Dickens' notorious stinginess. But who can smile when there is question of blasphemy? It was an act of questionable propriety for any clergyman to have preached over Dickens, but, could so anomalous a cleric have been found, he certainly should not have jarred Christian feeling by comparing, nay, equalling, the de-

*Vide appendix of R. Shelton Mackenzie's *Life of Charles Dickens*, "The Sermon."

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parted romancist to the ever-blessed Son of God. The parables of Christ have been the joy, the warning, and the study of religious souls for nearly two thousand years. To compare the novels of Dickens —which, viewed even from a purely literary stand-point, are very far from faultless, and which our children now scarcely read—to compare any speech of human, and perchance soiled, lips to the parables of Him who spake as never man spake, is a phase of advanced "liberality" before which even Voltaire shrank and Strauss recoils.* The generality of our readers can form a clearer conception of Dean Stanley's peculiar theology from a popular specimen of his sermons than from a study of his more ambitious books, which they may not have the leisure or the opportunity of examining. He is the Dr. Easy of the immortal *Comedy of Convocation*. The smiling doctor nods assent to every opinion, with a modest deprecation of having any opinion in particular himself.

There is in the English church an honest wish among many clergymen to unite with the Catholic Church. But this union, they perceive, must be doctrinal. Stanley believes in a union of Christendom without any doctrinal basis. He believes in the poet's saying about the goodness of heart which is to take the place of "graceless bigot's fight." A writer in last November number of this magazine says that Dr. Pusey represents the true tendency to Catholic union among the Anglican divines, but Pusey is a thorough Anglican. Catch him, indeed, preaching such a doctrine as Dean Stanley's! It *sounds* very benevolent to proclaim that all Christendom is already united upon the broad sympathy which bridges over the chasm of decayed dogmas. It is very easy and very amiable to say to the world: "Cannot we clasp hands as men and brothers, and let our petty doctrines go, and bend before the universal Fatherhood?" And men listen, and the appeal attracts them, and they believe it is well so to do. But it is a misleading call for all Christendom. There can be no religion to take the place of Christ's one, true, and holy faith. There can be no "wider thought" to succeed the truth as it is in Christ. It is folly, it is sin, to suppose that any religion can equal, or supplant, or improve upon the church founded by Christ upon the Everlasting Rock. This is the mistake of liberal Protestants. Christianity cannot "improve," cannot give way to a "nobler world-creed." It is the last revelation of God to man in the present order of creation, and it will endure, without rival or successor, till the last trump shall sound.

We sincerely wish that Dean Stanley was not so very liberal, so very unbigoted. We even would desire that he was a little more like Dean Swift, though that exceedingly coarse fellow is the last type of character that our dear Stanley would fancy. Effeminacy is spoiling the best men in the Anglican communion, and a rougher manhood and a sterner dealing with the moral evils of the day would benefit them. Swift was a man that troubled himself little about the niceties of theology, but he spoke out like a plain, blunt parson and dean against infidelity, atheism, and neglect of Christian duty. He despised Queen Anne because of her weak compliance

* *The Old and the New Faith*, vol. ii. p. 19.

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with every wish of her unworthy favorites. He fought for the people of Ireland at a time when they had not a single man to lift voice or pen in their behalf, and thus he gave a practical proof of that "love of man, the crowning creed," about which Dean Stanley preaches so eloquently. He scorned "atheists and fools," and told the people of England to beware of false philosophers as they would of the devil. No more biting sarcasm on the vain and delusive speculations of dreamers after ideal perfection does there exist than the *Voyage to Laputa*. He struck the right key when he appealed to the common sense of men, who are only perplexed and misled by the fantasies of so poetic a mind as Dean Stanley undoubtedly possesses.

TOM FFRENCH'S CHRISTMAS AT CURRAGHGLASS.

About five miles from the picturesque little town of Oughterard, the Connemara side, stands a fine old house buried in the midst of a neglected pleasaunce, called Curraghglass—a noble mansion of the "severe classical," as it pleased the architects who flourished in the days of Queen Anne to style the severe, haughty, demure, yet not altogether uncomfortable manorial residences erected during her reign. The house, at the date on which it is brought under the notice of the reader, bore a decayed, mildewed, and melancholy look, and were it not that the gravel sweep opposite the grand entrance was kept neatly raked—not so much as a solitary blade of grass or sprout of groundsel putting in an appearance, while the rake-marks were fresh as the lines on a print of Hogarth's—and that the two ponderous brass knockers shone as bright as burnished gold, one would be led to suppose that the place was as free from the imprint of a human foot as the island of Juan Fernandez, or the rose and very-much-thorn palace inhabited by the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

The window-shutters were closed, the woodwork cracked and peeled and gnarled in the blaze of summer suns and the blast of winter winds that beat fiercely from the broad Atlantic, whose drowsy hum in June and whose mighty roar in December soothed or scared in turn the dwellers at Curraghglass. Great myrtle-trees caressingly raised their ragged branches towards the upper windows, showing perfume-laden blossoms deliciously white against the warm red brick, while fuchsias straggled and sprawled at their sweet wild will, sadly ringing their blue and scarlet bells or twitting the bloom of the heliotrope for its "hodden-gray."

The house was enclosed by gigantic elms, in which a colony of rooks cawed themselves hoarse from morning until night. A vast courtyard, now choked with weeds and grass, stood at the rear, surrounded by stables, and coach-houses, and barns, and dairies, and servants' sleeping apartments. A

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dimly-marked path in the rank vegetation, leading to a carved fountain that still trickled crystal water from out a Gorgon's head, the lips being velveted with deep-tinted lichen, denoted the existence of "poor humanity," since this lightly-trodden way might be traced to a set of stone steps, a mass of glorious mosses and ferns, and to an oaken door studded with immense iron nails, such as one meets in the cathedral portals in Spain.

Curraghglass was the home of the Ffrenches, one of the most blue-blooded families on the Galway side of the Shannon. It was from Curraghglass that Tom Ffrench, "Fighting Ffrench," rode, without drawing rein, to vote against the Union. It was in Curraghglass that Julia Ffrench, his wife, shot the Hessian officer who drew sword upon a hunted priest. It was at Curraghglass that Billy Ffrench, Tom's son, compelled the process-server to eat his own writ. It was at Curraghglass that Erin-go-Bragh, the horse that beat everything the English garrison could turn out on the Curragh, was foaled. It was at Curraghglass that Stephen Ffrench horsewhipped Lord Mountchester, the lord lieutenant's private secretary, for speaking disparagingly of an Irish lady then a guest at the house. In olden times Curraghglass was a famous stronghold, held grimly by the Ffrenches, its ruined keep and ivied tower telling a story of siege and assault, of sortie and foray, of defiance and chivalry, of feast and famine, of *keen* and revelry such as few stone walls could furnish modern history with. The Ffrenches had been a reckless race. Hospitable to a fault, and unmindful of the morrow, they lived the to-day, plunging into debt, mortgaging their broad acres, dissipating their inheritances, till Tom Ffrench, the present owner, was too poor and too proud to inhabit the home of his ancestors. He lived abroad, no person knew where, nor did any person trouble his or her head about him. He had gone down, and the waters of oblivion had swept over his head—the old, old story, so old it is scarcely worth repeating.

When the Six Hundred rode up the valley of Balaklava, and "exalted the reputation of the English heart at the expense of that of the English head," there was among those who valiantly did the duty on which they were sent by incompetent commanders a certain captain of hussars. He was a brilliant horseman, handy at vaulting into the saddle, fast across country, and, unhappily for himself, reckless in every sense of the term. In that ride of death he had a charger shot under him, but, being quick and active, he caught one of the riderless horses and advanced to the guns. Badly hurt with sabre and lance, and being again unhorsed, he was taken prisoner; but, keenly alive to the chances of escape, he seized a moment when the mad confusion of galloping horses, empty saddles, and smoke-clouds rendered chance a possibility. Of the loose horses two or three came instinctively towards his English uniform, and Captain Ffrench sprang upon the back of one of them like a flash. Taken by surprise, his Russian custodians had hardly time to start in pursuit before the shattered squadrons of England started for that awful ride back which was to empty so many saddles and to bring so many gallant troops face to face with death. One of that Six Hundred who never reached the Bri-

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tish lines alive was Billy Ffrench. His body was recovered by his faithful servant, Barney Joyce, stripped of its gay and gaudy uniform, while a bullet-hole in the back of his head told the story of how he went down to his death.

When the news of the charge reached Curraghglass there was awful heart-throb and desolation. Then like a thunderbolt came the revelation of the true state of the hussar's financial recklessness. Demands for money, like the cannon at Balaklava, in front, on the right, on the left, in the rear, came pouring in upon the still young and handsome widow. She made a frantic effort to redeem the honor of her dead hero by selling everything that could be sold until there was naught of the old property left for her only son, Tom, but the house and elm-trees at Curraghglass. She died, not of a broken but of a throbbing heart, throbbing with hope and fear for her idolized son; and when the lamp of his mother's life had gone out for ever, Tom Ffrench quitted the old home, leaving it in charge of Barney Joyce, the brave corporal who had sought his master's body in a rain of bullets, going no man knew whither. It was, indeed, by no sin of his own that this young man was an exile. His father had been one of the shining lights of the fashionable world, and had squandered his own and his wife's fortune in that wild dash which was part and parcel of the career of an officer in a crack cavalry regiment prior to the days of the Crimea. "Billy" Ffrench had spent all his money and mortgaged every inch of Curraghglass that could be mortgaged but the house and wood; being happily fettered by entail, he was compelled to leave them intact. Though his fortune was gone, he retained the extravagant habits which had made him seem reckless even among the wild set he had consorted with. Living in London as much as his regimental duties permitted, he had a house in Mayfair, where he ate strawberries in February and peaches in April. Curraghglass was full of guests during the hunting and shooting season, and at Christmas the old walls rocked again in the hilarity begotten of an insane hospitality. Tom Ffrench would not let Curraghglass. He would stand anything but that—anything but strangers in the house in which he had been born. To traffic in the home of his ancestors; to barter the domestic hearth of the Ffrenches for the money of some mere *parvenu*, some English upstart who would use it for a couple of months when the grouse were on the hills or the hounds hunting past the gates—never! Mr. Anthony Bodkin, the family solicitor, proposed some such arrangement, only to repent his temerity.

"Anything like the look young Ffrench gave me I never beheld. It was as black as that ink, sir." This in detailing the occurrence to Doctor Hagerty, of Clifden, over a humming tumbler of *poteen* punch.

To Barney Joyce was Curraghglass formally handed over by its youthful owner.

"Joyce, I cannot bear to stop here. My mother gone, my friends—bah! What needy wretch has friends? This place is too full of memories, too full of regrets, for me. As long as I live I'll keep it intact; if I die you'll hear of my death. Till then, Barney, you will reside here. Allow no human being inside the walls.

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I speak to you now as if I were my dead father and your captain, Corporal. No person shall pry or peep into the old home. Keep my room always ready for me. You will never know the moment I may return. Give the fruit to Sister Mary Agnes, of the Clares, who attended my darling mother with so much devotion. Let the convent take it all, and all the flowers. I have made arrangements with Mr. Sutcliffe, the manager of the Hibernian Bank at Clifden, so that he will pay you five pounds every month. You are provided for, my faithful *friend*," wringing the hand of the Corporal, who stood erect as if on parade. "God bless you, Joyce! I go now, I do not know whither myself. You will not hear from me, but, please Heaven, you'll see me some day or other. Brace up, old hero! Remember Balaklava!"

Ten years—oh! the magic of ten long years—glided away in summer suns and wintry winds, and the heir of Curraghglass made no sign. "The Corporal," as he was invariably styled in the village of Farranfore, held the fort, obeying the instructions given him with military inflexiblity. In vain did relations and friends of the absent heir apply for admission to Curraghglass; in vain did Mr. Anthony Bodkin, as legal adviser to the family, insist upon making a search for some papers of alleged importance; in vain did tourists offer yellow gold for a peep into the old house, for it was talked of at the sign of the "Broiled Mackerel" and at all the shebeens for miles around; in vain did "swell fishermen" from Ballinahinch, once the property of Dick Martin, but now in the hands of a London company, crave shelter from storm or an abiding place adjacent to the salmon pool, not a thousand yards from the mansion. The Corporal turned a deaf ear to entreaty, gave scorn to bribe and contempt to subterfuge. He resided in a small apartment in the rear giving upon the grass-grown courtyard, and, being a bachelor, lived alone. Every morning he dusted "Master Tom's" room, raked the gravel opposite the entrance, and burnished up the brass knockers. Every day he marched, stiff and erect as though in the Portobello barracks, to the post-office in Farranfore to ask for letters that never came.

"Any letters for Corporal Joyce?" saluting Mrs. Fogarty, the postmistress, military fashion.

"None *to-day*, Corporal," was the invariable reply, with considerable emphasis on the "to-day," thereby gilding the to-morrow with hope.

The Corporal would then march down the village street to the Ffrench Arms, a quaint little hostlery glowing in whitewash and golden thatch, and kept by the widow of a former butler at the big house. Belonging as this lady did to the Ffrenches by virtue of her marriage, with her the Corporal was accustomed to unbend a little, and even to discuss the future of Curraghglass. The good lady—who, it must be told, entertained a sneaking regard for this sun-kissed, grizzly dragoon, Joyce—was about forty, and ever received him, metaphorically speaking, with open arms, placing the Galway *Vindicator*, just arrived by the long car, at his special disposal, and ever so little a "drop of the crayture" to help him on his homeward march. Mrs. Finn went so far as to open negotiations through Pat Mulvey, who drew the "lobster car" to West-

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port, to secure for the delectation of the Corporal a weekly copy of the *Army and Navy Gazette*. This delicate mission was triumphantly accomplished by Pat, who got in "Co." with the servant of Captain Burke, of the Mayo Rifles, then quartered in Westport, and, to the Corporal's intense satisfaction, this Koran of the "gentlemen of the army" became the absolute property of the faithful dragoon, who beguiled many of his lonely hours at Curraghglass in spelling out its manifold and, to him, absorbing contents.

One dark and gloomy November day, about ten years after the departure of Tom Ffrench "for parts unknown," Corporal Joyce strode into the snug little parlor of the Ffrench Arms.

"Any letters to-day, Mister Joyce?" asked the glowing landlady, buxom, fat, fair, and forty. She had put this query every day for the last six years.

"Not to-day, Mrs. Finn."

"Well, mebbe you'll get them tomorrow, Corporal."

"It's not unlikely, ma'am."

"God's good."

The Corporal, drawing a wooden stool close to the fire, gallantly assisted Mrs. Finn in flinging a few sods of turf on the smouldering pile and in sweeping up the white outlying ashes with the wing of a goose.

"It's a lonesome sort of day, Corporal," observed the widow, extracting the Galway *Vindicator* from a hidden recess behind the window-shutter.

"It is, ma'am. It was this sort of a day on the tenth of December, eighteen hundred and sixty-one."

"That was the day—"

"That Master Tom left for parts unknown," interrupted the Corporal.

"I was dreaming about him last night, Corporal," said Mrs. Finn, seating herself on a three-legged stool at the other side of the fire.

"I was dreamin' of his father."

"And the charge," casting her eyes upwards at a smoke-stained illustration of the Ride of Death, cut from the *Illustrated London News*.

"Yes, ma'am, and the charge," slowly filling his short black pipe from a rabbit-skin tobacco-pouch made for him by the fair hands of his companion.

"He's dead now—"

"We rode into the valley of Balaklava at four o'clock on Friday, the twenty-fourth of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-four."

"And this is the—"

"Ninth of November, eighteen hundred and seventy-one. Fifty-four from seventy-one leaves seventeen years. Seventeen years!" repeated the Corporal meditatively. "I'd take me davy it was last week that the captain said to me, 'Joyce,' says he, 'we'll have to ride our level best. We're riding into fire. If I go down, tell them at Curraghglass; if you go down, I'll do the same by you.' He went down, Mrs. Finn, and I'm here."

"A brave man went down, Corporal."

"A Ffrench went down, Mrs. Finn!" said Joyce proudly.

"True for ye, Corporal; there never was a white feather at Curraghglass."

At this moment a shock-headed retainer, thrusting half his body into the apartment, shouted, as though the landlady were on the top of the adjacent hill and he down in the lowermost depths of the valley:

"Missis Finn, ma'am! there's a shay an' pair comin' along the road from Clifden."

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"It's from Rathmor, Mickey."

"Sorra a taste, ma'am. The Rathmor shay is bet up sense the races at Leenane."

"It's from Knocklong, then."

"The major tuk his yoke up to Dublin, an' Paddy McCue along wid it, last Sathurda."

All doubts as to the ownership of the vehicle in question were very rapidly solved, as in the space of a few minutes it came to a standstill opposite the Ffrench Arms.

"Yer for to come out to the quollity, ma'am," announced the shock-headed boy.

"Are they forriners?" All strangers in Connemara come under this category.

"No, ma'am; it's ould Mrs. Ffrinch, av Tollthaghula, an' a beautiful young leddy wid her. Murty Lalor is dhrivin' as bould as a ram, and he knowin' as much about a horse as I do av a steam-ingin."

Mrs. Finn, smoothing her apron, adjusting her cap at a little cracked mirror attached to the window-shutter, was hastily hurrying forth to encounter the occupants of the carriage when the young lady referred to by the "boy" entered the apartment.

"Mrs. Finn?"

"Yes, miss," bobbing a curtsy.

This girl was young and fresh, with soft, dark eyes, a haughty mouth, a *piquante* nose, and wine-colored hair. She was of the middle height, and her figure, despite a cumbrous sealskin jacket, showed "lissome and round." Her eyelashes and teeth caught the observer like a flash, the former sweeping down on her cheeks, the latter glittering like pearls dipped in dew.

Casting a rapid glance round the apartment, her eyes fell upon Joyce, who had risen and was standing, stiff as a ramrod, at attention. A bright smile lighted up her face as, advancing to him, she said in a rich, musical, high-bred voice, with just the faintest *soupçon* of the brogue and a perfume of a foreign tongue:

"You are Corporal Joyce?"

"I am, miss."

"Shake hands, Corporal!" extending a plump little hand. "I am a Ffrench."

The Corporal went through the ceremony as though he were engaged in handling nitro-glycerine.

"I've heard oh! *so* much about you, Corporal, and I'm delighted to meet you. You don't know me? I'll tell you who I am in two seconds. Sit down," seating herself on the stool vacated by Mrs. Finn. "Well, if you prefer to stand, *a votre aise*. You know Tollthaghula, don't you?"

"I do, miss."

"You know Counsellor Ffrench, don't you?"

"Of Dublin, miss?"

"Yes."

"That comes the Connaught circuit?"

"Yes."

"I know him well, miss, and I hope he's well."

"He's quite well, Corporal, thanks, and he is my father. I am down here on a visit to my uncle and aunt at Tollthaghula."

"I've heard tell it's a fine place, miss."

"You must come over and see it, see us, see *me*," she gaily cried.

"It's too far, miss, and I'm on duty."

"I thought you had left the army?"

"On duty at Curraghglass, miss."

"Oh! yes, I've heard all about that and poor Mr. Tom's disappearance. Tell me, Corporal," earnest-

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ly, and clasping her knees with her hands, "*is* he alive, do you think?"

"Alive, miss? Why, of course he is."

"Then you have heard from him?"

"Not a line."

"Yet you say he's alive. Oh! I know you heard of him."

"Not a word."

"Then how can you say he's alive, Corporal?"

"Because, miss, if he was dead I'd have heard the Banshee," with a solemn gravity that smote the girl like the toll of a deep bell.

"Does the Banshee always cry on the death of a Ffrench?" she asked.

"On the death of the heir or the chief of the family only, miss."

The simple dignity of this bronzed and faithful veteran fascinated the young and enthusiastic girl.

Barbara Ffrench was eighteen and motherless. Educated at a convent school in Belgium up to the tips of her rosy fingers, her holidays had been passed in France, Germany, or Italy, since her father, with a laudable desire of killing two birds with one stone, invariably devoted the long vacation to travel; consequently, when he deserted the Liffy for the Rhine, or the Four Courts for the Acropolis, he picked up his daughter by the way, depositing her at school on his return to Dublin and his briefs. In this manner Miss Ffrench had seen a good deal for one so young, had profited by her opportunities, and when she made her *début* at the viceregal court the season prior to my introducing her to the reader she created something akin to a *furore*.

Mrs. Finn had bustled out to the chaise, leaving Barbara Ffrench and the Corporal facing one anothe over the turf-fire.

"Corporal," suddenly cried the girl, "I want ever so much to see Curraghglass."

The Corporal eyed her askance.

"There's no hindrance, miss, in regard to the outside of the house," was his guarded reply.

"But I want to see the interior. Is it a fact that you have Mr. Ffrench's room always ready for him?"

"Always. That was his command."

"And that you live there all alone?"

"All alone, miss."

"And that you will let no person see the house?"

"That was *his* order, miss."

"But you'll let me?"

The Corporal shook his head.

"Not *me?* Why, I'm his kinswoman."

"If you was his wife I couldn't disobey orders," said the Corporal.

Miss Ffrench was only a woman, and when a woman resolves upon gratifying her curiosity, like love, she laughs at locksmiths.

"Surely you are not in earnest, Corporal?"

"That was *his* order," sticking doggedly by his text.

"Mr. Ffrench meant curious, good-for-nothing people, who would merely go to Curraghglass to speak shabbily of it when they get out of ear-shot. He didn't include his kinsfolk."

"He made no exception, miss. Here's his own words: 'If I die,' sez he, 'you'll hear of my death. Till then, Barney, you will reside here. Allow no human being inside the walls. I speak to you now as if I were my dead father and your captain, Corporal.' Them's his own words, Miss Ffrench, and,

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please God, they'll be respected till Barney Joyce is relieved of his guard."

Miss Ffrench was silent for a moment.

"How far is Curraghglass from this, Corporal?" she at length asked.

"Five miles and a little bit, miss, by the road. Across the bog it's a little more nor four."

"Are you going back now?"

"Not till I've finished the Galway *Vindicator*, miss."

"How long will that take you?"

"An hour and a half, miss."

"O my!" she exclaimed in a despairing sort of way, adding, "Never mind," and springing from the three-legged stool, which her skirts sent flying into the turf ashes, she swept out to where the landlady was engaged in gossiping with Mrs. Ffrench.

"Aunt, will you go on for your visit to Clondulane, and pick me up here on your return?"

Mrs. Ffrench naturally inquired the cause of such a request.

"I want to go over to Curraghglass."

"You won't get to see it, miss," chimed in Mrs. Finn.

"Hush! not a word!" half-whispered Barbara, placing her finger to her lips. "I mean to go over and try my luck."

"But Mister Joyce has the keys, and—"

"I don't require any keys. I merely want to see the place that I have been dreaming of since I was rocked to sleep in my cot. I want to peep in at the windows and through the chinks of the doors. I want to see the stronghold of our clan, aunt. It's a fancy, but oh! ever so strong; and I may as well tell you that I will *not* go to Clondulane, if I have to sit here till you return." And Miss Ffrench, suiting the action to the word, crossed her arms and seated herself on a granite boulder by the side of the road.

Mrs. Ffrench elevated her eyebrows. She knew of the passionate longing in the girl's breast to visit Curraghglass, and was loath to chill it by a refusal.

"You could not go alone, Barbara, and I am bound to get over to Clondulane."

"The Corporal will escort me."

"The orderly of the late Captain Ffrench?"

"Yes, auntie, a Bayard in mufti."

"And do you mean to tell me, Barbara, that you would go tramping across the country with a disbanded trooper, who may be anything for aught you know to the contrary?"

"I'll go bail for Mister Joyce," cried Mrs. Finn hotly; "but, lest the young leddy wud be put out of seein' the big house, my niece Biddy will go along wud her. She's a slip of sixteen."

"Mrs. Finn, you are a darling," cried Barbara, jumping to her feet. "Corporal!"

The Corporal started to the door, where he stood grim and erect as the skeleton of the Roman sentinel discovered at Pompei.

"Will you escort me to Curraghglass, and leave the Galway *Vindicator* till this evening, Corporal?"

"To Curraghglass, miss?" And the Corporal looked perplexed. "The outside is—"

"It's the outside I want to see," interrupted the girl almost impatiently.

"Anything you wish me to do inside *his* orders I'll do; but it's a long walk for the likes of you, and—and there's not much to see."

"Who's going to walk it?" de-

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manded Mrs. Finn somewhat sharply. "Here, Mickey, run án' ketch the mare, an' yoke her to me own car this minnit. Run, an' don't let the grass be growing up between your toes."

Thus admonished, the shock-headed youth bounded over a high wall, bounded across a bog, bounded over another wall, bounded over huge granite boulders, and ultimately bounded on to the back of an unsuspecting steed that was peacefully engaged in nibbling such stray patches of grass as dared peep up amongst the tangle of gorse and fern. The car was quickly brought out—a low-backed vehicle with a ponderous well, and wheels not free from the suspicion of hay-bound spokes. Biddy Finn, all smiles and blushes, face and hair shining from the recent application of soap, and attired in her "last Mass" garments, sidled to the car.

"Up wid ye, Biddy, up wid ye, miss! The mare won't stand," cried Mickey.

The girl, with a merry laugh, jumped on to the car, Biddy springing beside her, the Corporal stiffly ascended at the other side, and with a wild whoop, as though in pursuit of a dog-fox, the "gossoon" violently applied a birch twig to the somewhat unwilling mare, and started in a zigzag course *en route* to Curraghglass.

"Tell me all about poor Mister Tom, Corporal," said Barbara Ffrench when they had proceeded a little way. "I want to hear everything."

As a matter of fact, the absent master of Curraghglass was Barbara's hero of romance; she imagined him tall, dark, gloomy, with the melancholy aspect of Edgar of Ravenswood. He was her constant theme of conversation, even in that far-away convent in Belgium, where she would talk about him for hours to her confidant, now imagining him returning to the old ancestral home laden with a lac of rupees—she *would* have it that Tom Ffrench went to India, like Clive and Hastings—every coin of which was to be expended in repurchasing the family estates and in re-establishing the feudal splendor that reigned in the Ffrench stronghold in the olden time. Again she would picture him a broken-down man with dead ashes at his heart, the bitter cup of life drained to the dregs, dragging his worn-out frame to Curraghglass—to die. Barbara was warm, imaginative, enthusiastic, with a passionate faith in all that appealed directly to her sympathies. She had a fresh, unworn heart, with its springs of emotion as yet unsounded, as yet untouched, and to which a shadow bore all the semblance of a dream, a tear all the savor of a luxury. Generous, impulsive, acting in the belief that God's sunshine was for the good, and, with some awful exceptions, that every one was good, Barbara went upon her way, singing like a young bird, timid as a young bird, yet free as a young bird. She had beguiled her aunt into paying a visit of state to a family some twelve miles distant, solely for the purpose of getting a peep at Curraghglass even "in the far off." The accidental meeting with Corporal Joyce caused her to make a desperate attempt at a personal inspection of her Castle of Romance, and her childish delight at having so far accomplished her object scarcely recognized bounds.

The Corporal, nothing loath, leaned respectfully across the car, and during the remainder of the drive

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narrated anecdotes of Tom Ffrench, all more or less of a daring and adventurous character. Fording a mountain stream, he pointed out where the young master, then but a boy, had plunged in to save the life of a drowning lamb at the imminent risk of his own. A turn of the road, and the Corporal stopped the car in order to show Miss Ffrench where their mutual hero—he was just as much of a hero to Joyce as to Barbara—had taken the "big lep" against an English officer who was stopping at the house, and who had bragged at the dinner-table about his own equestrian performances. Here "Master Tom" had landed a ten-pound trout, there he had shot a dozen snipe at an almost impossible range and under the most perplexing conditions. Further on the Corporal marked the exact spot where the heir of Curraghglass had stopped Major Bodkin's runaway, saving the major and his daughter from inevitable death. Every hundred yards, as the car neared the wood, enabled the Corporal to sing the praises of his absent liege, and as the vehicle passed into the grass-grown drive Barbara found herself in possession of a very detailed and truthful sketch of the career of Tom Ffrench up to the period of his absenting himself for "foreign parts unknown."

"And so this is Curraghglass," exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands as she gazed reverently at the splendid old house, its red bricks standing in glorious contrast to the grim, dark wood and the cold gray sky.

"Yes, miss."

"It's a noble building."

"The finest in Connemara, miss."

"Fit for a prince."

"The family is descended, miss, from the kings of Ireland," said the Corporal proudly.

"And those rooks, what a cawing they keep up!"

"They're fine company, miss. What with them birds and Master Tom's clock, no man need be a bit lonesome."

"And you won't let me see the interior?"

"It's against orders, miss."

"One little peep!"

"It goes to the core of my heart to refuse you, miss, but orders is orders." And the Corporal drew himself up as if on parade.

"It's very hard," sighed Barbara.

"Cruel hard, miss," sighed the Corporal; "but," he added, brightening up, "when the master comes back I'll go bail it won't be *his* fault if you don't see plenty of it."

The significance of this remark set the red blood flaming in the girl's face.

"He may never return," she exclaimed, with an attempted light laugh.

"Would ye like to walk round the house, miss?—if ye don't mind a little damp," asked the Corporal.

Barbara sprang from the car.

"May I take this sprig of myrtle? Pshaw!" she exclaimed, "I *will* take it." And advancing to the house, she detached a small sprig from the tree and placed it in her bosom.

"Might I let the baste taste a mouthful av the grass below at the gate, Misther Joyce?" demanded Mickey, who had observed a Crofton apple-tree, laden with tempting-looking fruit, in the immediate locality referred to.

"Certainly, *ma bouchal*," was the Corporal's assent, and the words

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were scarcely off his lips ere Mickey was out of sight.

Barbara, carefully tucking up her skirts, plunged into the long, rank, dank grass that grew around the house, the Corporal preceding her, beating down the matted verdure. She did not give up all hope of visiting the interior, hugging unto herself the motto, *Tout vient à lui qui sait attendre.* She would wait her opportunity, and then seize upon it to win.

"That is the great hall," said the *cicerone;* "them ten windows belongs to it. That's where the champagne and claret has been drunk, as much as would swim a troop-ship. The lord lieutenant has dined in it, and all the quollity from Dublin. It's a splendid room, miss, and full of old family pictures. There's one of the captain in his uniform. I often think it will come out of the frame some night and order boot and saddle. I *know*," added the Corporal in a low whisper, "that when I salute in passin' it nods. I told Father Luke Molloy this, miss, and he only joked me; but it's true as we're standin' here. That little window there with the colored glass is the chapel. O miss! it was in there that the poor captain's missis ran when the news come of the Ride of Death, and it was there that the Lord sent her comfort. May Heaven be her bed this night!" reverentially uncovering. "I'm told she bore it like a soldier's wife, miss; an' shure," added the Corporal, "isn't it a fine thing for any woman to know that her husband died while doing his duty?"

"It is, Corporal," exclaimed Barbara, a mist in her soft brown eyes.

"And when she used to fret, miss ("I was sent home by reason of a couple of scratches"—the brave fellow didn't say how desperately wounded he had been in his noble endeavor to rescue the body of his master, and for which he had been awarded the Victoria Cross with the two effulgent words, "For Valor," emblazoned upon the bronze) I used to say to her: 'Don't give in like that, me lady. The captain died at his post.' And do you know, miss, them few words always helped to brace her up."

"I'm sure they did, Corporal. They were fine, honest, soldier-like words," cried the girl enthusiastically.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, miss. Them two windows over the chapel was her room, miss. It used to be beautiful when the money was plentiful, but she sold everything she could to pay the captain's debts, and there's nothing in it now but the bed she died on and a few other plain things—not so much as a carpet, miss."

"Do you not keep one room always ready for Mr. Tom?"

"I do, miss."

"Which room is that?"

"It's on the south side."

"What do you do to it?" she asked, in the spirit of that feminine curiosity which evolves itself where mankind assumes womanly duties.

"I dust every single thing in it, and put it in the exact spot where it was when he left, so that when he returns he'll find all the same. In winter I light a wood-fire in it every day to keep away the damp."

"Do you use it yourself?"

"Is it *me*, miss?" The look that accompanied the words was a reproach in itself.

"I should like to see it ever so much."

"You can see the window, miss, if you step this way."

They had arrived at what was

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known as the south wing. Here in the olden, golden time stood a fair garden, in which Ffrenches in coats of mail, Ffrenches in buff doublets, Ffrenches in silks and satins and laces, Ffrenches in blue cloth and nankeen, roved 'mid rare and radiant flowers, while the maids, wives, and widows of the haughty race bore them company, vieing with the blossoms in daintiness, beauty, and grace.

"Step here, miss; the ground is a little higher," suggested the Corporal, ushering Barbara to a mound which had been a famous rookery when George the Third was engaged in endeavoring to discover how the apples came into the seamless suet dumplings. This gable of the big house was the sunny side, and much inhabited on account of its warmth and its cheeriness. The shutters on the lower windows, carved as to panels, bore faint traces of gilding; the upper, being in oak as black as ebony with age, imparted a funereal aspect that carried a chill with it. In the centre of the gable on the second story a window, architecturally of later date than the others—it was larger and wider, the panes of glass being of greater size—attracted Barbara's attention.

"What room is that, Corporal?" she asked.

"Which one do you mean, miss?"

"That large—eh—why—" suddenly stopping and clasping her hands together.

"Merciful Heaven!" gasped Corporal Joyce, becoming deadly white, while his eyes seemed as though they would start from their sockets. "That's—that's Master Tom's room, the Lord be good to us!"

As they gazed, their glance riveted upon the window, a noise made itself heard, as of some person endeavoring to unfasten the shutter. Then a bolt creaked and fell; then the shutter swayed in and out, as if being forced to open; then a hand—yes, a hand—appeared, clasping the resisting woodwork; then one panel of the shutter slowly fell back, then the hand pulled open the other—then the whole shutter was flung open.

Barbara instinctively clung to Joyce, a wild, nameless terror in her eyes. The Corporal, who had ridden up to the Russian guns as coolly as though performing some military evolution in the square of the Portobello barracks, shivered, his teeth chattering like a man suddenly ague-stricken. The ghastly apprehension written on his face told its own tale of blood absolutely frozen through indefinable horror.

The shutters being thrown back, a form appeared at the window—a form of a man. The Corporal swayed forward; the form swayed forward; a hand beckoned. A light that is seldom seen on sea or land illumined the features of the faithful veteran as, raising his hand in military salute, he hoarsely gasped, in a voice stifled with one great sob, "Master Tom, Master Tom! God in heaven be thanked!" and, plunging wildly in the direction of the rear of the house, disappeared.

Barbara Ffrench burst into tears, the outcome of the terrible tension of the last few moments. Was ever fiction equal to this? Was ever romance so rose-colored or sensational? She sobbed and cried, and smiled through her tears like a sunbeam in a shower; the great hope had been realized at last, her day-dream had fulfilled the awakening, the heir of Curraghglass had

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returned to enjoy his own again, and the old house would again be honored as the stronghold of the Ffrenches. She never paused to ask herself in what condition Tom Ffrench had arrived; whether he returned to take up his state and dignity at Curraghglass or to seek asylum at the Knocklandheen workhouse; whether he came to pay a flying visit for the purpose of selling off the old home or to raise money by an *ad misericordiam* appeal to the clan. No; Tom Ffrench was here in the flesh, here to revive the decayed glories of Curraghglass, here to represent the blood of a family whose ancestry was lost in the obscurity of a remote antiquity, and to sit upon the shoddy and mushroom element that was spreading itself right and left and centre, by virtue of its Saxon gold, in the blue-blooded haunts of Connemara.

What an extraordinary coincidence! How passing strange that she should be there when the master of Curraghglass returned to unfurl his pennant over the lordly keep! Should she retire? The car was still in the avenue. Her presence was in no way required, and might be regarded as an intrusion. She could easily steal away, and—"And no one of his kin to bid him welcome," she thought. "Shame upon me for delaying it so long!"

She followed the path by which the Corporal had disappeared, and, tracing his footprints, found herself at an open door, having descended the moss-covered stone steps used by the faithful Joyce; then she knocked timidly, but, on receiving no response, she entered. The passage was dark and chill, while a damp, vault-like air clung to it. Groping her way, she reached a stone staircase, up which she stumbled, until she found herself in a large vestibule; this led into a corridor fairly lighted, that in turn brought her to the great hall, which was square, the walls being panelled in oak. A few rusty spears, with bannerets of cobwebs, stood against the entrance. Two suits of armor festooned by the loom of the spider, a stag's head, a great oaken settee muffled in two inches of dust, a rack in which reclined half a dozen old-world muskets, the helmet and cuirass of a French dragoon jauntily suspended against an oaken pillar, and an immense table, occupied this feudal-looking apartment. Barbara paused. Ought she to proceed further? A great oaken staircase led to an oaken gallery; from the gallery doors gave in all directions. On the dust of the stairs she could trace the corporal's feet, and beside them those of the master of Curraghglass, small and exquisite in shape. She ascended, and, following the footmarks, entered a passage on the left of which a burst of sunlight revealed the room so carefully tended by the faithful sentinel, who evidently had made use of the grand staircase in the forgetfulness begotten of the fierce whirl of the moment. The sound of voices told her that Tom Ffrench and the Corporal were closeted together.

"Shall I break in upon them?" was her thought. "Is it fair?" And then came the all-absorbing desire to bid her kinsman welcome to his old home. She advanced, her heart palpitating almost audibly, and stood in the doorway. With his back to the light was a man of medium height, poorly if not shabbily attired, his bronzed features bearing the indelible stamp of high and gentle lineage. At

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first she was struck by a something excessively severe, and even hard, in his face—in the semi-aquiline nose, the immense moustaches and beard, and eyes very black and very calm. There was nothing reassuring in this cold exterior, but the slightest smile diffused itself like sunlight, imparting an atmosphere of gladness that courted confidence. His voice was singularly sweet and melodious, and it was more or less of a surprise to Barbara to hear this music issuing from behind those terrible moustaches.

The Corporal was standing opposite his master, the tears leaping from his joyous eyes on to his great grizzly moustache, and eventually gliding down his coat-collar.

"I told you I would come back, Joyce, and here I am."

"Oh! but this is a day for Curraghglass, Master Tom. I don't care how soon the roll is called now, sir, once I let in the daylight to the old house. I can't believe it's true, sir; I can't believe it's true," fairly breaking down, although as erect and motionless as if he were on duty at Dublin Castle.

"I've come back, Joyce, to the old home, and—" here, suddenly perceiving Barbara, he stopped short.

"To which I bid you *Cead mille failthe*, Tom Ffrench," cried the girl, springing forward and clasping both his hands in hers.

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed the master of Curraghglass. "They are the sweetest sounds I ever heard in my whole life."

"*I* never gave you up," continued the girl, "when they all said you had gone to the bad."

"Did they say that?" he asked with a smile.

"They did, and they said you had committed suicide; and a horrible attorney came to papa and consulted him about putting this place into Chancery. Wasn't it lucky I was home in Dublin when that happened? Papa told it to me, for he knew the interest I took in you—I mean—" with a deep blush—"in—in the family and the old estate; and I said to him: 'Papa, Tom Ffrench will come back, and don't let that man touch a stick or stone of Curraghglass." And papa laughed and said he wouldn't; and here you are, and God bless you!" And Miss Barbara Ffrench, in the fresh and glorious enthusiasm of her nature, began to sob and smile and blush alternately, till she looked like a beautiful rosebud covered with sunshine and dew.

"This *is* worth coming home for," cried Ffrench, in a voice that quivered despite his effort to carry off the word home in a cough.

"Tell me all about yourself. You were in India, of course, and—but, oh! dear me, you don't know who I am; and oh! what must you think of me."

"I *do* want to know who you are; my thoughts about you and your gracious, golden welcome are already registered here," placing his hand gracefully across his heart.

"I am your cousin a thousand times removed. I am the daughter of Mervyn Ffrench, the Queen's Counsel, brother of Robert Ffrench of Tollthaghula."

"My poor father's best friend," exclaimed Tom.

"I'm stopping at Tollthaghula now. My aunt drove over to visit at Clondulane, and we halted at the Ffrench Arms. There I met this dear old faithful soldier, this Cor-

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poral Trim, who wouldn't depart from his path of duty even for *me*. I wanted to see Curraghglass. My aunt went on to Clondulane, and I came over here with the Corporal. I suppose you have written me down as a forward, fast young lady. I am not. To see Curraghglass has been a dream of my life; to see you back has been a dream of my life. Is there not something awfully strange at my coming to-day of all days, and at this hour of all hours? Now you know all about me, tell me, Cousin Tom—though you are *not* my cousin—tell me where on earth you have been."

"Alas! my fair kinswoman, I have but little to say. Do not go, Corporal. *You* must do matron," to Joyce, who was about to leave.

"What a *soufflet* for poor *me!*" exclaimed Barbara; "but I am not so much to blame as you would imagine, Mr. Ffrench. I *did* secure the services of a chaperone, a Miss Bridget Finn, niece to the landlady of the Ffrench Arms. She accompanied me in the car, and is at present, no doubt, enjoying a fierce flirtation with our charioteer—not that Barbara Ffrench need defend herself *à outrance* in the halls of Curraghglass!" haughtily if not defiantly.

"Do not flare up, you thorough Irish girl," laughed Tom. "I am not much in love with what the French term *les convenances*, but when a young, and may I not say—well, I won't—an *interesting* girl is in question, the iron fetters of conventionalism cannot be too strongly put in force. However, this is no time for lecture or homily. You wish to know what I have been doing with myself for these ten long years. As a Ffrench you have a right to know; so if you will kindly plant yourself in that yawning chair, a family vault, I will tell you a strange story."

Barbara flung herself into an old-fashioned chair of a brocade that might have rustled as the train of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough.

Tom Ffrench, seating himself opposite, and passing his hand once or twice across his forehead, as if to recall the exact date at which to commence, began as follows:

"When my poor mother died I was indeed alone in the world. I was a gilded beggar in the old house here. We had but two followers, when in the olden time they could be counted by the score—the Corporal here, and a good, faithful creature who actually faded away with the splendor of Curraghglass. I resolved upon one thing—and now that I look back upon that time, it seems to me that I only resolved upon one thing—and that was to leave this place, to shut it up, hermetically seal it, and go I knew not whither, and, indeed, I did not care. I went, and with two hundred pounds in my pocket started for India."

"I said so," interrupted Barbara, clapping her hands in a sort of childish rapture.

"At Calcutta I dropped upon a Ffrench; but, alas! he was poorer than I, and he made *me* poorer still by borrowing one-half of my little fortune. I had no profession, no trade, no calling. I was a waif and a stray upon the ocean of life, with just a little golden air left to me to keep afloat ere I sank out of sight for ever. With Ffrench I went 'up country,' as it is termed, and, finding an old friend of the family at a small town called Sunderbund, I resolved to pitch my tent there, and, acting under his advice, to trade with my remaining

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seventy pounds. I won't trouble you with the details of the business I entered into, its gains and its losses—suffice it to say that I managed to exist; and feeling a terrible gnawing at my heart to see the old home once more, and to ascertain if amongst the many friends of the family, all more or less wealthy, I could raise a few hundred pounds to start me again, I am here, poorer by two hundred sovereigns than when I left."

"And that lac of rupees?" exclaimed Barbara involuntarily, her fair young face bathed in sadness.

"What lac of rupees?" he asked.

"Oh! it was only a fancy of mine. I imagined that you would come back wealthy and—but," she added, holding out her hand, "you *are* back, and that is something—everything! You won't stop here all by yourself? You'll come over to Tollthaghula; my uncle will be delighted to see you."

Ffrench shook his head gravely.

"Just tell your uncle that I have come back penniless, and see what his tone will be. Just tell your uncle that I am endeavoring to borrow money, and see what his tone will be!" This in a sternly bitter tone that caused the girl almost to shudder.

"My uncle is generous, hospitable, and good, and I'm sure you will only have to hint and have."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, "we shall see."

Miss Ffrench earnestly begged her kinsman to return with her, and at least to escort her to the inn, where he could pay his devoir to her aunt; but with no success—the very mention of a meeting with his relatives seeming to freeze and harden him.

"Then I must go. The daughter of a lawyer, I have lost my first case."

"Not through lack of earnestness and ability."

"Then why do I not succeed?"

"You haven't the court with you," he laughed.

"What do you propose to do?"

"To live my own life for a few weeks here, and then *sale Dios*."

"But you will be here for some time?"

"Yes—yes," reluctantly.

"Till Christmas?"

"Yes, till Christmas. Imagine what my Christmas will be in this house, which used to rock with revelry. It is just as it should be, though. We were improvident. We sowed the wind, and we have reaped the whirlwind. You and I, Corporal, will keep up the festivities of Christmas."

"Certainly, sir," responded Joyce, with as little of a festive tone in the words as the utterances of a fashionable undertaker while conducting the arrangements at a funeral

"You will *not* pass Christmas here alone," cried Barbara, stamping her feet; "you and the Corporal must come over to Tollthaghula. Why, there's not a Ffrench in all Connemara that will not endeavor to get you, Cousin Tom; so please to remember that *I* am first."

"I forget nothing."

"That is no promise."

A dark shadow flitted across his face as he replied:

"Miss Ffrench, I will make no promises. In the first place, a pauper is a poor Christmas guest."

"O bother!"

"In the next place my garments, as you may perceive, are very faded."

"What does that matter?" she burst in; "it is only mushrooms and shoddy people who shine in clothes because they cannot shine any other way."

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"Then my spirits are very much below proof, and on that day the ghost of the past will solemnly walk in Curraghglass."

"I wish I was a man, and I'd come over with a led horse, fling you on its back, and ride away with you."

"I wouldn't have you a man for ten thousand of those lacs of rupees you spoke of just now," his dark eyes glowing in so strange a way as to cause Barbara to lower her lids, while roses rich and red flung their petals over her sweet young face.

"*Au revoir*," she said. "I never say adieu."

"Will you not permit me to escort you to the car? It must be by the back way—I mean postern; it sounds much better—as I do believe the front door will not open without the aid of the village blacksmith."

They descended the oaken stairs side by side.

"What an admirable carpet the dust makes, Miss Ffrench!" he laughed. "I felt like Robinson Crusoe when I discovered my own bootmark in its depths. It is so soft, so smooth, so velvety, and, better than all, leaves me the impression of your dainty foot."

Barbara made no response. She felt hurt, irritated, wronged by his persistent refusal, and, although his gallant and pretty speech was not lost upon her, it fell on soil that just at that particular moment was dried up by the scorchings of anger.

"These coats of mail used to be my terror when a boy, my pride when older, as within each of them a Ffrench gave up the ghost like a lobster in its shell. I regard them now from a purely commercial point of view, and speculate how much they will fetch under the hammer of the auctioneer."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Barbara, stopping suddenly and facing him. "You are not going to have an auction here?"

"*Il faut vivre pour manger, et manger pour vivre*," was his mocking response.

She bit her lips hard, almost till the blood came.

"There is neither chivalry nor romance in poverty, Miss Ffrench," said Tom gravely. "Octave Feuillet romanticized a poor young man. Do you happen to know any heiress with whom I could shut myself up in the ivied tower here, and fling myself off to save her name and fame? If you do, please invite her here; but I must have every feather-bed in Curraghglass—I doubt if there is one—placed at the foot of the tower to break the fall."

They had reached the courtyard.

"If I had a silken cloak I would, Walter-Raleigh-like, cast it beneath your feet to pass you safely over this Slough of Despond, Miss Ffrench; but as I have but one coat I must needs be careful of it, even at the expense of the chivalry of my house."

This tone of banter cruelly lacerated the girl. She saw in it the inner, hardened despair of the impoverished man, whose pride betrayed itself in scornful pleasantries. Oh! how she pitied him, and how she longed to be able to throw a golden rope to the master of that noble mansion.

When they arrived at the gate it was to find the driver of the car perched in the topmost branches of the apple-tree, and Miss Biddy Finn standing beneath with a widespread apron.

"I did *not* think it was in the

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power of any person to rob me, but I find I am mistaken. What ho! young sir," to the appalled Mickey. "I am a justice of the peace for this county, and let me tell you that if you leave a single apple on that tree I'll have you up for every crime in the calendar. And so you are the niece of my whilom blooming friend Mrs. Finn," taking Biddy's chin in his hand and turning up the child's intelligent face. "Tell her that Tom Ffrench—no, tell her nothing," he added, a shadow, *the* shadow, descending upon him like a cloud.

"Will you not have another wrap, Miss Ffrench? Surely there is some tapestry still hanging on the walls that—"

"You are cruel," said the girl, a mist of unshed tears in her eyes.

He gazed at her earnestly for a moment. She was seated on the car, and taking her hand, his voice low, and sweet, and solemn, he said:

"For your gracious courtesy and your words of welcome I thank you from my heart, my cousin. I am bankrupt even in thanks. Believe me, your visit here has contributed a ray of sunshine to my life that will not lightly pass away. We shall meet again." And bowing with a stately grace, he swept grandly away, while the Corporal, jumping on the car, told Mickey to drive on.

The day but one subsequent to Barbara Ffrench's visit to Curraghglass Mrs. Finn was entertaining a Mrs. Duffy, the wife of a "warm" farmer, with a cup of real Dublin tea and a gossip anent the "young masther" at the "big house."

"The Corporal kem in, ma'am," observed the landlady to her friend, "an' sez he, 'Mrs. Finn,' sez he, I'll want yer car,' sez he.

"'Yer welkim to it, sir,' sez I, as indeed he was, ma'am—a nicer man never marched to glory."

"A fine form av a man," added Mrs. Duffy.

"Thrue for ye, ma'am."

"An' with an eye in his head av his own."

"Such an eye as it is!—soft as a cow's or dartin' like a raven's. He's a very shupayrior man, Mrs. Duffy. Well, anyhow, when I sez, 'Yer welkim to the car,' he ups and sez, 'I want for to be dhruv over to Cupparoe station.'

"'Is it to the train, Corporal?' sez I.

"'Yes, ma'am,' sez he.

"'Yer not goin' for to lave us?' sez I, me heart undher his feet—I mane me own feet, Mrs. Duffy.

"'Only for a few days,' sez he.

"'Is The Ffrench goin'?' sez I.

"'He is, ma'am,' sez the Corporal; an' that's all I could get out of him. Well, Mrs. Duffy, they left this last night for to ketch the mail-train, an' Mickey, that dhruv them, sez he heard The Ffrench talking of Curraghglass all the time—of the house and the hall, and the rooms, and the furniture in them, and the stables, an' all that—so I'm afraid, Mrs. Duffy, that The Ffrench is goin' to sell the old place, an' if he does it will be a black day for Connemara."

A few days, and the news reached the Ffrench Arms that Curraghglass was sold, that the old house was to cover the old family no more. There was consternation on every face in the chapel-yard at Kilbride when, after last Mass, the grim and sorrowful tidings came to be discussed.

"I cannot believe it, Father James," said Mr. Ffrench, who had driven over his niece from Tollthaghula for the purpose of paying

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his respects at Curraghglass, and who had heard Mass in Father James Blake's romantically-situated little chapel *en route.*

"I *won't* believe it," observed the priest.

Barbara said nothing.

"Will you permit me to offer you a seat in my carriage, Father James? I want to see The Ffrench, as we call him, and to have a little quiet chat with him."

"I'll go over with pleasure. I would have called on Tuesday, but I heard he had gone away."

"Away?" exclaimed Barbara, becoming very pale.

"To Dublin, my child. He took his *fidus Achates* with him. Mrs. Finn's car rolled them over to Capparoe station, and their conversation, as reported by Mickey, the gossoon who drove, was all about the sale of the house."

"Then it must be true," groaned Mr. Ffrench, Q.C.

"I won't believe it," persisted Father James.

On arriving at Curraghglass intense was the disappointment of all to find every door barred, every window bolted.

"I'll shove my card under the door," observed Mr. Ffrench. "Stay! I'll write a line on the back of it." And he wrote as follows: "Dear Ffrench, welcome home. My niece has told me something. Don't fail to come to me at once; all will be right."

Barbara was silent the entire way back to Kilbride.

"What ails my singing bird?" asked Father James.

"I detest to be disappointed—I mean I hate long drives," was Miss Ffrench's explanation. Was it satisfactory?

"The poor chap wants a few hundred, Father James—at least so he tells Barbara—and he shall have them with a heart and a half, but not if he lets some English snob into the old home—not a half-penny, by George!"

When the Corporal next made his appearance at the Ffrench Arms a more woebegone specimen of military humanity it would be scarcely possible to depicture. He strode into the little parlor, and, moodily seating himself by the fire, commenced to smoke in silence. Mrs. Finn, who had waited to don a clean cap and apron, bustled in shortly after, and appeared to be overcome with surprise at his unexpected arrival.

"Mercy me! is this you, Corporal?"

"It's me, ma'am."

"When did you get back?"

"This morning."

"Is The Ffrench at Curraghglass?"

"He is."

"Tell me," in a sort of confidential whisper, "is the news that's goin' true, Corporal Joyce?" (she pronounced it Jice).

"What news, Mrs. Finn?"

"That—that there's to be a change in th' old house."

The Corporal sighed deeply as he exclaimed, "Too true, ma'am."

Mrs. Finn applied her apron to her eyes, and after a copious fit of weeping, during which the Corporal grimly smoked, and rocking herself backwards and forwards, she asked between sobs:

"Can nothin' be done at all, at all?"

The Corporal shook his head.

"*Wirra, wirra!* th' old family gone that was there sence the Flood. An' shure, although The Ffrench *was* away, we knew he was alive, an' we had Curraghglass to take pride out of; but now—" And

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again the tender-hearted landlady indulged in a prolonged fit of wailing.

"Who's got it?" she huskily demanded from behind the corner of her apron.

"An Indian friend of the master's."

"What's his name?"

"Arrah! who cares about his name?" retorted the Corporal.

"True enough, then. Will he soon take possession, Mister Jice?" asked the widow, hoping for a long day.

"Before Christmas, ma'am."

"Och, murther! but this is cruel hard news that yer tellin' me, Corporal."

"Hard enough, Mrs. Finn."

"An'—an'—an'—wh-wha-what's to be-become of ye-ye-you, Mister Jice?"

The Corporal cast a longing, wistful, yearning glance at her as he replied:

"There's no tellin', ma'am."

The widow started to her feet, held her apron up to her eyes, and, without trusting herself to another word, rushed out of the apartment.

"A dacent, tidy, respectable, feeling little woman," muttered the Corporal, "and would make a splendid wife for some young fellow or other."

The new proprietor of Curraghglass lost no time in setting to work to light up the old mansion. A small army of carpenters, painters, and masons came down from Dublin, being the employés of the foremost firms in that city. Every room in the Ffrench Arms was at a discount, and although Mrs. Finn, to use her own expression, was "coining," as she told the Corporal, "every bit they ate an' every sup they drink goes dead agen me. An' as for their money, I'm afraid there's no luck in it."

"Take it anyhow," was the warrior's sage advice.

"It must make ye feel awful to be there an' to see them dress up the old place for a forriner, Mister Jice," observed the widow one day.

"It does make me feel quare."

"I hear that the house is beginnin' to look like a picture."

"You must come over and see it."

"Is it *me?* No, no, Corporal. I'll never set me foot in it till the Ffrenches have it again."

In good sooth Curraghglass began to glow both inside and out. The red bricks were faced and pointed, the carved stonework cleaned and repaired, the magnificent portico almost replaced, the pleasaunce replanted, the courtyard repaved, the stables refitted with the newest thing in loose boxes, the coach-houses rendered fit for the reception of the state carriage of the Lord Mayor of Dublin; while within the house panels were polished, floors planed and waxed, faded hangings superseded by the richest damask, the great hall fitted up, the armor shining again, the staircases and corridors laid down with Aubusson carpet. Mirrors were uncarted "the size av the lake below," and furniture such as Eastlake dreamed of in his most æsthetic moments came down by special train to Capparoe, and were conveyed across the country, till the *cortége* resembled "Mike Malony's funeral, whin they sint the corpse all the way from Liverpool beyant," which was Larry Dillon's description to Father James Blake.

"Is himself—The Ffrench—over beyant at Curraghglass?" demanded Mrs. Finn of the Corporal.

"He is; it's part of the bargain that he sees everything put to rights."

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"How does he stand it, avic?"

"Fair enough."

"Wisha! but if I was him I'd rather fast on a salt herrin' an' a potato than do the like o' that."

The Corporal shook his head, but said no word.

Tom Ffrench duly received the card of his kinsman.

"What a glorious girl she is!" he muttered. "True to her instincts, true to her faith in the Ffrenches. I'll go over to Tollthaghula. It's ten Irish miles and a little bit—a long walk, but a lovely one. I know every inch of the road. I'll go over to-morrow. It's due to my kinsman; it's due to *her*."

My hero, with a stout wattle of mountain-ash in his hand, presented himself at Tollthaghula upon the following day. His reception by Mrs. Ffrench, who had caught a whisper of her husband's intended generosity, was the reverse of gushing.

"Don't you think it would have been better for you to have remained in India than to have spent so much money in coming home?" she tartly observed.

"It was a fancy."

"Poor people should not indulge in fancies. What are you going to do?"

"I do not exactly know."

"Now, Mr. Ffrench, I want to tell you something, and I'm glad I saw you. I was going to write to you. You asked Miss Barbara Ffrench for money."

He sprang to his feet, the great veins in his forehead swelling; scorn, anger, mortification, all struggling for mastery in his handsome face.

"Did *she* tell *you* so?" the words grinding themselves between his teeth.

"No. She told her uncle."

"That I asked her for money?"

"Well, not exactly that way. Don't get so excited, my good friend."

"I am not your good friend. I am not your friend at all, madam," he haughtily cried, and drawing himself up to his full height; "I now *desire* to know what it pleased Miss Ffrench to say about me."

"What she said was this," cried his hostess, considerably astonished: "that you were awfully poor, and that you wanted money—"

"From *her?*" he burst in.

"Oh! no, not from her, but from your friends, or something to that effect."

"Your explanation makes all the difference, madam."

"I can't see that, since the money is hers," was Mrs. Ffrench's angry retort.

"Hers! Miss Ffrench's!" a great joy lighting up every feature.

"Yes; she has eight hundred pounds in right of her poor mother, and she is silly enough to propose to give it to you. Now, if you have a spark of manhood you'll—"

"I'll take it."

"You'll *what?*" almost screamed the lady.

"I'll take Miss Ffrench's gift, and be very thankful for it."

At this moment Barbara, all blushes and smiles of welcome, entered the apartment.

"This is a step in the right direction," she said, giving Ffrench both hands. "You've come to stop?" looking askance at her aunt, who frowned warningly.

"Certainly," he gaily responded.

Mrs. Ffrench rose and brusquely quitted the apartment.

"Miss Ffrench—Barbara!" he

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said the instant the door was closed, "I have heard of *your* generosity—your insane generosity."

"Oh! who *could* have told you?" burying her face in her hands.

"Never mind. How I value it no word may say. I may not need the money. One of the Frenches has plenty, and he is willing to share with me."

"I—I hope this is true."

"Upon my honor. I rather startled your aunt by saying I would take your money—and it is no wonder. Do you think I would?"

What she would have answered may not be written, as Mr. Ffrench plunged into the room.

"Glad to see you, Tom," he roared. "So like your poor father! Come to stop? That's right. Barbara, here, can talk of no one else."

"Uncle—"

"It's a fact. Now tell me all about yourself and your affairs. I have a reason for wishing to know. You want money, but I tell you fair and square that not a half-penny will you get from me—ahem! with my consent," looking hard at his niece—"if you part with Curraghglass."

Tom Ffrench was silent, as though struggling with some fierce hidden emotion.

"Is the place gone from the Ffrenches? Has any deed been signed?"

"None."

"Is it too late? Who has bought the place? Will he forego his bargain, Tom?"

Ffrench shook his head.

"Is he avaricious, and will a hundred or two buy him off?"

"Or five, or eight?" added Barbara.

Tom Ffrench took his kinsman's hand.

"I need a sound head to advise me," he said. "Will you come over to Curraghglass, say on Wednesday next?"

"I will, Tom; and don't conclude anything till then."

"And you, Miss Ffrench, may I hope to see you at Curraghglass? It may be for the last time," turning tenderly and sorrowfully towards her.

"I'll go, if I have to walk there," said Barbara with considerable decision. "Curraghglass *must* be saved."

"Be prepared to tell me everything, Tom. Half-confidence is no confidence."

"You shall know everything on Wednesday."

"Why, Wednesday, Wednesday!—bless my soul! Wednesday will be Christmas day."

"I knew it," said the other, with a sad smile, "and that is why I ask you over—to light up the old home, even if for one brief moment."

"You'll come back with me, Tom?"

"I'll make no promise."

It was Christmas day, bright and bracing. The snow lay on the pleasaunce at Curraghglass, wrapping it in a seamless shroud of virgin white. The noble old mansion blushed rosy red, seemingly in sympathy with that stereotyped ecstasy which this season ever and ever brings forth. The great fireplace in the entrance-hall burnt its yule-log—a log that sparkled bravely, sending its myriad sparks hither and thither, and causing the suits of armor to flash like mirrors in the sun. Tom Ffrench paced up and down the hall, pausing now and then as if to detect some approach-

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ing sounds. He was flushed, and a certain nervousness of movement betrayed a banked-up excitement ready at any moment to burst forth in some strange and unaccountable manner. The Corporal, silent and respectful, stood in a deep embrasured window, his face turned in the direction of the snow-covered avenue.

"The carriage from Tollthaghula, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Joyce.

"At last!" bounding to the window. "I—I don't see any one but Mr. Ffrench," in a tone of deadly disappointment.

"There's a feather over the back seat, sir."

When the carriage pulled up with a jerk Tom Ffrench went forth to meet it. Barbara was to the fore, all seal-skin and smiles and blushes.

"Eh! what's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Ffrench as they entered the hall. "Why, the whole place is done up new. A new lamp for an old one! What's the meaning of this?"

"The work of the new man," said the host.

"Then — then Curraghglass is gone from the Ffrenches for ever," sobbed Barbara, flinging herself upon an oaken settee and bursting into tears.

"It has *not* gone from the Ffrenches for ever," cried Tom in a full, firm, and ringing voice. "It never was so strongly gripped by the iron hand, our family crest, as it is to-day. Listen to me, Miss Ffrench," seating himself beside her, and in reply to a mute, appealing glance of intense astonishment. "I left this a pauper, I returned to it a wealthy man."

"The lac of rupees!" hysterically exclaimed Barbara.

"Yes, with a lac. When I reached Sunderbund the diamond mania was at its beginning. I plunged into it, speculating and speculating, until at length I found myself one of the largest diamond dealers in the presidency. The fever of getting rich was upon me, and it knew no bounds. I never thought of returning, never gave a thought to the old home, knowing it was safe and secure. The fever died out, and *then* my heart turned to Curraghglass. I came back secretly, the wounds which my pride had received when as a pauper lad I left it bleeding afresh. I returned in order to convert it into a shooting-box, and to recognize none of my kith and kin. Your *Cead mille failthe*, my precious kinswoman," taking her hand, "not only calmed my wounded spirit but sowed seeds that—that—yes," he added, "why should I hesitate to permit the words to leap from my heart?"—oh! how Barbara blushed with beautiful shame whilst he uttered in a deep, low tone—"your words of welcome sowed seeds that I trust in God will bear the beauteous blossoms of hope."

Barbara's eyes met his. What did he read there? What did he glean from that electric glance? After a pause, during which his very senses reeled, he resumed:

"I resolved to preserve my aspect of pretended poverty, and to cause it to be whispered in the county that Curraghglass was to be sold. This enabled me to have the dear old home renovated and fitted up with at least something of its ancient comfort. Your generosity, my kinswoman—but I will not say one word more, unless—" And he bent low, while he whispered a few burning words that it were useless to write.

"Step this way, Sergeant," cried Mr. Ffrench, promoting Joyce on

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the spot. "I want to see some of the improvements."

When Christmas came round again The Ffrench and Madame, as the peasantry loved to style Barbara, held high and mighty revelry in the old halls of Curraghglass. The heir, aged two months, was christened by Father James Blake, and, to the extreme delight and astonishment of the servants' hall, Corporal Joyce, at the request of his wife, the late Mrs. Finn, sang a song of his own composition, entitled "Christmas at Curraghglass."

EPIPHANY.

WHAT gifts, O Christian men! bring ye to-day
Before this Majesty of Love to lay,
This tender little Child,
Of Mother undefiled,
This royal prince from kingly realm astray?

"Glory to God!" afar the angels cry,
Earth's new-found bliss proclaiming in the sky—
Peace be from any ill
To men of gentle will:
He lives on earth that longs for love to die.

His own reject him; shall not pity move
Your hearts their loyal service now to prove?
Of kingdom dispossessed,
His throne his Mother's breast,
His crown her arms encircling him with love.

Cold lies the earth beneath its Infant King;
On icy boughs no bird doth sit and sing;
Glory of stars o'erhead
Seems but to light the dead—
So white the ways with winter-blossoming.

Men disesteem him, lieth dumb his earth,
And Calvary's woe is his e'en at his birth—
Poor little exiled King!
Have ye no gifts to bring,
Of love no hoarded treasure in this dearth?

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Kings bend before him, angels all adore,
His Mother's heart with glory bathes him o'er;
Still, with sweet discontent,
In this strange banishment
His little hands outstretched your gifts implore.

Lo! ye are princes and should treasure bring
Worthy your heirship with this mighty King,
This well-belovèd One,
God's sole-begotten Son,
This Sun of Justice earth illumining.

A little lower than the angels, ye
Should lift your voices in strong harmony,
Chanting this royal birth:
"Glory to-day on earth
To Him that is, that was, that e'er shall be."

Bring to him tribute as your sovereign Lord,
Let prayer's pure incense be unstinted poured,
And sorrowing minister
The bitter drops of myrrh—
Unfailing presence in love's earthly hoard!

Bring him the love your hearts do keep for him,
The faith no shadowing clouds of ill can dim;
Lay humbly at his feet
The sorrow he makes sweet,
The penitence effacing sin's false gleam.

Such gifts your royal Brother's hands shall bless,
And in your arms, who him in truth confess,
His Mother dear shall place
This little King of Grace,
That so your hearts him evermore possess.

So cleanse your hearts to give him place to-day,
Yourselves the dearest gift that ye can lay
Before this mighty Child
Of Mother undefiled,
Dawn-star, true herald of Eternal Day!

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TECHNICAL EDUCATION.*

THE defect of present popular education which strikes an observer as the most serious is not so much the inefficiency of the teaching supplied and received as the distaste generated at school for future work. The first is a defect that can be remedied by intelligent study and self-education subsequent to leaving school, but the latter breeds a habit of indolence and shiftlessness which is seldom got rid of later in life, and which, even if got rid of after several years, leaves the individual behindhand in the race, and all but useless when he does wake up to the consciousness of the waste of half a lifetime. That this distaste for work, manual labor, exists is proved by the constant straining after positions supposed to involve "gentility," and the overstocking of the country with inexperienced hands anxious for situations as clerks, waiters, shop-boys—anything, in fact, not requiring definite and special training. The same class, failing these appointments, has to be content with even lower and less innocent situations, and the liquor-saloons, the billiard-rooms, the gambling-dens, the hotel-offices, the beer-gardens, recruit their employés chiefly from among this crudely-educated population. In New York this element is swelled again by a large accession of emigrants, foreigners of a class somewhat above laborers, who consider a store as much the height of fashion as an Englishman does the civil service, and, having been brought up to desultory employment at home, usually find their level as bartenders in the first American city in which they are stranded. Doubtless the other large Atlantic cities can show much the same element. The same evil exists in France and in Germany, and, we believe, no less in England. M. Salicis, a pupil of the Paris Polytechnic School, and a "cantonal delegate," who has studied the question of education in France, and is prominently interested in several newly-instituted reforms and experiments, says:

> "These little boy and girl bureaucrats, 'contrabands' from real labor, without having been consulted, will naturally come to the end of their schooling with only one fear before them—*i.e.*, that of being forced to become workmen and workwomen—but with one wish also: the boys to become clerks, the girls shop-women. Hence this undefined, floating, and overstocked class of book-keepers, cashiers, pedlars, agents, clerks, with a thousand qualifications, scorning the cap and blouse for the sake of broadcloth and 'chimney-pots'; and the corresponding class, still more to be pitied, of 'young ladies,' often with no shop, and some with the coveted bonnet, but how procured? . . ."

The race for certificates or "diplomas" in the common schools for girls fosters this unhealthy straining after outward "gentility," which generally ends either in shame or starvation. While the wages of the ordinary domestic servant in Paris are from between thirty and forty francs (six to eight dollars) a month, the girls who consider themselves too good for service are obliged to take thankfully from three to four dollars for a

* *Enseignement Primaire et Apprentissage.* G. Salicis, Ancien Elève de l'Ecole Polytechnique, Délégué Cantonal. 2ème édition. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher, 33 Rue de Seine. 1878.

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day's teaching in small private schools, where they are further expected to be dressed like ladies. Sometimes a slight luncheon is added to this salary.

In this shiftless condition the working-classes have, singularly enough, fellow-sufferers from the highest classes, the intermediate strata of society being technically the best taught and the best prepared. The Franco-Prussian war has made it necessary for many young French men and women formerly in assured circumstances to work for their living. The death of the head of a family, and the consequent cessation of income, salary, pension, or annuity, according to his status as a clergyman, an army or navy officer, a government or merchant's clerk, puts hundreds of young persons in the same plight every month in England; and in the United States, though this occurs less often, the equivalent is not unknown. The persons thus forced to look for immediately remunerative employment have, in almost every case, been trained to no business or trade, and are simply useless to their employers. In proportion, however, as they know nothing they urgently ask for "anything," which, when resolved into plain words, generally means copying (for which their fashionable and illegible handwriting unfits them), an agency, or a place behind the counter. They seldom know how to keep books (which ought to be taught as part of a regular education for all classes in a commercial country); and as for even selling goods, they lack the knowledge of the materials they handle, as well as discrimination between different kinds and degrees, values and measures, while, to speak only of small matters, they are ignorant even of the art of tying up a parcel quickly and neatly. Considering the fluctuating nature of society and the strong probability of each individual's being at some time or other in circumstances in which his or her hands and brains will be the only capital left, it would be prudent for every one to perfect himself in one branch of remunerative work, and to choose that branch for which he has the most natural aptitude. The love of your work is the only guarantee of that work being well done. These questions cannot be called theoretical, for they influence the lives and circumstances of thousands of citizens each day; still, as example is better than precept, we pass to the French experimental schools of which M. Salicis has recently given us the history in a little book which has already passed through two editions, and has drawn the notice of the Chamber of Commerce of Crefeld, in Germany, and been ordered by that body to be translated into German.

The state of things which in France suggested the experiment of a technical free school in connection with the usual common school is briefly this: For the youth of all classes except the most numerous there is state help provided up to the age of eighteen or twenty, besides the private schools and colleges and special professional establishments which supply the wants of parents with even the most moderate incomes. For the youth of the working-class, on the other hand, both in cities and in the country, there is no state help provided after the age of twelve or thirteen, and that provided before that age is either of a useless or a meagre kind. In Paris itself the report of M. Gréard for 1875 gave

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the school population at 117,000, including 23,000 young children in infant schools, while the number of those fit to go to school was 197,000. For the 80,000 children thus unaccounted for neither instruction nor any other public help was forthcoming, and probably the first contact of the state with them in later life would prove to be that of the prisons and the galleys; while for the 117,000 pupils of the common schools there were barely 1,200 teachers. The details of teaching were equally defective, the youngest and largest classes, often reaching 100, being confided to a single teacher, the system of mutual help (or pupil-teaching) generally interdicted, and the child who, coming from the infant-school, could read fluently and reckon tolerably being lumped with the child fresh from the streets and unable to say the alphabet. Add to this the disadvantages common to all primary schools and familiar to ourselves in our own, the limping caricature of a college curriculum imposed upon children whose lives will be passed in manual labor, the parrot-like tests of proficiency, the mechanical tricks of memory, the real apathy of mind encouraged by this show of surface-learning, and the upshot of the system on the child, who, on leaving school, goes out into the world utterly ignorant of the materials with which he will have to work, the plan of life he will have to follow, the duties he will have to discharge, and unprepared for any opening which may come in his way.

The situation in France and in the United States is so far identical, and although Frenchmen like M. Salicis, and even Englishmen like Mr. Forster, look with justice towards this country as one further advanced than their own in the theory of education, and better furnished with outward means for its practical carrying out, we who live here see behind the scenes, and ought to be ashamed to deserve so little the praise so ungrudgingly given. When such men point to the exceptional institution of Vassar College and to the architectural prominence of Columbia; when they reckon by figures the numbers of schools, teachers, and scholars in one large city or in one New England State, and calculate what proportion of the same ingredients would be needed to bring Paris or the department of the Seine to the same outward level, we have only to look at the immense tracts where education is practically unknown, the sections of country where the majority of native citizens cannot read, and the less flagrant but more significant instances of large rural populations in comparatively easy circumstances and civilized neighborhoods, where schools are seen within every five miles, and sessions held twice a year for three or four months collectively, but where, in spite of these advantages, the quality and subsequent influence of the education thus imparted are the least satisfactory elements in the character of the population.

The disproportion between the means afforded by the state or the *commune* (or town) for the training of the youth of the middle classes and those of the working-classes—*i.e.*, the bulk of the nation—suggested to a few public-spirited men in Paris the experiment which at the cost of sixteen hundred dollars, partly defrayed by the state and partly by voluntary contributions, has been in operation for five years in the common school of the Rue Tournefort. The technical depart-

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ment is conducted simultaneously with the ordinary course, but has a separate set of rooms for its use, and also a kitchen and range. There are three hundred and eighty boys at present, of whom, for want of means and space, only forty-five can receive technical instruction. The course consists of three branches, ironmongery, carpentering, and sculpture. In the forge are taught all kinds of work in iron requiring the help of anvil and vise; in the carpenter's shop everything relating to woodwork, plain and ornamental, to cabinet-making and to turning, as well as painting, graining, veneering, polishing, etc.; and in the sculptor's shop everything from modelling in clay and plaster to chiselling stone and marble. General Collis, a member of the Board of Directors of Girard College and of a committee formed for investigation and report upon European technical education, speaks thus of his visit to this school:

"Entering a door on the first floor, I found myself in an ordinary school-room furnished with the customary blackboard, maps, globes, charts, etc., with the addition of specimens of iron ore, and the metal in all its stages from the ore-bed to the manufactured article; wood of every description used in ordinary carpenter and cabinet-work, green, half-seasoned, and well-seasoned, nails, screws, tubes, railroad iron and ties, horseshoes, shovels, and all the tools in common use. After a couple of hours devoted to reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, and so on, the boys pass into an adjoining room, furnished with eight carpenters' benches, over which eight of the older boys preside, each having one or two assistants; and from thence they pass into another apartment, in which are forge, anvils, vises, and lathes. On the second floor is a similar class-room, and an adjoining room for instruction in sculpture. During my visit the boys were occupied in this latter room. . . . The patterns consisted chiefly of leaves and scrolls in relief, each boy being furnished with a handful of clay and a piece of wood the size of a lead-pencil, called an *ébauchoir* (instrument for making a rough outline or sketch), his work being superintended by an instructor, who passed from boy to boy, correcting measurements, directing the motion of the hand and the pose of the body. . . . It was very evident that these little ones looked upon the employment more as a recreation than a labor, and when the hour for recess came more than one-half of the class lingered over their handiwork as though they were loath to give it up; in fact, Dr. Gaubier (the director) said they considered it an amusement. . . . In Paris the school-hours commence at 7. A.M. (owing to the fact that both father and mother go out to work at that hour). The routine of studies in this school on the day I was there was as follows:* From 7 to 8, writing; 8 to 9, religious instruction; 9 to 11, instruction in design, modelling, moulding, and sculpture; at 11, recess for ten minutes; till 12, primary instruction; 12 to 1, dinner (most of the boys brought a piece of bread to school, and were supplied from the very neat and clean kitchen of the establishment with an excellent stew of beef or mutton and vegetables for two cents); 1 to 1.30, technical lesson on the blackboard; 1.30 to 3, lesson in the blacksmith's shop; 3 to 4, music; 4, lunch; 4.30 to 5, gymnastic exercise; 5 to 6, arithmetic, geometry, and drawing. After one year's technical instruction in all of the three branches the pupil selects for himself one of the three, and to this he devotes himself three days of the week, but upon two other days is required to continue his course in the other two branches also. All the tools used in the school were made by the pupils, and, as far as I could judge, were of good quality.

"At fourteen years of age these boys, who are in great demand, are sent to manufacturers, from whom they receive from thirty to forty cents a day (excellent wages for a boy in Paris), and, after two years' service, are considered practical workmen. Boys thus educated are too valuable to their employers to be used for menial offices, and thus escape much of the uninstructive drudgery

* According to the table given by M. Salicis in his pamphlet, this must have been a Monday.

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to which the ordinary apprentice is subjected."

The existence of similar schools for the middle classes or for particular trades, such as those of Aix, Angers, Châlons, Havre, Brest, etc., to which allusion will be made further on, and the palpable evils resulting from launching the sons of working-men and country laborers into the world without preparation for their future work, were the chief incitements to the trial of the new system so cheaply set going in the Rue Tournefort. M. Gréard's able report on apprentice-schools gave the subject a temporary prominence, of which M. Leveillé, cantonal delegate and member of the municipal council, as well as professor of civil law in the Paris Law School, took advantage by recommending, in a circumstantial and urgent report, the immediate establishment of an experimental school in connection with the common school in the Rue Tournefort. Local circumstances at first suggested a workshop devoted to cabinet-making and book-binding, the former because the then school director of the district in question was a skilful amateur wood-carver and carpenter, the latter because this quarter of the city was the one where most of the great libraries happen to be situated. Eventually the book-binding was neglected; for, as the project took shape and the aim of the projectors widened, it was found more practical to confine the teaching to those branches of study bearing on the exercise of the chief trades of a large city. The municipal council approved of the proposition and allotted five thousand francs (one thousand dollars) a year to the new school, while the mayor of the *arrondissement*, or district, and the director of primary instruction both lent the project cordial and enlightened help. In view of the greater number of workmen in large cities coming under the four heads of art-mechanics (modellers, designers, sculptors), turners, wood-workers (carpenters, carvers, cabinet-makers), and metal-workers (blacksmiths, locksmiths, mechanicians), it was resolved to aim first at fundamental instruction in drawing, whether freehand, model, geometrical, or perspective, and in modelling, whether in clay, plaster, wax, etc.; and, secondly, at special instruction in the particular branch chosen by the pupil. The apprenticeship lasts three years, the first of which is devoted to fundamental and general, the second and third in greater part to the special teaching. As many of the pupils, on entering the school, are behindhand in general knowledge, provision is made for supplementary teaching of an hour each day, taken from the morning session of technical work. The original intention was that boys should enter the school at twelve or thirteen, and not leave it until fifteen or sixteen; but if General Collis' information (September 14, 1878) is correct, this has been in many cases modified. It does not appear whether at present the pupils of the second and third years earn any wages, as the boys of the Havre school (of respectively five, fifteen, and thirty cents a day), but M. Salicis says that the school, after only eighteen months' existence, had saved one-quarter of its debt. The stock relating to sculpture and modelling is the gift of the school board, and other contributions in kind as well as in money have been received. The

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government estimate of the cost of each boy is one hundred and sixty-five francs, or thirty-three dollars, the actual average cost being nearly forty dollars. The director and sub-director receive a salary respectively of two hundred dollars and one hundred and twenty dollars, which last sum is equivalent to that paid to two master-carpenters each, giving five lessons of two hours each a week, while four hundred and forty dollars are appropriated to the teacher of sculpture. The raw material is valued at two hundred and forty dollars. The gross sum of one hundred and sixty-five francs per head, besides representing the expenses above mentioned, is calculated to include later on the wages of about fifty-one francs to be earned by the pupils of the second and third years. The general aim of the institution is summed up in these words of M. Salicis:

". . . That the pupils of the municipal school of apprenticeship should, on leaving, possess, so to speak, an assortment of technical knowledge applicable in all cases and at all times, as well as practical experience at their fingers' ends of the science of minor mechanics and of the handling of the various elementary tools; and that, thus prepared, the apprentice should quickly adapt himself to the special requirements of the trade followed in the workshop of which he should become an inmate, yet without ever completely losing the general training which had been the aim of his primary professional education."

Among the studies of the first year, as given in the table of the division of time, are the history of industries, trades, and commerce in general, and the reading of manuscript, to each of which about one hour a week is devoted. The latter is a thing in which two-thirds even of the educated classes are frequently at fault, and which clerks, copyists, book-keepers, and commercial correspondents seldom learn except by practice after taking their situations, thus causing their employers no little loss of time. It will be seen that this amalgamation of primary with technical teaching in the common schools involves an inversion in the amount of time at present bestowed on each kind of knowledge, while it also points to object-teaching, or, as some call it, pantographic teaching, as a more efficient means of quick progress than the parrot-like system now in vogue. Two-thirds of school-time would, according to this plan, be devoted to the study of matter, raw material, and the means of transforming it, tools and their application, chemical action of the elements on various materials, etc., according to the special direction in which the professional instruction in any given school tends. In large cities schools of apprenticeship for builders, masons, bricklayers and makers, etc., including also architects, engineers, and surveyors, would take a prominent place. In the country it would not be impossible to start practical schools of agriculture, especially in France, where the town, or *commune*, usually owns large tracts of land; and this plan, of course, would be modified in certain neighborhoods where wine-growing, cider-making, dairy-farming, olive-raising, etc., constitute the principal local industries. In all studies not closely relating to the trade by which the pupil intends to earn his living, detail should be avoided, while in those bearing on it thorough familiarity with at least all its practical branches should be aimed at. The outlines of the history of one's native country and of the Bible, a useful

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amount of arithmetic without the encumbrance of theoretical problems utterly out of the beat of future every-day life, correct spelling and legible handwriting, a few facts of general history easily fixed in the memory and serving as landmarks of the few great epochs and changes in the world, broad notions of geography from illustrations on *large* globes and a map in relief of one's native country—such is nearly all the school-gear really of use to a learner. On the other hand, the knowledge of weights and measures, of the value of lines, surfaces, and sizes, the discrimination between good and bad though showy articles, whether of food, dress, or other material, domestic economy, the training which results in forethought as to ways and means, and suggests how to draw out the hidden capabilities of apparently hopeless material, acquaintance with a few simple and obvious but absolutely indispensable laws of health, and for girls a fair knowledge of cookery, sewing, making and mending, nursing the sick and tending children, making up common remedies and knowing how and when to apply them, should be insisted upon as the main parts of a useful bringing-up, and, instead of being considered either subordinate or unnecessary, should be substituted for the more common exercises of school-hours—the committing to memory of badly-declaimed verses, the long chronological lists of ill-understood events, the parrot-like rules out of a text-book, the historical comparisons glibly repeated out of the summary of questions and answers at the foot of every chapter, and so on.* The larger use of pictures and of original, individual, oral teaching on the part of the masters is a second innovation advocated by Salicis, Gréard, Delacour, and others interested in these school experiments, and by not a few practical sympathizers and reformers in this country. Already in Philadelphia a self-supporting school has been set going on the new principles, and the questions involved are being largely discussed by physicians, teachers, and economists.

M. Salicis reckons that if Paris were provided with ten district schools of apprenticeship for boys and an equal number for girls, each containing fifty apprentices or more, at the cost of two millions of francs ($400,000) to the state, in three years the city would furnish to general industry six thousand trained apprentices of both sexes, morally as well as technically fitted for the proper discharge of their duty on first entering a workshop (instead of, as at present, coming to the workshop useless, ignorant, and very often dishonest, from the simple fact of having spent two, three, or four years in vagabondage, uncertainty, and questionable associations); in ten years sixty thousand—that is, more than sufficient to leaven the old spirit and displace the old slip-shod practice; and in forty years, most probably, the whole body of skilled mechanics in the city itself. Other cities following the lead, there would soon remain no place unfilled by these candidates, and the evils, at present so patent, resulting from the necessity of immediate remuneration as soon as a child has reached the age of ten or twelve,

* "Children of seven years and upwards are expected to commit to memory long, uninteresting rules and definitions. If a child understands a subject it can make to itself a rule, even though it be not shaped in words" (*Letter from a teacher on school reforms*). Any one who has thoroughly learned French grammar, for instance, will recognize the truth of this.

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combined with the utter impossibility of the parents' having him regularly taught, would ultimately in a great measure disappear. The statistics proving the waste of time and personal energy resulting from the uncared-for position of the youth of the poorer classes, as compared with the means for professional progress furnished to those of the middle classes, are appalling. Full ten years of his life are lost to the working-man, and it is needless to say that in nine cases out of ten it is an irreparable loss. He may remedy it in part, but only in part, unless he possesses exceptional faculties. And at best he can only remedy it for himself; it is impossible for him to shield his children from the same evils, clearly as he may see the cause and the depth of the latter. Want of immediate means bars any improvement; the old system of apprenticeship exists no longer, and nothing definite has taken its place. State aid is the only aid that does not more or less humble the recipient; and in this case the aid would be by no means gratuitous—in fact, would be no more than a loan, and comparatively a slight one, to be partly repaid by the apprentice's contribution to the stock of the technical school, and partly by his subsequent life as a citizen, according to a higher standard than is furnished by the present perfunctory common-school education. It is certain that no outlay can be more remunerative to the state than one which tends to protect the immense majority of the nation against the temptations of idleness and vagabondage—one which hedges them in by the early-acquired sense of responsibility and the clearly-illustrated notion of duty which a thorough training from childhood to some serious and definite calling entails.

Another of the improvements incidental to the plan of the technical-school projectors is the restoration of the balance of outside opinion between the merits of manual and so-called intellectual labor. Do, and say, and struggle as you will, manual labor will always be, as it has always been, the business of the majority of mankind. That it should be respected at its just value is desirable; indeed, it is necessary to the harmonious working of society. That it has ever been looked upon at other than its just value is due to the faults of workmen themselves. Whenever the influence of any class of the community is in undue proportion to the merits of that class—*i.e.*, to the services it renders to society at large, and to its fulfilment of its special functions—the social balance is lost, and the machinery of government must, in some measure, be put out of order. Again, whenever any class is possessed of a consciousness of collective power, without a corresponding sense of personal responsibility in each individual member, more or less disturbance in the body politic must ensue; and when any class, ignoring the present abuses and corruption within itself, takes its stand on prerogatives bestowed upon it in former times as a distinct acknowledgment of its high standard of honor, and corresponding deeds of virtue on the part of its members, mischief is sure to follow. This has happened several times in history, and has been illustrated by almost each class in its turn. A well-known and recent instance was the first French Revolution, prepared by the undue preponderance of the court section of the nobility,

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who retained a power in fact which even in theory belonged only to the united body of the aristocracy of the country, but the exercise of which was, at the time, no longer justified by the moral or political fitness of the majority even of its theoretical holders. The same tests apply to the working-class equally with any other; this class is no more the ruling class by right divine or right inherent than any other, and must take its rank in political society by its intrinsic merits—that is, its moral and intellectual worth. Therefore, wherever working-men have disgraced their order by violence, by ignorance, or by idleness, and, worse still, by insincerity and double-dealing, they have dealt themselves a suicidal blow. Again, wherever they have affected to disdain labor, and to depreciate it in the eyes of others by their example in straining after a false "gentility," or by deserting practical work and steady effort for political agitation and sensational propagandism, they have materially helped to strengthen the very abuses which they rightly denounced. On the other hand, the working-class start in the political race with disadvantages for which the classes above are partly responsible, and which should in justice be considered as extenuating circumstances at such times as are marked by the violent, illegal, or unreasonable conduct of this class. It is that such disadvantages may be removed, as far as it is in the power of the state to remove them, that schools of apprenticeship are mainly advocated. A technical education tending to create a large number of immediate producers, and proportionately to decrease the number of vagrants and probable criminals, or at best wasteful and haphazard citizens, is, properly speaking, not only a saving to the state and an actual capital furnished to the apprentice, but a political and social training for the future head of a family, householder, and citizen. The levelling and unnatural equality which some political enthusiasts — ignorance is their chief defect—would force on mankind will, of course, never be realized, but there is an equality which may be largely developed by judicious systems of education, and which assimilates itself to the comparative equality in diversity that distinguishes almost all natural products. Thus each man that is perfect in his own pursuit—*i.e.*, thoroughly grounded in its theory, wholly familiar with its practice, observant of every improvement already accomplished, alive to every possibility of extension, change, application, or bettering, a man intelligently in love with his business —for we never do that well which we do without love—is the equal of any other specialist, and of course the superior of every man not perfectly in possession of similar knowledge regarding some one branch of study. Perfection in some given pursuit—in itself noble and worthy—should be the goal of all education, and of national education in particular; useful studies of course stand first, but an unremunerative, or even unproductive, study should not therefore be despised, provided it fosters the habit of steady purpose, of perseverance, and of thoroughness, which might be collectively called moral manliness.

To pass from the youngest technical school in France to some of the older ones, all devoted to the needs of the middle classes or to those of some special trade, we

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may mention the Trinity Hospital, founded in 1545, in Paris, for destitute children, and with which a school of lace-making was associated; the famous *Ecole Polytechnique* and *Ecole Centrale*, the former answering the purposes of a military academy and a school of mines, while teaching every branch of higher technical instruction, from navigation and engineering to drawing and designing, and giving its certificated members the privilege of entering the army and navy without the usual two years' service in the ranks; the three schools of the second class at Aix, Angers, and Châlons-sur-Marne, whose object it is to prepare youth for master-mechanics and foremen in the useful trades, and the scale of whose prices is low enough for most purses in the middle ranks of life, being as follows: for board and teaching, $120; for outfit, $50; for repairs, $10; for scientific instruments, $8; the total for the first year being $188, and for each succeeding year $125, subject to a reduction by the sale of the product of the pupil's industry.

"Boys are admitted to these schools between the ages of fifteen and seventeen, and are required to possess a fair common-school education; the course of instruction is of three years, at the conclusion of which the pupils, if successful, receive a certificate which at once entitles them to employment as masters of the particular trade to which they have devoted themselves." *

At Besançon a school of watch and clock making was founded in 1864 by the town, the mayor being *ex-officio* president of the board of administration of the school. In his *Studies on the Progress of Watchmaking* Lieutenant-Colonel Laussedat, of the Engineers, speaks thus of the establishment:

"The term of apprenticeship is of three years, and such is the liking for the workshop acquired there that one of the heaviest punishments that can be given these future artists is to deprive them of a few hours of their manual labor. The fascination which this kind of work exercises will be understood when one learns that each pupil is eventually taught how to construct a whole watch, as well as the greater part of the necessary tools, and that all that has been put into his hands for the purpose amounts only to the first indispensable and simplest tools, and a few fragments of raw material in the shape of metal in sheets and bars."

The same words will apply to the Koechlin School at Mülhausen. The National Navy School at Brest, originally founded by Admiral Gueydon, is organized to receive five hundred pupils at a time, the orphan sons of seamen, whose religious and primary teaching, though excellent and careful in degree, are the same in kind as that given at any other school, but who, beyond this, are taught practical seamanship with a view to the regular service. In all the details of sailor's work they are taught by experienced sailors, and the instruction is peculiarly thorough and fundamental, including the study of signals and meteorology, as well as maritime warfare of attack and defence, the use of the latest inventions in firearms, torpedoes, etc. Gymnastics proper are also a part of the regular training, as well as fencing and boxing. After the school and harbor teaching the boys finish their education by a trial voyage of several months, and are then turned out consummate seamen, fairly educated in the classical sense of the word, and passionately fond and proud of their profession. Captain Picart

* General Collis' statement in the *Daily Evening Telegraph*, Philadelphia, September 14, 1878.

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and his fellow-officers on board the frigate which is specially devoted to the use of the school have become, from salaried and conscientious employés of the institution, zealous and indefatigable co-operators in the work itself. Other technical schools exist at Havre, Lamartinière, and Lyons, and M. Gréard has recently founded one at La Villette, near Paris, for apprenticing boys of the poorest class who have stumbled through their primary-school term, and are, as usual, thrown helpless on the world, with every chance of becoming clerks, waiters, drivers, billiard-markers, restaurant, wine and liquor-shop keepers, etc.

In the competitive school exhibits at the Paris Exposition were represented a few other French and some Swiss, German, and Russian schools of the same order, although invariably devoted rather to the middle than the working classes: the free professional school of Evreux, the artistic school of the department of La Haute Vienne; the Institution Fleury, the professional school of Douai, the National School of Watch-making des Clauses, in Upper Savoy (with its show-case full of perfect watch-movements made by boys under twenty); the Institut Technologique de St. Petersbourg (with a capital show of machinery); the Technical Schools of Zurich and Lucerne, the former exhibiting specimens of hydraulic machinery, and the latter designs for wall-paper, pottery, muslin, etc.; the Staats Oberrealschule of Vienna, with its collection of working drawings for machinery, engineering, building, and architecture, and groups of beautiful cabinet-ware, the products of the pupils' work; the Bauschule, or Building-School, of Stuttgart, devoted to the teaching of architects, carpenters, bricklayers, stone-cutters, and plasterers; the school of Buda-Pesth in Hungary, and the Imperial Technical School of Moscow, which, originally a foundling hospital, "is to-day turning out," says General Collis, "some of the best mechanics in Europe," while the introduction of the technical department has added very little to the annual expense. This, so far, has been considered as the best model to follow—and adapt—in the experiment about to be made by the authorities of Girard College. The question, however, has already been partly tested and fully discussed in Philadelphia, where a technical free school (due to private enterprise and supported by private and voluntary contributions) has been established within the year 1878.

"The time devoted to the school lessons," writes one of the promoters of the institution in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, July 19, 1878, "is but two and a half hours daily, and when the arrangements are complete an equal length of time will be given to manual work. . . . The children are now receiving instruction in drawing, which is the beginning of the course of exercises in mechanical work, in arithmetic, geometry, languages (as a basis of a thorough course in English etymology), the natural sciences, and some other branches. The pantographic illustrations impress ideas upon the minds of learners in a very satisfactory manner. . . . A gentleman in Camden has contributed matters of great value for the work and the lessons of the school, but much more is wanted to procure tools, machinery, and materials to make this school what is now so much needed—a model which will show how the children of the whole community may be well educated, mentally and morally, while learning useful arts." [The *pantographic* method, be it observed, has been for several years in successful operation in a school in Philadelphia established for the purpose of testing that method.]

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The same writer seeks to improve on the French plan in the matter of the age required for entrance into a technical school, and says:

"When a boy or a girl has reached the age of thirteen the most valuable time for the instruction of the hand, the eye, and the mind has passed; and the too prevalent notion that young persons should not be set to work until they can wield sledge-hammers or push jack-planes is a very serious error. There is much work which little hands can do which will cultivate muscular action to great advantage in early years; and little children love to work. When they make mud-pies or snow-men they are beginning the work of plastic arts, and when they dam a gutter to get water enough to sail their ships in they begin to learn engineering."

There is a book of long standing, but which, even without the additions that might have been made to it within the last twenty-five years, is still excellent and interesting, *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*, which might be, both in schools and families, made subservient to a technical education. It is written in the form of a diary and dialogue; a father devotes his afternoons to teaching his boys the reasons why a toy-boat floats, a kite sails in the air, a ball performs certain evolutions according to the impetus given it, a balloon rises and falls, a magnet attracts, etc., etc.; there are chemical experiments made on high-days and holidays, toys constructed scientifically and their structure clearly explained, and so on. Readings out loud from this or some similar book, whether at school or at home, and explanations supplementing those given in print, would go far to give children an interest in things forming the basis of a technical education, and in themselves useful even for domestic purposes. No inquiring yet uninstructed mind can help coming across problems even in the simplest household offices—for instance, in the emptying of a bucket, which suggests questions as to the direction of the water, its velocity, the angle at which the bucket should be held, the aim taken by the emptier, etc. The earlier such problems are solved the better; and while factory-work, with its undue pressure on slight frames, its unhealthiness (partly accounted for by crowded and ill-ventilated rooms, partly by the enforced continuity of its nature), and its tendency to give the hands a mechanical but unintelligent perfection of touch, is certainly not fit for young children, however remunerative it may prove to poor parents of large families; work of a technical character, but adapted as to time and quantity to the strength and the brain-capabilities of tender years, is decidedly the healthiest employment for children of average bodily vigor. Lasting impressions are made far earlier than is generally supposed; a good deal of the future man is already strongly defined in the boy of six or seven; by twelve the bent is probably too strong to be permanently altered. In almost every trade very early training and familiarity with the atmosphere, so to speak, of the workshop is indispensable for anything approaching to future perfection. M. Salicis, in the same pamphlet already largely quoted above, mentions an instance of this, and the answer which a ship-calker made to a man who wished to apprentice his son, a boy of fifteen, to the calking trade. "Your son is fifteen; well, I recommend you to make him a midshipman or a navy-surgeon, but for a ship-calker it is too late." The old apprentice

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system, whose decay is one of the causes that call for some provision for teaching trades thoroughly to the bulk of the rising generation, did not take charge of a boy until the age of fourteen, and protracted the care and the teaching undertaken by the master for seven years. But in most cases the boys (generally sons of middle-class and at least comfortably-situated parents) had been brought up from infancy in much the same surroundings as those into which they came more formally upon their entrance into their regular apprenticeship. The conditions of society are changed, and the continuance of the old system, unless in exceptional cases (such as still frequently occur in Europe, yet no longer constitute a settled state of affairs), is impossible. The nearest approach to it is the material help which many firms afford their employés in the shape of free, or partly free, libraries, schools, reading-rooms, infirmaries, and lodging-houses; but the necessary supervision by the employers of the employed which results from such contributions towards the welfare of the latter neutralizes, to a great degree, the good which these institutions might do. People nowadays have a spirit of independence and jealousy of interference in them which, whether good or evil in its origin, and whether we individually approve or deprecate it, is a stubborn fact, and one that must be taken into account in any plan brought forward for the improvement of the class where this spirit is most fully developed by circumstances that easily explain its presence. State, or, as M. Salicis calls it, municipal, apprenticeship meets this difficulty in a large degree, and has the additional advantage of teaching in all cases theoretically what the old system only bound itself to teach practically. The United States still depends, in a great measure, on Europe for mechanics and artists, and its citizens pay a large sum of money every year for the products of the factories and workshops of those nations in Europe which have most carefully cultivated mechanical and artistic skill. "That such a conditions of things," says the Philadelphia writer quoted above, "should drive many to useless and debasing occupations is not strange, and that there should be an overflow in unproductive employment is a natural result." For this also state apprentice-schools would present an efficient remedy. One-fourth at least of the children in each of our large cities are absolutely neglected, and grow up with no moral, religious, or intellectual training whatever; the remainder who attend the public schools never get beyond the primary classes, in which teaching is of the crudest kind. When flourishing estimates are held up in national speeches, and a kind of cant arises which is not unlike the boasting of the Pharisee of the parable, it is well to look at the negative side, and to ask what becomes of the minority who are avowedly not included in these triumphant statistics. When that is done there is again a question to ask concerning the quality of the education provided for the majority, and more especially its results in after-life. The uneasiness in the public mind, the complaints of helpless but right-minded parents, the efforts of a few energetic men, the condemnatory verdicts of physicians, and the acknowledgments of failure by teachers, point to the practical worthlessness of the present system

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of common-school teaching. That some change should be made in education—not only of the public but of the private schools—is a conclusion to which all sound thinkers in the country came some time ago, and the same is evidently thought in France. It only remains to choose, from among the chaotic suggestions with which a sense of dissatisfaction with the present forms has flooded us, the best for practical carrying out, and those that promise most permanent improvement. The cost of a change in any direction would be a consideration, but the scheme of technical education affords the advantage of being, when once in operation, partly self-supporting. Supposing the average cost of instruction in the public schools as at present conducted to be seventeen dollars for each scholar, and the introduction of mechanical teaching to double that cost, even at that rate the average would be less than seventy cents a week, which is not a large amount for a person between ten and sixteen years of age to earn. In the "Philotechnic Institute" in Camden pupils working five or six hours a day (only half the time being devoted to manual labor) earned more than five times that amount, and the same has been done in other institutions. The provision for the teaching, or rather training, of the very young children might be included in a rate charged on the earnings of the more advanced scholars, and which would compensate for the cost of their teaching while they had been too young to work, as well as give them a diploma of honor and a decoration when they have earned the whole cost of their tuition. This, however, is only the suggestion of an individual, and not an inherent part of the scheme of technical education.

The subject, although it occupied but a secondary place in the discussions of the Social Science Congress held last October at Cheltenham, England, was brought forward by Professor Sylvanus Thompson, of University College, Bristol. The following is the summary given of his paper in the London *Times*, October 28, 1878:

"He directed attention to the defect in English systems of technical training, remarking that while the germs of a technical education existed almost everywhere, they were so scanty and feeble that there was little prospect of their immediate development. Technical schools and colleges, if placed in the industrial districts, he thought, might do much that the present relics of the apprenticeship system had failed to do, and would form an essential feature of the education of the future. Technical schools we must originate and develop for ourselves, and competent teachers and proper appliances must be obtained. The long-delayed project for a central technical college in the metropolis, under the auspices of the city companies, promised a hopeful future in this regard. As soon as it was founded one great difficulty in the problem would have disappeared, and the establishment of local centres of training would be only a question of time."

It will be seen that Professor Thompson's proposal differs from the scheme of M. Salicis and of the promoters of the Philadelphia school, who, though undertaking the model school by means of private initiative, as a proof of the feasibility of their scheme, urge the principle of state co-operation as an essential feature of the new system. Elsewhere in the discussion of education at the Social Science Congress the Hon. G. Brodrick, President of the Education Section, mentioned incidentally that "in

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the choice of subjects, as well as in the methods of teaching, we must strive to make every hour of schooling tell upon the practical wants of the scholar's future life." This, rightly interpreted, should point towards the reforms advocated and partly illustrated by the friends of technical education; but the same speaker, in the words immediately following, states as a fact, but nowise as a defect, "that primary education is not the first stage of education for the wage-earning classes, but the whole of their education." This is precisely what M. Salicis complains of, as forming the basis of the depravity and waste of human material in at least half the laboring population of France; and be it remembered that enlightened Englishmen agree that "though England may compare favorably with France, and not very unfavorably with the United States, in the mere percentage of adults who can read and write, both French and American education are apparently superior to English education in their humanizing influence on the people." At a subsequent session of the Education Department at the Congress the Rev. E. MacCarthy, head-master of the Middle School of King Edward Sixth, Birmingham, and member of the Birmingham School Board, proposed (this refers wholly to endowed schools and the distribution of their funds, but nevertheless touches on the question of technical training) that "the endowments now used for this latter purpose" (*i.e.*, the supplying, by part of elementary endowments, some part of the ordinary elementary education now provided in England by the Education Acts, which the speaker considered a wrongful use of endowment funds) "should be applied to the formation of upper departments, with exhibitions attached, in certain elementary schools selected as centres"; and that

> "School boards should be empowered, in the absence of endowments in their districts, to spend the rates for this object. Upper departments should be open to all who had passed standard 4, and the curriculum should be framed so as to afford a three years' course, including, in addition to the subjects prescribed by the code for individual and class examination, *one or two specific subjects* [the italics are the writer's]. The fee should be higher than that in the ordinary elementary schools, and exhibitions should take the form of total or partial remission of fees, according to attainments and attendance, and of annual sums by way of maintenance, tenable either at an upper department or any school of higher grade."

In the absence of the state help which forms the main support of the French scheme, such substitutes as exhibitions to higher schools, attainable by scholars of the primary national schools, would decidedly be a step forward, and Mr. Henry Jeffrey, M.A., head-master of the Grammar School at Cheltenham, went yet farther by suggesting that, after the example of France, Englishmen might hereafter find scope for their philanthropy and public spirit by "founding bursaries as educational ladders to primary scholars. If this source should be insufficient the aid of the legislature should be sought."

There is at present in England a total severance between the system of primary schools and that of endowed and other schools that supply secondary education. Some economists are now trying to bridge the division; and as, on account of the cost, very few primary scholars ever rise to the grammar-school, encouragement so to rise should

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chiefly take the shape of exhibitions or bursaries, which would cover the cost of maintenance. England has other causes hindering the immediate spread of education by means of a closer amalgamation between pupils of primaries and those of grammar-schools—namely, the class distinctions still so powerful in practice. Nowhere are these distinctions so sharply defined as among school-boys; and it is scarcely too much to say that boys of the laboring class, set upon an equal footing at school with boys of the well-to-do shopkeeping class, would have to go through as much at the hands of their fellow-scholars as the colored cadet at West Point did at the hands of his messmates. That such is the case is, morally speaking, a disgrace to the country; but the fact is not to be ignored, and until mutual consideration becomes more a part of English training than it is in this generation the clever boy of humble birth, when placed at school with those of a different grade, will have to face social slights a hundred times more galling than even the sense of ignorance which beset him at the outset. On the other hand, the sterner training, the sense of self-reliance and self-repression, issuing in greater strength of purpose, and the armor-proof preparation for all subsequent trials of the kind, may, in the case of the higher-natured of such boys, prove an invaluable compensation.

Under the head of "Science-teaching in Schools," a paper bearing remotely on technical education was read by Major Barnard on the 29th of October at the Cheltenham Congress, the argument being that "science, taught by observation and experiment, and by reasoning based thereon, ought to be made an integral part of every school curriculum, as well for girls as for boys, in village schools as in large public schools." The reports from which we quote are unfortunately abridged, and therefore cannot be made the point of departure for either argument, advocacy, or objection; but they suffice to point out the way the stream of public opinion sets, even in conservative England, where, notwithstanding the superabundant and, through their very multiplication, sometimes inefficient schools for secondary education, the large bulk of the population, the laboring class, is still most imperfectly educated, the reason being chiefly that the said schools provide only for the higher and middle classes. Again, these schools, even if thrown partly open to the youth of the laboring class, are, as at present constituted, only fitted to give him the means of attaining a classical, not a technical, education. The introduction of new branches of study, even in the legitimate, literary direction, and in the instance of such venerable "innovations" as the Oriental languages (other than Hebrew), was no easy thing at the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, from which one can argue how hard will be the storming, by new and scientific methods of education, of lesser and therefore more tightly swaddled centres of learning.

To return to more generally applicable proposals, there are two or three things to be observed with reference to the scheme of technical education as developed by its original promoters. First, the latter insist upon its applicability to every individual in the community, and herein they differ from most educational reformers and

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political economists, at least so far as the majority of these have given any opinion on the matter. It is not only the directors of labor who ought to be theoretically educated in the *technique* of their trade, but every workman. It may be objected to this that an equal degree of proficiency would create jealousy and insubordination, and that organization would become difficult. This suggests the second statement, that thorough education, even in a special or circumscribed direction, leads not to arrogance but to forbearance with others and to distrust as well as control of one's self. The smattering of instruction which candid men acknowledge to be all that now results in an average mind from a common-school training is, on the other hand, excessively likely to lead, and in fact does lead, to the most thoughtless, crude, and self-harmful modes of insubordination. Let the training be altered, and, as far as the thoroughly-taught recipients of the new training will be concerned, no fear of wrangling, agitation, or jealousy in the workshop need be entertained. No one is more willing to obey than he who is really competent to command, and on this head one might write a chapter concerning the counterpoise furnished by education—or rather an educated habit of mind, if one may call it so—to even the most trying forms of destitution. As to its value (and this applies not mainly to a technical education, but to the mere mental attitude of receptivity and expectation created by an ordinary education), the words of Mr. D. Chadwick, M.P., in the *Journal of the Statistical Society* in England, are a significant commentary on this proposition. He states that

"He has been at much pains to ascertain from employers the comparative efficiency of educated and uneducated laborers, and that all intelligent witnesses of wide experience and observation unanimously agree that education, even in its present rude and in many respects objectionable condition, is highly remunerative. Masters who have been at the expense of schools on high religious and social grounds concur in saying that success is great on economical grounds. They find the readiness with which a well-educated man comprehends instructions, the willingness and the intelligence with which he makes trial of unaccustomed processes, the quickness with which he notes the facts that come under his observation and the facility with which he reports them, the suggestions for the improvement of his business that he is able to offer, the diminished amount of superintendence that he requires, and the saving of waste from untrustworthiness, from blundering, from misconduct, and from misdirected labor, are advantages which the mercantile mind is not slow to appreciate."

In one word, the man loves his profession, and looks upon it not merely as a bread-winning employment, but as a field for research, experiment, improvement, perfection; his foresight is helped by his experience or by his reading, and he is not likely to consider every change in its immediate aspect or its personal application to himself, but rather to judge of it according to its ultimate possibilities and its abstract results. The destruction of machinery in a fit of rage, for instance, could never occur among a body of educated workmen; the professional instinct often becomes nearly as strong as a natural one, and there are many men to whom the sight of wanton destruction of a fine piece of mechanism or work of art would cause hardly less pain than that of a living being in torment. An illustration used by an English religious writer, the Rev.

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E. Goulburn, supplies a few words that bear upon the advisability of developing the brain as well as training the hand of every individual in view of some special work: "In every mind there is a capacity, not, it may be, for the usual class of acquirements, nor for those which yield a return in the way of honor and emolument, but — for something. Every human intelligence can construct something or imagine something; it has a power of development in a certain direction, or it would not be a human intelligence, but merely the instinct of an animal." As much as it is possible, the means of development should keep pace with this power, and whatever scheme brings these means legitimately within the reach of each man ought to take precedence of any other based on a system of exclusiveness or even of sifting.

A third fact to be noted as to the mutual connection between mechanical and plastic arts, covering also the broader ground of a brotherhood between what social prejudices have arbitrarily parted and obscured, is that the greatest artists have sprung from the workshop. It is pure foolishness to despise what has been the training-school of world-renowned architects, sculptors, painters, carvers, and designers. Without time and books we can call to mind at a moment's notice but a few instances: Canova, the son of a poor country stone-mason, and Sir Francis Chantrey, the English sculptor, an obscure cabinet-maker's apprentice, who used to do his master's errands and take orders about the repair of common furniture—he did this once at the house of Rogers, the poet, where in after-years he dined as a guest and equal; Sir Josiah Wedgwood, the famous inventor and afterwards manufacturer of the peculiar kind of delicate porcelain at present known by his name, who began as an insignificant workman in a small pottery-shop; Flaxman, a sculptor and designer, the friend and contemporary of Reynolds, who sprang from a similar class; multitudes of the great old Italian and Spanish painters, not to speak of several modern English and German ones, and more than one American sculptor as famous in Florence and Rome as in his own country; and among lesser men, yet models of perseverance and good artists, a young man gradually becoming famous in England, Hubert Herkomer, the son of a poor German emigrant, a wood-carver, who, after wandering four years unsuccessfully about the United States, settled at Southampton, England, whence necessity drove him to Dresden, but where fear of losing his English citizenship obliged him finally to return. The boy Hubert, a born artist, owed every step of his art education wholly to his own self-denial and steadiness of purpose; patronage and favoritism never singled him out, and until the London *Graphic* gave him a place on its staff, due to the undoubted superiority of his sketches over any others of the same class, he lived by choice a rigidly economical life. And here let it be said that, although adverse circumstances very often are to blame for the suppression or non-production of genuine talent, it not unfrequently happens that personal extravagance extinguishes almost as many sparks of genius. There are thousands of young men who spend—one should say waste—as much as would make them perfect

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in any calling to which their mind had a natural leaning. True, the waste is small in proportion to what other useless spendthrifts throw away, but that is no excuse. It was precisely the holder of the *one* talent of the parable who misused his gift.

There remains one practical suggestion, which we advance as a mere suggestion, but the elaboration of which might temporarily, and while the number of really educated men unable to find employment yet remains a large one, help towards training the nation in a technical and useful direction. It will have occurred to all that, at least for some years to come, the city populations would mainly benefit by such a scheme of education as has been described. Nevertheless the country population will always remain the largest, though so scattered as often not to seem so. Want of means, and too often of energy, will prevent their being able to establish technical schools within the reach of enough scholars to make the experiment a success. Failing this, successive courses of technical lectures, each extending through one winter (the only spare time of the rural population, and often the hardest time for needy but competent teachers of all kinds), and as much illustrated by practice as possible, would be not a bad substitute and not a very expensive one. Board and lodging are cheap in most of the neighborhoods where this substitute would be desirable, and there are many men and women who for that remuneration alone would be glad to teach the branch in which they excel. Wherever more could be done for the teacher, it is needless to say that it should be, as efficient teaching of this sort is simply of incalculable value. The initiative would probably, in most places, fall upon the shoulders of a few individuals, but after a time an interest would and must be awakened in the local mind in general. In the case of a village possessing one or more skilled mechanics there would be no need to look beyond for a teacher, unless, perhaps, for a teacher of scientific drawing; at any rate the working out of this suggestion must be determined in each place by local needs and local means.

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FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY-HOUSE.

II.

JULY, —.

INVITATIONS were sent out the other day for what is called in Ireland a "morning-party," the form of social entertainment which seems to be most popular among the county people. Their estates are so widely apart that dinner-parties at night and in full dress are quite impracticable, to the distant guests at least, and so the assemblies known as "mornings," combining luncheon and garden-parties, are given in their place. I saw the gardener and his assistant early this morning putting up a marquee tent on the lower terrace where the lawn-tennis ground is laid out. The guests were invited for two o'clock, and punctually at that hour the carriages began to arrive; the ladies came in pretty summer toilettes, all bonneted, of course, like Londoners at a garden-party, and, as the day was exceptionally fine, everybody was in gay good-humor. Luncheon was announced at three o'clock—a sumptuous banquet—and the table was beautifully decorated with flowers, and massive silver and china older than any person present. The ladies left the table first, as at a dinner, but were soon joined by the gentlemen, and the entire party went out upon the grounds. The croquet and tennis players divided, the lawns being separated by a terrace, and very pretty the groups looked: the pale colors in muslin and silk, laces, and fluttering ribbons against the deep-green sward, with the flower-gardens blooming in the background and the fir and oak trees below; overhead a sky just touched with floating cloudlets; beyond a wide stretch of lovely country, with signs of hay-making at intervals and the slow movement of some red-wheeled cart.

Croquet and lawn-tennis are fine arts on this side of the water; the former is played with a dexterity which in America belongs only to the billiard-table; "tight croquet" is not admitted here, and the bell in the centre hoop is always used. Lawn-tennis is only just floating into America of late, and it interested me specially; the game was prettily played and is extremely graceful and effective: a net is stretched from two poles in the centre of the lawn, and the rival players, stationed on opposite sides of this and armed with small wicker-work bats, strive to beat the ball across the boundary according to certain rules, the ball being hollow and light so that it cannot be knocked to any distance. I watched a slim young woman tossing the ball, or batting it with the air of a "stroke oar," the proverbial "woman's throw," which is a curve of the arm around the head, being unknown to these skilled feminine tennis-players.

In honor of some of the guests who had lived in India, the Oriental game of "Badminton," first cousin to lawn-tennis, was introduced upon the lower terrace, and a lively scene it made with the whizzing of the gay-feathered shuttlecocks, the rapid strokes and calling out

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of numbers, and the shouts of laughter over some clever dash or awkward mishap. Of all the games we ever witnessed this seemed to us the most rapid and fatiguing, and therefore the least adapted to the heated tropics; yet it is called the national game of the Anglo-Indians. The games continued until sunset, when every one, moved by common impulse, sat down or sauntered over to the hillside to watch the wonderful display in the western horizon. We thought we had seen effects in sunlights at home, but there is something marvellous in the vibrations and pulsations of color in the skies of this high latitude; a great sweeping chord of amber and deep crimson passed over the horizon, illuminating green and blossom, the haymakers homeward bound, the cottages and roadsides, and sheltered corners, and then drifting slowly away, leaving for some time the after-glow of violet, in which the garden-party lingered. By nine o'clock every one was within doors again, and a second repast—as sumptuous as the first, and for which I could not discover that there was any name—was served in the dining-room; I think we should call it supper, though it had somewhat the air of "high-tea" and many of the attributes of dinner. Whatever it was, we were impressed by the magnitude of Irish hospitality; people here seem to think nothing of entertaining a party of fifty in this liberal fashion. Later there was music in the drawing-room, and then came much lively talking and laughing and cordial hand-shaking as the carriages rolled away, and by eleven o'clock every guest had departed. The moon had risen gloriously, so that even those who had come from a distance of twenty miles seemed pleased by the prospect of driving home under such friendly illumination.

After these morning parties it is customary for those invited to call, but the limits are less rigidly fixed than in England; indeed, where a "duty call" implies a drive of from ten to twenty miles and the occupation of an entire afternoon, some latitude might be expected. Our hostess has a reception day, and these calls are very pleasant, sociable affairs, with a cup of tea or glass of wine in the drawing-room, and croquet or a walk in the grounds; all informally given and received with that frank, simple manner so agreeably characteristic of an Irish household and its guests, but preserving enough of formality to be dignified, and even stately.

FRIDAY.

We dined yesterday at a pretty, old-fashioned mansion, standing on high ground, with trees closely sheltering it, a wide lawn and long, straight carriage-drive; the house coming into view with an impression of latticed casements, roses and trailing vines and other greenery, like a house in a picture or story book. The dinner was in honor of a recent betrothal, and naturally enough, when the feminine side of the party were gathered together over their teacups, talk drifted upon wedding ceremonials and customs in different countries, all of which was new and interesting to us. While English or Irish weddings lack the splendor and display of the American ceremony, they seem to be infinitely more homelike and agreeable; the bride is attended only by bridemaids, two of whom usually are young children, and is invariably married in church, the groom with his

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"best man" awaiting her at the door or altar-steps. After the ceremony the guests assemble at the house of the bride's father for the wedding breakfast, at which speeches are made by various people, healths drunk and responded to, etc., the bride and groom usually leaving the table to depart on their wedding-tour. And here it may be remarked that, to us, a novel feature of weddings in Great Britain is the fancifulness of the bride's travelling garb; pale colors are generally chosen, light hats, everything that indicates novelty and a sense of festivity. When we read of a royal princess going off in white silk upon her wedding-journey, that is not so astonishing; but to see Miss Brown and Miss Robinson vanishing by railway in dove-colored silk and a pink bonnet is somewhat overpowering.

The dinner at B—— House was at three o'clock, after which there were suggestions of croquet; but it had begun to rain in the slow, tearful fashion which is peculiar to Great Britain—a quiet drip, drip from trees and branches, the flowers shining the better for the raindrops, the greens coming out clearer and brighter. This damp state of affairs by no means interfered with the croquet party; forth they sallied, the young ladies in waterproofs and thick boots, and when some one exclaimed at such a rash proceeding, "Oh!" said X——, "what would we do over here if we minded a bit of rain?" And judging from the sounds of hilarity and the rapid click of balls, the party outside the drawing-room windows were not subject to depressing influences. To reward their fortitude the clouds finally lifted, and the sun went down at last in all the splendor of crimson and gold. A nine o'clock supper followed, and then a drive home in the moonlight, the seven or eight miles seeming but a short distance on such perfect roads as exist in this part of Cavan.

Dinners, luncheons, and tea-parties seem to be the customary entertainments in Ireland in summer time, but when winter comes the routine varies; then the hunting is in full force, and hospitable doors are opened to the "hunt" for breakfasts—forty or fifty guests being no unusual number, our hostess tells us, at a hunting breakfast. The winter season must be a peculiarly festive one here, for Cavan has a fine hunt. The Master of the Hounds lives not far from here, and the runs are often remarkably good. The meet is about ten or eleven in the morning, and assembles some of the best riders in Ireland, of both sexes; and, indeed, our American horsewomen can hardly imagine the daring and dexterity of the Irish or English women on horseback. Fancy a long day's ride over hedges and ditches, in and out of fields, lanes, and roads, stopping at nothing, and keeping a firm saddle all the way. Accidents sometimes do happen, however; our host was telling of one to-night. He and his younger sister were following the hounds one day a few years since, and, as he had the most perfect reliance upon her prowess, he gave himself no concern about her; over hedge and ditch they galloped, and, reaching a piece of water with a high bank on the other side, his horse, a superb hunter, dashed on, and with a tremendous leap barely got to the further shore with his fore-feet and scrambled up. Hers followed only too quickly; and when Mr. A—— turned not a sign of lady or horse

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was to be seen—they had absolutely vanished! Getting down with all speed, he plunged into the water; by this time an equine head appeared, and the riderless horse began to scramble ashore; but the rider, where was she? Fancy his dismay at having to prolong such a search, and finding Miss A—— at last quite unconscious under the water. Some of the hunting party had come up by this time, and the lifeless form was lifted up on the bank. Luckily, her Irish constitution and spirit stood her in good stead; some brandy poured down her throat had begun to revive her when to her half-wakened senses came the words "Hold her up by the heels" from an old farmer. The prospect was too thrilling, and sufficed to complete her restoration. But what would American girls, who canter in the park or by the sea-shore, think of this young woman, who, after a brief rest at a farm-house, finished the day's sport on the same horse, declaring herself none the worse for the adventure?

The day frequently winds up with a dinner or supper, to which the hunting party sit down in their riding costume, and sometimes in the gray of the morning horsemen may be seen trotting homewards; the sharp click of hoofs now and then breaking the stillness being the last sounds of the day's sports.

Picnic parties are frequent and quite fashionable during the Irish summer season, and very enjoyable they are made, several households combining—some lovely spot being chosen and arrangements made for a dance later in the evening. Lord —— has charming picnic grounds, with a cottage built for the dancing or tea-making of parties, and all the county people are at liberty to avail themselves of it freely. Like all Irish reunions, they begin early and end late; some one was lazily recalling "great days" to-night in the drawing-room, and a picnic party was described which began at eleven A.M. one day and from which the story-teller returned at two the next morning, almost in time to see a streak of sunrise color above the hills.

The agitations which flutter a London hostess in the season as to whom she may invite *with* whom, rarely can disturb the serenity of a country household. The lines are drawn so closely, so definitely are distinctions marked, that there is no chance of questioning an invitation. Different sets may be asked on different occasions, but every one stands out in a sort of relief against his or her claims to "gentility," and nowhere is society more exclusive than among the upper classes in Ireland to-day. Much of this may be due to their minor commercial interests; unlike England and Scotland, few of the old families ever are engaged in trade, and agriculture is the pronounced employment of the county gentleman, whose broad acres may yield him the income so often derived in England from cotton-spinning or the manufacture of Wilton carpets.

SUNDAY.

Why is it that all the world over Sunday is recognized as a day when a late breakfast and an indolent demeanor are allowable? I am sure X—— and B—— were not overworked yesterday, yet they entered the breakfast-room with a careless air of fatigue, and their comfort was looked after in a manner which would be quite inappropriate on Monday or Saturday.

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Both Mass and the "church" service here begin late. Indeed, we were told of a neighboring curate who ordained his hour of service at twelve o'clock, but to this some of the more animated in his congregation finally objected. Eleven is the fixed hour in all places of worship, I believe, on the queen's side of the water; and as in country places there is a call from the post-boy on Sunday mornings, this is very convenient.

This morning I had my first ride on an "*outside*" car, in which we papists went to chapel—the brougham naturally going the orthodox way, as the American party were divided in religious sentiments, and the majority being against Miss —— and myself. I own to some trepidation as I was assisted into the little vehicle, so curiously arranged with seats for two on either side facing the road, the coachman's perch being in the centre—all comfortably cushioned, and as pretty and dainty as a lady's phaeton. A smiling and somewhat derisive group assembled in the doorway to watch my ascent and see us off. Away we jolted, and my first sensations were all of terror, I was so sure I would go head first upon the ground, and clung nervously to the side of the car; but presently familiarity with the jogging motion overcame this. I enjoyed the novelty, the side movement having quite a pleasant effect; houses, trees, fields opened broadly to view as we jolted on at what seemed to me a reckless pace, although the coachman kept urging his horse to go faster. All along the country road the people were trudging to Mass; some, Miss —— told me, having walked miles to attend the dear service. Their Sunday finery was most impressive. I was particularly struck by one young woman in the most crisp and rustling of white petticoats, above which a bright green merino gown was lifted carefully; her shawl, a crimson striped with yellow, fastened with a brooch, and her head bared to the morning sunshine, quite ignorant of bonnet or kerchief. To my surprise I found that many attend Mass in this fashion.

The old women we met were very neat and prim in air, wearing their shoes somewhat laboriously, however; their white caps were finely starched and frilled, and usually half covered by a three-cornered handkerchief of gay hue; the men, with well-brushed corduroys, wore impressive waistcoats and a sprig of heather or flower in their coats. Everybody was bobbing and smiling with peculiar friendliness, the day and our common errand uniting us pleasantly. Down through the little village, swooping around a corner while I tremulously clutched my side of the car, and at last in view of the little chapel, a small building of gray stone, standing on an undulating common; the churchyard and priest's house to the right, to the left the rise and fall of open country. Here the hurrying steps of the congregation grew more frequent; a stream of people were going in, while some lingered without, either praying at the graves or at the foot of a tall cross near the entrance. The effect was very solemn, as it seems to me all prayer or reverential attitude in the open air, with no other roofing than God's sky, must always be. I have seen more pathos, heard more piety in an aspiration beneath a sky shining with starlight than the most solemn utterances within a

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dwelling. These people, quietly dispersed about, their rosaries in hand, seemed to be praying with beautiful, tranquil simplicity. Now and then a gaze lifted upward, and, while the lips moved dumbly, almost seemed to penetrate the blue above us. At one side, under the shadow of an old tree, a group of men talked quietly, but presently all went in. The chapel is a nice one; simple, of course, and lacking in all attempt at ornament; but there was a harmonium not badly played, and a small chorus of voices, crude, perhaps, but full of piety; and one hymn sung cheerily to the air of "There is a Happy Land" suddenly brought home before us. The congregation finally assembled was most interesting to me. It represented chiefly one class, that known as "the poor"; yet, looking at them, who but would add, *God's own?—his* class surely, from which, kingly though his Son's name might be, he has chosen to be born. Never have I seen in any congregation such simple, unaffected piety; old and young alike seemed imbued by the spirit of solemnity and the fact that the occasion was by divine ordinance, their own dear service which presently would be performed, and on every face was a reverent look of expectation, and something which made me proudly feel Ireland's Catholicism was that which no change of king or people could affect. They have defied the past, clung to their faith in the midst of bitter struggle, and God will surely guard for them the future and all eternity.

Before Mass began, and while we were waiting for the priest, the rosary was recited; the schoolmaster, who is quite a scholarly man, kneeling at the rails and leading the first decade, three or four old men in the congregation taking up the others. The voices rose and fell with various intonations—that peculiar inflection which in the north has a certain lingering cadence about it: beginning on a high key, the voice fell gradually, then waved upwards again, now and then with a droll effect, as in one case where the whole decade was a sort of groan, accompanied by the pious ejaculations or long-drawn breath of the old people; but the piety dominated all. Never had prayers such pathos, never had they so entirely the sense of being a petition straight from the craving human heart to the throne of the Most High, and the *Glory be to the Father*, pronounced reverently by all, had, despite the quaintness of some tones, a positive thrill of sanctity about it.

There was a short sermon well delivered by the curate, and to which the congregation listened devoutly. Then, Mass being over, some Sunday-school classes were formed, and finally the last of the little congregation had gone out, lingering for a moment's prayer before the cross.

As we drove home we remarked that the people who had come to church quietly and hurriedly were now dispersed about in gay, talkative groups. Here and there some one was being greeted who had been out of sight a few Sundays; a pretty, girlish young woman, who had trudged to church with a small bundle in her arms, was now unfolding it proudly to view—a tiny little baby, who blinked in the sudden light—while three women stood about, one with her hand tightly over her mouth: an attitude, I have observed, which seems to add peculiar force to criticism or retrospection.

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"Ah! now, indeed, then, Mrs. Callahan, it's a fine child it is, God bless him!" This we hear as we jolt by, while the wondering little face is covered again after its unexpected view of the world, and Miss A—— tells me that it is considered unpardonable in Ireland not to wish God's blessing on a child whom one sees for the first time. To "overlook" a baby, as slighting it is called, is rarely forgotten by the parent.

Our household routine varies on Sundays, dinner being at three o'clock, after which that world-wide impulse to sleep on Sunday afternoons carried every one off to their apartments, and I opened my eyes about six o'clock to find the trim parlor-maid in the dressing-room with a tea-tray, and plate of sliced potato-cake and buns. Every one assembled later in the drawing-room, and at nine o'clock supper was announced. All these details I record simply to indicate the mode of life in an Irish country-house. The routine gives one an idea of the system.

Conversation this evening very properly fell upon church matters, guided thither, I fear, by some frivolous remarks between two Americans of opposite creeds; but the word "disestablishment" made us naturally inquisitive. Of course we had read *New Ireland;* equally of course we knew that the Irish Protestant Church was no longer regularly established under government protection; but these are outside facts.

"Was disestablishment approved of generally?" asked an American.

"I'll tell you how it was," replies our hostess, turning round from a critical survey of the night: "everybody was compelled to own it was just. Here was a country, almost entirely Catholic, supporting a Protestant church from which it derived no benefit in any way; even England," continues this vindictive person, "*had* to see the injustice of it. Disestablishment had been in the air long years before it was an accomplished fact. Look at Scotland" (with a glance towards the sofa): "the Scotch don't support the Episcopal Church; they have their own."

"Ay, but we have"; this, with a laugh, from the sofa.

"And why should we have gone on paying for a clergy we did not need?"

"The *we* is rather inclusive, my dear," says a stanch Protestant in the company.

"Quite true," argues the champion of religious liberty, "but *we* are in the majority; let you who are served by the queen's church pay for it."

"It must have been hard for the clergymen who held the livings."

"No; because they were well compensated. Every rector occupying a living was paid a certain sum down or had his income ensured to him during his life; so it is only the new-comers who have anything to lose."

"And did many clergymen remain?"

"Many accepted the larger amount and went elsewhere; but there were plenty of clergymen ready to step in on the new terms. Some church lands were sold, and in many instances that was a great benefit to all the county. You saw that fine tract of land beyond the gardens; well, X—— bought that in from the government, and as it adjoined S—— R——, it was a very fine investment. Those lands were known as 'glebe' property."

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"And are the new clergymen as good a class of men?"

"Good? Well, what do you call good?"

"Stanch!" says the young lady of Keppoch.

"I think I was trying to be English; for I meant, were they as dignified and imposing a set of gentlemen?"

"Ah! no; well, they are not; they are hard enough workers, but not always *gentlemen;* that is what we disliked in the matter—what disestablishment was sure to bring."

"They are afraid of it in England now," said our host; "nobody knows how soon it may come about, and already it is difficult to sell a living for a good price, and 'younger sons' are not taking so readily to the church as of old."

"But there is less political injustice in it in England," said our hostess calmly.

"And what is the feeling now between the two churches. Is it as bitter as ever?"

No one spoke for a moment; two or three in the company were analyzing their opinions before uttering them.

"It is no longer what it once was," said our host presently. "When I was young it was a deeply-seated political feeling; now it is more the result of personal prejudice."

"Which extends rather far, I fear," said the young lady of the family.

"Ah! but no one feels now that a man of a different creed is a sworn enemy; the time was—"

"The time was," puts in our friend from India, whose editorial faculty is not without its dash of fun—"the time was when Protestant and Catholic were terms for 'Greek and Greek.' Did you not hear Mr. Q——'s story the other night? He told it with the most impressive gravity, like a bit of gospel. 'Once in the old days a Catholic gentleman gave a dinner-party, inviting widely from far and near; but when all the guests were seated it was found they were placed Catholic and Protestant, Catholic and Protestant, and so on alternately all round the table. Well, the first course came on and went off, some wine was drunk, when suddenly a signal was given—up jumped every Catholic and stabbed his Protestant neighbor!' Upon tales like this Mr. Q—— and his fellow-men have been nurtured; what do you think of that for *feeling?*"

"Well, indeed," said our hostess when all the laughter had subsided, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, just; and you a Limerick man!"

"I am only quoting Mr. Q——," said the editor, "to give our American friends an idea of what Ireland has been."

"What Ireland has been!" echoes the young lady. "Ah! me, say what she *might* be!"

And when we all had our candles lighted our hostess whispered significantly: "I've not finished the church subject yet; there's far more to be said!"

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FELIX DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

THESE are early days for judging the great bishop who has passed away from us; for measuring the proportions of that gigantic figure which we have seen for half a century wielding the sword and the battle-axe against the enemies of the church and of society; for gauging the extent of his work, the depth and nature of his influence. But we cannot be satisfied with merely offering the tribute of our regret at his grave, and swelling the chorus of lamentation which, rising at Rome, still resounds through the nations. We must speak a few words, and, looking back on the life of him whom not alone Orleans but Christendom mourns as "the great bishop," try and learn the lesson his life taught us. He was the indefatigable champion of the cause of truth and honor and liberty; the defender of the faith, the loyal son of the church; the passionate lover of whatsoever was lovely, whatsoever was brave and of good repute. We had grown so used to see him to the fore in every peril, always in the breach, his sword unsheathed, his lance at rest, young with the essential youth of energy and power, that we had come almost to believe his vitality inexhaustible; that the indefatigable athlete was endowed with a sort of premature immortality. But he is gone. His place shall know him no more. The well-known signature, "Felix, Bishop of Orleans," will never again thrill us with its burning war-cry, never melt us with the unction of its apostolic eloquence.

His life will be written, and worthily, by one who shared it for many years and was his own chosen friend; but meantime we are impatient to know something of that personal life which was hidden behind the brilliant public character and career of Mgr. Dupanloup. It was a very tender and beautiful one. It was the life of a holy priest, full of good works, animated with the piety of a little child and the zeal of a true apostle. In that will which the Abbé Bougaud read from the pulpit in place of the funeral oration which the bishop's humility interdicted, he tells us himself that he was "*né de rien*," and that his vocation was a magnificent gift to his obscure unworthiness; and seldom indeed has that divine promise, "the last shall be first," been more triumphantly fulfilled than in the life of this lowly son of poverty and sorrow. He tells us that he was a wayward child, but that he loved his mother, and for her sake strove to do well. A brother of hers, a worthy parish priest, was interested in the boy and took him away from Savoy, where he lived a joyous life, running wild among his native hills, and sent him to school in Paris, and later to St. Sulpice. The bishop himself tells us naïvely of the "awful sense of joy" that filled his heart when Mgr. Meugaud first whispered to him, "You must be a priest!"

It was toward Christmas time that he was ordained in the venerable old church which has been a nursery of priests to the whole world, and in memory of that blessed privilege the Bishop of Orleans made it a point to assist every

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year at the celebration of some one of the great festivals at St. Sulpice, which he speaks of as "that church which I must love eternally." His first opportunity for exercising the ministry of the Word was in the Catechism chapel of this beloved church, where he prepared the little ones of the parish for their First Communion.

He used to accuse himself of having been too rhetorical on this occasion, of being wanting in the simplicity of a true priest, and of delighting his young audience instead of simply instructing them. His first experience as a confessor was a startling one: he was called to assist a dying man, who was none other than an ex-communicated married bishop, the famous Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. The dying confession of the octogenarian statesman who had filled Europe with the wonder and scandal of his life must have been an awful revelation to the young priest of the power of his divine ministry. But he was destined to be the guide and consoler of many of the great and stricken ones of this world. Queen Marie Amélie was his penitent; so was the Duchess de Berri; and her son, the Comte de Chambord, as a boy. Mgr. Dupanloup reminded the latter of this old relation when he went to see him after the prince had so strangely set aside the royalists and the cream-colored horses who had been patiently exercising in the *pas royal* which they were to keep when drawing Henri Cinq through his good city of Paris. "If I were your highness' confessor now," said the bishop, laughing, "I doubt if I should see my way to giving you absolution."

But politics played a very secondary part in his life; he had his sympathies, but they never led him into active hostility against constituted authority. He was unbending as steel, however, before tyranny, or mere power where it was unjustly held or unworthily exercised. He held coldly aloof from the government which was ushered in by the bloody saturnalia of the *Coup d'Etat*, and many will remember the frigid courtesy with which he received the emperor on the steps of the cathedral at Orleans. Tyranny found no ally in the dauntless prelate, and the empire did not love him.

The writer remembers going to call one day on the wife of a court dignitary, and finding her in a violent state of indignation against "an insolent" who dared to set up the law of the church against the will of his imperial majesty. "The audacity of that man knows no bounds! He ought to be silenced," she exclaimed, flinging down the newspaper which contained the outspoken defence of the rights of the church. It was easier said than done to silence Felix Dupanloup. Who ever loved the church better than he loved it? Whose voice was raised more faithfully in her service? We have heard him accused of failing in his allegiance to her in the council. His demeanor throughout was rather the noblest proof of duty and loyalty that he ever gave the church. When he declared himself of opinion that the moment was inopportune for proclaiming the dogma of the Infallibility, he knew that he was running terrible risks, and that he was deliberately sacrificing popularity where it was most valuable to him. But his conscience spoke louder than every earthly consideration. He spoke according to the light that was given him, and in so do-

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ing he did what the fathers of the councils did from the beginning, from Nice to Trent. He was not summoned as a mere echo, but as a living voice to give utterance to the promptings of the spirit within him, to bear witness to what he believed to be wise and salutary. Before starting for Rome a friend said to him: "Suppose, my lord, that you are overruled and that the dogma is defined?" "I submit beforehand to the decision of the council," was the unhesitating reply. And to his assembled clergy he said: "I give my adherence beforehand to the decisions of the Holy See, be they what they may, whether contrary or conformable to my own views. I adhere with gladness; I submit with joy." Faithful to this pledge, he tells them on his return: "The discussions of the church are not like earthly discussions; they do not terminate in personal triumphs, but in the triumph of the faith, of God alone and his holy will."

The council was a free assembly to which the bishops of Christendom were convoked in order to discuss freely the vast and momentous subjects set before them. Each one spoke out in perfect freedom, and then the Spirit of God spoke; all were silent until their voices rose again, one free and loyal and unhesitating assent.

From this scene of ardent but peaceful discussion the bishop returned home to take his part in a different warfare. The Prussians were in France and at the gates of his city. Next to the church Mgr. Dupanloup loved his country. "All loves," he says, "are comprised in this great love. The fatherland is the reunion of all divine and human things; of our hearth, our altars, the tombs of our fathers, our possessions, justice, honor, and the security of life. It has been said, with truth, our country is a mother. Let us love her more than ever now that she is in mourning; let France be dearer to us than ever in her misfortunes; and let this love open our eyes to see whence these misfortunes come."

His eyes had long been open to the true cause of these misfortunes, and therein lay the secret of his implacable opposition to the empire. He could not forgive the government which, in order to ward off danger from itself, let loose impiety against religion and morality; a government that visited with fines and imprisonment a disrespectful insinuation against its own authority, while extending the utmost license, nay, even encouragement, to blasphemous scurrility against the church of God and the sacred moral law. The enemies of God hated Mgr. Dupanloup—let us repeat it to his glory—they hated him, and they pursued him with insult and calumny to the end. Leo XIII., in a brief addressed to the venerable prelate last July, called him "the glory of the church and the consolation of the Holy See"—words that came like an anticipation of the glorious "Come, ye blessed," to the brave and loving son of the church, and which contain in themselves the secret of that bitter hate with which those who hated her honored him. With what prophetic tones he warned his country of the fate which this guilty policy of the empire had in store for it!

"Hearken to me," he cries in one of these impassioned denunciations—"hearken to me, for I have seen it on the banks of our streams. When the dikes are broken the inundations are ap-

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palling. If the dike of religion comes to be utterly thrown down, all will be swept away in one vast social disaster. To look upon war against God and the church as a sort of safety-valve, to let religion be swamped in order to preserve society—this is the most perilous as well as the guiltiest of all policies. The expedient of a day is the betrayal of the future."

In the pulpit, in the tribune, his voice was for ever pleading the same cause: God's right is the people's good; without him there is no safety, no liberty, no good at all. He took his place among the legislators of his country only to announce and enforce this eternal truth. He meddled with politics only inasmuch as they were subservient or opposed to the reign that is not of this world. He fought for liberty, not in the interest of journalists and debaters, but as an instrument of good for souls, for the emancipation of the human mind; he fought for the freedom of the schools, for the right of Christian men to bring up their sons Christians, and thus create within France herself a bulwark which would make her strong to resist all enemies, internal as well as external. Few Frenchmen loved their country better than Mgr. Dupanloup; perhaps no living Frenchman knew her as well as he did. Nations, like individuals, have their character and predominant passions, and to these may be traced those lines of destiny which lead them to good or evil. The Bishop of Orleans possessed in a rare degree that spiritual vision which the mystics call discernment of spirits; it was this which enabled him to see into the soul of France and distinguish the springs that set her violently in motion. In his masterly preface to M. de Beauchesne's pathetic work he declares envy and vanity to be her predominant passions, and shows how these two deadly sins, taking diabolical possession of the long-suffering and exasperated people, goaded them into those mad crimes and suicidal excesses which stand unapproached in the annals of the world's history.

That preface is in itself as remarkable a composition, both for its style and power, its subtle analysis and profound philosophy, as anything which its prolific author has left behind him. Here, as whenever he strikes these deep chords of the nation's soul and destiny, his voice has the ring of a prophet "speaking with authority," and, prophet-like, his utterances fell on unbelieving ears. When the enemy from without attacked France, she found herself powerless to resist him, owing to the more terrible enemies within.

The Bishop of Orleans had too much of the soldier in his own nature not to share that love for soldiers which is so universal a characteristic of apostolic souls. He fought a good fight for them against the infidels at home, and carried the day, compelling the government to appoint chaplains to the army. Now that the invader was in their midst, he fought with them as became a patriot and a priest. When the Prussians entered his beloved city of Orleans, desecrating her churches, turning some of them into stables, another into a prison, Monseigneur, like his predecessor, St. Aignan of old, stood forth to defend his flock at the peril of his life. His house became an ambulance where day and night he tended the wounded and dying. He beleaguered the

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enemy for reprieves, for pardons, for mercy in one shape or another for his people. When soldiers were condemned to be shot he went and begged for their life at the hands of Prussian generals; and if —as it mostly happened—the grace was denied, he would prepare the doomed men to meet death like Christians, standing by them often to the last with blessings and absolutions.

The feast of St. Aignan happened to fall on the day after the victory of Coulmiers, and the dauntless bishop thereupon addressed the following letter to his people:

"After crossing the Rhine with his Northmen Attila advanced to the gates of Orleans, and proceeded to throw down the walls with his battering-rams. The people were gathered together in the temple, and cried out to their bishop, 'What must we do?' St. Aignan answered: 'You must pray! We must fall down in supplication before God, and he will send us his help.' And they did so; and while they prayed the bishop said: 'Go ye up to the ramparts and see if the help of God is not coming.' Three times they went up and looked out from the ramparts, but no sign of help appeared on the horizon. They prayed again with many tears and still firmer trust, and once more St. Aignan bade them go and look from the ramparts. This time they cried out: 'We see like a cloud rising up from the horizon!' 'It is the help of God!' cried the aged bishop; 'it is the help of God!' And so it was. The walls of Orleans were giving way beneath the blows of the battering-rams, but Attila drew his barbarian hordes away to the fields of Catalauni, where their death-blow awaited them."

This letter was read from the pulpit at Pithiviers in the presence of a number of German officers. When their victorious troops reentered Orleans Prince Frederick Charles, furious at having been compared to Attila, had the matter deferred to a council of war, which declared the bishop's words an insult to the honor of Prussia, and determined to make him pay dearly for them. A detachment of German soldiers, headed by a colonel, entered the episcopal palace, turned out the vicars, installed themselves in the rooms, and declared the bishop their prisoner. Sentinels were placed at the door of his apartment, keeping watch on him night and day.

The invaders were amazed, indeed rather scandalized, at the poverty of the episcopal cellars. They called for champagne, and on the bishop's assuring them that he had never had a bottle of it in his cellar, "What, my lord!" exclaimed a royal prince, "a man of your distinction not to have champagne in his house? Do you never entertain?"

"I entertain my clergy," replied the bishop, "but the French clergy do not drink champagne."

He was a model of simplicity and abstemiousness in his own household, and he disapproved of luxury at the tables of his clergy. A story is told of him that is very characteristic. He went on a pastoral visitation once and was expected to dine with the curé of the village. He arrived alone, and the servant, not recognizing him, said: "Ah! M. l'Abbé, if you are of the bishop's suite you will have a famous dinner to-day. Something has come down from Potet et Chabaud."

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The stranger replied that meantime he was hungry, and asked for a bit of bread and cheese. The curé came in, and, finding the bishop eating away with the gusto of a hungry man, exclaimed in dismay that his lordship would spoil his appetite for the dinner that was just ready.

"M. le Curé," said the bishop, "I promised to dine with you, and I have kept my word."

Nor would he be persuaded to partake of anything more. The lesson was understood.

The simplicity which he maintained at his table extended to all habits. Winter and summer he rose at five. He said his Mass at once, his *valet de chambre* serving it. Then he took a cup of coffee and a roll, and set to work till half-past twelve, when he dined. He practised hospitality in the true, apostolic manner, abundantly, cordially, and without the smallest ostentation. He always had his vicars to dine with him, and generally three or four other guests, lay or clerical. He said the *benedicite*, one of his vicars read a few verses from the *Imitation*, and the frugal repast began. At its close the gospel of the day was read, and then the bishop went for a walk. It was a peculiarity with him to remain bareheaded in the open air; it refreshed him, he said, to feel the wind blowing on him. After his walk he received visits for an hour or so. Nothing could exceed the grace of his manner in social intercourse. "He was *d'exquise bonne compagnie*," says a friend of his, who is an authority on the subject.

Mgr. Dupanloup's correspondence was enormous, including letters in many languages and from nearly every part of the world; yet he got through it regularly every day, though it must be added that he generally encroached upon his nights to accomplish this. He wrote, as he spoke, with masterly ease, often dictating to two persons and writing himself at the same time. He happened to be dining at the presbytery of Notre Dame one day when the Père de Ravignan was going to preach. At the last moment, when the cathedral was densely crowded, word came that the preacher was ill and could not come. The consternation and distress of the clergy were great. Mgr. Dupanloup asked what the thesis of the conference was to have been, and without further hesitation offered to ascend the pulpit and replace his friend to the best of his ability. His discourse was a great success, and no one suspected that it had not been duly prepared for the solemn occasion. It is needless to speak of his eloquence, for the fame of it has reached whereever the Bishop of Orleans' name was known. It partook in a high degree of the characteristics of his own personality. "He was beautiful in the pulpit!" exclaims one of his brother prelates. And so he was. The fire that burned in his soul inflamed his countenance, flashed in his eyes, shone on his large, lofty brow, and transfigured his whole aspect; his action was full of majesty, impassioned and yet self-restrained: classical in every movement, and yet quite easy and natural. His voice was clear and powerful, finely modulated, vibrating to every emotion of his soul—a docile and commanding instrument. But the charm as well as the power of his eloquence lay in this: that it was the inspired messenger of his soul. He was equally impassioned, equally melodious, tender, and

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poetical, in instructing an assembly of children or working-men or addressing the fastidious audience of a great cathedral. His conversation partook largely of the charm and brilliancy of his sermons and discourses. He kept you fascinated while he spoke. "It is impossible to describe the charm to any one who has not felt it," writes an old friend of his to us; "there was a spell about him which no one could resist. His sincerity, his ardent love of the souls he was addressing, made people accept at his dictation—and he was dictatorial—any task he imposed, any effort, any sacrifice he demanded. I don't suppose any confessor or director was ever better obeyed; those whom he directed were so *stimulated* by his spirit that they went even beyond what he asked or expected."

His love for souls was so great that he snatched at every available means for saving them. Those who did not understand his character and the high motives which animated him misjudged his actions cruelly sometimes in this respect, and blamed as a pandering to the temporizing spirit of our age his willingness to seize every opportunity it offered for reconciling the age with God and religion. They blamed him for not losing time in quarrelling with the established order of things, for using the means it provided him for the furtherance of his work.

He loved the people with an intelligent, human, and at the same time apostolic love; their welfare was identified in his eyes with the triumph of the work to which he had consecrated his life. "Educate the people!" was the ever-recurring burden of his political creed, as it was of Ozanam's, as it is of every logical, earnest Christian in the present day, when the Christianizing of the people is the only breakwater we can raise up against the rising tide of an ignorant democracy. Let those who are to govern us be taught to govern before power passes irrecoverably into their hands. Mgr. Dupanloup was not of those who hailed the advent of the coming reign, but he was foremost amongst those who strove to make straight the way for it, laboring to teach the people the true meaning of liberty and progress, and thus lead them to the realization of both in their highest sense.

His personal sympathies were in favor of a limited monarchy; he mistrusted any other form of government for France, but he believed in no particular form of government as the panacea for the evils that disturbed her. He sought for the remedy of these higher up and deeper down than in the Chamber and the bureaux of ministers. He could not understand the miserable, narrow policy which led men to sacrifice the interests of humanity and justice to a party. The honesty of his own patriotism sometimes proved contagious to less selfish politicians and won them over to his loftier ideal.

M. Thiers on more than one occasion fell a generous conquest to the bishop's enthusiasm. A vehement discussion was going on once at the house of a mutual friend concerning the expulsion of the Jesuits. Mgr. Dupanloup appealed to M. Thiers to stand up against the iniquitous measure.

"What!" cried the hot-headed statesman, "do you want me to set myself up as the defender of Jesuits?"

"No; I want you to set your-

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self up as the champion of justice," was the reply. M. Thiers, who had a chord in him that answered to the touch, said: "And so I will."

The bishop's keen instinct enabled him to judge of men and measures with surprising correctness. One day during the session of 1872 a friend went to see him at Versailles, and found him in the garden, evidently preoccupied and agitated, for he had pulled a rod and was chopping off the heads of the flowers as he walked up and down.

"What do you think of Thiers?" he said to his visitor; and then, without waiting for an answer, he continued, "My own opinion is that he is driving us to the abyss; he will be overborne; we shall lose him, and we shall get worse. He does not see the danger. He won't see it."

Mgr. Dupanloup in his warlike career—for we fully admit the charge that he was always at war—gave a fine example of charity in his bearing towards those whom he fought. He gladly met his adversaries on neutral ground, and seized opportunities of shaking hands with them after running them very hard either in the tribune or in the press. On one occasion a journalist who had had a long running fight with him was invited to a banquet given to the bishop. The papal nuncio, hearing of this, had the invitation countermanded out of respect to Mgr. Dupanloup; but the latter, on hearing this, was annoyed, and went himself to call on the journalist next day. "Monsieur," he said, "on my account, it seems, we were deprived of the pleasure of seeing you at dinner yesterday. Will you do me the favor of dining with me to-morrow?" And they became good friends. He felt more keenly the wounds inflicted on others than those he received himself; he was always in terror lest they should reach to the soul and fester there, and check generous and energetic effort. A writer, who had been a severe sufferer from this, went one day to seek consolation and encouragement from the bishop.

"Have you any enthusiasm?" cried his lordship.

"Yes, my lord; I have some left yet."

"Thank God! I love you for that answer; it does my heart good!" exclaimed the bishop, embracing him. The world is perishing for lack of enthusiasm, for lack of that sacred spark which kindles whatsoever is noble in human nature. Wherever Mgr. Dupanloup saw this elemental fire, his own enthusiasm, like a mounting flame, went out to meet it; and to see the divine gift misused, turned against the cause which it should have served, was one of the severest trials his heart had to endure.

How indefatigable the Bishop of Orleans was at work those whose privilege it has been to co-operate with him know to their cost. He not only worked for the greater part of the day, but he had the habit of rising in the dead of the night to continue his labors. At such times he would rouse some one to come and write to his dictation, while his own pen ran on nimbly at the same time. Many of his secretaries and some of his vicars fell ill from exhaustion, but the bishop, who had less mercy on himself than on others, seemed inaccessible to fatigue. After an arduous day of episcopal functions—confirmation, preaching, ordination, etc.—he would wake up in the night-time and set to work as fresh as if

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starting after an interval of rest. His facility both in writing and speaking was prodigious. His mind was like a fountain always ready to overflow. The most barren subject flowered out under his touch like the almond blossom from Aaron's rod, or the lily-bearing wand which indicated the chosen suitor of Our Lady.

His literary taste had been formed upon the purest models, and by masters who had grown up in the noble traditions of the old university. From them he acquired that grand style which later opened to him the doors of the Academy. Like his friend and brother-in-arms, Père Lacordaire, the Bishop of Orleans accepted a place amongst "les quarante" not as a distinction offered to himself individually, but as a mark of respect and sympathy to religion in his person.

"My poor writings," he said on taking possession of his *fauteuil*, "never could have commended me to your suffrage. I recognize in your choice something far beyond a personal distinction; I see in it the desire to renew the old alliance between the church and letters, between the episcopacy and the French Academy, and I rejoice to be the humble connecting-link in a chain which never should have been broken."

But he was mistaken in assuming this alliance to be real; he overestimated its sincerity, and soon found that, notwithstanding the ascendency which he at once acquired personally in the illustrious assembly, his presence did not close its doors on the atheists and materialists whose works he had spent his life in combating. When M. Littré was elected the bishop left the Academy never to re-enter it. He never again took any part direct or indirect, in its proceedings. His colleagues refused to accept his resignation, and the secretary continued to send him regularly all the notices, invitations, etc., which he sent to the others; but the bishop never opened them.

A friend, who saw him one day after breakfast throw one of the well-known envelopes into the fire without breaking the seal, warned him lest he should be burning a big banknote sent to him for his poor by the learned brotherhood. Monseigneur laughed, and, poking the letter into a blaze, he replied, "There is no danger of my committing that sin."

The Academy respected him the more for his uncompromising principles, and proved it by deputing two of its most learned and distinguished members to follow him to the grave. Honors overtook him unsought, and pursued him in spite of his obstinate rejection. When a young man he refused two of the most important parishes in Paris. Three years ago the archbishopric of Lyons, with the title of Primate of Gaul, was pressed upon him; but he declined it with the remark that he could do as much good at Orleans as anywhere else, and so he preferred to remain there. The world said that he coveted the Roman purple, and was embittered by not having been offered it. It may be true that his friends coveted it for him, but those who knew him best knew how serenely indifferent he was to all external grandeurs. The approval of the Holy See was the crown he did covet, and the touching expression of it which his Holiness Leo XIII. gave him not long ago was perhaps the keenest joy that this world had in store for him.

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The one conquest that he longed and strove for was the conquest of souls. The contact of a really great soul rejoiced him like a treasure-trove, and he sought for such eagerly. "Ah!" he exclaims, "where are they, those beautiful souls? We cry out to them and they do not answer us; we seek for them and we do not find them." It was the divine beauty of holiness that he was enamored of in souls, not the brilliant gifts which men admire. When he met this, as he sometimes did, under the garb of ignorance and obscurity, he did homage to it as to the living image of God. There was a poor village girl who took service as a cook in a family at Orleans, and became a penitent of Mgr. Dupanloup, and he had such a profound respect for her simple piety and virtue that he frequently took counsel with her on matters of weight, observing to those who were surprised at this condescension: "The Spirit of God dwells in simple souls, and he reveals himself to the humble."

Amidst his manifold absorbing duties he loved nothing so much as the direction of simple souls, and many and touching are the instances recorded of his devotion to the poorest of his flock. A friend of his relates that some few years ago, when on a visit at the Château Lacombe, the bishop went one day to see his old curé in the village. Finding him absent, he went into the garden, tethered his ass to a tree, and began to say his breviary, walking up and down. By and by a peasant girl came to fetch M. le Curé to confess her mother, who was dying. On being told that he was not at home she began to wail and cry. "I am a priest, my child; I will come with you," said the bishop. He set off with her at once. A storm overtook them in their two hours' walk over the mountains, but he was in time to console the dying mother, and returned long after nightfall, drenched and tired, and full of apologies for the anxiety which his absence had caused to his friends.

It was here in this hospitable home of his old friend, M. Du Boys, that death came to him. Never did the summons come with more sweet and fitting circumstances. He, who had loved Mary so tenderly and souls so zealously, died in the act of serving both: he left his rosary to go and hear a young man's confession, came back to finish the rosary, and breathed his last with the well-worn beads in his stiffening fingers.

M. Du Boys favors us with the following characteristic fact, which he had from the bishop himself. The Abbé Dupanloup, who was at one time chaplain to the Duke de Bordeaux, later on prepared the young Orleans princes, Nemours, Joinville, and d'Aumale, for their First Communion. Their tutor, M. T——, a distinguished pupil of the Ecole Normale, and professor at the University of Paris, was but nominally a Catholic. The first day he assisted at the catechism class, reading the *Moniteur*, and apparently absorbed in its contents, thereby testifying his contempt for the elementary theology that was being expounded to his pupils. By degrees, however, and most involuntarily, his interest was arrested by the simple and penetrating eloquence of the young priest. His eyes wandered from the newspaper, until at last he let it fall on his knees, and then to the ground, while he listened enthralled to the abbé's burning exposition of the faith. From that day forth he was

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the most attentive of the catechumens, and followed the three young princes to the holy table at the close of the instructions. He remained a sincere Catholic ever after, and published some works on the subject of revealed religion which betray a deep and fervent spirit of conviction.

These souvenirs of the two rival dynasties of France seem to have predestined the Bishop of Orleans to become the type of what has been styled *la Fusion*, the reconciliation of rivalries and antagonisms of deeper import and wider scope than those represented by jealous royalties. The aim, the passion, we may say, of his great apostolate was to reconcile his age and his country with Christianity; but he was no Don Quixote, trying to force the future prematurely into the present; he used thankfully whatever the present offered in the form of concession to the eternal and immutable rights that he was defending.

God wants no man; but a grand soul has passed away from us, and there are periods when it seems as if the world needed him so especially that we cannot understand why God takes him away. Never were brave and vigorous leaders more needed in France than at this hour, when persecution has once more raised its hand, and seems preparing to draw the sword against God and his church; when Sisters of Charity are being turned out of the hospitals, or are suffered to remain only on condition that they do not read to the sick or pray with the dying. This is how an atheistic majority understands liberty; this is the freedom of conscience it extends to the disinherited of the earth, who have no consolation in their miserable lives but such as religion can shed upon them.

God wants no man; but those who are fighting in his interests here below cannot but mourn the loss of that living and splendid personality which figured for half a century as one of their noblest leaders. He was the last of the small band of giants who fought and won so many battles for us, to whose call we rallied—all of us Catholics: oceans and mountains made no barrier—certain of being led to glory, whether through victory or defeat. Lacordaire, Montalembert, Ozanam, Cochin—they have all passed away from the stormy scene; and now Félix Dupanloup has gone to join them, to take his place in that glorious pleiad where he shone conspicuously. He has done his day's work, and rest has come at last to him who gave himself no rest on earth; he has received the palm for which alone he labored, and compared to which all earthly rewards were in his eyes as the grass of the field that perisheth, as the smoke that rises but to vanish.

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BABETTE.

PAUL OVENBECK was a clerk in the customs. He had been clerk in the customs almost ever since he could remember. The salary was not high, but, bless you! in Alsace some twenty years ago a reasonable man was passing rich on sixty pounds a year. Paul was not fifty, but he was a confirmed old bachelor. Many a blond maiden from the Vosges would gladly have come to brighten his lonely fireside, if he had asked her; but he never asked. He lived alone in his tiny cottage on the skirts of the town of St. Louis—alone except for the company of Nanon, his old-woman-of-all-work, who cooked, mended for him, and "did" for him generally. If any one had hinted to Nanon the possibility of her master's marrying, she would have been as much scandalized as if they had proposed M. le Curé's taking to himself a wife. Nanon herself was a widow—a fact which gave her a sense of superiority over Paul which she took care to turn to account.

"People don't know when they are well off," she would say whenever mention was made of an approaching marriage amongst her own or his acquaintance; "if they did they would stay as they are."

"But, Nanon, you had a happy life of it with your Jacques," Paul Ovenbeck would remark.

"Just so. I had too happy a life ever to be happy again when it came to an end. My poor Jacques!" And Nanon would heave a sigh.

Now, it was well known that she and her Jacques had led a cat-and-dog life of it together—for Jacques was seldom sober, and very quarrelsome in his cups—but the loyal old soul always spoke of him as the best of husbands and of men.

Jacques had been a cobbler by profession, and Nanon's father had been a cobbler, and she herself had cobbled. She came altogether of a cobbling stock, and was wont to speak of those bygone days, when she and Jacques and her old father had cobbled together, somewhat as the ruined noble speaks of the position of his family before the Revolution. "Quand nous étions dans la chaussure" (When we were in the boot and shoe trade) was her dignified way of alluding to the palmy days when she cut strips of leather and picked old soles to pieces, while tipsy Jacques sat cross-legged, swearing and cobbling away at the dilapidated shoes of the village. Nothing flattered her more than for a neighbor to come in and ask her advice as to whether a pair of hob-nails were worth new soles or a fresh patch, and then to come for her opinion as to the quality of the mending when it was done. Paul Ovenbeck never dreamed of buying a new pair of shoes without her assistance. She took the deference as her due, and felt that her experience in this line, as in so many others, was invaluable to her master.

"This will be terrible weather for Christmas, if it lasts," said Paul, as he lighted his pipe after his one-o'clock dinner on the 20th of December, and stood looking out of the lozenge-paned window at the rain, that fell in tawny torrents on the cattle-tramped road.

"It will not last," said Nanon,

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as she threw on a fresh log and sent a shower of sparks flying up the wide, black chimney. "I am seventy-five, and, thank Heaven! I know myself in the signs of the seasons. It will clear off between this and the 25th."

"Perhaps; and then the frost will come, and what a state the roads will be in! There will be no trusting one's self on them; it will be like walking on iron blades," said Paul Ovenbeck.

"You can avoid the edge of the ruts," said Nanon. "One always should take between the cart-lines; it is bad for shoes to walk on the blades, as you call them. Folks should consider their shoes."

"My good Nanon, I think most of us consider our legs first. A broken leg is not so easily mended as a cut sole," said Paul.

"Folks would not so often break their legs if they had a care where they set the sole of their shoe," replied Nanon.

Paul Ovenbeck gave up the argument, knowing that sooner or later Nanon would have the best of it.

The rain kept pouring down in steady whip-cords, turning the road into a deep puddle, which splashed right and left to the cottage walls on either side every time a cart came rattling by. It was now Christmas eve, and the sky was as murky as ever, and the distant Vosges loomed like pyramids of smoke through the mud-colored haze which the puddle seemed to have flung over the horizon. Paul Ovenbeck had paddled to the custom-house every morning these ten days past, and arrived at his journey's end so bespattered generally that his appearance was the signal for roars of laughter from his brother clerks. But his holiday began on Christmas eve, and he had not been out of doors to-day. He sat smoking his pipe, and reading the gazette, and conversing with Nanon between times. Towards nightfall the rain cleared off, and, as Paul Ovenbeck had prophesied, it froze hard during the night, and next morning the roads were like iron blades.

But Christmas bells were ringing; the mud-veil melted away, and the Vosges stood up and showed themselves against the sky, the higher hills snow white, the lower hills in many shades of blue; the sun shone over all. The people were hurrying to church in their best clothes, and exchanging kindly good-morrows as they met and trooped on in the same direction.

Paul Ovenbeck was in his Sunday suit and setting out to church, brushed and shining as a new hat.

"What shoes have you put on?" said Nanon, who stood waiting for him, equipped in her high-frilled headgear and dark green cloak. "Good heavens! you will come home without a shoe to your foot. When folks are in their right mind they wear sabots on a day like this, not leather shoes that cost fifteen francs!"

"This is Christmas day; one wears one's best of everything on Christmas day," replied Paul Ovenbeck.

"One need not cut up one's shoes because it is Christmas day," retorted Nanon; "there are better ways than that of honoring the good God. But folks that are not reasonable will have their own way."

They sallied forth together; the master in front, the servant behind. Ding-dong went the bells. The sun shone merrily. Paul watched the groups walking on together, husband and wife and little ones,

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some running, some toddling, some hoisted aloft on the father's shoulders. He had a tender heart for the little ones, and the sight of a pair of small, soft arms round an elderly man's neck was one that always gave him a feeling of envy and regret.

"What a sturdy little man that is on neighbor Brocken's back!" he said, looking half way round at Nanon. "I didn't know he had so small a one as that!"

"He must be hard set to find sabots for seven of them," grunted Nanon; "but the less bread there is the more mouths are sure to come crying for it."

"There's a blessing on long families: they always prosper," said Paul.

"When they don't starve or die at the hulks," was the cheerful rejoinder. "The children I've seen grow up to be a curse to their fathers are enough to make one drop on one's knees for thankfulness when one thinks it might have happened to one's self. But they die young, most of 'em. It's a mercy. I'm always thankful when one of 'em goes."

"Then why are you always ready to doctor and nurse them?" said Paul. "You ought to let them die when they have the chance, if you think it such a mercy."

"It's no business of mine to send them out of the world, though I pity 'em for ever coming into it. Besides, they *may* turn out well; there was that poor Ridar Bolf that I saved in the smallpox fifty years ago, and now the boy's a general. That was a good day's work of mine."

"Yes, Nanon. I envy you that," said Paul Ovenbeck, slackening his step for Nanon to come and walk beside him. "It is something to have done a good action that has brought its reward; to have lived to see a result. Results are the things to look for. But we can't command results."

"No, that we can't!" said Nanon emphatically. She had a very dim notion of what results meant, but she often heard this sentiment from her master, and saw that he always expected her to assent with a negative.

Paul Ovenbeck said no more till they reached the church. It was a fixed idea with him, this desire to do something that would produce a result, a visible, tangible fact. But what could a clerk in the customs do that was likely to achieve this consummation so devoutly to be wished for? What opportunity had he, with fifteen hundred francs a year in a four-roomed cottage at the fag end of a small country town, for doing anything that would produce a notable result? He envied old Nanon having rescued that sick boy, who had lived to fight many a battle for France, and now ranked amongst the soldiers she delighted to honor. Nanon would have had the Cross, if people got their deserts; but the true reward lay in the knowledge that she was the cause of the glorious result.

Paul Ovenbeck had been invited to eat his Christmas dinner by many kindly neighbors; but he preferred eating it alone. The sight of a family group round the dish of steaming sauerkraut and sausages made him cynical; the wild excitement of the young ones before the illuminated Christmas tree plunged him into green-eyed melancholy; he wished his fellow-creatures to be happy, but it was an offence to him to have their happiness thrust under his nose. He sat by the window this Christ-

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mas afternoon, watching the people coming and going on the road, and highly enjoying the ridiculous appearance they presented; for it had come on to sleet, and in ten minutes the road was as slippery as soap, and the position of wayfarers, though painful, was in the highest degree farcical. They seemed suddenly seized with a frantic impulse to gesticulate; they propelled themselves along with arms extended, shouting to one another, sometimes in terror, sometimes in high glee; they clutched one another by the coat, by the elbow, by the hair of the head, whenever they came within reach; these spasmodic seizures generally ended in a scuffle, which laid one or both flat on the slippery road. Some gave up the attempt to walk upright and progressed on all-fours; others joined hands and advanced like a chain, swaying and sliding and slipping. Now and then a daring individual shot off skating, and elicited the applause of the timid lookers-on, until his triumphant career was brought to an end by an ignominious prostration in the mud amidst the jeers and hootings of his quondam admirers. Paul Ovenbeck sat there, chuckling and laughing with the outside audience; but at last he got up and stood close to the window to have a better view of the performance.

"If they had stayed at home instead of gadding to other folks' houses they would have escaped having their shins cut and their best clothes ducked in mud," said the cynical old bachelor; and he called in Nanon to look at a very long-legged young man who lay sprawling at full length and kicking out violently in his frantic efforts to get on his feet.

Nanon set her arms akimbo and shook with laughter. The sound of a light cart was heard rumbling down the road, and the rapid pace of the horse showed that he was properly shod for the occasion. But just as the cart came in sight an old man and a little child were making their way across the road; the man was blind, and the child was leading him. Both were tottering and slipping, and the child was laughing merrily as they slowly put one foot before the other.

"Good heavens! if they don't make haste the cart will run over them!" cried Nanon.

"There is no one in it; the horse is running away!" said Paul Ovenbeck; and he flung down his pipe and flew to the door and out into the road.

The blind man was standing alone, looking blankly round in the direction of the cart, that came bounding along. He held out his hands piteously for help; for the child had let go her hold of him and was scudding across to save herself. She was almost out of harm's way when her little foot slipped, and down she fell at full length. Nanon screamed, for another stride and the horse was over her. But Paul Ovenbeck seized the child by the hair and pulled her away just in time, and then prostrated himself on the slimy ground beside her.

Nanon ran out, clapping along in her wooden shoes, and helped the pair to get on their legs, and then led the blind man across to his faithless little guide.

"You are badly hurt, child!" she said, as the little one wiped away the mud from her face, and showed the blood streaming from a cut in her forehead.

"Bring her in and wash it well

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with hot water," said Paul, who was in a sorry plight, all begrimed and bespattered.

"Hot water!" shrieked Nanon. "Would you have the child bleed to death? Who ever washed a wound with hot water? I will wash it with cold water." And she caught the muddy little object by the shoulder and pushed it on before her into the cottage. Paul Ovenbeck led the blind man after them.

"Is the little one much hurt?" inquired the grandfather as he entered the sitting-room, tapping the ground with his staff at every step.

"Only a scratch, goodman," said Paul, placing him in a chair; "it will be nothing. Nanon will wash it nicely for her in warm water, and bind it up."

"Warm water! Good heavens! listen to him again," said Nanon contemptuously. "Did I not say cold?"

"The weather is so cold I should think the water ought to be at least tepid," suggested her master.

"Do I not know myself in the matter of wounds? Have I not saved the life of a man who has been mortally wounded on a score of battle-fields, hein?" demanded the woman-of-all-work in a tone of defiance.

Thus challenged, Paul Ovenbeck collapsed and interfered no further with the bathing of the wound, but went off and changed his muddy clothes for a clean suit. The cut proved more than a scratch. The black sand of the mud had penetrated into the child's flesh, and irritated it, and it kept on bleeding for a long time; but the little thing was very brave and declared she was not hurt, and never shed a tear.

"She is a plucky little woman," said Paul, who came to the kitchen door to watch the operation and lend a kind of moral assistance to the surgeon.

"She is an arrant little coward," said Nanon with angry energy, as she folded a wet compress and patted it; "the chit ran away from her grandfather to save herself. She deserved to have been trampled to death. There is one comfort: she will bear the marks of her naughtiness to the end of her days. The skin will close over the sand and leave a black mark on her forehead. See, it is like a cross with one arm lopped off."

Paul Ovenbeck looked closer, and saw, as Nanon said, the black mark through the red—a sad disfigurement for a maiden to carry on her brow, even over such sweet blue eyes as those that looked up timidly at him from under the wet bandage which Nanon was fastening tightly round the curly head. With all her rough speech she had a kind heart, old Nanon, and she took the little one in to the old grandfather, who was waiting patiently with that pathetic look on his sightless face that is so touching in the blind, and then she went to prepare a meal for them, as Paul Ovenbeck suggested.

The child looked wistfully at the fire, and then drew near and spread out her small hands to the blaze; and when they were as hot as she could bear she ran to the old man, and took one of his cold hands between her small palms, and pressed them on it.

"It is good, bon-papa?" she whispered, as the old man turned his blind eyes lovingly on her.

"Very good, my little one; but warm thyself now."

What had come over Paul Ovenbeck? His eyes grew suddenly so

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dim that he had to rub them with his pocket-handkerchief to get back his sight. Nanon came in with the sauerkraut, and set the beer and the bread and cheese on the table, and helped the old man, and watched the child feeding him, till she too was seized with an unaccountable dimness, and had recourse to the corner of her apron to get rid of it.

"We are having a merry Christmas in spite of thy tumble, little one, eh?" said the grandfather, as he swallowed a draught of the beer and drew his sleeve across his mouth.

The little one laughed and gave him a hug.

Paul Ovenbeck crossed the narrow passage into the kitchen and said to Nanon: "What a pity that child is not a boy! It might have been a great thing to have saved her life, for she is intelligent; but a girl—what will she turn out? She can never be a general like the child you saved, Nanon."

"Pardie! But one cannot save the life of a general every day. If the little one escapes the prison, be content. You have done a good action, anyhow, in saving her life."

"That depends. I might have done a better in letting her be killed. What have I saved her to? A life of misery, of crime perhaps."

"Well, well, you have done it, and crying over it will not mend it," said Nanon.

"You are right. But if it had been a boy the good deed might have produced a result."

"Results are not picked up in the mud like stones; be content that you picked up the child. She is useful to the old man, anyhow."

Paul went back to the sitting-room, and found the little one eating her own share of the good things, while her grandfather, with his chair drawn close to the fire, warmed himself at the hospitable blaze.

It was a pleasant picture on his Christmas hearth, Paul Ovenbeck thought, and he eyed it complacently. His life was so monotonous that the little incident was as exciting to him as a stirring adventure would be to most people. From Monday to Saturday he tramped to the custom-house and back, twice a day all the year round. It was rare that the dull routine was enlivened by even the detention of a few smuggled goods; the train came, travellers alighted, luggage was overhauled, there was the rush and confusion in the great salle, and scurrying about of porters, and a mustering of the chief officials, the inspector, the station-master, the head-guard; these made the most of the short-lived opportunity for asserting their importance; then the salle was cleared out, the travellers melted away, the train panted out of the station, once more quiet reigned, and all was again stagnant as a pool in a summer wood.

"You live far from this, goodman?" inquired Paul, who had been watching the weather-beaten face of his guest with a growing sense of curiosity.

"Not more than half an hour's walk, monsieur," said the old man; "in the Cour Blanche."

The Cour Blanche was the poorest quarter in St. Louis.

"How do you live?"

"The little one earns for both of us, monsieur."

"What! that child? What work can she do?"

"She is nimble at her needle, monsieur; she embroiders well, and folks buy her work readily."

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"How old is she?" said Paul Ovenbeck, eyeing the small embroideress with astonishment. "Six?"

"Ten, monsieur!" cried the child, dropping her bread and cheese, and opening her large blue eyes in horror at the notion of any one taking four years from her venerable age.

"Ten!" repeated Paul incredulously. "I never saw anything so small for ten. And so you earn money enough for yourself and grandpapa? I should like to see some of your work; you must bring me a bit to look at one of these days."

"Humph! I guessed how it would be!" grunted old Nanon, hobbling in from the kitchen and nodding in severe disapproval, as she laid hands on the sauerkraut and gathered up the plates.

The little one jumped up to help her.

"What! trust you with the beer-jug to carry? Why, it's as big as yourself, child, and twice as heavy!" grumbled Nanon; but the child lifted her soft blue eyes laughingly to the grandam's face, and carried off the big pewter jug triumphantly to the kitchen.

"Let her be!" said Paul Ovenbeck, amused at the cool audacity that defied formidable Nanon.

"She is a handy little body," observed the blind man; "she keeps my place tidy, and manages better than many a woman twice her age. The Sisters kept her for a couple of years and taught her a deal of things. I had to take her home when my old woman died. It was a pity. She was an apt scholar; they would have made her as learned as a bishop, if I could have left her with them altogether."

"Were you always blind?" inquired Paul Ovenbeck.

"No, monsieur. I lost my sight nine years ago, just when the little one was a year old. It's a comfort to me to have seen her. I can see her with my mind's eye now. Her father was a sailor; he was drowned at sea, and my poor daughter never lifted her head after it; she died of *ennui* before the year was out. That's how the little one came back to us."

"She must be a great comfort to you," said Paul Ovenbeck.

"She is, monsieur; but she is a strange child. I sometimes wonder if she looks quite like other children. She isn't like a child in most things."

"How so?" inquired Paul, who heard Babette's silver treble in high conversation with Nanon just then, and thought it sweet as bells "at evening time, most musically rung."

"She don't care for play and mischief; she will sit in the dark and sing to herself by the hour. They taught her to sing at the convent; but I'm not sure she don't invent the songs."

Here the old man called Babette. They must be going, he said. It was getting late, and they had a good step to walk, and, moreover, they had abused the kindness of monsieur by staying so long.

The rain, or rather the icy mist which had greased the roads so dangerously, had disappeared, but walking was just as difficult a performance as when it was actually falling. Nanon, however, tied some strips of old flannel round the child's tattered little shoes, which would make her footing sure, and the old man's sabots ran no risk of slipping.

"Come and see me soon, and bring me some of your embroidery to look at, Babette," said Paul, putting a small silver piece in

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the child's hand as he said good-by.

"You are too good, monsieur. May the good God repay you for your kindness to us on this Christmas day!" said the old man; but the smile in Babette's eyes was the sweetest thanks of all.

Paul Ovenbeck and Nanon stood at the door of the cottage and watched them down the road, Babette leading the blind old man, and looking back now and then with a wistful glance at the two figures standing in the open doorway of what had seemed to her a very paradise on earth.

"Pauvre vieux!" said Nanon, as the two disappeared behind a turn in the road.

"Pauvre enfant!" said Paul Ovenbeck; and he went into his snug parlor, and lit his pipe, and smoked away contentedly.

More than a month passed, and neither Babette nor the old grandfather returned to the cottage.

"I wonder why the little one has never come near us?" said Nanon one morning, as she set the heavy beer-jug on the table; it always reminded her of Babette now.

"If I knew the man's name I would go and look after them," said Paul Ovenbeck; "but he didn't tell me his name."

"He would if you had asked him," replied Nanon.

"He said he lived in the Cour Blanche. I dare say one could easily find him," observed Paul Ovenbeck.

"Very likely, if one had nothing better to do than to go a-hunting after folks that one knows naught about," said Nanon.

"The child was not amiss; I should not mind seeing her blue eyes again. I wonder if she will live to bless me for saving her life, poor little maiden!" said Paul, cracking a huge walnut.

"More likely she will curse you, if she hasn't forgotten all about it before the time comes," said Nanon. "But, as I said the day you did it, what is the use of regretting what can't be undone? You might have left it alone, but you didn't; so try and forget it."

"She may turn out better than we imagine," said Paul deprecatingly; "there are queer ups and downs in this world. When one thinks that King Louis Philippe was a schoolmaster part of his life! And the emperor himself?—I believe, if the truth were known, Nanon, he turned his hand to more trades than one," added Paul confidentially.

"As to ups and downs, *I* needn't look so far to find 'em," retorted Nanon; "if any one had told me that that half-starved little urchin, Ridar Bolf, was going to be a general under the emperor himself, I would have laughed in their faces."

"You couldn't have taken better care of him if you had known it," said Paul, who always indulged Nanon's desire to enlarge on this eventful episode in her life. "You took him into your own house, and nursed him like your own child, instead of leaving him to die all alone in the room where his poor mother had left him. What a proud woman she would be if she had lived to see how her son turned out!"

"One never can tell. Some folks are proud with no reason at all, and others don't take proper pride in what the good God gives 'em. I only know that not a child in the village of Godimel has turned out as Ridar Bolf did. Not that I take credit to myself for that. There's no saying what may happen to the

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best of us," she added, as if to propitiate the envious fate which might pounce upon her and take vengeance for her good luck so far. "I never was one to boast of the Lord's mercies to me."

Paul Ovenbeck went out one day—it was Sunday, and he had part of the afternoon free—to look for Babette in the Cour Blanche. It must be easy enough, he thought, to discover the child and the blind old man in their poor abodè. The poor have no barriers to keep their lives aloof from one another; no curtain hangs round their straw bed, nor from the window where brown paper and rags contrive to keep out as much light as they let in. But the echoing tenements of those darksome lanes and courts change their population often; the trace of former tenants disappears quickly, and within the last couple of months there had been many comings and goings in the Cour Blanche.

It so happened that the rag-and-bone man to whom Paul Ovenbeck applied for information was a newcomer, and, though he now occupied a room in the same house where little Babette had spent the last year, he had never seen the child, and could give no information concerning her or her blind grandfather. Paul was giving it up in despair when he noticed a cobbler at work in a room on the ground floor. The look of the man, as he sat singing to his last, inspired him with confidence; Nanon had inoculated him with a sympathy for the race of cobblers. He drew near and spoke to this one. "Can you tell me where to find a blind old man who lived in this court with his little grandchild a couple of months ago?"

"Babette and the Père Noquette?" said the cobbler, looking up from his work. "Yes, I knew them well. A brave fellow was Père Noquette. He is dead; he died a month ago."

"And the child?"

"The Sisters came and took her away. If was pitiful to see the grief of the little thing! But she is better off now. The Sisters will keep her till she is twenty-one. They will teach her a trade; she was a wise child, and she sang like a bird. Many a time she cheered me at my last as I listened to her here at my window. I miss her of a morning. Nobody sings to me now."

This was all Paul Ovenbeck could learn. Babette had drifted out of his life for ever. That episode of Christmas day was a stone dropped into the water. He heard the splash, watched the rings widening, visible for a moment as they spread on the face of the water; then they melted away and he could follow their trace no more.

Many Christmas eves came and went. Bells pealed and anthems were sung; psalm and carol, requiem and lullaby, sounded on the wintry air. The years flowed on, and Paul Ovenbeck was still a clerk in the customs, and Nanon ruled in his cottage by the roadside.

Time dealt kindly with both of them. When life is dull its current runs smoothly, and if our faculties are not quickened by thrilling emotions and new experiences, we are spared at any rate the wear and tear which mental activity and the accumulating interests of life inflict upon our bodies. Paul Ovenbeck had grown to be almost as completely a part of the customs as one of the scales in which goods were weighed. His hair was a

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trifle grayer, but, except for this, he was just as young ten years after Babette's visit as on that Christmas day when she stood upon his hearth and held out her little hands to the blaze.

But there comes a moment when the stagnant waters are stirred, when the current of our lives is checked in its placid flow and turned back, not "as a river in the south," but as some torrent stopped by an avalanche, that, dashing the stream out of its narrow bed, makes the quiet hills echo to the thunder of its fall. The war-dogs were let loose, and contented, cabbage-eating Alsace awoke one morning to hear that she was threatened with a change of masters. The men shouldered their muskets and went forth to fight for it; the women laid aside their knitting-needles and made lint and bandages. Then came the roar of the cannon, echoing close to the peaceful valleys; and the looms were silent, for the weavers were wanted to fight.

"I will take my musket and fight with the rest," said Paul Ovenbeck; and he stepped out as firmly as a younger man, though his age exempted him from service.

"You are right," said Nanon. "If I were a man cart-ropes should not hold me; I would fight as long as I could load a gun, as long as there was a Prussian in France. The pigs! We shall make short work of them!"

But we know how that boast ended.

It was in the sweet summer-time when the cotton-spinners deserted their looms; the roses were in bloom, the harvest was ripening in the fields, the vines were turning blue; but the summer waned, and the autumn, and the golden fields lay prostrate under rain and wind, for no reapers came home to gather in the corn. The Vosges stood mantled in their eternal snows, and the women and children were perishing with cold and hunger.

Nanon had knitted many pairs of stockings, and tidied out the linen cupboard time after time, and periodically greased Paul Ovenbeck's boots; but the war was still going on, and there seemed no likelihood of Paul's return. Fresh levies had been called for. The country was drained of its last man, and still the clamor was, "Send us more soldiers!"

"What a pity the women can't fight!" said Nanon to a buxom young neighbor who came in for a gossip. "It would be a mercy if a lot of 'em were cleared away; they do naught but cumber the earth, most of 'em."

"I don't know that they would be of much use to fight," said Antoinette, who had a husband and three brothers at the war, "but they help the men: they nurse the wounded, and keep up their hearts too, I can tell you. If they hadn't us to fight for, do you think they would keep on at it? Not they! It's thinking of the women at home that keeps the devil in them up to the mark."

"Then more's the pity," grunted Nanon, as she took Paul Ovenbeck's best Sunday boots from a shelf and began to grease them—"more's the pity; if it's the women that make the men fight, the sooner the world is rid of 'em the better!"

"One would think you were a soured old *célibataire*, Nanon," said Antoinette, laughing. "If Paul Ovenbeck were to rail at the women as you do there would be some sense in it; but they never snubbed you, did they, that you

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should always have a hard word for them?"

"No more they did Paul Ovenbeck," retorted Nanon. "There is not a lass in St. Louis but would have jumped at the chance of being Mme. Ovenbeck; but he knew better than to give it to 'em. The way I've seen them throwing eyes at him through the window on their way to Mass and to market of a morning was enough to make one blush for being a woman. A lot of brazen hussies! But I know their ways, and I stood between Paul Ovenbeck and their traps to catch him."

"And to turn you out of your place, eh?" said Antoinette, laughing in a very aggravating way.

"I'd have places to pick and choose from if I left this to-morrow," said Nanon, with an indignant grunt, and she set down a boot on the stove. "It is out of pity for Paul Ovenbeck that I stay here; it's a lonesome place, and I do the work of two, what with cooking and knitting and scouring. Humph!"

"If I were you I wouldn't leave that boot on the stove," said Antoinette; "it's sure to crack with the heat."

"Good heavens!" cried Nanon, pushed beyond forbearance by this intolerable meddling. "Do you come here to teach *me* how to grease boots? Do I not know myself in the greasing of boots since before you were born? My father was a cobbler, my husband was a cobbler, and I cobbled myself! Rest tranquil, Antoinette Blum; Paul Ovenbeck's boots will take no harm."

"When do you expect him back"? inquired Antoinette.

"When those pigs are driven across the Rhine. While there is one of them in France Paul Ovenbeck will not come home."

"Then don't expect him for many a long day," said Antoinette. "Joseph Blum writes to me that we haven't a leg to stand on, and we shall have to give half of France to the Prussians before we make an end of this war."

"If I were Joseph Blum I would spit my tongue out before I'd own to such a shame as that," protested Nanon; and she dropped the boot she was polishing, and looked at Antoinette in angry scorn.

"Ha! ha!" jeered unpatriotic Antoinette; "things will have come to a pretty pass when a man can't speak the truth to his own wife. He knows I'm not going to blab it to the Prussians."

"You would if you had the chance! I never knew a woman yet who could hold her tongue. If I was the Empress I'd have every woman's mouth sewed up till the war is over."

"What a mercy you're not!" exclaimed Antoinette good-humoredly. "Good-morning, Nanon. I'll look in on you soon again, if I have any news from the war."

"If it's news like that you may keep it," said Nanon.

She had news herself before the week was out. Paul Ovenbeck wrote to say he had come safe out of all the fighting so far. But he was a good deal broken by the hardships of the camp and the field, and if the war lasted much longer it was likely he should never come home. He cared not for this. To die fighting for fatherland was a death to be thankful for; he had made his will, and Nanon would be no loser by his death; but he knew she would grieve for her old master, and he charged her to pray for his soul and curse the Prussians while she had life left.

"I wish I could go to him," said

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Nanon, as she wiped her eyes after spelling over the contents of her letter with much difficulty.

But she could not. It was a lucky chance that the letter got to her. It had been written a month back, and had had many adventures on the road before it reached her. Meantime Paul Ovenbeck had seen more fighting. The colds and the frost had joined against the French, and it fared sometimes worse with the old recruits who escaped the enemy's fire than with the stalwart young ones who had ugly wounds to show after a battle. Paul Ovenbeck was failing, but his spirit rose in proportion as the flesh grew weak. He had been changed from an advance guard into a reserve corps, which was commanded by General Bolf—that same Ridar Bolf whose name had been a household word to him these twenty years. It was as if some near relative had been set over him, and Paul Ovenbeck felt his bosom swell with pride as he answered to the roll-call or marched to the word of command of Nanon's boy. When the general fell before Orleans Paul Ovenbeck felt as if he had lost a brother. He never told that story to his comrades, but kept it a sacred secret in his own breast. He was a silent man, and had never been given to making friendships. But when men are fighting side by side, sleeping in the trenches or on the frozen battlements, or stretched round the bivouac fire in the starlight, their hearts open to one another by a touch of that deeper brotherhood which grows out of a sense of common danger, of dependence on one another for the cup of cold water, whether it be drawn from the fountain of their heart or from the fountain by the roadside. He became attached to his comrades as he had never been attached to his old neighbors in his home in Alsace. He shared his tobacco and his snuff-box with them ungrudgingly; he was ready to wait his turn at the rations, to give up his snatch of the fare to a brother soldier who looked more hungry and cold than himself. He was *bon camarade* with them all; he sang an old song, some pastoral of his native Vosges, or some jolly buccaneering snatch, to cheer them as they shivered round the watch-fires of a night. He never spoke of his home or of himself, but he never kept aloof, and he was popular with young and old.

The Prussian army was steadily advancing; the French troops, beaten at all points, were driven farther and farther back from the frontier. Towards the middle of December the order came for the general in command to move on with his reserve corps to join the routed army of the Loire.

The order was welcome, for the soldiers were growing "demoralized," as they called it—dying of their wounds and of cold and hunger, and having no fighting for nearly a fortnight.

"It's a sorry Christmas we have in prospect," said a young fellow to Paul Ovenbeck, as they plodded along in the snow within a few days of the joyous festival, dear above all others to the home-loving children of Alsace.

"Yes," said Paul; "but I had rather be out here and fighting those miserable devils than eating sauerkraut at home in Alsace. To think of the brutes being masters there! It would kill one to see it. I am glad to be spared the sight. And you, mon ami?"

"I? I have a mother and two little sisters there. They had no

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one to work for them but me. I can't help thinking of that this Christmas time."

"Pauvre garçon!" said Paul Ovenbeck. "I left only my old Nanon behind me. But I shall miss the Christmas bells. Bah! we must fancy the cannon are the village chimes, and forget we ever had a home. It will be all the same in a hundred years. And France will still be France!"

They halted towards dark in a village near Orleans. It froze hard that night. Five men in Paul Ovenbeck's company were found dead as they lay next morning. Paul Ovenbeck wondered to see himself alive; but he rose and stretched himself, and found out that he was not even frost-bitten. At daybreak they were on the march again. Paul Ovenbeck walked on till the sound of bells came to them over the frosty air, and then he staggered and fell.

They lifted him up and carried him by turns till the troops marched into Orleans. A sorry sight they were, blood-stained and travel-worn, some reeling like drunken men—for hunger and sleeplessness produce an intoxication of their own, and one that has a dreadful pathos in it. There was a train of ambulance carts following in the wake of the soldiers, but it was not worth while carrying Paul Ovenbeck back to it; they were too near the town; and, besides, there was sure not to be a vacant place in one of them. The town itself was like a great ambulance, with sheds run up in every direction and filled with the wounded and with fever patients.

"Is there a bed for our *camarade?*" inquired two soldiers, carrying in what seemed a lifeless body to one of these impromptu hospitals.

"Not room for a dog to lie down," was the answer; it was given in a tone of despair, and the surgeon came out to see what the case was.

"He is not wounded, and he has no fever," said one of the bearers, as the medical man took the patient's hand to feel his pulse; "he is dying of exhaustion. If you can find him a bed for a few hours, M. le Docteur, he will not keep it longer, I warrant you."

"Come here, ma sœur," said the doctor, calling to a Sister of Charity, who was busy gliding from pallet to pallet amongst the sufferers all round her.

She came at once, and drew a little memorandum from the huge pocket of her gray-blue habit.

"The name of his regiment, monsieur?"

"Fifty-second Line."

"Do you know his name?"

"Paul Ovenbeck."

She wrote down the name.

"Where does he come from?"

"From the town of St. Louis, in Alsace. He told us he was just sixty before the war broke out, but you would give seventy at least now."

The Sister of Charity—Sœur Jeanne was her name—took down the answers to her questions, and replaced the little book in her pocket.

"There is a bed vacant; come with me," she said.

The soldiers followed her to a low shed that stood close to the great ambulance; it was a kind of tent run up with boards, and with canvas stretched over it for a roof; the boards were so roughly joined together that the wind blew freely through them, making the little refuge as cold almost as the open street. There was a bed on the

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ground, and on the wall above it a black crucifix. This was Sœur Jeanne's cell.

"Lay him down there," she said, moving aside a little table that stood in the way.

The soldiers were advancing when a voice behind them called out:

"Halte là! I can't allow this, ma sœur! I can't have you sleeping out à la belle étoile! Your life is too valuable to be sacrificed for any one, were it a marshal of France."

"Don't be afraid, doctor; I shall take care of myself. You know I always do," said Sœur Jeanne good-humoredly. And, without paying the slightest heed to the doctor's prohibition, she uncovered the bed, assisted the soldiers to stretch their comrade on it, and then wrapped him up in what clothes there were.

"Now I must go and fetch hot bricks, and something hot for him to drink when he comes to," she said, and hurried out of the tent.

The doctor drew near, and, kneeling down, placed his ear to Paul Ovenbeck's heart.

"Done for!" he muttered, shaking his head.

"Is he dead? Will he not wake at all?" inquired the soldiers, who stood watching, anxious and expectant.

"He may wake; Sœur Jeanne will probably bring him to; but it won't be for long," said the medical man, and he left the tent.

He had hundreds of broken limbs and fevers and bad wounds to look to, and no time to waste on a case like this.

Sœur Jeanne came back with her arms full of restoratives, inward and outward. But she was not alone. A Franciscan father stood at the open door, and looked in to see if there were room for him in the tiny box, where the soldiers were barely able to stand upright.

"Ha! he opens his eyes!" cried Sœur Jeanne in delight. "Don't go yet a moment, mes amis; it is well that he should see you near him when he comes to."

One of the soldiers knelt down by the bedside, and took Paul Ovenbeck's hand and chafed it gently.

"Allons! . . . En marche!" murmured Paul, drawing a long breath, and looking blankly from his comrade to the white coiffe of Sœur Jeanne.

"You may go now," she said; and the two men withdrew, and the Franciscan father came in.

"Where am I?" inquired Paul Ovenbeck, gazing at the strange, cowled face of the friar bending over him.

"You are amongst friends," replied the father.

"It is cold," said the sick man, shivering, as the wind blew through the slits above his head.

"Yes, it is cold down here, with frost on the ground and the north wind blowing," said the friar; "but in heaven it will be better."

"In heaven! . . ." repeated Paul, and he turned to look at Sœur Jeanne, resting his eyes on her with a strange expression. Was it a dream, or had he seen that face before? The blue eyes met his with a soft, wistful glance that seemed familiar to him.

"You do not remember me?" Sœur Jeanne said, smiling. "It is a long time since you have seen me, M. Ovenbeck. You have forgotten little Babette and her blind old grandfather?"

"Babette!" repeated Paul Ovenbeck, and instinctively his eye

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seemed to look for a sign upon her forehead. She pushed aside the white linen band, and showed the mark of a cross underneath it.

"There it is—the mark of the accident that would have been my death, if you had not saved me, M. Ovenbeck. I am little Babette that you were so kind to that Christmas day just ten years ago!"

She left him alone with Père Jérome a while, and then Père Jérome went to the door of the tent and told her to come back. The two brave soldiers were waiting to know how it fared with their comrade.

"Come in and help him in the last battle, mes amis; it will soon be over, and with a better victory than ever you gained together," said Père Jérome.

The men came in and knelt down with Sœur Jeanne, while the friar said the Litany for the Dying.

Paul Ovenbeck was breathing hard.

The prayers were over.

"Babette . . . little Babette," he murmured faintly.

"Yes, M. Ovenbeck; my good friend, I am here."

"The bells!" whispered the dying man.

"Yes, the Christmas bells that are welcoming you up to heaven," said Babette; "you will pray for little Babette when you get there."

"And Nanon. . . . The bells are ringing, Babette."

And then Paul Ovenbeck spoke no more. The bells went on ringing, while Babette and Père Jérome recited the *De Profundis* for the soul of the brave soldier.

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1878.

THIS is by far the most eventful year that has occurred since, in 1872, we began this annual review. A difficulty meets us at the outset: where there is so much that is important and interesting it is hard to select the special subjects on which to treat. We shall be led now, as always, by those matters that most affect man, humanity at large and its future, rather than the interests of this or that nationality. And we would beg our readers to bear this intention in view, as it may help to dissipate some prejudice. It has been made markedly manifest during the past year that the generality of people are apt to sink measures in men, and accept or reject them in proportion as their personal likings for the leaders go. Again, it must be remembered that we are not writing history here, but looking at history as it is being made, and trying to discover what there is of good or of bad in it as affecting, or likely to affect, the world at large. Year by year mere events are of much the same character. Nations make war with each other and make peace; the tide of trade and commerce takes an upward or a downward tendency; times are "hard" or times are easy; discovery goes on; men who play a great part in the world drop out and others step in and take their places; the world goes on much the same without them; men die, humanity lives; and to humanity we look. That is why we turn aside from topics, however interesting, that are more or less local in their character and relation.

Looking at matters in this light, a few events out of the great mass group themselves at once and challenge attention. Among these are the death of Pius IX. and the peaceful election of his successor: the final blow dealt by Russia to Turkish rule in Europe; the Congress of European powers at Berlin; the new stand taken by England in international affairs;

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and the bold and threatening attitude of Socialists and Internationals.

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

The war between Russia and Turkey may be said to have ended with the capture of Plevna and of the army of the Shipka. After these defeats all European Turkey lay open to the conqueror. His armies swarmed over the Balkans and advanced on Gallipoli and Constantinople. If Europe was to interfere at all there was need to hasten. England took the initiative. She was forestalled, however, by the activity of General Ignatieff, who drew up what is known as the Treaty of San Stefano, which was duly signed by the two belligerents. The effect of this treaty was to make Russia the predominant power in Turkey, and, indeed, to convert that empire, not immediately, perhaps, but in the natural course of events as shaped by intelligence and power, into a Russian province. England, or rather the English premier—for throughout this whole question in the East he has been more daring, more courageous, and more resolute than his country—insisted that the treaty should be submitted to the congress of powers. While the negotiations were pending and being carefully prolonged by Russia, the Russian armies continued to pour into Turkey and crept up to the very gates of Constantinople. Again in the face of his country, and with the threatened disruption of his cabinet, Lord Beaconsfield ordered the British fleet to enter the Dardanelles. It entered, despite the formal protest of Turkey. Meanwhile English opinion was changing, and the war fever began to make headway. Russia was still stubborn. England might fight and Austria join her, but where were England's armies? Lord Beaconsfield created them with a stroke of his pen. Still in the face of his country, and in all cases without consulting Parliament, he summoned a small contingent of Indian troops to Malta. In an instant the whole aspect of affairs was changed; for behind that small contingent stood the hordes of England's subjects in the East, and the early threat of the Premier was remembered and realized, that England was a country of vast resources and better able to sustain a great war than any country in Europe; that she did not readily enter into war, but when she did it was not an affair of one campaign or of two, but of many. It was a daring stroke of political genius; but it did its work. The Treaty of San Stefano was laid upon the table at Berlin, and the English war party in London made its first grand assault on Mr. Gladstone's windows.

We do not propose going into the interminable question, that is still being so fiercely contested, as to who of the chief powers won or lost at the congress. It might be as well to wait and let time decide the matter. In the meanwhile it is more profitable to try and see what was actually done. The Turkish Empire in Europe was divided up. Russia received a large and very rich slice; Austria received Bosnia and Herzegovina as wards, for whose good conduct and safe-keeping it was answerable until they should come of age—Austria to determine the time. Of the other remnants certain free principalities were erected. Germany got and wanted nothing; France and Italy got nothing even if they wanted something. And what did England, the prime mover in the whole affair, get? The island of Cyprus, and that at a bargain, as the saying is. As to whether it is a good or a bad bargain people are still at strife. Again, we should say, it would be as well to leave time to determine the dispute, as hot arguments will neither kill the Cypriots nor enrich England.*

* The actual changes effected by the treaty are shown in the following comprehensive table, which we take from the *Athenæum*:

"By the Treaty of San Stefano Turkey was called upon to surrender 78,550 square miles, with 4,530,000 inhabitants. The Treaty of Berlin deals with 83,300 square miles and 4,882,000 inhabitants, as follows:

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.	Mohammedans.
Ceded to Roumania..	5,035	246,000	142,000
" Servia.....	4 326	264,000	75,000
" Montenegro... ..	1,549	40,000	9,000
" Austria....	15	2.000	——
" Greece (?).	5.300	750,000	40,000
To be occupied and administered by Austria..	28,125	1,061,000	513,000
Formed into the Principality of Bulgaria	24,404	1,773,000	681,500
Included in Eastern Roumelia..... ..	13,645	746,000	265,000

"The island fortress of Ada Kale, recently occupied by Austria, is not referred to in the treaty at all, and will probably remain in the hands of the power which now holds it. Roumania, in exchange for the territory ceded, is called upon to surrender 3,270 square miles, with 140,000 inhabitants, to

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England got something else, however, or rather Lord Beaconsfield stole something else of far more significance and value, even if of danger. He gained for his country, at what seems a very costly price, that predominance in Turkey that Russia had coveted and that the Treaty of San Stefano had secured for it. That fact should not be forgotten in discussing the Treaty of Berlin. The cost at which he gained it was this:

"If Batoum, Ardahan, Kars, or any of them shall be retained by Russia, and if any attempt shall be made at any future time by Russia to take possession of any further territories of His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in Asia, as fixed by the definitive treaty of peace, England engages to join His Imperial Majesty the Sultan in defending them by force of arms.

"In return, His Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms, to be agreed upon later between the two powers, into the government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England."

The convention that secured this power and responsibility to England has been described by no less an authority than Mr. Gladstone as "an insane convention," and beyond doubt the immediate return looks very small for so costly a price. The question to be determined in this matter, however, is not what will Cyprus yield to England, but, Was it worth England's while to secure to itself a predominance in Turkish counsels, or yield that predominance to Russia? To engage to defend the Asiatic territories of the sultan against any further attacks of Russia "at any future time" looks like making a very large demand and promise on the future. What was the English premier's motive in signing so "insane" a convention of course we cannot determine, for the explanation that he gives, though a strong one, seems to us hardly strong enough to cover so large a ground. Were we Englishmen we could defend it from the point of view that regards Turkey as a future, and possibly a richer, India, acquired without force of arms and held by the affection of the people. But this looks very far ahead; it looks to a real reformation in the Turkish government, a slow yielding to English rule, a gradual absorption of the power by England. Only under these circumstances can we see any hope of the rich field held out to future European enterprise by the English occupation of Cyprus and the new hold that England has acquired on Turkey. If the Turkish rule is allowed to remain what it has been, then the purchase was dearly made. If it is changed and bettered, Turkey may be made strong enough to protect itself against Russia. The question is, Will putting an English coat on the Turkish back change the Turkish skin? Meanwhile Lord Beaconsfield's defence amounts to this: We are engaged to protect Turkey in any case. Why not pledge ourselves to do so formally? It will at least have the effect of letting people know how we stand, of warning intruders off, and assuring them once for all that if they cross the line we have marked out for them and for ourselves they trespass on our ground and are answerable to us for damages. There seems much force in this reasoning. If England means to stand by Turkey, with an eye, of course, to her own interests, it is as well for people to know that fact once for all. Russia will think twice before she provokes war with England. Were it not so her troops would at this moment be at the service of Shere Ali, a friendly ruler, who, relying upon Russian assistance, rejected the English advances and is in consequence now fighting for his throne and empire.

The England that was before the congress has passed away and yielded to a new, a larger and more powerful England, to European eyes at least. There

Russia. The political divisions of the Balkan peninsula will henceforth be as follows:

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.	Mohammedans.
Roumania	49,463	5,149,000	143,300
Servia	18,816	1,642,088	75,500
Montenegro	2,893	210,000	9,000
Turkey	140,905	8,359,000	3,081,000

"But if we exclude the provinces 'indefinitely' to be occupied by Austria, Bulgaria, and Eastern Roumelia, there remain to Turkey only 74,790 square miles, with 4,779,000 inhabitants, of whom 2,521,500 are Mohammedans. In Armenia Russia takes 10,000 square miles, with about 350,000 inhabitants. Cyprus, entrusted to the keeping of England, has an area of 2,288 square miles and about 150,000 inhabitants."

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is no question of that. Critics to whom Lord Beaconsfield is objectionable, apparently because he is Lord Beaconsfield and was Mr. Disraeli, object that the whole thing is a show and a sham. We cannot think this. We cannot think that a power like Russia yields some of its demands, denies itself the hard-earned honor of entering the capital of the enemy while gazing wistfully at its gates, recedes from the larger place in Europe for which it yearned, before mere show and sham. At a critical moment in the debates the president of the congress, Prince Bismarck, spoke, as he afterwards (in the debates on the Anti-Socialist Bill) acknowledged in the interests of peace, thus to the correspondent of the London *Times*: "England has here achieved a magnificent success. She has made Bulgaria end at the foot of the Balkans; she has restored to Turkey the Ægean Sea; she has covered Constantinople by the Balkans; and the question of the Straits will be settled to her satisfaction. But it must be remembered that Russia was victorious, and that serious account must be taken of the concessions she has already made. I do not wish to recall my comparison of the whale and the elephant. England has doubtless proved by the preparations she has already made that she might become a military power, that she might sustain a war lasting several years. But herein consists our sole interest, which is that of peace, and which guides our efforts. A war between two great powers like England and Russia would grievously affect the whole of Europe, paralyze all interests, and menace every one. . . ."

Certainly Prince Bismarck did not speak thus of a show and a sham. At one of the debates Prince Gortchakoff, who through illness had been absent from several of the sittings, was carried from his carriage to the council-room, and opened the session with these words: "After having been kept away for several days from your deliberations, I do not like to reappear among you without making the following remarks, which are prompted by the love of truth and of my country. During your late deliberations my colleagues [the prince here bowed towards M. d'Oubril and Count Schouvaloff] have granted you, in the name of Russia, concessions far surpassing those she thought of making. But I am too well aware of the feelings which influenced my colleagues to raise any objection to the concessions they deemed it their duty to make. I merely wish to state to you, what is very well known, that Russia has made these sacrifices from her desire of peace, and that she spoke truth when declaring, before as well as at the end of the war, that she merely stood up on behalf of the Christians of the East, that she had no narrow or selfish aim, and that, having made enormous sacrifices in a war in which the cause of Christianity and civilization was alone at stake, she has just proved herself capable of also making sacrifices for the great work of pacification to which you are devoting your efforts." It is plain that the Russian chancellor did not yield to a show and a sham.

As for Russia considering "the cause of Christianity and civilization alone" in her war with Turkey opinions may possibly differ, though there can be no question as to the "enormous sacrifices" she made in the war.* Some people will look to Russia herself, and see very much remaining to be accomplished there in "the cause of Christianity and civilization" without the "enormous sacrifices" incurred by a foreign war. There are Christians in Russian Poland and Russia whose condition might be improved by a word from the czar. The Holy Father petitioned him in their behalf, and received anything but an encouraging reply. The cause of civilization, too, is open to easy improvement in Russia. A late "semi-official" statement from St. Petersburg is thus condensed by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "It dismisses the 'charge of unreliableness' which has been made against the police, as 'based on nothing more than hypothesis.' 'All that

* The loss in men is estimated at over 100,000. The loss in money is enormous. The semi-official *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* says that the war, which increased the paper currency by 500,000,000 uncovered notes, has added 70,0 0 000 roubles to annual interest on the national debt. Retrenchment being impossible in any department, least of all the military, an increase of taxes and customs is contemplated. The tariff is to be raised once more by fifteen per cent. An income tax is to be introduced, and the excise on spirits to be considerably increased. Fresh imposts are to be levied on railway receipts, legacies, coal imports, tobacco imports, gold exports, and other articles. Loans are announced to facilitate the withdrawal of the new 500,000,000 notes, and the people are exhorted to improve the quality of agricultural exports, so as to render competition with America possible. Negotiations for foreign loans continue.

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can be admitted is that the police have for years been in many ways paralyzed by the magisterial authorities.' Law, in fact, has had too much to say of late years, and arbitrary power too little, in the regulation of domestic affairs. 'The reinforcement of the police ordered at various periods has been on an inconsiderable scale, and the organization of the force has hitherto not been of a very practical character.' The strength of the police, then, is increasing, and is to be increased, not only numerically, but in the direction of giving their organization a more 'practical character'—a euphemism which it is not difficult to translate for ourselves. The statement concludes thus: 'With regard to some further statements of foreign newspapers, to the effect that extensive reforms are in prospect, it may be said that, on the contrary, the view prevails in official circles that there has been too much reforming of late, and that it would be better to pause in the path of inharmonious changes and alterations.' From all which it may be gathered that the Russian government have, after due deliberation, resolved to 'sit upon the safety-valve.'"

THE POSITION OF ENGLAND.

That England's position in European affairs was altered at the Congress of Berlin is now an accepted fact. She exercised the most potent voice there, and that she did so is chiefly due to the sagacity and resolution of the remarkable man now at the head of her government. Since Waterloo England never spoke out so boldly or with such effect. There is great truth in what Lord Beaconsfield said in his speech at the Conservative banquet, July 27, after his return from Berlin:

"The responsibilities of the country are practically diminished by the course we have taken. My lords and gentlemen, one of the results of my attending the Congress of Berlin has been to prove what I always suspected to be an absolute fact—that neither the Crimean war nor this horrible, devastating war which has just terminated would have taken place if England had spoken with the necessary firmness."

Success has attended him so far, even in the campaign against Afghanistan. His claim that himself and his able colleague, Lord Salisbury, returned to England bearing "peace with honor," can scarcely be considered an idle one, so far as "honor" can be strictly said to enter into the keen play of diplomacy. Whether England can hold the position into which he has lifted it, or bear the new responsibilities that that position entails, is for England to say. It is a costly eminence, but eminence and power are always costly. It is the first time that England has entered so largely into our annual review, for the simple reason that since the Crimean war, and under the Liberal rule, England took no leading part in international affairs. In seeing it in so new and prominent a position, therefore—a position now conceded to it by all the other powers*—we are bound to regard and consider it under its new aspect. We are looking at the world and at man, and considering those who move the world and govern men. And these are days when it behoves us to look closely into human affairs. For men gaze anxiously into the future and ask, What is coming? Faith is going astray or is being strangled. Peoples are oscillating between the despotism of the kings and the despotism of the multitude, between the rule of blood and iron and the guillotine. It is the duty of honest-minded men to lend what support they have to the cause of sound government under which civil and religious freedom may flourish. And which is the freest power in Europe to-day? Which is the soundest and most liberal government? Which has the truest regard for human rights? Blot England out of Europe, and show us in what country liberty exists.

It is here that we must divest ourselves of prejudice. England has created for herself, and with too much reason, a reputation for a false, cruel, and rapacious power. The very empire that is at once her glory and her danger has been acquired by acts that darken history. She has an everlasting witness against her at her door in Ireland. Her past is indeed dark and dreadful and full of shame, but why should not the future be

* How different, for instance, is the position of England to-day and its position at the drawing up of the Berlin Memorandum, which the congress of the Emperors, without consulting one of them, threw, so to say, to the other powers to sign and which England alone had the courage, under Lord Beaconsfield, to refuse to sign.

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bright? There is such a thing as reversing policy and atoning for wrong done. At all events the England of to-day is not the England of a century ago; is not the England of fifty years back. In the matter of education, of spiritual care for the wards of the nation, of the army and navy, England to-day is freer, more liberal, and more just than even we in this country are. And as for a Catholic, what Catholic would prefer the government of Russia, of Germany, of France, to that of England to-day?

Let not prejudice, however justly grounded, blind our eyes to great facts. And that there is left a really free power in Europe is a great fact. While Russia whips nuns; while Germany imprisons or banishes bishops and priests, and throttles at once the speaker and the press; while the leading party in France makes war against the Catholic Church the cornerstone of its policy; while freedom in some shape or form is everywhere threatened, we cannot hesitate, but throw in such moral weight as we may have to a power where a man is free to bless himself and to speak his mind, and where the chief aim of the state is not to turn him into a military machine as food for powder, to educate him into lettered ignorance, to govern him by blood and iron, or to erect the state into his god.

GENERAL STATE OF EUROPE.

We come now to consider the general state of Europe, and at once socialism stares us in the face as the most salient feature of the present condition of things. "Europe," said Lord Beaconsfield recently, in defending the Treaty of Berlin and showing how its provisions were really being carried out—a showing in which he was confirmed by the emperors of Russia and Austria—"Europe is governed by monarchs and statesmen." That is true so far as it goes, and it goes very far; but Lord Beaconsfield is the last man who needs to be reminded that behind the statesmen and the monarchs stands another power, a dark, a secret, and a deadly one. He himself on several occasions has alluded to the reality and the force of this power. It is called Nihilism in Russia, Socialism in Germany, Internationalism in France and Spain; the church covers it all under the comprehensive title of secret societies banded together for unlawful purposes. It has been growing all these years, and, as we shall show, has been fostered by the "monarchs and statesmen" who govern the world, and now it threatens their existence and that of their governments. Even the President of this republic did not disdain to exchange courtesies with a miserable society in this country, the Order of American Union, whose object confessedly is the repudiation of American principles and deadly hatred to that church which its European brethren strive to destroy before they can destroy all things and enter on their saturnalia of destruction. Not a single year has passed without our calling serious attention to the subject in this review. The past year has shown the secret societies more daring and desperate than ever. Within the year the lives of the sovereigns of Germany, of Spain, of Italy have been attempted by members of the International Society. The shots of Hödel, Nobiling, and Moncasi, and the dagger of Passanante, are but the flashes of a fire that smoulders under all the kingdoms. They are laughed at by many as individual eccentricities or craze. The laugh is the laugh of fools or of fellow-conspirators.

The attempts, owing chiefly to their non-success, seem isolated and haphazard. We cannot so regard them. The Emperor of the most powerful military state in Europe was first marked out for attack at a most critical point of time in European affairs: when the war between Russia and Turkey had just closed, and threatened, as even Prince Bismarck dreaded, to develop into a general European war. At such a crisis the death at an assassin's hand of the ruler of the German Empire—an empire that is racked with home troubles—and the possible changes in administration consequent, might well be thought to affect the course of European politics. The world had not yet recovered from the shock of hearing that the Emperor had been shot at by one of his own subjects when another attempt on his life was made. Where Hödel, the German tinker, failed, Nobiling, the German doctor of philosophy, very nearly succeeded. Pending the recovery, for a long time doubtful, of the aged Emperor, the Crown Prince assumed the reins of government, and matters in Germany

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went on much as usual. Next an attempt was made on the life of the young King of Spain shortly after the death of his newly-married bride, the sweet and pure giri whose loss, under the sad circumstances, was one of the nation no less than of the monarch. What had King Alfonso done to merit the enmity of the Internationals? Nothing at all; but his death would have opened up all the old horrors of Spanish dynastic troubles and offered anew a free field for the children of disorder. Happily that attempt failed also—more happily, so far as the respective countries were concerned, than even the attempt against the German Emperor. King Humbert was next singled out, and why? Well, the world knows the state of affairs in Italy, the very home and hotbed of the secret societies. The "revolution" which Garibaldi openly expects and proclaims, and which all expect to see soon arrive, would have been a little precipitated; and the world has already had experience of what revolution in Italy means. It is the hatred of Catholicity all over the world that made the revolution in Italy possible, that hounded and helped it on. And when it came, those who were chiefly responsible for it shuddered at its horrors. They may soon have reason to shudder again. Writers are apt to trace a sort of epidemic in crime or suicide; one example, they say, leads to another, one weak mind reacts upon another. The same reasoning has been applied to these "insane" attempts on the lives of the monarchs. We are very far from thinking them insane. In each instance, though he at first denied that he had accomplices, the would-be assassin was proved to be a member of the International Society. They were all young and resolute men, perfectly stolid in their demeanor, with no sign of insanity about them, with no remorse for their deed, and with no religion. Hödel and Nobiling were Protestants by training; Moncasi and Passanante were doubtless Catholics by baptism, perhaps to some extent by training; but, if they had ever clung to it, they had renounced the teachings and the practice of their religion, wherein, of course, they met with the full approval of all the prophets and advocates of the new enlightenment, who are the very type and flower of what we have called lettered ignorance, as well as of the inveterate foes of Rome, who send their missionaries and their missionaries' wives to redeem the Catholics of Spain and Italy from the error of their ways.

GOVERNMENTS AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

Whatever *alias* they may go by, these societies are at bottom the same: they are a revolt against law and the present order of things. For this revolt governments have themselves chiefly to blame. It was known, it has been known any time within the century, that there were societies on foot whose avowed purpose was to overthrow the present order, beginning with Christianity in its only real form, Catholicity. The first and chief portion of their work governments themselves took out of the hands of these societies. The whole century has witnessed one long war on the Catholic Church by the European governments. The first ostensible point of attack was the temporal power of the Pope. At last that was torn from Pius IX. with the consent of Europe. The work of the secret societies was so far accomplished. They took all the Pope had; they could only take his life; but there was little use in that, for other popes would follow, and they saw that they could only kill the Papacy by killing the Catholic Church. They were keen and resolute, like their master the devil. They set to work to kill Catholicity, and in a very thorough manner. The governments had helped them to destroy the temporal power; they should help them a step farther. Indeed, they were doing it all the while. They should stop Catholic teaching in their dominions, and let false teaching have free sway. They should abolish the priesthood, scatter the bishops, abolish the sacraments, stop baptism, so that there should be no Christians at all; stop marriage, so that even the sacredness of the family tie should lose its force; close up the confessionals, so that sinners should be refused this opportunity of repentance and atonement; stop sin altogether by proclaiming the divinity of nature, and letting nature have its fling; stop, above all, Catholic teaching, so that the very name of God should not be known among men. When all this was accomplished, then would come the millennium, the *nouveaux couches sociales* at which Gambetta re-

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cently mysteriously hinted, to the disgust even of a journal like the *Journal des Débats*—in a word, the reign of evil untrammelled and unopposed.

This may seem a strong way of regarding the anti-Catholic war. But what else has Europe been doing within the century but this?

There was the other part of the programme to be fulfilled: after the overthrow of religion was to follow the overthrow of everything. Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the other leaders of the secret societies spoke very plainly. They confessed their hatred of kings. Garibaldi has long since expressed the pleasant hope that he might live to see the day when the last king would be strangled by the entrails of the last priest; and Garibaldi rode in triumph side by side with Victor Emanuel through the breach of Porta Pia. Can Victor Emanuel's son be astonished at an attempt to stab him when his own government subsidizes the arch-conspirator? Cairoli, the premier of the Italian cabinet, is a confessed Garibaldian, and Garibaldi favors his administration for the time being.

Italy was indignant because its representative, Count Corti, showed at the Berlin Congress as a lay figure. France was indignant at its representative, M. Waddington, appearing in the same character. As soon as the congress was over, and the Italian plenipotentiary walked home with nothing in his pocket, while Count Andrassy had secured Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Italians, enraged, clamored for something, and *Italia irredenta* was the cry. *Italia irredenta* meant the restoration of Trieste and goodness knows what not. Strong Europe laughed at the cry and warned Italy. In the *Capitale* appeared the following letter from Garibaldi:

"CAPRERA, July 22.

"MIO CARISSIMO NUVOLARI: Italy has manifested herself magnificently in favor of our enslaved brethren. It is necessary, however, not to undermine the Cairoli ministry. I recommend rifle practice in all the Italian provinces, inasmuch as after words it will be necessary to come to deeds.

"Sempre vostro,

"G. GARIBALDI."

He has since repeated his approval of Cairoli with increasing significance and point, as leading up to the "revolution." But Garibaldi is a hero, not alone to those who cry out for *Italia irredenta*, but to the sovereigns of Europe and to that modern thought that assumes to itself the character of enlightenment, liberalism, and love of freedom, in this country as elsewhere.

If Garibaldi is a hero; if Mazzini is a hero deemed worthy of a statue erected in his honor in the public park of New York, if he is worthy of the eulogies of our greatest poets, why not Passanante, Moncasi, Nobiling, Hödel, Orsini, who throw away their lives in carrying out the principles of the men whom the un-Catholic and anti-Catholic world honors and reveres?

This is the ominous sign of the year. Europe is weighed down by armies and bankrupt with armaments. The sons are taken to make soldiers of, and the father and mother, deprived of their boy's help, must slave to pay for his gun and his uniform and his food. They must pay also for the new ships and the new cannon. The Department of War and Marine always represents the heaviest item in the budget of European nations, and it is always increasing. War, too, and constant rumors of war, keep the people anxious, excited, and feverish. Trade, business, the money market are just what governments and people make them. Year after year men look for brighter times; but they grow darker. Poverty keeps pace with the guns and the cannon and the uniforms. The peoples are growing weary of being kept poor and of seeing the flower of their youth and manhood led out every now and then to be shot at, or always exposed to the risk. The governments have been very careful, as we showed, to remove religion out of their paths. The Protestant peoples of Europe, and large portions of the Catholic, have lost all practical faith in God. Here, then, are fine texts to go upon: Poverty, tyranny, taxes, and death for the people. Who cause them? The kings who undertake to govern the people. Who are the kings? Men who do nothing but bleed the people of blood and money for their own base and selfish ends. It is time for the people to take a hand in governing themselves. Put these men out of the way; kill them all; and the wealth of the world is the people's.

Such is the reasoning, and very metho-

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dical it is. Europe is full of it. Hödel was poor and hated kings by instinct; Nobiling was educated in the new philosophy and hated kings on principle; Moncasi was poor and hated kings; Passanante was poor and hated kings. There is the yet deadlier, and in a despairing sort of way more heroic, form of Russian Nihilism, that hates everything and believes and hopes in nothing; so that the very women are ready to throw their lives in the face of Russian despotism and die exultingly. They all hate kings; they are all members of secret organizations whose ramifications are universal. One of a band of Internationalists who attempted to hold a congress in Paris last summer, but were imprisoned and brought to trial, at first denied that he belonged to the society, but confessed on being reminded by the judge that letters treating of the conspiracy had been found on him, the letters coming from all quarters, one of them even from Persia. Here again were women, and one of them, who had been a school-teacher, was the boldest and cleverest of the band. In Berlin a woman's Internationalist meeting, numbering over a thousand, was held, where Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, the government, marriage, and baptism were alike held up to scornful ridicule by women speakers. Herr Most, a socialist member of the Reichstag, who, it is announced, under the pressure of the new anti-socialist law, is driven from Germany and is about to favor us with his company, addressed the meeting. We might go on multiplying instances all bearing in the same direction, and showing that socialism is not a haphazard sort of eruption but a real and vital force of great power, to be counted on in all nations, and strongest and most deadly where tyranny is greatest.

In Italy Cairoli advocates universal suffrage. The proposal is at once opposed by liberal minds. Why? Because in Italy, it is alleged, the priests still retain great power over the masses of the people, and if universal suffrage were granted the Catholic vote would, with fair elections, certainly carry the day, and who knows but that the Pope might recover his own again? What a confession in such reasoning!—reasoning that we have seen employed in every secular paper that touched upon the question. What is the use, then, of universal suffrage and of a free vote? What is meant by the will of the people? Is it only to be exercised against Catholicity and never for it? And what becomes of the universal charge that it was the will of the Italian people that ousted the Pope?

The growth and development of socialism is best exemplified in the German Empire. There it professed to assume a logical and legal form. It mustered bravely at the polls—desperately even—and the dark shadow thrown upon it by the two attempts to assassinate the German Emperor did not daunt it. On the contrary, the socialists mustered a stronger vote than ever before. The attempted assassinations chimed in very conveniently with Prince Bismarck's designs, and he is not the man to miss a chance. In our review of last year we said:

"Granting that the general peace of Europe is preserved during the next year, it would not surprise us at all to see a complete change of administration in Germany, and a consequent relaxation in the laws against Catholics. We do hope for this. Even Prince Bismarck must now see that the persecution of the Catholics was, in its lowest aspect, a political blunder."

The administration has not changed, though its policy has to some extent. The administration has not changed because Prince Bismarck clings to power, though he has lost the confidence of the country and of Parliament. Confidence in himself, however, never fails him. The elections, even with the incentive of the attempted assassination of the Emperor in the government's favor, went dead against him. In any other country with the pretence of a representative government such an expression of the public will would compel the resignation of the ministry. No small shame of this kind, however, troubles the robust conscience of the German chancellor. He has gone from party to party to seek a majority, and, finding none, goes on governing without. The only revenge Parliament can take it takes; it refuses him supplies, and very properly, for the purposes he demands.

Prince Bismarck, who, notwithstanding the French milliards, is already faced by a deficit, wants more money, and a great deal more. The very liberal allowance which he had received has been devoted to military purposes. He wants nothing less than $45,000,000 additional

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a year still for military purposes. With that he will be content for the present, with a future increase according to circumstances. It was to secure this grant that he went a-begging from party to party, seeking a majority who would vote his measures. It was to obtain this majority that he appealed to the country. It was this probably that finally drove him to seek aid from the Catholics. In all cases he was defeated. A majority was not returned to him at the elections. Germany is a poor country, and is getting poorer instead of richer. The "blood" tax is a very heavy one and is constantly increasing instead of diminishing. What it means may be judged from the following. The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on July 23, says:

"By a vote of Parliament, taken in 1874, the peace footing of the army was fixed at 402,000 rank and file till 1882. Thanks to the increasing price of provisions and the ever-swelling numbers of the recruits enlisted, the military expenditure since this vote rose from 263,000,000 marks to 323,000,000 marks a year. This rapid augmentation of army expenses, at a time in which the earnings of tax-payers have in too many instances sensibly decreased, produced a good deal of dissatisfaction, rendering it doubtful whether the liberality of Parliament will be continued beyond 1882. What could not be doubted was that the present Parliament was exceedingly disinclined to fulfil the secret desire of the cabinet and fix the peace footing at 402,000 men for another decade, even before the advent of the critical year 1882."

This is no unfriendly critic who thus writes. He is stating a plain matter of fact. Writing later on (August 3) to explain the negotiations at Kissingen and Prince Bismarck's advances to the Catholics, the same correspondent says:

"Military expenses being steadily on the increase, the extras which had to be claimed of the individual states from the very first rose from 70,000,000 marks in 1872 to 81,000,000 marks in 1877, and, but for the remnant of the French indemnity being spent in the latter year, would have been swelled to 109,000,000 marks twelve months ago. These being additional, supplies had to be voted by the state parliaments, and, constituting so many fresh items of the public expenditure, afforded the local representative assemblies an annual opportunity for exercising their financial prerogative. If this led to ever-recurring criticisms upon the height of the military budget, the central government could not but apprehend a serious contest with the local and central legislatures upon the expiry of the present peace footing law in 1882. There is the fact that army and navy swallow 323,000,000 marks in 1878, against 263,000,000 marks in 1874; there is the general conviction that the income of the individual subject is continually decreasing. Is there much sagacity required to foresee that a good deal of ill-blood will be roused by the eventual demand to perpetuate the 'blood-tax' at its present height? To obviate this difficulty, and make the central exchequer once for all independent of Parliamentary grants, Prince Bismarck successively hit upon a number of ingenious devices."

None of the "ingenious devices" have so far succeeded, and can we wonder at it? Can we deny that the German socialists have in this a just ground of complaint?

In May the Emperor was congratulated by the (Protestant) Brandenburg Synod on his escape from the bullet of Hödel. In his reply he said with truth and force that "misguided people in these times were holding forth against religion, leading men astray and destroying the foundations of morality. He was a stanch adherent of the Protestant Evangelical Church of the kingdom. He condemned no man who had earnest religious convictions, though they might not be his own. He hoped that error would gradually decrease, and that the debates of the synod would be marked by a temperate and conciliatory tone."

And yet side by side with the very same report we read that "the Emperor has declined to accept the resignation of Dr. Falk, who seems to have repented of his request to be permitted to retire."

And the same Emperor who expressed such just sentiments in May to the Brandenburg Protestant Synod gave a very different reply to a Catholic address in January. We give it in the words of the correspondent of the London *Times*, writing January 15:

"A short time ago the Ultramontanes got up a petition to the Emperor, asking for the abolition of the laws which have lately placed the Catholic clergy and schools under government control.

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With the active assistance of the lower classes, no fewer than 158,000 signatures were obtained for this petition. The Emperor referred the address to Herr Falk, the Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, who has just given the petitioners a telling reply. The government, he says, declines to discuss the abolition of the May Laws, and will not even consider the possibility of modifying those important statutes while the right of the government to legislate on these matters is denied by the Ultramontane party in Parliament. The Emperor himself has deigned to tell the minister that the petitioners would have done better to address their complaint to that ecclesiastical power which, were it so pleased, might easily put a stop to the resistance offered to the enacted laws of the state."

THE GERMAN CATHOLICS.

We ventured to express a hope last year for better times for the Catholics in Germany. We based our hopes partly on political grounds and partly on the expectation that Prince Bismarck would return to justice and reason in this matter. Though the persecution goes on as unrelentingly as ever, our hopes have at least been on the way of being realized on both counts. The attempted assassinations, and the resolute stand maintained by the Socialist party; their utter disregard of any feelings of veneration or affection for the monarch, and their avowed hatred of the government, have undoubtedly moved the court. They look for some radical cure for this radical disease, and the Emperor's speech to the Brandenburg ministers, as well as other speeches of his elsewhere, would seem to indicate that he looks rather to the influence of religion to reform his people than to the Draconic code forged by Prince Bismarck, and which is being carried out with a profligate severity. The negotiations that came up during the year between the Vatican and the court of Berlin and the German chancellor, at the instigation of the latter, are, we understand, still pending, so that it is useless to guess at the result. We can only hope for the best. Prince Bismarck has been eminently successful in angering everybody, and in alienating from himself the affections of all parties. He has angered the Conservatives; he has angered the National Liberals; he has persecuted and is persecuting the Catholics; he has now entered upon a crusade against the Socialists, whom he used against the Catholics, and with whom he has long dallied in secret, as came out plainly enough in the debates on the Anti-Socialist Bill. Apart, then, from the question of justice, it needs only the statesmanship of common sense to perceive that with a new war against the Socialists on his hands, with a failing treasury and increasing needs, it is as well to be at peace as at war with fourteen millions of honest men who in a time of social danger form by all concession the most conservative body in the German Empire. Prince Bismarck now wants the Pope to step in and help him out of his self-created difficulties. Of course the Pope cannot control the free action of the Catholic party in Germany. Prince Bismarck's $45,000,000 is no affair of faith or morals. But here history is revenging itself very soon. The plausible excuse for the chancellor's assault on the Catholics was that they obeyed the Pope, a foreign power, rather than their sovereign. They were therefore traitors to the throne and conspirators against the state. On this ground they are still being persecuted. He now turns round and asks to shake hands with the traitors and conspirators, who, for all he may do or not do, will not give up an atom of their faith or their spiritual allegiance to Rome. Yet he goes farther, and actually asks that foreign power to interfere and do the evil that he had denounced. He asks the Pope to coerce the free will and conscience of the German Catholics.

FRENCH RADICALISM.

In France the Radical party, of which Gambetta is the oracle and Victor Hugo the *vates*, is in power. All the leaders of the party seem banded together for one supreme purpose: not so much for the erection of France into a real republic as for the destruction of the Catholic religion. Victor Hugo's speech at the revolting centenary of Voltaire—a celebration which the indignant patriotism and eloquence of the deeply-lamented Mgr. Dupanloup was chiefly instrumental in preventing from becoming an official act—was quite in keeping with Gambetta's anti-Catholic speech at Romans. Even the better class of Protestant opin-

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ion in Europe cried out against such a celebration, while a paper like the New York *Herald* in this country approved of and praised it. "Nor is it possible," said the London *Times* (May 23), "to honor Voltaire, as he is to be honored on the 30th of this month, without insulting the Catholic religion and offending a large part of the French people. The bad taste of such an exhibition is the smallest part of the folly. The wonder is that the Radicals, who have organized the display, do not see that they are giving weapons to their foes, who will say that the path of the republic leads to irreligion."

Its warning was well timed. The blasphemous proceedings at the celebration reached their height when Victor Hugo drew a parallel between Voltaire and the divine Redeemer of the human race, which we give as a warning and as an evidence of what radical culture in France is in its essence and flower and perfection, and of what men may expect to see when "that early day" hoped for by Hugo and hastened by Gambetta shall have arrived, and the *nouveaux couches sociales* be fully accomplished. "On that no doubt early day when the identity of wisdom and clemency is recognized, when the amnesty is proclaimed, yonder in the stars Voltaire will smile. Between two servants of humanity who appeared at 1800 years' interval there is a mysterious relation. To combat Pharisaism, unmask imposture, overturn tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions, demolish the temple in order to rebuild it—that is to say, to substitute the true for the false, attack the fierce magistracy, the sanguinary priesthood, drive out the traders from the sanctuary, reclaim the heritage of the disinherited, protect the weak, poor, suffering, and crushed, combat for the persecuted and oppressed—such was Jesus Christ's war. And what man carried on that war? Voltaire. The evangelical work had for its complement the philosophic work; the spirit of mercy commenced, the spirit of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: Jesus wept—Voltaire smiled. From that divine tear and from that human smile sprang the mildness of existing civilization."

Materially France is still advancing. The Exhibition at Paris was a magnificent success. We have only to repeat what we have said before to the clamorers for a republic in France. They have a republic; let them use it, but for a republic, a free government of free people, not for an anti-Christian tyranny. The chief disturbers of France are the party now in power, and they grow more aggressive and turbulent every day. Gambetta's speech at Romans was too much for any rational being with the slightest regard for order, and the universal censure with which it was met abroad and in many non-Catholic journals in France compelled even its author to attempt afterwards a lame modification of it at Grenobles. On May 29 the correspondent of the London *Times*, who has nothing good to say of the Catholics, writes:

"The French Radical party, as it is called, is often childish as well as dangerous. It treats the republic, of which it maintains it is the sole guardian, as a child treats a doll, periodically trying to break it to see what is inside. It cannot go quietly to work, but, under the pretext of being a party of progress, it is always looking for precedents in the annals of the first revolution, in order to put into practice utopias and absurdities which are now generally recognized as such. Sometimes it attacks the army, and is only silenced when it is shown that by its attacks it is converting the army into an anti-republican force. At other times it assails the magistracy, till it sees that it is driving the whole magistracy into the opposition camp. I need not mention the clergy; the struggle with them is traditional, and will not come to an end for a long time. Certain it is that the Radical party seeks pretexts for stirring up animosity and preventing the country from obtaining repose."

Meanwhile we could wish that Catholics in France would take example by their brethren in Germany and manifest a little more unity and worldly tact in managing their own affairs. They have wealth, numbers, and power. Why not utilize them? But they are hopelessly divided among themselves and split up into weakening factions. While they wait upon Providence, instead of manfully using the power that Providence has put in their hands for their own defence, the enemies of God and society, of France herself, slip by them and seize the power that should be theirs. Until they unite

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on the republic and act as a single party they must continue to be hopelessly beaten and to see the church suffer. Such inaction is criminal. In Belgium, again, the Catholics, who held it, were ousted from the government, and a bitterly anti-Catholic party is in their place. And as for the peace that is expected of the Radical party in both countries the *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following opinion: "From the time when peace and retrenchment, as well as reform, became the watchwords of the Liberal party, it has been supposed that costly military establishments, or 'bloated armaments,' were a peculiar specialty of conservative governments. In reference to this view it is interesting to notice that certain organs of the Catholic or Conservative party in Belgium are warning the public that their country will soon be nothing better than an armed camp if the military schemes of the Liberal cabinet are to be carried out. As far as one can judge, there is some ground for anxiety on this head. The system which M. Renard, Minister of War, will shortly propose for the adoption of the Legislature would give Belgium an active army of 112,000 men, with a reserve of 192,000, making a total of 304 000; which, for a population of some five millions and a half, would seem to be a respectable figure. In France, again, the advent of M. Gambetta to power would scarcely mean a lighter war budget, or fewer days' service for anybody. It promises, on the contrary, a development of the military system now in vogue with something very like the forcible impressment of clergymen. On the other hand, it was one of the last Grand Dukes of Tuscany who virtually disbanded his army because he had no further use for it."

THE PAPACY AND THE CIVIL POWERS.

We must turn from many points that invite our attention, and come to our last great head—the Papacy and its present relations with the civil powers. In closing our review last year we took what we felt at the time to be a farewell of Pius IX., and we may be pardoned for quoting the last few lines, as they at once express our feelings regarding the dead Pontiff and lead us up to his successor. "When Pius IX.," we wrote, "obeys the last call of the Master he has served so well, there will pass from this world the greatest figure of the age, and as holy a man as the ages ever knew. But his work will not pass with him. That will remain, and the lesson of his life will remain to his successor, on whom we believe that brighter times will dawn —a brightness won out of the darkness, and the sacrifice, and the storm braved by the good and gentle man who so resolutely bore Christ's cross to the very hill of Calvary, and lay down on it and died there."

Pius IX. died on February 7. Victor Emanuel had preceded him by only a few days. They almost went together before the tribunal of that God whose creatures they both were. We need say not another word here of one or of the other. The conclave was summoned as speedily as possible. Men wondered and admired that the Italian government undertook to guard the conclave from any possible interference and refused to interfere itself. What cause for wonder or admiration is there? The Law of the Guarantees was framed to secure the Pope absolute freedom; Italy claimed to be a free and representative government; its reputation, therefore, was at stake. In any case a Pope would have been elected; so it was just as well to allow him to be elected quietly and in due order. The choice fell upon Cardinal Pecci, who was elected and proclaimed Pope under the title, already glorious in the past history of the church, of Leo XIII. His election was received with favor even by those without the fold and by European governments. The general manifestation of good-will that greeted Leo XIII. on his accession to the chair of Peter had greeted his predecessor before him, and little could be augured from that so far as the outer world was concerned. It is not for us to pronounce upon the acts of the Holy Father. It is no presumption to say, however, what is universally acknowledged, that even apart from his sacred office, as a ruler and administrator of mighty interests and far-reaching power, Leo XIII., in every act that he has performed and word that he has uttered, has shown himself to be a very wise, prudent, and resolute man, quite alive to the real dangers and difficulties of a most dangerous and difficult time and position of affairs in the world and in the Holy See, and most anxious to put an end to hatreds and heal up

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differences within and without, always, in the words of that glorious confessor and martyr to the faith, St. Thomas of Canterbury, "saving his sacred order." We hoped that brighter days would dawn upon the successor of Pius IX. without even contemplating who he might be. Our hope was not based on mere sentiment or idle grounds. The very darkest days had come upon Pius IX. With him had disappeared for the time being the last vestige of that temporal power, that oldest, grandest, and only consecutive power in Europe, that dated from the very formation of Christendom; and the world, as represented by human governments, seemed to have completed its separation from the mother who had formed Christendom, the Spouse of Christ, and the only hope and salvation of human society. Such a final separation could not continue without destruction to society; and, as we have seen, the era of destruction set rapidly in. Governments have recognized the fact, or are beginning to recognize the fact, that there is in the world something stronger than bayonets and kingly power and human armaments.

In the formation of the new principalities out of the ruins of the Turkish Empire in Europe, the united representatives of the leading powers laid down as the corner-stone of each constitution the old Catholic principle of religious liberty. Speaking on this subject in the British House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone said with scornful force, though the scorn of it tells equally against himself: "Another point on which the English plenipotentiaries showed great zeal was that which related to religious liberty. Absolute and perfect equality, civil as well as ecclesiastical, was to prevail in these new states. And here I cannot help paying a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's real courage in insisting upon the emancipation of the Jews in those provinces. (Cheers.) It is, however, a little amusing to observe with what edifying zeal all these great states of Europe united to force religious liberty upon those new-fledged little bantlings just come into existence at the very time when they could not bring themselves to adopt it at home."

Governments recognize or are recognizing the fact that the conscience of a people is stronger than all things in this world; that if it makes for right all is well; that if it makes for evil cannon and bayonets cannot turn it aside. They see, and must see, that unless there is a power behind the throne, greater than the throne, acting upon the consciences of men and moving them to right, their thrones are built on shifting sands, and their persons only sacred so long as they can rely upon the soldier or the policeman. But God acts through the living body which he has left to proclaim his law to the nations, to baptize and *teach them all truth*, to be the saviour at once of king and people—his everlasting church. For having done all that they could to destroy this sense, for having attempted to interrupt the communication between God and his people, for having cut off the means of grace and the light of truth from the hearts and minds of the people, for having impiously set themselves up in the place of God, the thrones of their mightiest are crumbling away under our eyes, and their people are in revolt. The church must resume its sway and teach men to obey God first, and God's earthly representatives for God's sake, or the rulers are lost and their people are lost. The statesmen and monarchs who govern the world should joyfully recognize the fact that in Leo XIII. they have a man who reaches as far out towards them as he possibly can to bring ruler and people together again. This very year in our own country, when in many quarters there was dread of the overflow of that wave against society and the existing order of things which is threatening Europe, the organs of public opinion, and even the ministers of Protestant churches, instinctively turned to the Catholic Church as their surest safeguard in the threatened trouble. Yes, to the Catholic Church, the church of the poor, the despised, the lowly, for no other church cares for these; but the church that can fill the hearts of the most suffering with the sublimest charity, and patience, and happiness even, for it has inherited the divine secret of peace and good-will from its Founder.

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THE

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THE REALITY OF THE WORLD.

THE sprightly writer who is known by his assumed title as "The Country Parson" describes an English peasant who, just before dying, uttered the lamentation, alike humorous and pathetic: "Wut with faëth, and wut with the airth a-goin' round the sun, and wut with the railways a-whuzzin' and a-buzzin', I'm clean bemuzzled and confoozled and bet!"

This is an apt description of the state of mind in which many people find themselves in our day. The confused and contradictory opinions of public teachers of religion and philosophy, the political and social unsettledness of the times, and the perplexing utterances whose murmur fills the air about all sorts of scientific matters, have bewildered their heads. There is a great deal of scientific doubt and philosophic scepticism in modern books and systems. We do not wish to go into a discussion of these, and thus to plunge into waters beyond the depth of our readers. There is a doubting spirit which has gone out from the schools of the learned and the caves of recluse thinkers into the market-place and among the common haunts of men. We would, if possible, exorcise those who are possessed by this demon, and restore them to their right mind. Carlyle, one of the eloquent sophists of our time, in his *Sartor Resartus* comments on the famous axiom of Descartes, "Cogito, ergo sum"—"I think, therefore I am"—after this wise: "Alas! poor cogitator. We walk in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto, and sleep deepest when we fancy ourselves most awake." So our modern doubting, unbelieving generation seem to have half-convinced themselves, and to have imbibed from much confused reading and hearing and talking a partial hallucination of this sort, that the real world and life are no more than an illusive vision of a sleeper and a waking dream. In the practical matters of common life such a scepticism cannot obtain any force. Even those philosophers who have professed a speculative scepticism have not acted on it, and could not do so if they tried ever so hard. The instance of the old Greek sceptic

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who put his shoulder out of joint is well known. He had pretended to prove the impossibility of motion by the following argument: A thing cannot move except either where it is or where it is not. It cannot move where it is, because if it does it must both remain where it is and not remain, which is a contradiction. It cannot move where it is not, because it cannot cease to remain in a place in which it has not already begun to remain. Therefore it cannot move anywhere, and motion is impossible. The poor man, having fallen on the street and put his shoulder out of joint, sent for a friend, who was a physician, to put it in again. The doctor hastened over, but on arriving looked calmly at the philosopher and began leisurely to ask him what the matter was. He replied that his shoulder was dislocated. The doctor wanted to know how it happened. The philosopher told him that he had slipped and fallen while he was walking on the street. The doctor replied that this was impossible, since he had demonstrated that all motion is an absurdity. The philosopher, groaning with pain and impatience, bade the doctor hold his own tongue and make haste to set his shoulder.

A clever classmate of the writer wrote for a college magazine an ingenious and humorous satire on transcendental philosophy. The hero of the piece was settled in a swamp, where he intended to found a university. To his wife, who complained of the abounding vermin and insects, he gave the comforting assurance that they were phenomena which had no real existence but crept about in her own soul only. Nevertheless, he was very particular in requiring her to make the phenomena of his meals appear to him regularly three times a day.

Material things impress their reality too vividly and constantly on the senses, and sensitive nature is too importunate in its demands, to suffer any practical doubt of their actual existence. Common sense is a great deal too strong to be disturbed in its empire by any sort of sophistry. The philosophical sceptic, in case he has no taste for grosser pleasures, is just as eager in amusing himself with blowing metaphysical soap-bubbles, in getting fame for himself, and in otherwise extracting as much enjoyment as possible out of life, as any other man. Those of the more common sort show no other practical effect of their scepticism in their lives than a greater eagerness in pursuing common objects, whether it be self-advancement, gain, or pleasure. It is only when there is question of duty, of the higher moral order, of the interests of the soul and of the future life, of the claims of religion and the rights of God, that their scepticism becomes practical. It is turned into an excuse for ignoring all these things, and distilled into an opiate for the conscience. They pretend that they have no concern with the unknown and the unknowable. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is their language.

> "We'll drink to-night
> With hearts as light,
> And hopes as gay and fleeting,
> As bubbles that swim
> On the beaker's brim,
> And break on the lips while meeting."

To those who wish to live in the present only, and to live as they list, the dream-grotto theory is very acceptable. It seems hardly necessary or worth while to treat it seriously, or to argue at all against

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something so absurd as scepticism, which nobody can really and practically assent to as true or even possible. The answer of an eminent ecclesiastic to a doubter, who came to him for instruction, seems to be the only one appropriate. This doubting seeker after truth, who is now an excellent Catholic, when asked how far the doubt extended, replied, that it went down even to the fact of the existence of anything whatsoever. The priest answered: "Well, let us take for granted that you exist." This was sound common sense. Scepticism is a disease of the mind, and the common saying that the cure for it "is not logic but hellebore" is one of the maxims whose wisdom is evident at first sight. There are certain primary facts and principles, so immediately self-evident to every one who has consciousness and the use of reason, that they cannot be really doubted, because they compel assent. They must be assumed in every act of reasoning, and are the starting-points of argument. One who from malice or levity refuses to admit them in words is unworthy of being taken any notice of or being reasoned with; and is best answered by ridicule or a severe rebuke or by a contemptuous silence. "Answer a fool according to his folly," or else leave him to his folly without deigning to waste words on him. Nevertheless, when we go beyond a few primary facts and truths, doubt becomes possible, and a negative or even positive scepticism can be quite real. Nor is it necessarily and always malicious—that is, solely caused by the influence of wilful, obstinate, moral perverseness on the intellect. If we thought it to be always malicious, we would not expect to do any good to sceptics by reasoning with them. It is a mental disease, but, like other invalids, those who are afflicted with this disorder may be more worthy of compassion than of blame. We call it a disease in so far as it is a habit of not assenting to rational evidence, a hesitancy in thought and belief, which is not a normal and healthful condition of mind such as is common to men whose faculties work naturally. Negative or positive doubting, in respect to matters about which the mind lacks reasonable evidence, is not a disease but a defect. It proceeds from ignorance, and as a man of the soundest mind may be ignorant of the Latin language, though it be necessary for him to know it in order to enter a profession which is desirable for him, so a man may be ignorant of important truths necessary to him that he may enter the Catholic Church.

When we propose to remove all those doubts which are an obstacle to a clear conviction and belief of the first fundamental principles of the Catholic Church, we have to deal with those which proceed from both the causes above mentioned. The doubts of ignorance are to be removed by presenting the truth with its rational evidence. But the mental malady of scepticism, if it exists in any mind, prevents it from giving a firm assent to this evidence. It is necessary, therefore, to apply a remedy to this disorder. And as pure air is a remedy for the feebleness caused by a want of pure air, and wholesome exercise for the bad effects of physical indolence, so the remedy for a sceptical habit of mind is to be applied, by exciting the mental faculties to a vigorous exercise upon concrete facts and abstract truths. These mental invalids have become

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secluded from the realities of the world which is sensible and from those of the supersensible world, and are withdrawn into a dream-grotto.

It may seem that it is in contradiction to our previous remarks to say that these doubters have withdrawn from the realities of the sensible world. But it is not. We do not say that they have withdrawn from all its realities. A grotto is a part of the world, although in common language a man who lives always in a grotto is said to have withdrawn from the world. Whatever it is that they are immersed in, belonging to the sensible world, the sceptics who do not believe that "life is real, life is earnest," to whom all things appear as transient phenomena, have impaired their sense of the substantial reality of even the visible world. What is most real to them is that which has the least reality in fact, and is like smoke as compared to solid rock.

So, also, those who seem to regard an ideal world as more real than the visible world are, nevertheless, secluded from the realities of the supersensible world; for they are living in an imaginary sphere among dreams and spectres, and do not believe in the actual heaven or hell.

We think it useful and expedient to begin by showing the folly of that scepticism which questions the reality of the world—that is, of the corporeal, sensible universe. "There is nothing in the intellect which is not first in sensitive cognition," is a sound maxim of the philosophy of Aristotle. The basis of knowledge is in self-consciousness and facts of sensible experience, and consciousness is awakened first by sensible impressions. And although the pure truths of the intellect are not dependent on the reality of the external world, all other knowledge is so, and a large portion of the whole fabric of truth, morality, and religion both natural and revealed, is shaken when this reality is questioned.

We are not so foolish as to profess to prove the reality of things by anything else more evident than itself. One who persists in denying or doubting what is primary and underlies all knowledge cannot be reasoned with. He takes an utterly irrational position, and is either insincere or mad. We can do nothing with or for an incorrigible sceptic, unless it be to pray for him. It is only with those who have some soundness of mind and sincerity of will, and are puzzled or perturbed by a sort of wavering and hesitancy in their mental acts of reflection upon truths which they cannot help assenting to in the direct acts of their mind, that we can hope to have any success. And with these we can only proceed in the way of affirming to them what they must assent to as evident in itself without proof, and afterwards arguing from this self-evident truth to show the folly and absurdity of notions and opinions which conflict with it directly, or conflict with necessary inferences drawn from it by logical reasoning.

Let us begin by asking, who it is, on the dream-grotto theory, that is the dreamer. Is it you, or I, or Mr. Carlyle, or some one else? Did he write the *Sartor Resartus* which I remember reading forty years ago, or did I dream it? Was it Kant, or Fichte, or Hegel, or David Hume who spun sceptical theories in a dream, and dreamed that he was a great philosopher, and published books and gained

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fame and disciples, or am I dreaming all this now, or are you dreaming that you are reading this page, and which one of you all is it that has the dream, and has dreamed everything which seems to have existed in past history and to be now existing? Each one of us must take himself, at all events, for granted; and if he whimsically relegate all things else to the condition of spectres and phantasms of a dream, must hold himself to be at least a real and very ingenious dreamer. You profess to doubt the reality of things external to yourself. What and how far do you doubt? Answer this question in any way you can think of, and you affirm that you think, and therefore that you exist, at least as a dreamer, in a boundless phantasmagoria, and are moreover half awake, since you suspect that you are dreaming. You have at least countless phantasms in your imagination; and if you are the cause and author of them all; if you have painted the picture of the heavens and the earth, of cities and cathedrals, of mountains, lakes, and valleys; if you have invented all the books you have ever read, and fancied all the persons you have ever seen; you are a very wonderful being, something more than a genius.

Alas! poor cogitator, cover over this page, and you cannot create the next sentence which follows the present one. You are dependent on something outside of your own consciousness, of your intellect, and of your will. The paper and type you see before you present to your mind certain signs, representing thoughts of my intellect, which my will determines me to communicate to you. You open a book of history, and your mind becomes filled with new images of events and persons hitherto unknown to it. You give the same book to another person, your own child, perhaps, who reads it unwillingly because you command him to do it. You examine him upon his lesson, and you find that his mind has received the same impressions. You listen to a great orator, as, for instance, Father Burke or Wendell Phillips. Your mind and imagination are borne up, without effort on your part, to a region of thought and imagery and sentiment far above that to which you are capable of soaring by your own unaided powers. You take a journey or a voyage, and behold new countries, cities, buildings, people, works of art, which you could not represent to yourself precisely in the same way by any effort of your own, if you took an imaginary journey in your own room at home. You read a newspaper which tells of Sisters of Charity going in the face of almost certain death to nurse the sick with yellow fever, and you recognize a virtue which you feel to be altogether superior to that which you are conscious of possessing. You read another account of the revolting murder of "Stuttering Jack" by a woman and her accomplice, and how, as they drove along with their wretched victim's body packed up for sale to a dissector, they heard a "blubbering in the barrel" behind them; and you have a new idea, which fills you with shuddering horror, of human depravity and human misery, completely foreign to anything in your own consciousness. You are unable to sleep at night, and in your closet are two vials, one containing bromide of potassium, the other strychnine. A tablespoonful of the one will give you a quiet and refreshing slumber, a small dose of

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the other will put you to sleep for ever.

If any one who has not altogether stifled his conscience will consult that inward monitor, it will tell him that his good or evil acts towards others are the fulfilment of duty or the commission of crime in respect to real beings, and his use or abuse of external things morally right or morally wrong. It is impossible to divest of its real guilt the ruin of the innocent, the theft of another's goods, calumny against the neighbor, ingratitude to parents, cruelty to children, treason to one's country, perfidy in office, oppression of the poor and weak, the taking away of life, or any other kind of criminal conduct. It is equally impossible to divest good actions of their moral excellence.

The entire intellectual and moral nature of each individual person, therefore, compels his assent to the reality of a world distinct from and external to himself, and filled with beings towards which he is in manifold and necessary relations—a world of which he makes a part, and from which he cannot make himself independent.

Sophists have attemped to puzzle the minds of the simple by a captious objection against our certain knowledge of the reality of outward things, derived from the illusions of dreams. It is very easy to show how futile this objection is. Dreams can be accounted for by a sufficient cause. They occur when we are asleep. They are shadows and reminiscences of waking life, or capricious inventions of the fantasy working on images which are stored up in its secret receptacle. They are disconnected, contradictory, bizarre, and judged to be unreal by reason when it is in its normal state. One is certain that he was lying still, and asleep in his bed, while he fancied himself engaged in all sorts of actions and amid all kinds of scenes. If another person watches in the room while he is dreaming, this person is a witness to the fact that he was lying still, perhaps muttering incoherently or talking in his sleep. The dreamer who fancies himself invested with the insignia of royalty wakes up in his bed-gown. The one who fancies a water-kelpie was dragging him under the waves, or a wild bull chasing him between two narrowing walls, or a bear sitting on his breast, wakes up to find that his room is full of gas from a half-open burner, or his head under the clothes, or that he has incurred an asphyxia from indigestion or a constrained position of the body, or a want of oxygen in the air of his bed-chamber. If he fancies he has been shot or fallen down a precipice, or is going to be stabbed by an assassin standing over him with a dagger in his hand, he awakes in terror to find himself unhurt, or slightly injured by some trivial accident. When the morning light comes he laughs at the terrors of the night before, and recounts his dreams to his companions for their amusement. If they also have had dreams, each one has had his own. There is no agreement in the dreams of different persons, and no accordance with the things and events of real, waking life.

The writer of this was reading the other day Mrs. Whitney's vivid description of the burning of the Charlestown convent, where this lady, then a little girl named Louisa Goddard, was a pupil. She tells how, as she was lying awake and half-dressed in her dormitory, expecting that something was going to happen that night, she heard the

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fierce yell of the band of rioters at a distance, as they crossed the Charlestown bridge. One might dream something of this kind, and awake with terror, unable to determine whether it were a fancied or a real cry which had startled him out of sleep. If it were a mere dream, nothing would occur in the real world to confirm and attest its reality. This was no dream, and we read on presently to find how the graphic narrator describes the scenes of that night and the particulars of her own escape, after more than forty years have elapsed since they occurred. We know that these events are recorded in history and believed by all men as facts. We ourselves remember having seen the convent before its destruction, having read of its destruction in the papers at the time, and having often since then looked upon the blackened ruins, a monument of the shame of Massachusetts. The phantasmagoria of the dream-grotto have no resemblance to such hard facts as these. We have lately read that Mr. Carlyle, whose genius we have always admired, has taken to saying the Lord's Prayer at night, because he is old and sick and sleepless. He says he finds comfort in it, and we hope he may find more, and find the truth and grace of God to be as real, as the miseries of doubt and old age force every one who has experience of them to know that they are real. And we advise every one who finds that he is getting tired of the dismal amusement of phantasmagoria to copy Mr. Carlyle's example.

The hallucinations of insanity are on the same level with those of dreamland. They are accounted for by the disordered state of the brain and nervous system. Each one is insane on a different line. Coleridge's parable of a universal lapse into lunacy caused by a rain which fell on all men except one, who, soon finding that it was vain to be sane in a world of madmen, washed himself in a pool of this rain-water;—is an ingenious fiction which shows how absurd is the sceptical hypothesis. Insanity cannot be a natural and universal condition. Each lunatic thinks every lunatic insane except himself. The remnant of reason shows itself by continuing to assert its normal rights and remembering what its natural condition is. There is no agreement and consistency between the individual hallucinations of the insane. They cannot form a society. They have no conscience, no sufficient control over themselves, and are regarded by moralists and lawgivers as irresponsible. When we are inquiring into the intellectual and moral nature of man; and examining into the value of the dictates of common sense, reason and conscience, about the reality of things; it is silly to consider a man who is asleep, or delirious with fever, or injured in the organs of sensitive cognition which must concur to the right use of the intellectual faculties, as a proper subject. We do not select a water-logged vessel, or a rent balloon, or a horse with a broken leg, if we wish to make experiments in sailing, aeronautics, or racing. We do not take a blind man's experience about visible objects, or interrogate the deaf about music, or ask the plan of a campaign from a Quaker milkmaid. Neither should we consider the deficient and abnormal conditions or operations of the human mind, when it is not in the possession and exercise of reason and volition, as any criterion of the truth of the

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judgments which the intellect of man makes about the reality of things when it acts rightly.

Enough has been said to show that it is contrary to common sense and to reason to pretend, that the individual who perceives that which by a natural necessity he judges to be a reality external to himself, makes it all out of his own head. If any reader still cannot see that he receives from without ideas wholly surpassing the power of his intellect to create, and impressions wholly beyond the agency of his own will to produce or to prevent, and that therefore he is subject to the action of causes completely distinct from himself, and cannot be the cause of these effects, we give him up as a hopeless case. If a piece of the ceiling should happen to fall on his head and hurt him very much, let him not mind it, for *it is no matter*.

We trust that our readers have some common sense, and will admit that every effect must have an adequate cause. If this is true, and the phenomena of the outward world are not caused by the intellect or will of the individual who perceives them, they have an adequate cause outside of himself. Are they an illusion? If so, the illusion is produced by some being who has power to produce the phenomena and also to compel the assent of the mind to their reality.

Some persons have been haunted by the fancy that the whole apparent world is an illusion produced by some powerful and malignant genius. This is nothing but a nightmare in the daytime. It may be accounted for by the fact that these persons had metaphysical minds and lively imaginations, and had not been taught anything better than the wretched philosophy which was prevalent in the eighteenth century. False metaphysical notions, inconsistent with common sense and the realities of the world, breed sceptical theories from which the imagination manufactures such ridiculous phantoms as this one of the "powerful and malignant genius."

Dr. Newman tells us that in his boyhood he sometimes fancied that an angel was making everything appear to him for his amusement, and that he would wake up some time and find out that it was all "the baseless fabric of a vision." This was the more pleasant day-dream of a child of genius. To treat such fancies seriously may seem like making a trip by daylight into dreamland. As well make a serious analysis of *Alice in Wonderland* and prove the unreasonableness of regarding the adventures of that mythical little girl as historically true, as argue seriously upon such childish fantasies. But although wise men, like St. Paul, "put away childish things" with their juvenile age, it is not the case with all those who pass for sages in the world. All sceptical philosophy is foolishness, and we cannot reason those who are deluded by it out of their foolish notions, except by showing up their folly. We need not go back upon ground already passed over, and prove that we all who are conscious of our existence really exist and think and act, and are acted upon by a multitude of beings distinct from ourselves. If the world is a dream-grotto, and all sensible phenomena are only a boundless phantasmagoria, at least there are many dreamers and we are all having the same dream. If the judgment we naturally make that these phenomena have substantial reality lying under them is an illusion, it is

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the common illusion of all mankind. It has a common and universal cause. The hypothesis of a powerful and malignant genius, and that of a powerful and benignant genius, each supposes a real being who is producing all the sensible phenomena of the exterior world. It supposes also as many real subjects of the illusion as there are individuals who have self-consciousness and the knowledge of sensible phenomena or apparent realities. It supposes, moreover, that the phenomena themselves have some kind of objective reality. The phenomena are not the very being who produces them, nor are they ourselves who perceive them. They are at least phenomena, if nothing more. They must have an adequate cause, and the question now considered is, What is that cause? We do not mean, what is the first cause of all beings, but what is the immediate cause of the impressions made on our senses and of the judgment which every human mind naturally makes that these impressions proceed from real and material things? Those philosophers who deny the real existence of corporeal substances are called idealists. They maintain that the only real world is the world of spirits and ideas. What we regard as the world of matter and of bodies they profess to regard as an illusion or mere appearance, an image existing for each one in his own mind. The chief one among these who has written in English is Berkeley. It is plain that one who maintains this theory must suppose that some spiritual being who is superior in nature to men is the cause of the image which every man has in his mind and naturally refers to a real object existing in nature. When we all see the sun in the heavens, either we see it because it is there and makes itself visible to us who have the seeing faculty, through the real light which it radiates, or some other being makes us seem to see it by impressing an image in our minds. Some, who do not deny the reality of the material world, nevertheless assert that we do not certainly know its reality by a natural knowledge; and if they are believers in revelation, they maintain that we know this only by faith in the word of God. These deniers or doubters of the certainty of knowledge coming to us through the senses generally range themselves among the disciples of the great Grecian philosopher, Plato. Plato, however, never denied or questioned the reality of matter. On the contrary, he always affirmed it positively. He undervalued the body and all material things very much, and he thought that the human soul could never attain the highest truth, or reach the state of real and lasting good, except by freeing itself from the senses, the body, and all contact with matter, and rising into the ideal and spiritual world. He distinguished the imperfect knowledge which comes through the senses, from the pure and immediate intuition of necessary and eternal truth by the mind. The first he called by the name of *opinion*. Yet, he did not mean by this that we have only an uncertain guess at the reality of material substance. He only meant that ideal knowledge is of a higher order of certainty. Those who have followed him, some of whom have been believers in revelation, or even good Catholics, have thrown dust in their own eyes and in the eyes of others by a false spirituality. They have undervalued the body as an essential

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part of human nature, undervalued the senses and sensitive cognition, undervalued the material and corporeal world.

The theories of philosophers, no matter how great their genius and learning may have been, are worthless and deserve no respect, unless they are in agreement with common sense and with the principles and deductions of that reason which all men possess as a natural gift. Philosophers are not of a higher nature than other men. They have no special faculties of their own. If they have genius and an unusual amount of learning, they can, by making a right and diligent use of reason, attain a superior degree of intelligence and knowledge; so as to be able to teach the great mass of mankind a vast amount which they could never have learned by their own efforts without the aid of these master minds. They have no authority, however, except as credible witnesses in respect to facts, to command the assent of the mind to anything which they cannot prove to be true by sound and convincing arguments. There is a criterion and test of truth in human nature. There are certain and unerring principles of reason, and there is a natural logic, according to which the common and universal judgments of men proceed with a security which no sophistry can shake. One of these common and universal judgments is, that the material world really exists. This judgment is a dictate of nature and of the Author of nature. Whoever pretends that this is a false judgment must assert that it is caused by an illusion produced by a being who has absolute power over human nature. It is absurd to ascribe such power to any except the Supreme Being, the author and lord of nature. This will be proved more explicitly when we proceed to demonstrate the existence of God. It is contrary to the veracity of God, which is one of his essential perfections, to suppose that he would produce an illusion which appears to be a reality, and determine the rational nature of man to make a judgment by its own necessary laws that this illusion is a reality. It is equally contrary to the veracity of God to suppose, that he would determine human reason to judge with absolute certainty that the material world really exists, when this reality is something actually unknowable, and can only be unerringly certified to the human intellect by a divine revelation. No power less than infinite could delude all mankind completely and universally. Infinite power belongs only to God. It is morally impossible that God should exercise his power in this way. There is no cause and sufficient reason, therefore, which can be thought of, why the common sense of mankind judges that the material world really exists, excepting this, that bodies are truly presented to the mind and made known to it through sensible cognition.

Some one may say that this judgment of the real existence of bodies is not universal and necessary. Berkeley and some others have professed that they did not concur in this judgment. We reply that, even supposing that some may bring themselves to a real dissent from this judgment, or to a positive doubt of its certitude, this proves nothing against the common consent of mankind and the first, spontaneous dictate of reason. Such persons go against nature.

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and they have perverted their own minds. We do not admit, however, that it is possible to withhold real assent to the actual existence of material objects. Those who have read understandingly or are able to read and understand Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent* may find explained in that masterly essay the difference between "real and notional assent." Bishop Berkeley may have given a speculative or notional assent to his own specious reasonings. But, when he wished to read of an evening, he lighted his lamp, selected his book, drew his chair near a comfortable fire, put on his spectacles, and went on like any other man, taking things for granted. He bequeathed his library to Yale College, and founded a "Berkeleian premium" for future competitors among the students, with as much confidence in those phenomena as if he had not disproved their reality. Nature and common sense are too much for any man's speculative notions, and if a spark from the fire snaps out on the hand of an idealist, he will shake it off as quickly as the most realistic ignoramus who dozes in the chimney corner after his day's work.

It may possibly occur to the mind of some reader that, in the belief of Catholics, an illusion of the senses is produced in the miracle of transubstantiation. If we should concede that this is true, there would be no real difficulty in answering an objection, derived from this concession, against our argument. The objection would be, that if God, in this instance, produces an illusion by which the senses are compleetly deceived, and by which we should necessarily be led to a false judgment if we did not know what faith teaches respecting the Blessed Eucharist, he might do the same thing in regard to the entire world of sensible phenomena. The inference, however, is false. For, in this instance, God prevents our being deceived, by a special revelation. By the very supposition, transubstantiation is a unique and extraordinary miracle, wrought for a special and important end. And when the Author of nature determines to derogate from the laws of nature to produce this admirable mystery, he carefully forewarns those for whose benefit he will work the miracle, of that which he is about to perform.

It is not, however, really any part of the belief of Catholics that there is any illusion of the senses in transubstantiation. This is only a private opinion of some persons, whereas St. Thomas and the greater number of theologians maintain that whatever the senses seem to perceive in the sacramental species actually does exist in an objective reality. That is, they maintain the objective reality of the sacramental species, which are accidents of the substances of bread and wine before consecration, and are sustained in their sensible quantity and quality by a miracle, after the change of substance has been effected by the consecration. Miraculous power is requisite that the sensible phenomena of bread and wine may remain when those substances are no longer present. A divine revelation is requisite in order to give a reasonable motive for believing that the substances are not present when our senses perceive the phenomena. The Catholic belief, therefore, only confirms the dictate of reason, that in the nature of things the phenomena which are apprehended by the senses make known to the in-

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tellect the presence of material substances, which underlie and support them, and in which they inhere.

We may now resume, briefly, what has been proved, as follows: There must be a sufficient reason of the representations of outward, bodily things which come before the mind. These must be caused by the subject of the representation himself, or by a being who has absolute control over nature, or by the presence of real objects perceived through the senses. They cannot be caused by the subject. The rational subject, that is, man, could only cause these representations by his intellect or his will. But experience teaches us that the intellect is determined by external causes superior to itself in forming or receiving ideas of external objects, or receiving through these external representations ideas of a higher order, which it cannot possibly create within itself. It cannot be the will, for the will also is subject to impressions which give pain or pleasure, and which the soul is conscious of being unable to produce or prevent by its own voluntary effort or free choice.

These impressions cannot be caused by an immediate influence of a higher power in the soul. For a being possessed of this power must be the supreme author and lord of all nature, most perfect being in himself, that is, God; and it is impossible that God should be the author of illusion, falsehood, universal, natural, and necessary deception and error, in the judgments of human reason.

It follows, therefore, that the sufficient reason why external objects are represented to the mind through the senses as really existing is their real existence.

The foregoing arguments are not at all necessary in order to make certain the reality of the world. Perhaps some of our readers may find them not easy to be understood, and may wonder why we should argue the point at all. There is no need of any one who is not troubled by the nightmare of doubt making any effort to understand them, if he has not the inclination and ability to do so. We do not find out our own existence and the reality of the world around us by studying logic and metaphysics. Very few have any call or opportunity for engaging in such studies. Human nature is furnished with a natural logic and a faculty for acquiring what natural philosophy is really necessary for the purposes of life, by those means which are within the common reach. The instruction begins in the nursery, it is carried on during the occupations and sports of childhood, and continued in real, practical life afterwards. Philosophers only reflect upon and arrange into a system of methodical science what is implicitly known and possessed in its elements, and more or less clearly and distinctly understood in a common-sense way, by men in general. We all know that we have each one of us his own body, as a part of our very self, by self-consciousness, and sensation, and experience. We know that other bodies exist by our perception of the very bodies themselves. This knowledge is so clear and certain, that the common way of expressing the most clear and certain knowledge of anything or any truth is by saying, it is just as if we saw it with our own eyes, or could handle it with our hands. If we have argued, therefore, against the doubt or denial of the reality of the

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world, it has only been to show how foolish and self-contradictory it is, and for the sake of clearing away cobwebs from the inward mirror of the sceptic, so that it may reflect more clearly and distinctly those realities whose ideal images he has suffered to become confused and dim.

But let us be done now once for all with these cobwebs of scepticism, and sweep them away with the dead or living spiders who have spun them, into the receptacle for intellectual trash and rubbish. We take for granted that our readers are awake and at least willing to be convinced that the great world of reality surrounding us, and in part visible to our sight, is intelligible. If they can hope to obtain a true understanding of this great reality, and thus bring their own intellect and reason into conformity with the actual being and nature of things, we must suppose that they are willing and desirous to make the effort, that is, to try to find the truth.

Truth, as a quality of our own thoughts, is the agreement of our thoughts with things as they are. Truth in the things themselves is nothing more than their reality considered in one aspect, as facing our thoughts. Finding the truth is simply bringing our mind and thoughts into the just contact with reality. A man finds a hidden treasure when he reaches it by the sight of his eye and the grasp of his hand. The mind appropriates and takes possession by receiving into itself ideally the realities which it contemplates. This is, in other words, to bring the intellect and reason into conformity with the actual being and nature of things. When we search for truth, we look for reality. The reality being found, the search is over. The reality which has matter at the bottom of its actual existence, either as its only foundation or as an essential part of its foundation, is what is generally called nature. It is this of which we have all along been speaking. And we say that it manifests its right to be, and makes known that it has a sufficient reason for being what it is, simply by showing itself as a reality. Nature is to be accepted for what it is. It is objective truth, it is in conformity with its own intrinsic principles and laws.

Man is a corporeal being. The body with its senses and organic structure is in the essence of human nature. It is idle speculation to go back of birth and conception for the origin of any individual, and fancy that the spirit existed in the previous ideal state of which Plato dreamed. It is idle to fancy that bodily existence is a mishap, a punishment, a degradation. It is futile and fanciful to go behind the beginning of sensitive and intellectual apprehension of realities, and of self-consciousness arising in the complex action of sense and intellect together, at the beginning of our human life; for the origin of our ideas. Equally vain and delusive is all effort to get rid of the sensible world, or to undervalue it as a kind of makeshift, a necessary evil, or a rude and transient middle thing between nothing and real being.

We open our eyes at the beginning of our conscious life upon the visible world. The human mind has been inquiring into its wonders and secrets ever since the human race has existed. It has never come to the end of its search, but, on the contrary, the more it searches the more extensive does

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the field of search show itself to be. It is impossible to fix any definite limits to the material universe. We know that it is so vast in extent, that our faculty of computing is baffled, and our faculty of imagining falls far behind our inadequate computations. To our mind and imagination it is as if it were infinite, for it transcends any distinct conception of finite extent and number which is possible to our limited faculties. What has been discovered and can be known is so great in its amount, that no one mind, however capacious, can acquire and contain all physical science, even though a long lifetime should be devoted to continual study. Moreover, we cannot find out by scientific investigation when it began to exist, or trace its successive changes back to their starting-point. Neither can we discover any sufficient reason why it should ever come to an end and cease to exist. We can perceive that there is a relation and connection between all its parts, and that it is governed by fixed and uniform laws. Order prevails through all its realms. If we confine our attention to our own globe, we find that nature and art present so great an extent and variety of real being to the mind, that it is impossible to grasp the whole, or more than a small part, of what can be known; and that beyond the known and the knowable there is an indefinite region of the practically undiscoverable. Aside from the realm of natural science, the history of the human race presents a reality which is vast and complicated. Not only the whole past history of the world, but that which in the present is continually becoming real, and adding to the great sum of being, surpasses our power of comprehension. The events of one hour present a sum of reality as truly beyond our power of enumeration as those of all time. Each human being is a little world in himself, within which wonders are occurring and transactions taking place every moment which baffle observation and transcend knowledge. The brain carries on its mysterious work, the heart beats, the blood circulates, the body is taking down and rebuilding its structure, the earth is turning on its axis, and revolving with the planets around the sun, which continues the elaboration of light and heat in a way which science cannot explain. The sun of our system and the other stars are proceeding in their incalculable orbits, working out an insoluble problem of secular movements. There is a force, a power, a sufficient reason, a law, a principle of causality, a reality in the external world, which is simply overwhelming. It forces itself upon us, it subdues and overawes us, it submerges us in its infinitude and bears us on its irresistible current, and spreads its boundless expanse around us. The little *I* is only a unit in the multitude, a dot in the expanse of universal being. This little conscious, thinking *I* may assert its reality, but that which it thinks has infinitely more reality than the thinker. The thinker is one real being, but the universe is a world of beings, with an extent of reality, and a real multitude, which infinitely exceed his limited and minute capacity of thought. If he has any real thought and any knowledge, it has come to him from this great world of reality. And if he would know more, he must learn the lessons of Nature, interrogate the law, the power, the reason, the supreme cause from which the being and order of Nature depend.

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JASMIN.

HALF way between Toulouse and Bordeaux is the old town of Agen on the Garonne, in a beautiful amphitheatre of low hills covered with vines and plum-trees. The broad, monotonous plain through which the river flows at Montauban here contracts into a mere valley, but it is of wonderful fertility, and happily varied with all that can please the eye. The windings of the river, fringed by osiers and poplars, may be traced to a great distance. All through the hills are pretty villages like birds' nests among the foliage, each one with its history, legends, and poetic customs. To the north are the highlands of the Limousin. At the south are the hills of Armagnac, beyond which may be seen the amethystine summits of the Pyrenees bordering the horizon. On one side of the town is the steep hill of the Hermitage, strewn with coquettish villas and crowned with the picturesque convent of the Carmelite friars, on the spot where the early Christians of Agen confessed the faith in torments, and where, long after, the Huguenots, as usual, left ruined altars and empty tombs of long-honored saints. At the foot of this mount is the great highway from Bordeaux to Toulouse, and crossing this is another road to Spain. Along these have successively swept Romans, Visigoths, Vandals, Huns, Franks, Moors, Normans, and English. Three bridges span the Garonne, besides the enormous arches that support the Canal du Midi, thirty yards above the current, like one river above another—a work worthy of the old Romans. Jasmin sings the *Gareno crumouzo* and the valley of Agen:

> "Dark Garonne,
> Freshest banks;
> Joyous waters
> Laughing in the valley,
> Flowery fields;
> Sunny heights:
> A hidden Paradise.'

The town of Agen itself, though it has some striking features, is not particularly attractive. The streets are for the most part narrow and paved with stones torturing to the feet, but, like all southern towns, teeming with out-of-door life that affords a fine study of manners. There is, however, one broad thoroughfare—the Gravier—the favorite promenade of the inhabitants, shaded by trees beneath which Jasmin loved to wander and dream. Going up this street from the Garonne, you come to the Place St. Antoine, where stands the bronze statue of the poet, and a little beyond, at the right, is a small house with a balcony where for so many years he lived and practised his profession as a barber.

Jasmin, the Burns of southern France, was born at Agen in February, 1799.* His real name was Jacques Boé. Like many other French writers, the name he immortalized was not that of his forefathers. Molière and Voltaire were assumed names. Fontenelle's was Lebouvier. Volney's was Chassebœuf. Boileau always wished to be called Despréaux. Jasmin, however, did not assume his name. It was a sobriquet given

* For many of the details of Jasmin's life we are indebted to M. Rabain's *Jasmin, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.*

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his grandfather, but the poet rendered it not only glorious but dear to his children. Like Béranger, he was the son of a tailor. His father could not read, but he had a turn for rhyme, and one of the poet's earliest recollections was of hearing him, as he sat by the window patching old coats, sing a song he had composed for a charivari in thirty-two couplets. He did not earn much at his trade. His wife was a laundress, but had a *cœur d'or*, as the French say. In spite of their industry they were very poor. The old grandfather used to go around begging, and, when unable to keep about, went, like all the members of the house of Boé, to die at the hospital. At the age of seven Jacques, with a paper hat on his head and a horn in his hand, used to go with his father to the charivaris, so popular in this region. In the summer, barefooted and bareheaded, he would go, with a crust from his grandfather's wallet, to gather fagots on the banks of the *Gareno crumouzo*. These, with his pranks in his neighbor's gardens and his feats around the fires of St. John's Eve, were the great events of his childhood. He saw his grandfather go away every morning, wallet in hand, and return every evening with it filled with bread, but he never imagined it acquired by alms. He welcomed him with joy, for the old man always selected the softest pieces for his favorite grandchild. But the time came when his grandfather went away never to return. We will give Jasmin's own account of it :

"It was Monday. I had just finished my tenth year. We were at play, and I was king. All at once an unexpected sight appeared to trouble my royalty. It was an old man seated on a willow chair carried by two porters! O my God! what do I see? It is my grandfather, my old grandfather, surrounded by his family. In my consternation I only see him. I rush to cover him with kisses. For the first time he wept as he embraced me. 'What makes you weep, grandfather? Why are you going away? Where are you going?' 'My son, to the hospital. It is there the Jasmins go to die.' He embraced me once more, and went on, closing his blue eyes. We followed him a long time beneath the trees. Five days after my grandfather was no more, and I—alas! what a mortification—that Monday I knew we were poor."

Yes, the Jasmins were poor. They lived in a little old room pierced by every wind. Three beds in rags, a buffet often threatened by bailiffs, a jar, two cracked earthen pots, a wooden dish notched at the edge, a bench, some old coats and a bundle of patches showing the father was the tailor of the poor, a candlestick covered with drippings, a frameless looking-glass fastened to the wall by three nails, four half-worn-out chairs, a wallet suspended from a hook—such was the home of nine persons.

Many who knew Jasmin at the time of his greatest success, when he was borne in triumph by the crowd electrified by his genius, thought he purposely deepened the shadows of his early life in order to excite sympathy; but it was not so. The household was more destitute than the poor are in these days, when charitable organizations of all kinds abound. And his was the poorest branch of the family. Some of the other members, without being rich, were

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above want. One had even risen to be a schoolmaster at Agen. He offered to receive Jacques gratuitously, and teach him to read and write. The mother was overjoyed at such a piece of good luck for her child, and ransacked the house to find the whitest and least-patched garments for him to wear at school. The father wept. He hoped his son would soon be able to write down his songs for the charivaris. He little thought his son would one day write poems that would be crowned by the French Academy and be sold by thousands. However, he and his wife both felt that the boy's admission to the school was a blessing from heaven. There he could learn to read, not only in French but the Psalms of David in Latin, and to cipher in the four simple rules.

Jacques applied himself so well that he was soon made a choir-boy, and at the end of two years was admitted to the Petit-Séminaire at Agen. His first prize was for composition. This prize was an old cassock, which his father made into a coat for him. His career at the seminary was cut short by some boyish freak, for which he was shut up, of all places, in the pantry, and condemned to bread and water, though it was Mardi Gras. In a few hours, however, the kind superior entered to pardon and set him free. He found the hungry boy had laid lawless hands on the preserve-jars and was in the midst of his treat. The priest changed his mind, and sent Jacques home without giving him time to wash his hands.

The family had not dined. His mother was cooking some vegetables over a smouldering fire. The table was spread, and they were waiting for the loaf sent them every Tuesday from the seminary. They heard a step and thought it had come. They all sprang up. It was Jacques, come to tell his sad tale and cast a gloom over their carnival dinner. Every one was in consternation. His mother broke the silence in a mournful tone: "Poor children! it is useless to wait. They are done, and will send us no more." Jacques felt a new pang. He had deprived his family of their bread, and that on a day when every one made merry. He could hear the shouts in the street, whereas misery was in their household. His mother looked at her left hand, and seemed to be undergoing some inward struggle. Finally she left the room, and when she came back she had a loaf under her arm. At this joy broke out on every face. They laughed. They sang. They feasted on their beans. Jacques alone remained dumb. A terrible idea had entered his mind. His eye watched for his mother's left hand. At last she took a knife to cut the loaf, but, before doing so, made, according to the pious custom, the sign of the cross over it. Jacques sees the wedding-ring is gone. . . .

Fifty years after Jasmin wept as he spoke of his mother's selling her wedding-ring to buy bread for her children.

The curé of the parish now sent Jacques to school, but at sixteen he was placed with a barber to learn the mysteries of his craft. Here he was busily employed by day, but he spent the nights in reading and dreaming. "Ah! while I read no more pain had I." In after-years he took pride in pointing out the little sky-blue house, and the *finestrou*, or sky-light, in the garret where he felt

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the first inspirations of poesy. He soon acquired a great reputation among the boys of the neighborhood as a relater of stories. They used to call him *lou Moussouret* —the little monsieur—on account of his neat personal appearance. They soon observed that he was missing every Friday, and at last lay in wait for him. As soon as he made his appearance they pounced upon him, and found beneath his coat a crust of bread. He had been begging. The children, ashamed of their rudeness, stole silently away, leaving him tearful and excited, but speechless. At that moment, as Providence would have it, the Abbé Miraben came along, the good old curé who, when Jacques was dismissed from the seminary, sent him to school. The family, too, had often experienced his charity. He soon learned the cause of the boy's tears. "Do not breathe a word about it," said he, "especially to your mother. It would worry her. Take your crust and carry it to her gaily. Poverty is no crime. Courage! keep up a good heart. This shall never happen again." And from that time the baker had orders to send the family some large loaves every Friday.

Jasmin could never speak of this good priest without tears, and he expresses his gratitude to him in his *Nouveaux Souvenirs*: "*Prèste al co d'or que trounes dins lou ciel*—priest with heart of gold, now throned in heaven, if through the stars of the firmament thou sometimes lookest down, if thou hast followed my course, thou seest that, after forty years, I have preserved the remembrance of thy teachings."

In his eighteenth year Jasmin opened the barber's saloon on the Gravier that afterwards became famous throughout France. He married, too, and it was his wife's modest dowry that enabled him to give his shop a more attractive appearance. His humor, and talent for conversation and singing, at once brought customers. After he became famous people went more to see and hear him than to avail themselves of his professional services. In this house he was visited by the most illustrious men in the literary, artistic, and political world of France. The combined ages of Jasmin and his wife, when they married, did not amount to forty years. He thus describes his wedding-suit: "My hat was re-dyed, my blue coat turned, and I had a cotton *jabot* put in my coarse linen shirt." He has left his wife's portrait in his poem of *Françouneto*: "Françonnette has eyes as bright as two stars. Handfuls of roses might be gathered from her round cheeks. Her hair is brown and waving. Her mouth is like a cherry. Her teeth would shame the snow."

Jasmin's wife proved to be an excellent, judicious woman. Though proud of his talents, even as a writer of songs, she was afraid they would make him neglect a surer means of subsistence, and made a vigorous protest whenever she saw him attempting to write. She concealed his paper and ink, and destroyed all the pens she found. This led to more than one dispute. It is singular that one of these domestic altercations led to Jasmin's becoming known to the literary world. This was in 1832. Charles Nodier, then regarded as the arbiter of literary taste in France, was at Agen. One morning, walking along the Gravier, his attention was suddenly attracted

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by a lively dispute in a barber's shop. A woman was energetically protesting. Her husband replied by a Homeric laugh. Her voice took a shriller tone in proportion to his gayety. Nodier entered, as every one has a right to do in a barber's shop. Learning the cause of the dispute, he asked to see the verses. He at once perceived he had found a poet, and advised the wife to let her husband henceforth write in peace. From that time he and Jasmin were friends. *Las Papillotas* was soon published. The title smacks of the author's profession. The work was composed of charivari songs after the manner of the *Lutrin* of Boileau.

Jasmin wrote in the *lengo de las pastouros*—in the language of the peasants—the flexible Gascon, one of the old *romane* tongues used by the troubadours; since encroached upon, indeed, and corrupted by the French, but still rich, sonorous, and expressive. It is the *langue d'oc* in which William, Count of Poitou, the first of the troubadours, sang, and it was the native tongue of his granddaughter, Eleanor of Aquitaine, wife of Henry II. of England, so long the Queen of the Court of Love and Song.

In 1845 a priest of Agen, being at Rome, was conversing with Cardinal Mezzofanti, who expressed his admiration for Jasmin; several of whose poems he had read in the original Gascon. "Yours," said he, "is the only language of the middle ages, among the numberless inheritors of the Greek, Latin, and Arab, that has survived revolutions. The others have been modified and corrupted. They have suffered from the caprices of fortune and victory. The Provençal itself has been corrupted. Of all the *romane* dialects, yours alone has preserved its purity and vigor. It is still the sonorous, harmonious language of the troubadours—of the *Sobregaya Companhia*. It has the flexibility of the Italian, the sonorous dignity of the Spanish, the energy and conciseness of the Latin, with the *dolce*, the *molle atque facetum* of the Ionian which it inherited from the Phocœans of Marseilles. The imagination and genius of Gascony have given it an additional richness which it has preserved."

It was in this language, so full of rhythm and harmony, the language of the people all through southwestern France, that Jasmin wrote most of his songs. They are full of pathos, of a tender, languid melancholy that seems the very expression of the passion and sorrow of an emotional people.

L'Abuglo, or the Blind Girl of Castelculié, is familiar to Americans from the translation by Longfellow. This dramatic poem is founded on a tradition of the hills around Agen. An old house is still shown in the environs of St. Amans where Margaret, the blind girl, lived a century or more ago. She was betrothed to Baptiste, but, attacked by disease, not only lost her beauty but became blind. This did not, however, extinguish her love for Baptiste. She awaited a visit from him, but he did not make his appearance. She is told he is going to marry Angèle. She even hears the bridal songs of the gay *cortége* leading the bride to church.

The poem opens with a chorus taken from a song popular among the young people of Gascony, who sing it on the eve of a wedding as they strew flowers and green leaves, especially of the laurel, before the house of the bride and along the

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way to the church. They call this *fleurir les chemins*. Meanwhile they sing:

"Las carrèros diouyon flouri,
Tan bèlo nobio bay sourti;
Diouyon flouri, diouyon grana,
Tan bèlo nobio bay passa."

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass this way!" *

A swarm of fresh young maidens and their partners sing this chorus, looking like sportive angels of joy, as they go over a cliff on the way to St. Amans. "Never," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was the gayety of young men and maidens expressed in a livelier manner or with fresher tones and images. The rhythm and cadence are like the movements of a dance."

In the midst of these gay frolicking young people are Baptiste and his bride. But he is silent. Not a caress does he give his *nubio*. From their coldness you would imagine them people of high rank. It is because they are going over the hill where lives the maiden to whom he had been betrothed. He is going to marry Angèle out of obedience to a stern father, but his heart clings to Margaret. Further along the wedding procession meets Jeanne, the soothsayer, who ominously exclaims: "Beware, thoughtless Angèle! God grant that in marrying Baptiste thou diggest not a grave!" The young people are terrified. There is a moment's silence, but they soon rally. The bridegroom alone remains pale as death.

"E las faribolos,
Pel las caminos,
Ban coumo de folos,
En sisclant pu fort:
Las carrèros diouyon flouri," etc.

"And the maidens,
Gaily frolicking,
Wildly rollicking,
Sing as they go:
The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,"
etc.

The second canto introduces us to Margaret's house, where, wasted by suffering, but still lovely as an angel, she murmurs to herself: "He has returned, I feel sure. For three days Jeanne has not mentioned his name. But he comes not, though he knows he is the star of my life. What shall I do without him? What pleasure is left? Life, crushed by such a misfortune, looks fearful. Joy for others; for me, unhappy creature, darkness for ever, for ever night! 'Tis night indeed to be separated from him. It is not day without the blue heaven of his eyes. Where is he? He no longer hears when I call. Like a spray of ivy withering on the ground, I need a prop to sustain my life. They say love is strengthened by suffering. Judge, then, of mine, since I am blind."

While brooding over these sad thoughts her little brother enters. He has seen the wedding procession. He tells the news. She utters a cry. Her face turns pale. She looks like a wax Madonna in the garb of a peasant. They hear the nuptial songs.

This contrast between grief and joy forms a striking picture.

The child goes on, little thinking every word stabs Margaret to the heart.

Jeanne the cripple enters. "My child, you must not trust so much in happiness. Pray that you may not love him so much." "Jeanne, the more I pray the more I love him." "She knows nothing about it," says the crone to herself. "I will save her." But Jeanne cannot read the future.

The third canto opens with the

* Longfellow's translation.

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ringing of the Angelus in the morning.

"De la campano anfin naou pitchous truts s'entendon,
E l'aoubo blanquignouso arriban lentomen,
Bey que dins dus oustals dios filletos l'attendon,
Pla differentomen."

"Now rings the bell nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!"

In one Angèle, queen of the day, surrounded by flatterers, puts on her gold cross and wreath and looks at herself with satisfaction. In the other the blind girl in her chamber has neither gold cross nor bridal wreath. Half maddened, she gropes her way to a drawer and takes out something she shudderingly conceals in her bodice. One, in the midst of adulation, forgets her prayers. The other, her brow cold and damp, joins her two hands, kneels on the pavement, and cries: "O my God, forgive me!"

Margaret sets out, led by her brother. She walks over the flower-strewn road, and shudders at the odor of the laurel. The weather is cloudy. "Where are we?" she asks. "We seem to be ascending."

"We have arrived. Do you not hear the osprey in the belfry? Horrid bird! It brings ill luck, you know. Do you not remember, sister, the night we were watching with our poor father? 'See, child,' he said, 'I am very ill. Take good care of Paul. I feel I am sinking.' You wept. So did he, and I too. We all wept. Well, the osprey was then screaming on the roof. Soon after our dead father was brought here. There is his grave. The cross we planted is still standing. Ah! you clasp me too strongly. You stifle me, Margaret. Let us go in. The wedding will begin."

They are at the church door. The sun is shining, yet it rains—a bad sign. The whole village is there. Margaret conceals herself in the confessional. The ring is blessed. Baptiste holds it till he pronounces the fatal words. At the sound of his voice there is an exclamation: "It is he!" and Margaret appears, a knife in her hand. She falls dead. But her good angel has watched over her: she is stricken down only by grief.

That night, instead of songs, the *De Profundis* was sung. A bier, covered with flowers, was borne to the church-yard. Young girls in white accompanied it, weeping. There was no gayety anywhere. Every one seemed to say:

"The roads should mourn, and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home!
Should mourn and should weep, ah! well-away,
So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

This poem established Jasmin's reputation, not only in the south but all through France. The story is told with charming simplicity and the scenes are touching. When Jasmin read it before the Academy at Bordeaux, August 26, 1835, it was immensely applauded. The appearance of the author, with his dark eyes, expressive gestures, and voice full of passion, added to the effect. The chorus,

"Las carrèros diouyon flouri,"

he did not recite, but sang. Tears flowed from every eye, even from those who did not understand Gascon. The brilliant assembly was transported with enthusiasm. This established his popularity at Bordeaux, which he could never visit incognito without being recognized and overwhelmed with attentions.

In the midst of his triumphs Jasmin clung to his profession. His head was never turned with ovations. He resisted all efforts to

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draw him to Paris or elsewhere. "Leave me as I am," he cried. "Every summer I glean my little harvest for winter, and afterwards I sing like a cricket in the shade of a poplar or oak, too happy to grow gray in the place where I was born. Everything suits me here—the earth, the sky, the air. They are necessary to my existence. To sing of joyous poverty one must be poor and joyous. I will remain, therefore, poor and gay, with my barley bread, and water from the fountain." This reads like an epistle from Horace. Jasmin remained faithful to these sentiments as long as he lived. Agen, the Gravier, his wife, children, and home, were to him the universe over which the muse hovered with songs for every joy, consolation for every grief. He built a little villa on the side of one of the prettiest, sunniest hills around Agen, which he called Papillote. Over the door he wrote: *Beroy me's goy*—Beauty is to me a joy. It stood in the centre of a garden. He describes the place in *Ma Vigne* with language truly Horatian: "For a chamber I have a mere den. Nine cherry-trees form my wood; ten rows of vines my promenade. There are only a few peaches, but they are mine. I have two elms and two springs. How rich I am! Would that I could with my pencil depict this land of ours, beloved of Heaven! I see the meadow where I used to gather fagots, where I wept, where I laughed. Let me confess all. Before me, at the left, at the right, I see more than one hedge I have found my way through; more than one trellis I have climbed to pluck the rare muscat. But what I robbed I restore with interest. To my vineyard there is no gate. Two brambles bar the entrance. When I see through the opening the head of some rogue, instead of arming myself with a club, I turn away that he may come back. He who robbed when young, now, old, allows himself to be robbed!" Jasmin was passionately fond of this place, where he spoke to the birds, the trees, the grass that grew fresh on the hillside. It was his own domain.

Magnounet, the wife of Jasmin, never opposed his writing from the time of Charles Nodier's visit. She was a woman of well-balanced mind, and her counsels always had a salutary influence over him. He knew this, and allowed himself to be guided by her, without ever having cause to repent of it. For instance, he became *coiffeur des dames*, and all the ladies of Agen disputed the honor of having their hair dressed by the poet. But they led him into conversations and made him sing his delicious songs. Perhaps a guitar was at hand. He would take it down. The household would assemble. The hours flew. In this way he often returned home at night, having dressed only one lady's hair. His wife found this must be put an end to. Accordingly, he ceased to coif ladies to the benefit of his purse, and Magnounet found she had made a good *coup d'état*. She saw he was to have a still more brilliant career, and took every care on herself, so that he might dream as much as he pleased under the broad trees of the Gravier when his work was done. He, on his side, improved her mind, and though of the people, without culture or education, she often accompanied him in his visits and partook of his triumph, showing herself his equal. He read his

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poems to her, and her excellent sense often rendered her a good critic. She detested every false sentiment, all affectation. Her decisions sometimes led to a warm discussion, but in the end Jasmin generally acknowledged the truth of her observations. After expressing her sentiments she would drop the subject, and at length he would say: "Magnounet, you are right."

At the readings he gave she would detect the least sign of weariness, and knew how to stop him before the audience was fatigued; for, once set a-going, he never knew himself when to stop. He was often invited to a dinner or *soirée* by people of the higher class, but, clinging as he did to his original condition, he made no attempt at dignity. His wife, however, knew how to maintain it, and to remind his admirers what was due one whose presence added so much to the attractions of their *salons*. Accordingly, he found the expediency of taking her with him.

Jasmin's horizon was continually widening. When an asylum, or a school, or any work of charity was to be founded in the country around, he was called upon to aid, and the work was accomplished as if by magic. It was for a work of this kind he composed his *Caritat* (Charity)—a concetto written for the poor at Tonneins in 1837. It is the cry of a tender, feeling heart. Jasmin was never so pathetic as when depicting the sufferings of the poor. But he never flattered the bad instincts of the lower classes. To them he would sing: "See, the rich grow better. Let us defend the châteaux our fathers wished to demolish. It is the glory of a nation to know how to shield from danger its choicest products." To the wealthy, on the contrary, he would say: "He who wishes honey must protect the bee. He who digs around the roots of a tree makes the tops blossom." He wrote a series of poems for charitable purposes, and on every hand was called upon to give a *séance*. Sometimes his engagements were six months in advance. Nothing can give an idea of the enthusiasm with which he was everywhere received. Arches of triumph were erected at the entrance of the towns. Magistrates made him addresses. Deputations from neighboring towns came to compliment him. At Bergerac, where he had been invited to aid the poor, the whole community around gathered to hear him. The hall was jammed. It rained in torrents, but the ladders put up against every window were covered, and there were five hundred in the yard unable to obtain admittance. At Gontaud, where he was also invited to aid the poor, a *calèche*, drawn by four horses covered with garlands, awaited him at the entrance of the town, and the municipal corps attended him as an escort. Twelve girls in white offered him flowers and made him addresses. At Damazan young maidens scattered flowers in the road before his carriage, singing the chorus adapted for the occasion:

"Las carrèros diouyon flouri,
Tan graň poèto bay sourti,
Diouyon flouri, diouyon grana,
Tan gran poèto bay passa."

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So great a poet this way shall come:
Should put forth verdure and blossoms gay,
So great a poet shall pass to-day!"

Among Jasmin's longer poems is *Françounéto*. Françounéto is a young peasant girl who is regarded in her valley as the very pearl of love. She has eyes as brilliant as two stars. It seems as if handfuls

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of roses might be gathered from her cheeks. Her mouth is like a cherry. Her teeth outshine the snow. All the young swains love her to distraction. She enjoys this homage to her beauty, and shows her pleasure in her face. One flower alone is wanting in her bouquet. Pascal, whom every one praises, and the best of singers, seems to avoid her. She almost detests him, and, out of spite, seeks occasion to captivate him with her *beaux yeux*. Her grandmother reminds her that she is betrothed to Marcel, a soldier under the redoubtable Monluc—for the story is laid in the time of the wars with the Huguenots. The drama opens with a dance on the votive feast of Roquefort. It is the custom here for a girl, as soon as she is weary of dancing, to present her cheek to her partner, that he may salute her. But then girls are never weary till they wish to be! Françounéto has tired out a great number of partners. Among these is Marcel, a soldier of formidable height, in sabre and uniform, who a few days ago defied any one to give her such a salutation. Pascal takes his place in the dance, and presently Françounéto smiles, stops, and presents her cheek to her partner. There are exclamations on all sides and clapping of hands. Marcel, enraged, gives him a blow. Pascal springs upon him, and after a struggle wins the victory. Marcel disappears, resolving to have vengeance, and vowing she shall never marry any one but himself.

A sorceress from the Black Forest proclaims that Françounéto's father became a Huguenot and sold her in her infancy to the devil, who in consequence follows her everywhere. Woe to whosoever shall marry her! From being a general favorite every one now avoids her. The very children shudder at her name. She is ashamed to go out. She no longer sings. She hides herself in her chamber and abandons herself to grief. Her grandmother denies the story and tells her not to hide herself, for Marcel is still ready to marry her. "To-morrow is Easter-day. Go to Mass. Take the *pain bénit*. Make the sign of the cross. I am sure the good God will restore your former happiness and show he has not effaced your name from the number of his children."

Françounéto follows her advice. The next day she goes to the village church, but a painful trial awaits her. Every one shrinks from her, and she is left kneeling alone in the centre of the church. Marcel's uncle, when he passes the blessed bread around, does not offer it to her. She trembles and feels she is lost. But Pascal, in the teeth of both uncle and nephew, approaches and offers the circular loaf. She blushes. Her heart experiences a new emotion, and she goes home to dream of love. She remembers it is forbidden her. The sorceress has declared the man who is bold enough to marry her will meet his death in the bridal chamber. She prostrates herself before an image of the Madonna: "Holy Virgin, without thy aid I am lost. My feeble heart is leading me astray. I have no father or mother, and they tell me I am sold to the devil. Oh! take pity on me and reveal the truth to my soul. When I offer my candle at the feast of Our Lady, show me thou receivest it with pleasure."

The day arrives. At an early hour a long chaplet of girls in white appears at the ringing of the bell. Every one knows the story that

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Françounéto is sold to the devil, and that she is going to pray the Mother of God to save her. Every one looks at her with pity. She sees Pascal praying in the church with a happy face, and hope enters her heart. Love, lights, incense—all seem to implore mercy for her. She lights her taper. She ventures to look up at the priest. No one dares breathe. Every eye turns from her to the altar. The priest takes down the image of the Madonna and presents it to her, but hardly have her lips touched it before the thunder begins to roar. Her taper is extinguished, and so are the candles on the altar. A murmur passes over the throng, and when the poor girl rises to go out every one shudders, draws back, and lets her pass like a soul going to its doom.

The storm continues. The country is ravaged by hail. Françounéto's garden alone is spared. The peasants rise and threaten a storm more terrible than that of the elements. Françounéto is at home, looking at a bouquet given her by Pascal, but now withered. "Everything withers, heart and flowers. My love causes death. No more hope for this world. Sweet flowers of the valley, I love him who bound you together, but I must bid him farewell. A year ago I was thoughtless. I laughed at everything, even at love. I am punished. I loved no one. Now I love. I must forget him. The devil bought me at my birth. But perhaps it is not true; my faith is still alive. Blessed flowers of the meadow, lend me strength to drive him from my heart. And thou, kind mother in the starry heavens, angel guardian, dear Madonna, mercy, mercy for the doomed girl who, unhappy, loves Pascal, and prays God from the bottom of her heart!"

She hears a noise. It is the peasants coming to burn her house. They brandish their torches and utter threats. A voice is heard:

"Stop!" It is Pascal. Marcel, too, comes, and a contest takes place. Both declare themselves ready to marry her. She has only to choose.

"Oh! speak not of marriage, Pascal. My love would be your death. Forget me. Be happy without me."

"Happy without thee? That cannot be. Better to die with thee than live without thee!"

"Pascal, I had resolved to die alone, but since it is thy wish I no longer resist. If it be our fate, let us die together."

Pascal approaches Marcel.

"I am more fortunate than you, but you are brave. Forgive me. I need a groomsman to lead me to the tomb, and have no friend. Serve me as one."

A fearful struggle takes place in Marcel's breast. He looks at Françounéto and sees her smile. "Since she desires it, I consent."

Two months after a brilliant wedding party descends the green hill. Remembering the malediction, every one trembles for Pascal. Marcel attends him, but there is a flash in his eye that betokens no good. One would think it a day of triumph. A strange wedding. At the table, at the dance there is nothing but gloom. Every one is terrified. No one ventures to sing. No one smiles.

Night comes. The bridal chamber is made ready. Pascal's mother, pale with terror, falls on his breast. She has just consulted the sorceress, who again announces her son's death. She conjures him to

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leave his bride and flee from the house. Every one is in tears. Pascal turns to Marcel:

"If I die, for pity's sake take care of my mother."

The soldier is vanquished. He reveals everything. It was he who dictated the oracle. To have his revenge he had undermined the house, intending to die with them. "But your mother reminds me of my own, now dead, and disarms my resentment. Pascal, live for your mother." He disappears. The company gather around the married couple with joy.

"I lay down my pencil," says the poet. "I can only depict suffering. For such happiness I have no colors."

The quarrel between the rivals, Pascal's love, the change in Françounéto's feelings, Marcel's remorse, and the fidelity to popular customs and manners, are all admirably depicted. Jasmin dedicated this poem to the old capital of Languedoc—the city of Clemence Isaure—where he read it in 1840 to an immense audience, among whom were the members of the Jeux Floraux. The civil authorities made him a citizen of the place, and the inhabitants presented him with a gold laurel-branch of exquisite workmanship, inscribed: "Toulouse à Jasmin."

Jasmin's mother died soon after. Every day she had the gold laurel-branch brought to her bedside, and persisted in thinking it given by Agen. His father was already dead. He, too, had his *idée fixe*. Finding his end near, he asked his son for his clothes, saying he wished to get up. They thought him delirious. At last he said: "I feel that I am going to die. It is time to leave the house. My place is no longer here. When the Jasmins die they go to the hospital. It is time to go. If I delay too long death will not find me at my post." It was with difficulty Jasmin restrained him. But the contest was not long. The old charivari singer soon died in the arms of his son.

Jasmin visited Paris in 1842. M. Sainte-Beuve received him in the Bibliothèque Mazarine, embraced him, and, pointing to the shelves of the ancient poets, said: "Like them, you will never die." All the literary world welcomed him. The modest hotel where he stopped was besieged with visitors of distinction — ministers, peers, members of the French Academy, and journalists. The landlord thought he must be a prince in disguise, come to France on some political mission. "You have deceived me," said he to Jasmin's son in a low voice, "but you cannot blind a hotel-keeper long. Do not be uneasy, however; I will not betray you. I will show you that I know how to keep a secret." And he could not be persuaded that all this attention was paid to a mere hair-dresser.

Jasmin read his *Abuglo* to M. Augustin Thierry, who wept and said: "You must have been blind yourself, Jasmin, to describe so well the horrible tortures of those who cannot see." Lamartine called him the truest of modern poets. He was invited to court May 22, 1842. The Duke of Orleans had already visited him at Agen and presented him with a ring set with brilliants, and the duchess with a gold pen in the form of a flower, set with pearls and diamonds. She now welcomed him to court with a quotation from his *Lou très May*, which has been inscribed beneath

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the statue of Henri Quatre at Nérac:

> "Brabes Gascous,
> Ey plazé de bous beyre.
> Approucha-bous"

—Brave Gascon, it gives me pleasure to see you here. Draw near.

He was invited to read some of his poems, and, regardless of etiquette, sat down in the king's presence, to the astonishment of the court. He read the *Abuglo* and *Caritat*, after which the king entered into conversation with him. Jasmin was no courtier, and talked much of Henry IV., but still more of the *Ampérur*, as he called Napoleon I., for whom his enthusiasm had no bounds; but this was so foreign to anything political that no one could take offence. All were charmed with his sallies and *laisser-aller*. A few days after the king sent him a gold watch set with diamonds.

Jasmin went to the Rue du Bac to pay his respects to Châteaubriand, who told him he revived the glory of the troubadours by taking his lyre and going from place to place, exciting the enthusiasm of the people and receiving their tribute of flowers.

Amid the applause he received at Paris his heart turned towards Agen and his simple life there. "O my wife, my guitar, my shop, my Papillote, my beautiful Gravier, my good friends, with what pleasure shall I behold you again!" He was invited to give readings all through the south of France, and was enthusiastically received at Avignon, Marseilles, Nîmes, Montpellier, etc., besides countless places where he read for charitable objects. It is said that from 1825 to 1854 he gave twelve thousand *séances* for benevolent purposes, and raised at least three hundred thousand dollars. When he read he made every one weep, but wept first himself, unconscious that he was obeying Horace's precept. His voice was so full of harmony that, to use the expression of his own countrymen, you would have thought his mouth *pleno d'aouzelous*—full of little birds. It was full of tears also, and when he sang of grief every heart melted.

The church at Vergt—a pretty town among the chestnut groves of Périgord—was going to ruin, and the curé, desirous of restoring it, appealed to Jasmin for aid, though he did not know him. He consented, and read *La Glèyzo descapelado*—The Unroofed Church—one of his happiest inspirations. "I was naked, and cannot forget that the church often clothed me when I was a boy. Now I am a man, I find her bare and I cover her in my turn. Oh! give, give, all of you, that I may taste the happiness of doing once for her what she so often did for me." His journey through Périgord was a triumphal march. At Sarlat he was received with torches and cries of joy by a throng. And so it was in many other places. There is no other instance of such enthusiasm. The tower added to the church at Vergt was called the Clocher de Jasmin, and his name was graven on the front. When the church was completed it was consecrated anew. There were six bishops, attended by three hundred priests. Cardinal Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims, presided. Fifteen thousand persons of all ranks came to witness the solemnity. It was for this occasion Jasmin composed his *Prèste sans Glèyzo*—the Priest without a Church—which he read at the dinner-table before the clergy.

He aided also in building other

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churches. In fact, all through his life he showed an uncommon disinterestedness. The préfet of the Haute Garonne wrote him: "My admiration for your talents is only surpassed by my esteem for your noble heart. The poet has reason to be jealous of the good citizen." Gifts showered upon him—books, candelabras, services for the table, a gold cup from Auch, etc. The Duchess of Orleans sent him a gold medal struck after the death of the duke. The government gave him a pension of a thousand francs, as the money he received from other sources barely sufficed for his wants, all his relatives being aided by him. His works were crowned by the French Academy. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor at the same time as Balzac, Frederick Soulié, and Alfred de Musset. The Minister of Public Instruction wrote him: "Your deeds equal your writings. You build churches. You aid the indigent. You have made your talent a beneficent power, and your muse has become a Sister of Charity." Agen was proud of the honors paid to her poet. The town gave him a crown of gold. His *salon* was crowded with visitors after his decoration, and at night he was serenaded. Pope Pius IX. made him Chevalier of the order of St. Gregory the Great.

At his second visit to Paris Jasmin gave a reading to the highest nobility in the *salon* of the Marquis de Barthélemy. The papal nuncio and the archbishop of Paris were present. The latter presented him with a *rameau fleuri* with the device: *A Jasmin, le plus grand des troubadours.* It was during this visit he was invited to Saint-Cloud by Napoleon III., who received him as graciously as Louis Philippe. And as before the latter he spoke of the glory of Napoleon I., so before the emperor he spoke of the misfortunes of the house of Orleans.

His poem of *La Bierges*—The Virgin—was dedicated to Mgr. Pavy, the bishop of Algiers, who said he knew of nothing so beautiful in any language respecting the Blessed Virgin.

Jasmin's last acts were in behalf of the poor and suffering. His last song was an Act of Faith in the divinity of Christ—an eloquent reply to Renan. "Oh! how happy I am," said he, "to end my literary career by an act of faith, and to consecrate my last work to Jesus Christ." He wished a copy to lie constantly on his breast, and his son placed one in his crossed hands as he lay in his leaden coffin—an excellent passport to eternity.

He was only confined to his bed a fortnight. He asked to receive the last sacraments and calmly prepared for death. He followed all the prayers and made the responses. After the solemn rites were over he said to his assembled family: "At my communion I asked God that the most perfect and affectionate union might never cease to reign among those I love so much and am about to leave." He conversed with his family till the last moment. Towards the morning of October 5, 1854, he took his son's hand. He looked at his wife. An expression of love lit up his eyes. He closed them. He was dead.

It was resolved to raise a monument to his memory at the public expense. All France responded to the appeal. When Cardinal Donnet, of Bordeaux, sent his offering, he spoke of Jasmin as "the St. Vincent de Paul of poesy, who had

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fallen before the close of his day beneath the numerous sheaves he had gleaned for the poor," and said "his lyre had three chords that combine all harmony in heaven and on earth—the true, the beneficent, and the beautiful."

CIVILIZATION AND ITS LAWS.*

CIVILIZATION, as usually understood, is the organization of society through the dominant influences of a period. In this sense the term is purely relative, and is but the expression of those agencies which give tone and bent to the manners and customs of an age. It is thus that we speak of Hindoo civilization, of the civilization of Greece and Rome. But there is an inherent leaning to good in the term itself, and writers on the subject are apt to be misled by this fact, so that, while discussing a particular phase of civilization, they insensibly glide into general conceptions and treat as the ideal that civilization which has won their sympathies and admiration. To this class of writers belongs the author of the volume under review. Without fixed principles, without an adequate knowledge of the conditions which have presided over the destinies of the race, he has set up an idol of his own creation, which he has styled civilization, and to this he offers blinding incense. The most important part of M. Brentano's treatise is the introduction; for here the writer lays down and discusses those principles by the light of which he afterwards attempts the solution of the complex problems which the history of human society furnishes. He begins by a consideration of the principles of morality, and at once falls into a characteristic inconsistency. For him there is no absolute falsehood, no absolute truth, and whenever he refutes an error in part he offsets his task by an assault upon its contradictory truth. He says that those who make the divine will and the hope of future recompense the basis of morality confound belief with certainty, and thus destroy the possibility of constructing morality into a science. As a matter of fact, no moralist holds that the divine will and the hope of a heavenly reward conjointly constitute the basis of morality. The best authorities on the matter do, indeed, hold that morality has its source in the divine will, but decidedly decline to assign the same relation to a hope of future reward. Morality is usually defined to be the supreme reason of God informing us what to do and what to omit. This supreme reason is, then, for intelligent creatures the expression of the divine will, and hence the divine will is rightly termed the basis of morality; it is the eternal law. The hope of future reward is but an incentive that impels a free agent to the ful-

* *La Civilisation et ses Lois Morale Sociale.* Par Th. Funck-Brentano, Professeur de Droit es Gens, etc. Paris: E. Plon. 187[illegible].

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filment of the law; it follows the law but does not underlie it. The distinction which is drawn between belief and certainty affords another instance of the writer's tendency to use terms in a loose manner. No belief is worthy of the name which is not based on certainty, and certainty is a generic term which embraces matters of belief as well as those that are directly known. What is known to be revealed, and what, for that reason, is the proper object of belief, is as certain as an axiom in mathematics; yet M. Brentano would have us understand that there is an essential difference between certainty and belief, that one excludes the other, and that the attempt to make the divine will the basis of morality is to make morality a matter of belief, and consequently to place it beyond the pale of science.

"Donner comme fondement à la morale la volonté divine et l'espoir d'une récompense céleste, c'est la faire reposer sur une croyance et non sur une certitude; on l'unit à la foi, on la confond avec elle; ce n'est point en faire une science." We have quoted in the original the words of which we gave the substance, in order that the reader may perceive that there has been no straining of the author's meaning. M. Brentano is no believer in abstract principles. He is of the opinion that they obscure rather than elucidate the truth, and hence he summarily gets rid of them. He says that the attempt to formulate moral truths in general terms is an attempt to make reason the absolute source of morality. He even blames Leibnitz for holding that certain moral truths are as susceptible of demonstration as mathematical problems. Were M. Brentano a little better versed in the science of the day he would understand that abstraction is the Alpha and Omega of knowledge; that as the scientific neophyte begins his task by an abstraction, the scientific master sums up his most brilliant results in the same abstract form. The abstract expression of a moral principle does not make human reason the source of morality, but simply attests the insufficiency of our faculty to view truths otherwise than piecemeal. So far M. Brentano has been aggressive; he has not attempted to construct. His denial of the divine will as the basis of morality was unfortunate, as was likewise his effort to depreciate the abstract expression of moral truths. But he has done service by upsetting the pretensions of those who strive to make morality a sentiment, an impulse of the heart, a pleasant emotion which rests satisfied with itself. This æsthetic morality is the legitimate outcome of positivism, and is eloquently maintained to-day by many who have forgotten Comte. M. Brentano well observes that those who imagine the whole morality of an act to consist in its being the result of a generous impulse, a noble aspiration, which affords gratification in its fulfilment, are logically called upon to assign the same character of morality to those actions of a barbarian which least impress us as being moral, but which amply satisfy his sentiments, his aspirations. Moreover, how transient and uncertain are those sentiments, how feeble those aspirations! To make them the basis of morality is to build on a breath of air, to make a fixity of a fugitive feeling. M. Brentano thus rejects those views upon ethics that have been most current among non-Christian men, and proposes a

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substitute which he thinks will fulfil all the conditions wherewith we usually invest morality, and which will ensure a greater good to society. He ranges himself under the banner of Socrates and boldly proclaims the identity of good with the knowledge of good.

"If men," he says, "fail to do good but readily do wrong, it is because they know not what is the aim of their actions." Thus, according to M. Brentano, the failure to do good in one case, as well as the actual commission of evil in the other, are equally the result of ignorance and derive their moral character therefrom. Man cannot do the good he knows nothing of, and his failure in this respect, provided his ignorance be not culpable, cannot be imputed to him as a fault. His misdeeds likewise cannot be set down to his account, if they are the result of invincible ignorance. Ignorance is not, therefore, identical with moral evil. These principles are generally admitted, and their denial would tend to the overthrow of society as constituted at present; for our laws, customs, and social relations all hinge upon their truth. But M. Brentano distinctly disavows them, and does so through an unpardonable confusion of ideas. He confounds the necessity of our search after happiness with a necessity of seeking after virtue, and because in all things we propose to ourselves our own happiness, we therefore continually and in every act, he argues, aim at what is good. This is a vicious principle in morals, and we wish to direct the reader's attention to it at the outset, that he may afterwards appreciate M. Brentano's views concerning progress and the improvement of mankind through purely intellectual advances. Quoting the words of St. Paul and of Ovid to the effect that we do the evil which we condemn, and fail to do the good which we admire, he brands them as entirely false; for, he says, the evil which we do appears to us good, and did we but know it to be evil we would have shunned it. No man, it is true, does evil because it is evil; he must find some attraction in it, and pure, unmitigated evil cannot attract. But man can do wrong for all, knowing that it is wrong; and while he may not do it just for the reason that it is wrong, he accepts the wrong for the sake of the pleasure at which he aims, and thus he becomes guilty of sin. When Medea exclaims:

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor,"

she gives expression to a sentiment which clamors in the heart of every mortal, and she is not the victim of an illusion, as M. Brentano would have us believe. She does in reality that which is not only worse in itself, but appears such to her, and no casuistry could change its character in her eyes. Does the attraction by which we are won to sin make sin a good? Not at all. It is true we seek our happiness in sinning, but at the same time we know that sin is bad and has no flavor of good about it. The truth, then, is that, while we necessarily seek our happiness in all we do, we do not believe all we do to be good. It was the confusion of these notions which led M. Brentano into identifying the pleasure we experience in gratifying our inclinations with the conviction that we thereby do good. The more we know the greater amount of good we can accomplish; but that knowledge is not itself the good which is its object, and the

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more ignorant we are the more liable are we to mistake evil for good, but we still are free to reject the good and to do the wrong we know. M. Brentano sums up his views in these words: "Good, therefore, and the knowledge of good, must be identical, otherwise there is no such thing as moral intelligence, and consequently no morality." . . . "The doctrines which make free-will to consist in the choice between so-called absolute principles and human passions are as illusory as those which deny free-will altogether because of the existence of the passions." Thus M. Brentano, by confounding our knowledge of good with good itself, mars and disfigures the great truth that our capacity for good is in the direct ratio of our knowledge. His practical conclusions are correct, but not consistent. "We are free," he says, "only in respect to those actions of which our conscience reveals to us the moral worth, and our conscience is silent in respect to that of which we have no knowledge. The good which we know not does not exist for us. At that point where our knowledge of good ceases the animal resumes its sway." These sentiments are unquestionably true, but they flow from the principle that we are free to do or not to do that good of which we have full knowledge and which our conscience approves. M. Brentano makes moral good purely relative by making it the outcome of our knowledge, and this error vitiates all his reflections on the subject. He discovers in the good and evil of the physical world a relative and ever-changing character, and asserts that a similar condition attends the good and evil of the moral order. "Nothing in nature, generically or specifically considered, is good or bad; hemlock distils its poison as the rose does its perfume: the first is not culpable, neither does the latter possess any merit. In like manner men receive at their birth different constitutions and opposite temperaments, and differ, as do all other beings, in nature." The author then allows that they have the capacity of distinguishing good from evil by means of their intelligence, but holds that their opinion is influenced by their moral nature, by their diverse inclinations, aptitudes, and temperament, so that what appears good to one may not appear so to another, and is for each one what it appears.

M. Brentano does away with the essential difference between right and wrong, and even goes so far as to say that moral wrong is an indispensable element in the development and progress of the race, as tending to increase its experience and to enlarge the sphere of its consciousness. "Thus," he says, "good and evil succeed each other, alternate with each other, and effect a mutual interchange; nowhere are they absolutely distinct, and everywhere they are linked together." Is there not a palpable contradiction here? Moral evil loses its character of morality when it becomes necessary; nay, it becomes moral good when its existence is indispensable to the progress and development of the race. The morality of an act depends on the deliberation with which it is performed, else the same act on the part of a madman and a philosopher shares the same moral character; and this even M. Brentano cannot admit. He denies that free-will has aught to do with the morality of our actions;

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and since the consequences of such an opinion are of the utmost practical importance, we will consider for a moment the line of argument he follows in support of his view. "However," he says, "we must admit either that free-will is an evil by itself or that it is simply the faculty of choosing between good and evil, and that such good and evil exist outside of it. Thus," he continues, "we are landed in Manicheism, in the contrariety of the principles of good and evil, Ahriman and Ormuzd. . . . If this explanation appear insufficient, we must carry the difficulty back to God, and say that he has permitted evil in order to create good; but the same supreme cause cannot be good and bad at the same time, cannot be all-powerful and powerless."

This reasoning is not new. That subtlest of writers, Bayle, used it centuries ago, and it has often been refuted since. Free-will is the faculty of choosing between good and evil, but it does not follow that such good and evil exist outside of the will. The conclusion is puerile. Does it follow that because one is free to take a thing or to leave it, to perform an act or not to perform it, he chooses between two objects which exist outside of the will? If he takes the thing or performs the act, what is that other object against which he decides? So with regard to good and evil. Good is a positive conformity to the divine will. Evil is a refusal so to conform; it is negative, it is nothing, and so it is not a principle struggling for supremacy; it is but the expression of man's disobedience to the will of God. The doctrine that free-will lies at the root of morality is also inconsistent, according to M. Brentano, with what history teaches us concerning the growth and progress of society. "If good and evil," he says, "had no other origin than free-will, there would be no reason why nations should not at any moment fall suddenly back into the depths from which they had emerged: the general development of society would no longer proceed upon stable principles; the progress which we perceive on all sides would be but an illusion; without law or order to govern and direct it, humanity, impelled by chance hither and thither, would be the mere toy of caprice, and there would be no longer hope for a steady approach to good and to a lasting progress of the race." In such manner does M. Brentano again argue against the existence of free-will; but it can be readily shown that his argument is fully as fallacious in this latter case as in the former. There is an essential difference between man viewed individually and viewed as an integrating element of society. The individual man is free, the unit of society is not so. It is impossible to determine what one man will do under given circumstances, whereas, from a knowledge of the laws which govern masses, it is comparatively easy to ascertain in advance what a number of men will do under the same circumstances. In the majority of cases wherein a person is called upon to exercise his freedom of will there is a preponderance of reasons on one side, and this preponderance, while it may fail to determine the individual, has an overwhelming influence on the mass. Thus the principle may be laid down that the stronger the reasons are in favor of an alternative over its opposite, and the greater the number called upon to choose, the more nearly can we de-

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termine to which side the majority will incline. This very important distinction M. Brentano has overlooked, and he inconsiderately imagines that because caprice and arbitrary characters attach to the actions of an individual, supposing him to be free, the same holds true of society. Society is regulated by law, the actions of individuals spring from free-will; and no philosophical writer can fail to perceive the difference between these conditions as evinced on the one hand in consciousness and on the other in history.

M. Brentano classifies moral evil with physical, and ascribes the same characters to both. Lightning kills, and the terror which the suddenness of its stroke inspires led men to investigate its nature. The result was the telegraph. Thus indeed did that which our forefathers regarded as an unmitigated evil resolve itself into a marvel of usefulness. Poisonous plants have supplied the pharmacopœia with its best curative agents; the deadly nightshade, the fox-glove, and spurred rye have yielded invaluable remedies at the magical bidding of the chemist. In like manner humanity, having gone wrong, recognized its error, and, profiting by experience, plucked the jewel from the head of the loathsome toad. This is the theory of M. Brentano, and he claims that the race can make no solid progress till it has tested by experience the qualities of right and wrong, and, having ascertained the misery which comes of the latter, decided to shun it. The analogy between physical and moral evil is only apparent. Everything that is, is good; the abuse of it alone leads to harm. This is true in the physical world, where everything has a real existence. In the material order there is nothing absolutely bad, for the fire which sometimes brings ruin upon cities is that without which animal life cannot subsist. Strychnine kills the incautious experimenter, but often brings health to the paralytic. Nay, more, everything possessing a physical existence is necessarily good, for it is opposed to nothing, and something is always better than nothing. The blow with which the parricide commits the greatest of crimes differs in naught from the most virtuous action, physically viewed; it is the non-compliance with the divine will in the one case, as it is conformity to it in the other, that makes the difference.

In the moral order evil is a negation of good, not anything positive; it is not a mere abuse of something, but its absence; it is essentially bad, and, being such, can never be productive of good. The experience of it, therefore, whether on the part of the individual or of society, cannot but be productive of more evil, just as increasing darkness can never engender light, but must be ever more and more itself. It is true that the sad experience of wrong-doing has often filled the breast of the delinquent with bitterness, but it has never lifted him out of the slough. It required for that purpose a stronger hand, the strength of grace; for with repeated sinning the propensity to sin grows stronger, so that the truth is—a truth entirely at variance with the views of M. Brentano—the experience of moral evil is more apt to hold nations as well as individuals faster in the ruts than to disenthral and to purify them.

M. Brentano has a theory of civilization which he is determined to uphold at all hazards, and he

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strives from the outset to adapt the facts to his conclusions. According to him, civilization is an automatic evolution, a spontaneous growth of the body politic, just as adult age is the result of a physical development which has taken place in accordance with known laws. The free-will of the individual is not an allowed factor in the problem which he has set himself to solve, and he nowhere admits the intervention of divine Providence in shaping national ends. Knowledge is the only good that exists, and as knowledge is increased by the experience which moral evil supplies, therefore moral evil is an inseparable and indispensable condition in the promotion of civilization. Good and the knowledge of good are identical; and since the knowledge of good is but partial knowledge, the knowledge of evil is essential to complete it, and so evil plays a rôle of equal importance with good in the history of civilization. This mode of statement may not meet the approval of M. Brentano's school of thinkers, but it is in reality a severely expressive *résumé* of their doctrines. Those things which are generally held to be absolute M. Brentano views as relative, and they are operative or inoperative according to the fleeting circumstances of life. Thus there are no absolute rights, in M. Brentano's estimation. Rights, according to him, are the dependent correlative of duty, and where duty is not recognized right does not exist. Duty is the parent of right. Thus the son has no absolute filial rights if the father should fail to comprehend his duty towards him, just as the father possesses no paternal right if his son prove disobedient and ungrateful. "Our first rights," says M. Brentano, "originate in the duties which our parents imagine they owe to us; and if society recognizes rights belonging to us before birth, it is because men, in their historical and social development, have come to understand the solidarity of their mutual obligations." And if the lack of an appreciation of a real duty does away with the corresponding right, so does the existence of a mistaken sense of duty beget a real right. The law of Lycurgus imposes on a father the duty of putting to death a sickly child; and however ill-founded that duty be, the right of life and death which flows from it becomes, in M. Brentano's scheme, unquestionable. "It is not the idea of right but that of duty which is obscure in legislation." M. Brentano has reversed the logical relations of right and duty. We are born with certain inalienable rights, and these it is the duty of other men to respect; therefore right has at least a logical priority over duty. The Almighty has a right to our homage, and out of that right grows the duty on our part of rendering it to him. M. Brentano has made this mistake because he believes humanity to be paramount and supreme, and that our relations to the social body take precedence over all others. Now, when we recognize this supremacy, our duty to it is first; our rights, in its eyes, become secondary and subordinate.

"The duty of each man to be on satisfactory terms with his neighbor is the supreme duty of the human race. Manners, customs, laws, and institutions are the result. We must, therefore, in the last analysis, go back to a consideration of the reciprocity of our duties to find the origin of political science.... It is an appreciation of this supreme duty which has given birth to society; it

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is this duty which has made society progress; it is the neglect of it which has retarded that progress. The more people overlook this duty the fewer become their rights, no matter what amount of freedom they may enjoy."

This is the worship of humanity pure and simple; the substitution of an abstraction for God, of a shadow for the reality. There is a deal of truth shot through the woof of M. Brentano's errors, and much eloquent commendation of our most important social institutions; but this lends additional danger to his erroneous opinions touching the origin of society. He insists repeatedly on the necessity of private morality as the groundwork of social and political life. He traces the decadence of Grecian and Roman society to the degeneration of private morals and the disruption of the ties which should bind the individual to his neighbor, but he fails to place private morality on a stable basis, or to find any other origin for it than the fortuitous circumstances which first brought a body of men together. When attempting to account for the incipient stages of private morality he becomes mystical, vague, and oracular. Solidarity and reciprocity of interests, and a due regard for the happiness of our neighbor, suffice, according to our author, to hold men together in social and political federation and to give forth the highest civilization.

If men were other than they are, changeable, passionate, shortsighted, such an ideal were perhaps possible; but when we reflect that men are apt to shut from view their most important interests in the pursuit of a trifling advantage, that they often knowingly sacrifice the reality for the shadow, that they purchase little pleasure with great pain, that they are often capricious, impulsive, and unreasonable, how can we suppose that they will calmly consider reciprocal interests and duties? If religion does not supply the motive for the observance of the moral code, morality becomes but a name, and solidarity and reciprocity of interests a barrier of sand to stay the current of human passion. In the family M. Brentano discovers the true source and wellspring of society. The social virtues take root in the family and blossom forth into enduring growth so long as the purity of the hearthstone remains unsullied. This is an undoubted truth, and all wise legislators have been convinced of it. Plato failed to perceive it because he had idealized the state and made it the parent of the family; consequently Plato's Republic, though admirable in many respects, was universally condemned. It had its departure in an error. Other pagan philosophers whose vision was not overshadowed by an idea felt the force of this truth, and Augustus laid the foundation of the imperial greatness of Rome by striving to promote domestic life and to foster domestic virtue. Colbert, Pitt, and Napoleon held the same view and hoped everything for the state through the family. But how is the family to cohere? M. Brentano gives no satisfactory answer. He calls monogamy and the family the result of a higher intellectual and social development, the expression of more energetic and healthful affections. Is it not more likely that intellectual and social development sprang from the family, and that purer and stronger affections were nursed in its bosom? Here M. Brentano, with all those who shut

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their eyes to the supernatural, is egregiously at fault. He recklessly confounds effect with cause, and builds theories upon the vaguest generalities. What, for instance, could be weaker or more vaguely unmeaning than the following: "The more constant and intimate become the relations between husband and wife, the more their angularities of character are rounded off, the more does the woman become the equal of man and rise to the plane of companionship. At the same time and by dint of the same sympathy springs up a tender love of offspring and an ardent desire to promote their moral, physical, and intellectual welfare." No words could be truer; but does not all this suppose the active operation of that which it pretends to explain? What influences brought men into those conditions? What teacher or authority told them that, disregarding the promptings of untamed desires, they should observe conjugal fidelity in the monogamous state, and should labor hard for the support and comfort of their families? Instinct and unreflecting impulse have constantly exhibited a contrary tendency, and yet M. Brentano does not deem it worth his while to offer any other explanation. The fact itself is thus assumed as a sufficient reason of itself, and its consequences may take on any color consonant with the individual views of the author. Political philosophy must relinquish all claims to be considered a science, else it must build upon foundations more firm and consistent than the shifting quicksands of a few glittering generalities. God is the parent of the family, as the family is the parent of society. As God said, "Increase and multiply," and laid down the conditions for the fulfilment of his command, so the family has generated society and made it such as the conditions of its own vigor and healthfulness allowed. This, briefly stated, is the true explanation of the origin of social life. M. Brentano, therefore, rightly sought the seed of society in the family, but he developed the family out of a moral protoplasm without beginning, without shape, without purpose. He tells us that the human family did not grow up, like a school of fishes. This is negative information, and of the sort by which the body of social science is much hampered but in nowise benefited. It is well enough to state that the family admits nothing short of the strictest and most steadfast morality, and is the result of deep and lasting affection, of labor, devotedness, and self-sacrifice; but the average mind insists upon inquiring through what active intervention have those conditions been realized.

"Is it, then, impossible," asks M. Brentano (p. 418), "for a people that has reached our degree of civilization to return to simpler and stronger affections? The problem of our regeneration lies in the answer to this question. In the last analysis the progress of every nation hinges on the strength of those primitive affections. They have given birth to the family and its traditions, to sound public and private morality. They have given uniformity to religious beliefs, they have cradled the sciences, and have taken literature and the other arts by the hand."

But the author fails to inform us how, in the first place, those pure and vigorous affections came into play, and how, once weakened, they have regained or may regain strength. There is a logical union between the links of his argument up to this point, but just where inquiry is most urgent the voice of the oracle falters and is silent. It

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is true that simplicity combined with sound morality can withstand the shock of social and political revolutions more effectually than over-refinement and corruption, that affections are more powerful than ideas; but on what do these affections rest? What creative force presides at their birth, and what plastic force moulds and directs them? These are questions of more vital importance in M. Brentano's scheme of civilization, as he has made all else depend on the vigor and simplicity of domestic affections, and on the purity of private and public morals. Human nature, as exhibited both in its elementary state and under the complex conditions of an advanced civilization, obeys the same laws and is subject to the same internal influences. All differences are accidental. The savage as well as the civilized man seeks in what he does a greater meed of happiness, and both are equally mindful of the promptings of conscience. Should the savage break away from the moorings of national tradition and fling all inward warnings to the winds, he acts precisely as the child of civilization who runs counter to the best ideas of his epoch and turns a deaf ear to the voice of conscience. Of what use to the savage is a primitive and more vigorous condition of the affections, since there is nothing stronger than themselves to hold him loyal to their command? Is not civilized man, with weaker affections, more powerfully acted upon by ideas and by a completer knowledge of the consequences of his acts? Therefore simplicity and pristine vigor of affection are powerless to effect social regeneration, as they, unaided, prove inoperative in the mission of civilizing men. The child of nature, with affections uncorrupted, with aspirations not turned from their true aim, is more amenable to the influences that lead up to true civilization than the product of a decaying social system in whom intellectual charlatanism has bred scepticism and pampered desires have begotten moral atrophy.

But what is to prevent the man of few desires and of strong affections from following in the footsteps of his elder brother who has typified Persian, Assyrian, Roman, and Grecian civilization? M. Brentano cannot inform us, and for this reason his book, with its many deep insights into the difficulties he is powerless to solve, with its phosphorescent gleams of truth scattered here and there, has shed no new light on a question which but one light alone can illumine. The effort to reach downwards and touch the foundation of truth exhausts reason, which thus languidly accepts the results of its fruitless researches as the last expression of knowledge. Thus far, in dealing with those principles of law and morality on which society rests, M. Brentano has failed to exhibit a true conception of their origin and purposes, and has imparted a mistaken character to the facts by means of which he has endeavored to explain the fluctuating epochs of progress and decay in the history of civilization.

We will now briefly glance at the functions which he assigns to the two most potent factors in the development of society—viz., religion and science. According to M. Brentano, all religious and scientific changes take place in accordance with the laws which govern the human intellect. A complete knowledge of those laws and of their

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operation can alone, therefore, enable us to account for the prevalence of the various forms of belief which have existed among men at different periods of the world's history, and to explain the rise, progress, and decay of scientific knowledge. The first men differed from the brute creation only in their ability to discern relations between objects, and in this ability M. Brentano discovers the origin of all religious beliefs. The savage who repeatedly killed a wild boar in the neighborhood of a certain tree, having perceived the relation between his good fortune and the tree in question, attributed an intelligent influence to the latter and sought to propitiate its good-will. The wild beast that made night hideous with its roar meant to inspire terror, and therefore was carefully shunned or slain in a spirit of resentment. The echo which the beetling cliff sent back was a mysterious voice foreboding evil or laden with the hope and promise of happiness. The fantastic outlines of a mountain or a cloud not only resembled a giant or a wild beast, but to the simple mind of primitive man such resemblance was identical with the reality. Thus, says M. Brentano, all religious belief had its source in a false perception of relation. This attempt to explain the origin of religion has not the merit even of novelty. J. J. Rousseau hinted at it before, and it was a part of the doctrine of the Encyclopædic philosophers of the eighteenth century. But M. Brentano differs from others who broached the same views in that he does not deem it necessary to support his statements by proof. In these days of searching criticism, when even unimportant questions of history are subjected to close scrutiny and minute analysis, it is pitiable to be asked to accept as the history of a most important phase of human experience a tissue of crude conjectures.

Yet M. Brentano seems to have nothing better to offer. Fetichism is, then, the beginning of religion; and as the mind of man expands, as his intelligence grows more robust, and experience helps to correct the first mistaken data of observation, he gradually rises to a higher plane, and begins to perceive more relations between things and to judge them more correctly In like manner science lisped its truths with difficulty at first. The mind had possession of a few simple facts, which it interpreted in a grotesque and puerile manner. The periodical revolution of the heavenly bodies was a fact which could not escape observation, and the interpretation of this fact laid the foundation of astronomy. But before that sublime science could have reached its present grand proportions it was necessary that the human mind should have sounded the absurdities of astrology, just as the marvels of modern chemistry are the legitimate outcome of alchemy. Science and religion progressed *pari passu*. A true knowledge of the relation between things constitutes the essence of each, with this difference: that with religion relations grow fewer as knowledge progresses, whereas in the case of science they grow more and more numerous daily. The tendency, therefore, of the human mind, in obedience to the laws which govern it, is to reduce religion to a skeleton and to find its true repose in the fulness of science. Such is the millennium towards which, in M. Brentano's opinion, the human race is slowly but surely coming.

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Down through the slow centuries of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Persian domination the crude religious systems of primitive men continued to undergo a sort of organic transformation, which ended in the anthropomorphism of Greece and Rome. During this time the sciences were disengaging themselves from religious entanglements and asserting their true nature more distinctly. Science taught the Greeks to endow their gods with reason, and religion partook of the character of this first step in civilization by becoming more rational and making fewer demands on faith. The symbols of ancient creeds remained, but became meaningless. Myths which were once accepted literally took on whatever interpretation the fancy or ingenuity of philosophers prompted. Roman polytheism completed the task which Socrates and Plato had begun. Philosophy rejected religion as superstitious, and unfurled the standard of supreme reason. Cicero laughed at the soothsayers, and the augurs smiled at each other. Thus fetichism, which began with the worship of the winds, the forests, and the mountains, passed upwards through various transformations into anthropomorphism, and ended, with the decline of Greece and Rome, in general unbelief. In the meantime science had been groping its way slowly along. Philosophy, the mistress of sciences, first broke away from the leading-strings of religion; and no matter how puerile may seem to us the speculations of Thales, Epimenides, and Xenophanes, they embodied the first attempts of the intellect to understand the laws in obedience to which it operates. They broke the ground in which Plato and Aristotle sowed the seeds of their immortal teachings. They were the pioneers of the philosophy that has immortalized Descartes, Spinoza, and Kant. Medicine in its turn came forth from the temple, and Hippocrates laid the foundation of rational inquiry into the phenomena of life, death, and disease. So acute were his observations, and so just his inferences, that his name is held in respect even to this day. Mathematics and the physical sciences next felt the influence of the new impulse which had been given to intellectual activity, and made rapid strides for a while. In this manner M. Brentano explains the birth and growth of philosophy and science. The decay of religion marks the rise and progress of both. But the development of thought is not uniform. It must experience the vicissitudes and fluctuations of social and political institutions. Science becomes distorted by over-refinement, and philosophy loses its balance by misdirected speculation. Astronomy, which had for a while freed itself from the hamperings of astrology, relapsed into its former superstitious surroundings, though it still continued to accumulate results. Mathematics were no longer studied as a science, but degenerated into mystical numbers and cabalistic signs. Medicine met a severe shock through the mistakes of Galen, while Euclid and Archimedes found no successors. The very decay of religious sentiment hastened the general decadence of thought, for though the creeds which had taken root among nations up to the period of Grecian and Roman ascendency were the offspring of wrongly-perceived relations, they satisfied the religious instinct of man, and in this manner contributed to his moral and intel-

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lectual elevation. Scepticism is more baleful than erroneous doctrines. Cicero attempted to construct a system of Roman philosophy, but failed because there was no national thought to embody in the work. The Roman intellect had been Grecianized. Hence the philosophy of Cicero is a patched-up eclecticism in which Plato and Aristotle figure to poor advantage.

Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius have written admirable pages, but they split on the rock of stoicism.

> "Ægroti veteris meditantes somnia, gigni
> De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti."
> —*Persius.*

Thus the very conditions which ensured a revival of intellectual activity later on begot for the nonce intellectual confusion and lethargy. A universal torpor had settled on the world of thought when a new Teacher appeared among men. The sublime doctrines which Christ preached startled men less by their novelty than by their direct antagonism to the spirit and practices of the times. He preached self-denial, neighborly love, self-sacrifice, and purity of life in the teeth of a social condition which was characterized by general viciousness and depravity. Men had confounded the notions of right and wrong to that extent that vice was applauded and virtue spurned. The doctrine of the Gospel won to its standard the crushed populations of the empire, for whom there seemed to be no hope of happiness here or hereafter. They crowded around the apostles to hear the lofty words of hope which opened heaven to them, and M. Brentano is of opinion that the failure of the Gospel to win the sympathies of the masses would have been a miracle. But the Redeemer of men did not complete his work, according to M. Brentano, for he left a number of questions undecided, the fruitless discussion of which tore the infant church into dissenting factions. The very first question neophytes asked concerned the nature of Christ himself: Was he the Son of God in a literal sense, or only in the sense that he represented divine Goodness? M. Brentano follows his own lights in the survey he has made of this period of the history of civilization. He has hitherto beheld nations shaping their destinies by their experience in a steady and uniform manner. The followers of Aristotle quarrelled, and why should not the followers of Christ? Ignoring the claim of the church to be the authorized exponent and arbiter of Christian doctrine, he considers that the light which alone could illumine the vexed questions that arose had gone out for ever on the heights of Calvary. And, indeed, if the church had not been so divinely appointed, no logical thinker could for a moment hold that the natural development of the Christian faith was aught else than a series of accretions and innovations, and that as time sped on the difficulty of arriving at the true meaning of Christ's teaching would tend to become insuperable. For this reason M. Brentano justly laughs at the pretensions of Protestants who imagine that they have sunk a shaft, through layer upon layer of corruption, into the wellspring of Christian doctrine undefiled. M. Brentano therefore thinks that the natural destiny of Christianity was to break up into jarring sects, each one claiming that it had rightly interpreted the meaning of the Gospel. He thus classes in the same

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category the Gnostics, the Manicheans, the Nestorians, the Donatists, the Arians, the Pelagians, and those eloquent defenders of the church, Tertullian and St. Augustine. Rome, however, possessed practical genius. She permitted the hair-splitters of the East to discuss subtleties while she set about the work of organizing. The genius that had made the embattled hosts of the empire invincible seized the good that was in Christianity, and constituted it the source and secret of a loftier greatness than had gilded the triumphal chariot of Vespasian or had converted the city into marble. This wonderful organizing spirit caught up waning civilization and successfully carried it through the trials and attacks of the middle ages. The decadence of paganism, the overthrow of Roman imperialism, the weakness of the Lower Empire, and the frequent incursions of northern hordes tested to the utmost the sagacity and resources of the Roman Church. She became through all these circumstances more powerful in numbers, but she had a motley and insubordinate fold. Her tact, her ability to fuse discordant elements into a homogeneous whole, triumphed. She made the middle ages Roman Catholic. She made Europe one nation with the pope at its head, and inaugurated those epics of a continent which we call the Crusades. The Gregorys, the Alexanders, and the Innocents had made the tiara the synonym of intellectual and political power. St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas imparted a precision to Christian doctrine which it had not hitherto known, and the rare spectacle was presented to the world of a continent, not quite merged out of barbarism, practising heroic virtues and believing in the sublimest dogmas that were ever taught to man. In science likewise rapid strides were being made. Thirty-two thousand followers sat at the feet of Abelard. The Angel of the Schools purified and improved the teachings of Aristotle, and founded a school of philosophy which neither the sneers nor the attacks of modern times have weakened. It is easy to cast reflections on the *Summa*, because it is not so easy to understand it, and sciolism always delights to sneer where a candid statement of opinion would entail an avowal of ignorance. We may think that the tiresome and protracted debates of nominalists and realists had better never have taken place; but they represent a phase of experience through which the human mind must have necessarily passed in order to reach a higher plane of thought. Roger Bacon was the legitimate outcome of the successful study of St. Thomas, and his namesake of the woolsack but stole his thunder.

M. Brentano urges these views eloquently, and holds that (Buckle and Draper set aside) all writers on the successive changes of the human family during the lapse of recorded centuries are of the same opinion. The greatest triumph of the race hitherto has been through the church, but that triumph was to be only of short duration. Rome, through the absorption of much that was alien to her genius, ceased to exercise a living influence on nations. Instead of the unbending steadfastness of a Gregory and an Innocent, instead of the austere lives of the immediate disciples of St. Dominic and St. Benedict, simony, nepotism, and dissoluteness set in and paved the way for the Reformation. That

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Reformation proved the crowning curse of humanity; for, according to M. Brentano, no other agency developed in our history had the effect of throwing men farther back in their strivings after an ideal civilization. The disruption of society under the *Augustuli* proved a boon and a blessing, though its immediate results were chaos and anarchy, for anything was preferable to systematized social degradation. But in the case of the Reformation there was a clear rejection of all that had elevated men under the most trying circumstances; there was a sheer departure from all that experience had proved good and noble. M. Brentano believes that Rome, Geneva, Worms, and Canterbury went astray — Rome through internal weakness, the others through malice. Philosophy and the sciences progressed more by accident than otherwise, for they felt the heat of the intellectual strife that was going on, and, in utter hopelessness of obtaining more good from needless controversies between sects, men concluded that the positive sciences alone could yield substantial and durable results. And so the question stands to-day. We are in the midst of doubt; we are in the throes of a transition to something new. Christianity did its utmost, and did better than any other civilizing agency, but because it interfered with the law of indefinite progress it failed. These are the views of an enlightened representative of a certain phase of modern thought well understood in France. They are the views of one who has felt that the Catholic Church has done more for man in his individual and aggregate capacity than any other institution or set of institutions. He is unwilling to accept her decisions as final; the reason why we do not know, though we hope in all charity that the reproach of having blinked the truth in a noontide flood of light will never be uttered against him.

ART SONNETS.

IV.—ON AN ETRUSCAN TOMB.

On thy rough sides, O cinerary urn!
Two thousand years and more these warriors fight;
One lifts the shield, and one the sword to smite.
The end it is not given us to discern,
Nor yet the purport of that strife to learn.
Scorn not my reading, terrible if trite:
All life is such a battle, until the Night
Falls, and ephemeral heats to ashes burn.

Lo! on the lid—wrapt closely to the chin
In the long sheet, arms limp upon the breast,
Head drooped and turned—a form of perfect rest!
Strewn to the winds the dust that lay herein,
Yet, on this sepulchre, the Etruscan faith
Carved unmistakably a Sleep—not Death.

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER X.

SISTERS.

POLLY was right. The county came trooping after Lady Wynmere, and for the next fortnight there was a procession of cailers at Broom Hollow that gave the hall-porters plenty to do. Invitations to dinner followed and were declined.

"We have no carriage, and we do not intend to entertain; so, of course, we shall not accept any invitations," was Mrs. Redacre's steady reply.

But Lady Wynmere was not so easily put off. It was no reason not to be neighborly and sociable because they did not themselves choose to have the trouble of giving dinners; and as to the education of the boys being any excuse for Colonel Redacre's not letting his friends enjoy him of an evening, that was sheer nonsense. The boys could play at romps or go to bed; the elders of the family were not going to be let off on the plea of staying at home to look after them.

"I suppose, for the children's sake, we must yield the point and not stand on our offended dignity," said Mrs. Redacre; and the colonel, after some grumbling, agreed that they had better make the best of the county, since they were in it. But they would only accept invitations from Lady Wynmere; the want of a carriage need be no obstacle there, as they had only to cross the road, and she seemed thoroughly penitent and cordial.

"You know Mr. Danvers, I think?" said the little lady one morning that she called to ask them to dine next day. "He is coming down to stay with me."

"I have never met him," said the colonel, "but we know his people; his aunt, Mrs. Monteagle, is a very old friend of ours—a very clever woman. Does her nephew take after her in that?"

"I don't know if people call Mr. Danvers very clever, but he is charming; and you know he is heir to his uncle—something like thirty thousand a year and an old baronetage."

"Oh! then it don't much signify whether he is clever or not," said Colonel Redacre, drawing the inference to which his remark so openly pointed.

Polly was listening attentively, and looked very lovely as she sat embroidering, with the spring sun glinting in on her golden head. Lady Wynmere was watching her with undisguised admiration, and any ordinary observer might have read her thoughts as she looked at Polly and commented on Mr. Danvers. Perhaps Polly guessed them, too, without the help of the speaker's eyes to interpret them. She dressed her hair very carefully the next evening, and fastened a white camellia in it from a bouquet that Lady Wynmere had sent from the green-house.

Lady Wynmere had taken a

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great fancy to her. She admired Pearl, thought her very sensible and sweet, but she raved about Polly. So did Squire Barlow, and, indeed, all the male population of Lamford. Something in this atmosphere of admiration reacted on Polly herself, and lent a fresh lustre to her beauty, which had been, as it were, clouded of late. She wanted admiration to bring out the inner glow of her beauty, just as some natures want love to draw forth all their hidden sweetness. Her eyes borrowed a more brilliant lustre, her cheeks a richer tint, her figure a more elastic tread when admiring glances were upon her.

Mrs. Barlow and her two daughters were there; Helen, the eldest, had been engaged to a nobleman, but the affair was broken off suddenly and raised a great excitement in the county, making Helen a sort of heroine for the time being. She and her sister were very nice to the Redacre girls; but Pearl was still timid after the way they had been all snubbed, and Polly was rejoicing in the thought that it was her turn now to snub the snubbers. This amiable state of mind, though highly reprehensible from a moral point of view, was very becoming to Polly's exterior; for, if the pose of her head was a trifle too lofty, there was no denying that it was full of dignity, and the touch of hauteur in her manner was of that exquisitely condescending kind that one expects and tolerates from a young princess waiting to ascend the throne.

"What airs that girl gives herself!" said the eldest Miss Barlow to her sister. "She looks as if she thought no one fit to speak to."

But Mrs. Barlow, though she felt the terrible damage which Polly's proximity must do to her own daughters, was generous enough to admit that she was the loveliest girl her eyes had ever rested on, and no wonder if the county went mad about her.

The company were assembled in the drawing-room, and Mr. Danvers, though staying in the house, had not yet appeared.

"What can he be about?" said Lady Wynmere.

But the door opened at last, and he presented himself.

"Naughty boy! we have been waiting for you," said his hostess. "Will you take in Miss Redacre? Mr. Danvers—Miss Redacre."

They passed into the dining-room.

Pearl was on one side of him at dinner, and Polly on the other. He was "charming," as Lady Wynmere had said—that is, easy to get on with—and had plenty to say for himself. Polly thought him delightful.

"How funny that we should never have met you in Paris, and yet that you should know so many of our friends there!" she was saying before they had got through the second course. "Pearl, only think, Mr. Danvers was dining at the Léopolds' last week!"

Pearl, who had been talking to her neighbor on the other side, the curate, bent forward to receive this information.

"Are they all well?" she asked. "But I know they are, for we had a letter from Blanche this morning. Dear old Paris! I wonder when we shall see it again?"

"You find this place awfully slow after it, I dare say," said Mr. Danvers; "but you don't mean to stay here all the year round, do you?"

"Oh! yes; we must. We can't afford to go away. We have lost

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our fortune. That is why we left Paris," said Pearl.

Mr. Danvers muttered something that was not very intelligible; but it was meant to be consolatory, for Pearl distinguished "very sorry." Polly blushed a deep rose-color. What did it signify to Mr. Danvers why they left Paris? But Pearl was so strange! To hear her talk sometimes one would fancy she gloried in proclaiming their poverty, as if it were a thing to boast of. To be sure there was nothing to be ashamed of in it, but where was the need of announcing it the first thing to this young man of fashion and heir to thirty thousand a year? While she was turning this in her mind some other train of thought in Mr. Danvers' moved him to say to Pearl:

"I wonder if you know a man who has just come over to the French embassy as military attaché? His name is Darvallon; he is a friend of the Léopolds, a brother officer of the captain's."

"Yes, we know him," said Pearl. And it was her turn to blush.

Mr. Danvers, however, was too busy with his dinner to notice it, and Pearl, who was conscious of a surprisingly intense interest in the subject, took courage presently to say:

"I wonder why they sent Captain Darvallon to London? He had no idea of coming when we left Paris."

"They have been making several changes at the embassy lately. He seems a particularly agreeable man. No nonsense about him, but a bit of an original; rather odd, I should say."

He looked up to read an answer to this remark in Pearl's face; but it was full of negatives.

"Odd! That is the last thing I should have expected any one to say of Captain Darvallon."

"He is a very intelligent fellow; more like an Englishman—no fuss about him," said Mr. Danvers, seeing at once that he had made a mistake.

"But that is not being odd?" said Pearl, determined not to let him off.

"I don't know exactly what to call it; but this is the sort of thing I mean. I met him at the club the other evening. I had met him in Paris at the Léopolds', and at the embassy the day before, so we were a sort of old acquaintances, you see. I asked him to come and eat his dinner at the same table with me and a friend whom I had invited, and he did; but when I wanted him to take a glass of champagne he wouldn't. 'Why,' I said, 'what sort of a Frenchman are you not to like champagne?' 'I do like it,' he said, 'but I can't afford to drink it at my own expense, and I don't choose to drink it at other people's.' Now, you know, a man does not say that sort of thing. I felt sorry for the poor fellow, especially before my friend, who looked rather put out; but Darvallon didn't seem to mind it."

"No, I dare say not," said Pearl, with a peculiar smile.

"It was a plucky thing to say; but it was odd. You will admit it was odd?"

"It was very bold," said Pearl, laughing, "and perhaps it was rather inconsiderate. Captain Darvallon ought to have remembered that you and your friend might be shocked; he should not have spoken of his poverty in that indiscreet way."

Mr. Danvers understood that

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she was laughing at him; but it was natural enough she should take Darvallon's part, seeing that she had just done a minute ago the very thing that he, Danvers, was denouncing as odd in the Frenchman, and he voted himself a fool for having told the story. Pearl, meantime, was interiorly thanking him for it. She knew now what had suggested it; and she felt a thrill of pride to think that her own words had called up those of that brave soldier—had been, as it were, the echo of his.

Polly was listening to the conversation, and highly disapproving of Pearl's share in it. Mr. Danvers was right: people in society have no business flaunting disagreeable things in other people's faces, and there is nothing in this world so disagreeable as poverty.

"My sister is such an admirer of courage," she said, "that she forgives almost anything for the sake of it; but I am not at all heroic, and I think you are quite right about that speech of Captain Darvallon's. It was in very bad taste; but then one ought, of course, to make allowance for him. Perhaps you don't know it, but he is not a gentleman: he rose from the ranks."

"O Polly!" Pearl's face was suffused with a sudden glow, and her eyes flashed angrily as she uttered the exclamation.

Mr. Danvers felt that he had somehow or other called up a storm-spirit between the sisters.

"You surprise me," he said. "I should never have guessed Captain Darvallon was that sort of person; he is quite a gentleman in his appearance and manners."

"He is a gentleman in every way, in the true sense of the word," said Pearl. "Ask Captain Léopold what he thinks of him."

"Oh! in France it does not so much matter," said Polly; "in fact, in the French army it does not matter at all; but I dare say my sister is right about Captain Darvallon's being a gentleman in the true sense. He is very high-principled and honorable and all that; but one may be that and at the same time want good breeding in little things." And she looked at Mr. Danvers with a little play of her pencilled eyebrows that was intended to be confidential; a little Freemason sign between her and himself that Pearl was not to see.

Mr. Danvers understood it, and smiled back into the lovely sapphire eyes, and devoted himself to Polly with the utmost desire to please her for the rest of the dinner. Pearl said very little, listening to her curate on the other side, who was agreeable enough, and ready to do the most of the talking unassisted. After dinner, in the drawing-room, the two girls kept aloof from one another. Pearl was hurt and offended. Polly was aggrieved and angry. When the gentlemen came in the young ladies were requested to sing—the Miss Barlows first; they sang a duet in a correct, namby-pamby style, and then Pearl was invited to take their place at the piano.

"I would rather Polly sang," she said to Lady Wynmere. "Please let me off singing to-night! I will play as much as you like, and Polly will be delighted to sing."

Lady Wynmere never worried people; she let Pearl have her way, and tripped across the room to Polly, her lace lappets flapping like wings behind her head.

Pearl played a nocturne, and then Mr. Danvers led Polly to the piano, and she stood up behind Pearl and sang.

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She had a fine voice, and it was highly cultivated, so that it was always pleasant to hear; but she varied much in her manner of singing, sometimes letting the notes flow out of themselves, listlessly, with no effort to put any feeling into them; sometimes throwing an amount of pathos and fire into her voice that made it altogether a different instrument. To-night she seemed bent on producing an effect, and she succeeded. Pearl had never heard her sing as she was doing now. She sang a French ballad called "Vingt ans," and the tenderness and spirit that she threw into the music and the words electrified even her mother. She looked like the angel of song, flushed, brilliant, her face now melting with pathos, now sparkling with the coy merriment of "Vingt ans."

Percy Danvers kept his eyes riveted on her, and when the song was over he flew to her side, entreating her to sing it again. She refused, hesitated, and then, unable to resist his supplications, yielded and sang another ballad.

Lady Wynmere was in ecstasies; she sat opposite the singer, gently beating time with the tips of her tiny white kid fingers, and dancing delicately on the very edge of her chair. When Polly ceased the room rose as by a common impulse, and as she turned from the piano Squire Barlow and the curate and Mr. Danvers gathered round her, applauding enthusiastically. Colonel Redacre came up, as proud as if he had taken colors from the enemy.

"You didn't do badly, Pussy," he said, pinching the flushed cheek.

"Badly! Malibran couldn't do it as well!" protested the squire; and nobody thought fit to contradict him.

The evening, which had threatened to be rather tame, grew brilliant under the influence of Polly's brilliant gift. She sang again and again.

"My darling, I hardly recognize your voice, it sounds so rich and full," said Mrs. Redacre, joining the group round the young prima donna.

"It is the lofty room, mamma; you know I always sing better in a big room. I feel as if I could not get my voice half out when I sing in a small one."

"You ought to have marble halls to sing in," said Mr. Danvers.

"I should be quite satisfied if I always had halls like these," said Polly, and he led her to a seat.

Nobody had noticed Pearl or paid her the least compliment, though she had played a nocturne of Chopin's exquisitely, and accompanied Polly to perfection, as she always did. There was no leisure to spare from Polly; she filled the whole place; her beauty and her voice held everybody captive—some delighted and willing captives, a few reluctant and rebellious, but all were under the spell.

Mrs. Barlow had offered her carriage to take the Redacres home first, so they took leave a little sooner than the rest.

"It has been a very pleasant evening, has it not, Hugh?" said Alice, as they drove away.

The colonel said he had enjoyed himself.

"And you, my darlings?" said the mother, bending forward.

Pearl kissed her, and smiled back into her face.

"It has been delightful, mamma," said Polly.

The weather was fine, frosty, but of a temper that was trying to

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Balaklava. Nothing upset the colonel more than these sudden jumps from damp to frost, and from frost to damp. For several days after that pleasant little dinner at the Park he was as cross as two sticks, the boys said. There was no quarter to be had in the school-room; for the least mistake in construing their Greek version he was down on them like a thunderbolt; and he would have it that the school-room clock was on wheels, and kept them at it for full five minutes beyond the fair time. Everybody in the house felt the effects of Balaklava's state of nerves, and the only way of escaping from it was to be out as much as possible, for the colonel himself remained in-doors all day. Polly was always safe to be off the moment dinner was over; but she now refused to go out at all. Under pretence of keeping poor papa company, she sat with her work by the fire, and was not to be tempted or bullied into joining the others in their afternoon walk. They were used to letting her have her own way, so she stayed, and nobody but Pearl saw anything suspicious in the stay-at-home fit that was so exceedingly unlike Polly.

Ever since that evening at Lady Wynmere's, now four days ago, a coldness had existed between the sisters. If any one had a right to keep it up, it was Pearl, for she was the one who had been hurt and mortified; but she would have forgiven it all in a moment, if Polly would have let her. But Polly would not. She seemed determined to let Pearl feel that she was displeased and meant to hold her own, as she called it, and it was evidently part of the system to stay at home and punish herself in order to show Pearl that she could be quite happy without her.

But this was not Polly's only motive for remaining indoors all the afternoon: Mr. Danvers might call. It was unaccountable that he had not done so already. He had as good as told her he meant to call the very next day, and four days had now gone by and he had given no sign. It was very rude of him, Polly considered. He owed that mark of civility to her father, if he did not care to come for any other reason.

Stately and beautiful were the castles that Polly had reared on this meeting with the heir of Sir Archibald Danvers. Yet if any one had told her she was speculating on a husband she would have indignantly denied it. Things wear such a different face under different names. Castle-building was a harmless amusement, and might be indulged in without loss of dignity or sacrifice of principle; but it was coarse and sly to play at that sort of thing in reality.

"That child is fretting," said Colonel Redacre, as Polly left the room, where she had been sitting silently over her work for an hour. "Can't you do something to amuse her? It is not right to let her fret; it will tell upon the child's health."

"I fear she feels the change in our position more instead of less," said Alice. "I hoped she was getting reconciled to it, like Pearl; but Polly can't bear a dull life, I see." And the mother sighed.

"She is more sensitive; she takes things to heart more than Pearl. Pearl should exert herself to amuse her and keep her from fretting."

"Pearl does her best; she would carry all our burdens, if she could, poor child! But Polly pines, I fear, for what none of us can give her."

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Polly's uncomplaining silence did not deceive her mother. Mrs. Redacre did not see the visions that were for ever flitting before that foolish brain, but she saw what a different being Polly was at home and when she was in society, and the change that had come over her these last few days was manifest. The mother, too, was disappointed that Mr. Danvers had not called. So was Pearl; and she longed to say so, and find out whether Polly was thinking much about it; but the chill air surrounding Polly just now made all such intimate converse impossible. This was a great trial to Pearl, and she lost herself in endless conjecture as to what the cause of the persistent coldness could be.

"I met Lady Wynmere driving down to the village," said Pearl, coming in from a walk one afternoon. "She wants us to go and lunch to-morrow; Mr. Danvers is to be there."

"Has he not been there this week past?" said Mrs. Redacre, while Polly pricked her ears and waited for the answer.

"No; he was called to London by telegram the day after we met him. His uncle was dying; but he has not died, and Lady Wynmere had a telegram from Mr. Danvers this morning to know if he might come down and finish his visit; she telegraphed back *yes*."

Soon after this Polly said she was dying for a little fresh air and must go for a turn.

"Nobody will care to come—you have all had your constitutionals—but Fritz will take pity on me," she said gaily.

"I will go," said Pearl; "I have only been to the post-office and back. But Fritz can come too; he is sure to be ready for the road."

And so, indeed, Fritz was. He knew by intuition when anybody was going for a walk, and as soon as they crossed the hall there stood Fritz on the door-mat, panting and leaping, his long, pink tongue fluttering with excitement, his tail wagging till the wonder was that it held on.

"We will go down to the canal, shall we?" said Polly; it was a favorite walk of hers.

Pearl would have agreed to go to the moon, if she had proposed, and Fritz was accommodating; one walk was as good as another to him.

"Has Lady Wynmere herself been absent, did she say?" inquired Polly, when Fritz had gone through his preliminary antics, rearing and capering and making believe to bite the flounce of her dress, worrying it and growling ferociously, and finally starting off at a pace.

"She has been confined to her room with neuralgia," said Pearl. "I am glad Mr. Danvers was away. It looked so rude his not calling all this time, if he had been there. Did not you think so?"

"Yes; but I set it down to the fright you gave him about us," said Polly.

"I gave him a fright!"

"About our poverty. He looked quite scared when you said we were so poor that we must stick here all the year round. I couldn't see the necessity for saying it, myself."

"No? Well, perhaps not. But there is no use trying to hide our poverty; and if people are afraid, they had better be warned beforehand and not come near us."

"I don't suppose anybody likes poverty."

"One need not be afraid of it. It is not an infectious disease like

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the small-pox; one can't catch it," said Pearl, laughing. "And as to the people who don't like to come near us on account of it, they can be no loss; we are better without them. Worldly, vulgar-minded people they must be."

"I don't think Mr. Danvers is a vulgar-minded person, though he certainly is a man of the world; but you are evidently of Captain Darvallon's way of thinking—that one ought to flaunt one's poverty in the face of everybody one meets. I hate that sort of thing. It is just as vulgar as boasting of one's money. I can't imagine a gentleman doing it. In fact, I am sure no gentleman would."

"I don't agree with you there," said Pearl.

"No; I didn't expect you would. You admire people who go in for heroics; who go through the world bearing aloft a banner with a strange device. I hate that. I hate poverty, and I hate people who pretend to admire it."

"I don't suppose anybody admires it for itself," said Pearl; "but one may admire people for bearing it bravely, for making use of it as a vital force in their lives, instead of lying down and being crushed by it."

"Vital force—vital fiddlestick! I wish you would not talk such stuff to me. I don't understand big words, and, once for all, I *hate* heroics."

"Don't let us quarrel about them, at any rate," said Pearl; "I am not heroic enough to bear that, Polly." Her voice was full of tears, though she kept them out of her eyes. What misery was there to be compared to this, if Polly was going to hate her and to keep up this current of ill will between them? And Pearl was so conscious of having done her very best to disarm her! Inexperienced as she was in human nature, she had felt instinctively that there is nothing so hard to bear, so difficult to forgive, as the memory of our own wrong-doing written in the eyes of one who loves us and forgives it. She was finding out gradually that Polly's love was not magnanimous enough for this; that the burden was fretting her self-love and undermining her sisterly affection. If a noble act of kindness does not penetrate our heart, sweetening it to the core, it rankles on the surface, an offence to our vanity. And so the world is full of ingrates.

Happily, Fritz was there to make a break in the silence between the two sisters. He trotted on by their side for one while, and the next darted off frantically after a shadow or a stick; then galloped back again, with the prey or without it, as might be; now he was seized with a sudden desire to catch his tail, and was stopped in the pursuit of that feat by the distant rumble of a cart or the cawing of a rook high up in the trees.

The canal was wrinkled with tiny wavelets, that broke with a sea-like wash against the bank, where Fritz stooped to drink, cautiously feeling his footing in the treacherous grasses that fell over the water's edge. The breeze rose up and swept the palm-reeds that were planted thickly on one side of the canal.

"How pretty they are!" said Pearl. "Their buds look like the silver mountings of a flute; do they not?" Polly turned a lazy glance upon the flutes, that rose and fell in serried ranks as the wind passed over them, sighing and whispering; but she made no answer to Pearl's

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poetic little appeal. The rooks rose up from the meadows, first twos and threes, then all the flock, till the air was black with them as they sped away in the rose-colored sunset.

"I'm afraid it is growing cold for you, Pol; would you like to turn back?" said Pearl.

"Just as you like," said Polly; but she turned back at once, and they walked home at a brisker pace.

No one made any further attempt at conversation but Fritz; but he gave it up in despair after a while, for even a dog can't converse all by himself.

When the sisters went up to take off their things Pearl threw her arms round Polly.

"Don't let us quarrel, darling," she said in a tender, beseeching voice. "We can't afford to do that, can we?"

"You need not have reminded me of it; I think of it every hour in the day."

"O Polly, Polly! you know I never meant that," cried Pearl, struck to the heart.

But Polly made no answer, only let Pearl's arms fall from her, and then, with her head erect and her face set, walked out of the room.

Pearl flung herself on the little white bed, sobbing.

"What am I to do? This is dreadful! I wish I could go away! She will end by hating me."

She lay awake that night, thinking what she could do. There was only one thing for it: she and Polly should separate. But how was this to be?

"I wish she had never told me. It would have been better for us both. I thought that it would have made the secret less bitter to her, my knowing it; but I see it makes it worse. She fancies I am always reproaching her. Yet how can she think that? She ought to know me better."

Pearl ought to have known Polly better; but she judged her by her own heart. "Love begets love" is, like other axioms, only true in degree. The love of a noble nature flows into a selfish one without drawing forth any responsive nobleness, just as the wave flows on the sand beach, and is sucked in, and brings forth no flowers.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISITOR.

THERE was no cooking to do this morning; they were all going to lunch with Lady Wynmere, the boys being specially included in the invitation, so Pearl sat in the drawing-room, like a fine lady, working. Polly was there too. She was untiring at her needle, making and mending late and early, and she seemed to like it. She did like it, in fact. Mme. de Staël declared that none but a *femme passionnée* could live alone; but she left the needle out of the reckoning when she said that. In her day, it is true, literary women were apt to despise their needle; the pen usurped its place. Mme. de Staël herself ignored it contemptuously in summing up the helps and comforts of a woman's life; yet what could the women who suffer from *ennui* do without its company? A needle is better company than a fire; its regular click has a regulating effect on one's nerves and one's limbs; it keeps one quiet; it helps one to think, and dreaming is no loss of time

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while the needle runs busily on. When Polly plied it her face wore a satisfied, attentive look. Sometimes the expression was concentrated to hardness, as she sat stitching, stitching; but it was more often sad, and sadness on that lovely face sat very touchingly. She was tired of life before life had begun; and there is no story more pathetic than this on a young face.

Mrs. Redacre was writing at the farther end of the large room, large enough to admit of conversation at one end without disturbing readers or writers at the other. But the sisters were not conversing; they were silently absorbed in their work. Polly's hands were full of soft white and blue wools, out of which she was weaving a shawl for her mother—very becoming work, and suitable for a drawing-room. Pearl had a basketful of stockings before her, and was quilting the needle through a coarse pair of woollen socks of the boys, when suddenly Fritz began to bark, and in a minute Lance put his head in at the drawing-room door. "A visitor! A gentleman coming down by the beach walk," he said, and shut the door again.

Polly flushed up.

"Hide away those stockings!" she said in a flutter of excitement. "It is Mr. Danvers."

"Well, what harm will the stockings do him? I suppose he wears stockings, and knows that they must be mended," said Pearl, laughing.

"He is not accustomed to see them in a drawing-room; do put them away, Pearl, to please me!"

Pearl drew out her hand and dropped the blue sock into the pile, and was in the act of carrying off the basket to hide it behind a sofa, when the door was flung open by Lance and the visitor entered. Both the girls started; Pearl let the basket drop, and all the stockings poured out on the carpet.

"Captain Darvallon!"

Mrs. Redacre came forward to greet him. "What a pleasant surprise! Who should have thought of it? Lance, tell your papa that Captain Darvallon is here." And Lance flew to do the maternal bidding, for it meant an end of schoolroom for that day.

"It is very indiscreet of me to come at this hour, but I only arrived by the 12.30 train, and I wanted to pay my respects to you, madame, in your own house, before I had the pleasure of meeting you at Lady Wynmere's."

He was addressing himself wholly to Mrs. Redacre, after shaking hands, English fashion, with her daughters. Pearl was still standing with the fallen basket at her feet, flushed, beaming, utterly forgetful of the disgrace of being caught amongst the stockings. Hers was a telltale face, and Polly, who was not absorbed by strong personal emotion, was reading it with mixed feelings. It was all so sudden that she hardly knew what predominated in her mind—the surprise of the apparition, her pleasure in the diversion it would make, or her amazement at its effect upon Pearl.

Colonel Redacre came in at once and gave the Frenchman a cordial welcome.

"I am better pleased to see you than I can say. But how do you come here? How did you find us out? Are you staying at the Park?"

"I am here for a few days' shooting. Lady Wynmere was kind enough to invite me down with Mr. Danvers."

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Captain Darvallon did not think it necessary to say how diplomatically he had finessed to get this invitation sent to him through Percy Danvers. They were soon in high conversation about every one in Paris, the colonel delighted to have a man in the house, and a man whom he particularly liked; but there was not much time to lose, for lunch was at half-past one at Lady Wynmere's. The ladies had to hurry off for their bonnets, and then the party sallied forth together to the Park.

Why had not Mr. Danvers come with him? Polly had been asking herself this from the moment Captain Darvallon had entered the drawing-room, and she could find no answer to it, except that he had not cared to come.

When they got to the house—a large, white house, with a portico and Corinthian pillars—there were two riding horses at the door; Miss Barlow was on one, and her groom, who had alighted from the other, was assisting her to dismount.

"How tiresome!" muttered Polly.

"How well that girl looks in the saddle!" said Colonel Redacre. "I thought her rather plain the other evening."

"Every woman looks well on horseback, especially Englishwomen," said Captain Darvallon. "Do these young ladies ride much?"

"We don't ride at all," said Pearl; "we have no horses, I am sorry to say."

"Then you are in no danger of breaking your necks following the hounds, as so many young ladies are tempted to do in this country."

"There you are at your old theory of compensations, I see," said the colonel.

Mr. Danvers came to meet them in the hall, which Polly was quick to notice he had not done for Miss Barlow, though he must have seen her riding up the avenue before he caught sight of the party from the Hollow. There was no eagerness in his manner of greeting herself, but he accidentally sat next her at lunch, and entered at once into an explanation as to why he had not called.

"I am afraid you thought it odd of me," he said.

"I did not think about it at all," replied Polly.

Mr. Danvers inwardly observed that the girl had a spirit of her own, and admired her the more for it.

"What is this about Kingspring having lost his money?" said Colonel Redacre from the other end of the table.

"I'm sorry to say it is true," said Mr. Danvers; "it was all, or nearly all, in X. Y. Z.'s bank, and they have stopped payment. I believe it is a complete smash; but I don't know particulars."

"I am heartily sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Redacre, suspending all interest in her knife and fork, and looking deeply distressed.

"How unkind of him not to have written to us!" exclaimed Pearl, her face expressing a more emotional sympathy. "When did it happen?"

"Only a few days ago. I wrote to him at once, and I had a line saying he would be in London next week."

"Then I hope he will come down and see us," said Pearl. "I am so sorry!"

"He will have to leave Paris now, I suppose?" said Polly. "He won't like that at all."

"He won't like anything about it," said Mr. Danvers; "but Kingspring is not a man of expensive

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tastes; he will be able to rough it better than most of us."

"That may be," said the colonel; "but roughing it is never a pleasant thing to any of us."

"I am so sorry!" Pearl said again under her breath. No one heard her but Captain Darvallon.

"Yes," he said, "one must be sorry. It is a severe blow to a man to be thrown suddenly from affluence into poverty; but Mr. Kingspring is young yet, and he is intelligent, and he has education and health to fall back on; he is not so badly equipped for the fight as many another."

"I can't imagine him fighting," said Pearl; "he is just the last person I know whom I can fancy doing anything for his living. In fact, I don't see what he *could* do."

"I hope you do him a wrong there. He must be a poor sort of man who can't make head in some way against an adverse fate. I don't believe a man of that stamp could ever have won the privilege of being your friend. I don't forget that you gave him that name."

"I wish it were worth something to him."

"It will be worth a great deal. A thing that is precious in itself must always be of value to its possessor. I don't forget that you gave me leave to call myself your friend. Have you forgotten it?"

"No."

Pearl was angry with herself for blushing as she said this, and for feeling such a thrill of pleasure just at the moment when she ought to have been only conscious of pain for Mr. Kingspring.

Polly, meantime, had her eyes upon her, and noticed the change in Captain Darvallon's tone, and the slight movement of his head downwards, as he uttered the words which had called the pink into Pearl's cheek. What could they be saying to one another that looked so confidential? Her father and Lady Wynmere and the others were all talking about the failure of X. Y. Z., so the lowered tones of the Frenchman and Pearl were quite covered. Mr. Danvers was sanguine that things were not so bad as they looked; things never were as bad as they looked at first, and Kingspring was not such a fool as to have put all his eggs in one basket, and he was sure to have some money invested elsewhere. Mr. Danvers had many other consolatory suggestions to make about it, and everybody was so anxious to believe in them that they all cheered up and hoped they were true. But what could Pearl be saying to bring that strange look into Captain Darvallon's face?—a look of tenderness and pity and annoyance. It was a grave, in one sense a stern, face, but mobile and expressing strongly every varying emotion of the mind. Pearl was speaking rapidly, as if hurrying to get something out under cover of the animated talk just then going on; she was flushed and turned slightly towards Captain Darvallon, but she spoke without raising her eyes, which were fixed upon her plate, while his were bent upon her with an expression of more than common sympathy and interest. They were no ordinary remarks on Pearl's side that were calling that ardent, pitying glance into the deep gray eyes. What could she be saying?

"And so you never ride? That is a pity," remarked Mr. Danvers.

"Yes, it is a privation; but papa does not care to keep horses now," said Polly.

"Yet one wants them more in

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the country than in town." Then, remembering, he added: "That is, when one is not a good walker; but I dare say Colonel Redacre is."

"Sometimes. It depends on his rheumatism."

"Lady Wynmere would be delighted to mount you, if you cared for a ride," said Mr. Danvers presently.

"I dare say, she is so good-natured; but I have no one to ride with me."

"I should be proud if you would accept me as an escort while I remain."

"Thank you; but, now I think of it, there are no saddle-horses here, are there?"

"Yes, there are; I am going to ride one back to Mr. Barlow's place by and by."

Early next morning there came a note from Lady Wynmere to Polly:

"MY DEAR MISS REDACRE: Would you not like a ride this fine day? If so, Mr. Danvers will be delighted to play squire to you, and will be at the Hollow at half-past twelve with a quiet saddle-horse which I can safely recommend, though I dare say you are a spirited horsewoman and capable of managing a spirited animal. Yours sincerely,

MATHILDE WYNMERE.

"P.S. I shall expect you to come back here to lunch."

"You will go, my pet; a canter will do you good," said Colonel Redacre.

"Oh! yes, it will be delightful. It is what I have been longing for, papa!" And Polly got ready, and stood equipped in her habit and hat punctually as Mr. Danvers and the groom rode up. It was quite an excitement seeing her mount; the boys broke loose from school, and Colonel Redacre was a boy himself in his enjoyment of the unexpected incident, lifting Polly into her saddle, and arranging the folds of her habit with that tender conceit he displayed on occasions that set off his darling's beauty and accomplishments.

Mr. Danvers made a good pendant to the graceful young Amazon, he was so tall and good-looking—too good-looking, Pearl thought—but he showed to great advantage on his spirited bay horse. Fritz, of course, was to the fore, demeaning himself like a crazy dog, as he always did when in the company of horses, flying at their legs, which he bit savagely at a safe distance; for, being a bully, needless to say he was a bit of a coward. The boys swung back the gate, and Polly rode away. At the end of the avenue she sent back a kiss from the top of her riding-whip to the group at the door, and then the riders broke into a canter and disappeared. As they passed the Park lodge (Lady Wynmere's) they saw Captain Darvallon coming down from the house. He raised his hat in the distance.

"He is a very nice fellow, Darvallon," said Mr. Danvers when they drew rein at the rising ground. "I made a mistake when I said he was odd."

"I can't say I admire him as much as you all seem to do," said Polly; "he gives me the idea of being a hero, and I don't like heroes. I'm afraid of them."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I don't go in for that line myself at all; but I thought young ladies always did—at least, that they always expected us poor devils to do so. I suspect that is why Darvallon is such a favorite with them."

"Is he that? I wasn't aware of it. Why did he not come for a ride? He thought it was more heroic to walk, perhaps?"

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"He thought it pleasanter; at any rate he said he did, for I asked him to come with us."

"I had no idea Lady Wynmere had so many saddle-horses," said Polly.

"One wants them in a country-house. People can't always bring their own horses. What a pretty bit of landscape that is!" he continued, pointing with his whip to a spot where the ground rose beyond the river, with a windmill turning slowly on a hillock. "One might make a good sketch out of that. Are you fond of sketching?"

"I should be if I knew how; but I don't. Mamma draws beautifully."

"Get her to do that view one of these days when the spring is a little more advanced."

"Yes, when the trees have got their foliage well out; buds make no effect in a landscape. Shall we put our steeds to a canter? What a splendid one yours is, by the way!"

"You think so? I bought him only ten days ago of Lord X——; he is a first-rate hunter."

"Then it is your own? I was wondering if Lady Wynmere kept such horses for chance riders." Then, a suspicion suddenly dawning on her, she said, "Is this one of hers that I am riding?"

"No; that is mine too. I always bring down two with me."

Polly tossed her head.

"I call that very shabby behavior to cheat me into believing it was Lady Wynmere who was mounting me."

"What does it signify whose horse it is? You are not angry, are you?"

No, she was not angry. She was too much flattered to be angry; but she was not going to own this to Mr. Danvers. She touched her horse with the whip, and away they went at a gallop, and there was little more opportunity for conversation till they turned and took the road homewards.

"Is that Colonel Redacre standing under the hedge?" said Mr. Danvers, as they came in sight of the Hollow at the top of the long, winding road that led down to it; he pulled out a glass and stuck it in his eye to assist his dull perception.

"I don't see anybody. Oh! yes," as her horse strode a few yards further to the left. "No, that is not papa; that is Captain Darvallon."

"And that is your sister, is it not?"

Polly checked an exclamation of surprise. Yes, it was Pearl. The two were standing within a few steps of one another, talking earnestly; he took her hand and held it for a moment, and then she turned away and entered the Hollow grounds. Captain Darvallon's tall figure remained rooted to the spot, surveying her from above the hedge until she disappeared; then, as if reluctantly, he walked on and struck across the meadow up to Lady Wynmere's house.

Polly's first impulse was one of loyalty to Pearl; she could not bear that Mr. Danvers should suspect her sister of stealing out to a clandestine meeting with Captain Darvallon. Yet how was she to clear her of this suspicion in his eyes?

"I think they would have done better to come with us for a ride," she said, speaking with as unconcerned an air as she could assume. "That is, Captain Darvallon would; but perhaps he is too proud to ride as he is to drink champagne at his friend's expense"

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"I don't think that was what made him refuse; he would have said so if it were. He is evidently a man who has no *mauvaise honte*. He has the strongest individuality of any man I ever met, the least impressed by other people's opinions. I mean they don't seem to have the smallest influence on his; and the odd thing is that he ends by making you think he is right. In fact, he is right when one comes to think of it."

"To think of what?"

"Of the way the world judges things—the sort of sham that it makes nine people out of ten keep up, pretending to be what they are not, and to believe what they don't believe. Darvallon has a quiet way of showing it up and making one feel such a fool for being gulled by it all—that is, for behaving as if one were gulled; for in reality one sees through the sham just as well as he does."

"The world would be a very disagreeable place for all that if everybody took to showing it up," said Polly.

"I don't think we have much to fear in that direction," replied Mr. Danvers, laughing. "Reformers are few and far between; we are in no danger of being overrun by them."

"That is a mercy! I hate reformers."

"Naturally."

"Why so?" She looked slightly nettled.

"Because you don't want to be reformed. If the rest of the world were like you, reformers would have nothing to do and would have no right to be; we should all hate them."

Polly smiled, pacified by the explanation, and still more by the sincere admiration written on Mr. Danvers' face as he offered it. He was very handsome, very gentlemanlike, and she had fancied him quite of her own way of thinking about things; honorable, amiable, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of this world, hating poverty and respecting all that was respectable; she assumed that they were kindred spirits, in fact. But she was beginning to doubt it now. All this about the superiority of M. Darvallon's views of life was much more in Pearl's line than hers. And Pearl—what was Mr. Danvers thinking of her? Polly would have been vexed and touched if she had known that this digression about the French hussar's individuality was merely a blind to persuade her that he had not noticed anything in the fact of M. Darvallon's standing out there under the hedge with Pearl. In reality he had been almost as much shocked at it as Polly, and it had gone far to shake his faith in the sincerity of Darvallon's fine theories. Not that Mr. Danvers was himself at all puritanical or straitlaced; he would have voted any man a muff who, having the opportunity of standing under a hedge with a pretty girl, would have let it slip, and he might with a clear conscience have declared that he himself had never neglected such an opportunity. But here the circumstances were different. Captain Darvallon was a Frenchman, and Mr. Danvers knew enough of French life to understand the enormous difference that existed on certain points between the men of each nation; in the next place, Darvallon was a mere recent acquaintance of the Redacres, and to have jumped so rapidly into the position of a lover argued a great many things that told heavily against him in Percy Danvers' esti-

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mation. As to Pearl's share in the matter, he did not like to think of it. He was disappointed. She had given him the idea of a very different type of girl; he had fancied her a proud, gentle creature of peculiarly fine texture; but apparently her haughty maidenhood was as much a sham as Darvallon's philosophy and scorn for the things beloved of common men.

"Have you had a nice ride?" said Lady Wynmere, standing under the portico to see them alight. Captain Darvallon was there too.

"Delightful!" And Polly kissed the little lady, and then turned to pat the tall black mare that had borne her so gently.

"I saw you cantering across the common," said M. Darvallon; "you made a very striking object in the landscape, I can assure you."

"I have no doubt. You ought to have sketched us," said Mr. Danvers.

Polly said nothing, but swept past M. Darvallon, snatching at her skirt hastily when he would have gathered it up for her. He saw that she was offended, but he understood nothing.

"Who is this? Helen Barlow! How kind of her to come again to-day!" exclaimed Lady Wynmere, as the young lady rode up with her groom; but there was something in the tone of her little flute-like voice that did not sound at all grateful. She was a nice, cheerful girl, Helen Barlow, natural and good-natured, but a little fatiguing from her loud laugh, Lady Wynmere said.

"I hope I am not wearing out my welcome, dear Lady Wynmere; but mamma insisted on my coming over with a message from her, so that I might bring back the answer at once." Helen handed a three-cornered note to Lady Wynmere, and then shook hands with everybody.

"Very kind of your mamma indeed!" said the little lady. "Mrs. Barlow wants to give a dance while you two gentlemen are here, and she asks what day will suit us all best. This is Wednesday; suppose we say Saturday?" And she looked round inquiringly at her guests.

The gentlemen protested that they meant to take leave of her on Saturday morning; but this she dismissed with a peremptory wave of her tiny hand. Helen Barlow then suggested that Saturday was a bad day, because they would have to break up so early on account of Sunday. After some discussion it was settled that the dance should be on Monday.

"You will all consider yourselves engaged," said Helen in her loud, cheerful tones, "but you will receive your invitations in due form this afternoon."

When lunch was over she begged the horses might be brought round at once, as it was desirable the invitations should be sent out without the delay of a post.

"The country is not like Paris, you see, Miss Redacre; people want a little notice to furbish up their dress. You have been riding. You don't feel inclined to take another trot and see me home?"

"Thank you; I don't feel equal to another expedition to-day."

Lady Wynmere knew, as did Mr. Danvers, that this invitation was more to him than to Polly, and that he could not decline it with quite so good a grace; but she came to the rescue by saying that the horses would not be ready to start again so soon.

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When Miss Barlow had been mounted and sent on her way with all due ceremony, the two gentlemen lighted their cigars and went for a stroll in the park, while Polly sat with Lady Wynmere, waiting till the carriage came round to take her home, and Lady Wynmere for her usual drive.

"She is a good girl; you need not be afraid of her, though she is a little overpowering," said her ladyship when they were alone.

"Is she the one who was engaged?" inquired Polly.

"Yes; that is the mistake Mrs. Barlow makes, allowing Helen to ride about the country with the young men who are staying in the house, and to follow the hounds, and all that. She ought to make her keep quiet for a couple of years. The engagement and the breaking off of it made a great sensation."

"But you say she was not a bit in love with him; that it was ambition made her accept Lord X——?" said Polly.

"I don't believe she cared a straw for him; I don't believe any girl could be in love with him."

"Then why should she behave as if her heart had been broken?"

"She owed it to his position, my dear," replied the little lady with a demure face. "If he had been an ordinary man it would have been different; but even to be jilted by a peer gives a certain prestige to a girl that she ought to live up to for the rest of her life. Whoever she marries now, she can always look back upon the fact that she might have been married to a nobleman."

Polly's sapphire eyes opened in wonder which the least touch would have made explode in laughter; but luckily the servant came to say that the carriage was at the door.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.

VIII. METHOD FOR THE EXECUTION OF THE CHANT.

We have at length reached that stage of our discussion at which it is incumbent upon us to treat more closely the method for the practical execution of the liturgical chant. The principles we are about to put forth are derived from conversations we have had with professional musicians, and from two pamphlets entitled *Le plain-chant, son exécution* and *Méthode raisonnée du plain-chant, par l'Abbé Gontier*. But especially a long sojourn in a community which is perhaps the only one that reckons the cultivation and practice of the holy chant among the most sacred duties of its vocation has aided us in forming clear and thoroughly satisfactory views upon the liturgical chant, and in establishing our convictions with perfect certainty, since they rest upon the authority of the church and the nature of the subject, upon historical researches and personal experience.

We must first remind our readers of what we said in the beginning, that it is of far greater moment to

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establish a correct method of executing the chant than to ascertain the genuine versions, and that these without such a method are like a book that no one knows how to read. Men of scientific eminence have with learning and toil followed up the thread of tradition as far as it is traceable, in order to find out the versions agreeing most closely with those of St. Gregory, but the deeper their researches the more difficulties they encountered. They became involved in hieroglyphics of which they sought in vain for the key, because it was no longer extant. In fact, it never existed save in the practice and memories of the faithful, and an explanation can be obtained, and that with great difficulty, only from certain later notations, such as that of Guido. The thankworthy labors, therefore, of scientific critics in this department have indeed partly preserved, partly restored to fame, a venerable old relic, but they could not infuse into that grand old memorial of Christian genius a new soul and life, for manuscripts cannot sing.

How, then, are we to find out whether a given method of executing the Gregorian chant is the correct one? We shall sum up what we believe to be the necessary tokens of correctness. If the method brings out musical beauties beyond the capabilities of other methods; if it exhibits and puts in practice the traditional marks of a correct execution, without in any respect clashing with the authoritative utterances of the great masters in this department; if its rules, naturally avoiding individual taste and caprice, always follow as logical consequences, theoretically as well as practically, from a natural principle, from the nature and essence of the liturgical chant itself; if, in fine, it gives us in full measure the guarantees and results upon which we have laid so much stress in our earlier chapters, then without doubt it must be the correct method. With regard to the desired results we must appeal to our personal experience, which, however, we are restrained from describing by our conviction that one can get a satisfactory idea of the right way of executing the chant only by hearing it one's self and by long practice in it. We must acknowledge, moreover, that without our favorable advantages of taking an active part in singing the chant, and of many talks with competent men who spared no pains in God's honor to teach us the beauties of the chant by singing to us and making us sing after them, it would have remained to us, in spite of all our studies of appropriate books, a hidden mystery. This assertion will not seem strange if we reflect that all the old authors, such as Hucbald, Guido of Arezzo, John de Muris, etc., who have laid down methods of execution, declare with one voice that their rules are not of themselves sufficient to teach any one to sing the chant; it must be heard and sung by the learner for a long time. The Gregorian chant is, in fact, a language which one can as little learn by mere rules as a man can learn to speak a foreign tongue, simply with the help of a grammar and dictionary, without practising conversation. Such a one, however perfect his method may be, will certainly have an awkward accent and a faulty pronunciation. It is necessary to live among those who speak the language in order to be able to speak it correctly, and to understand and

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express all its finer shades of meaning.

This is confirmed by the first of the pamphlets alluded to above. Gontier starts out by explaining the course he pursued in his search for the true rhythm of the chant. He sang a great deal according to both ancient and modern notations, and considered this of the first importance. He listened to the execution of the chant in the principal churches where it was in use, but especially in those religious communities whose vocation included the cultivation of the chant, and whose knowledge of its principles, whose respect for traditions, and whose spirit of prayer enabled them to understand the music of the liturgy. In the course of his investigation he was led to study chiefly those pieces of chant which are beyond the influence of the systems and methods of modern music, and have been preserved in the church by an unchangeable tradition, such as the Prefaces, the *Pater Noster*, and the other music in the rite of the Mass. By applying their natural execution, their free recitative movement, to the other parts of the chant his method was formed. It is the only method which perfectly fits in with the old notations of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. In these notations, moreover, he found a written rhythm of which the new notation gives us no evidence, and he therefore came to the conclusion that if we wish to restore the old chant we must adopt the old notation.

His next aim was to find for his method a scientific basis in the very nature of the liturgical music, and then to deduce practical rules as natural consequences from the results obtained experimentally, and in this way he attained his object. These two pamphlets are lacking, it is true, in logical system and clearness in the exposition of the author's principles, thus giving to the truths contained in them a greater appearance of newly-made discoveries or inspirations just received and awaiting further elucidation; but, nevertheless, we must thankfully acknowledge that, owing to the author's superior advantages, they have given us more help and shed more light on the question than any other modern works we have met with.

Let us now go more minutely into the subject of the present chapter. When music is spoken of at the present day, the reference is generally to modern music, with its divisions of measure, its long and short notes, its harmony and time, its ingenious combinations of tones and chords—in short, with all that genius has devised for the perfecting of musical art. This is what was called by the old masters "musica figurativa, musica mensurabilis, cantus longis brevibusque temporibus mensuratus." But there is another and older kind of music upon which this is based, a music in which measure in the modern sense is unknown, and which consists of a natural recitation—in every sense a primitive and purely natural music ("naturali modulatione constans," "genus musicæ primum et naturale," "musica omnino naturalis"—St. Odo). In this music the notes have no definite length, but this must be determined by good taste, the characters being intended less to express the duration of the note than to give its pitch (cantus planus notis incerti valoris constitutus). The latter we shall call once for all *natural* and the former *artificial* music, though not in the

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sense that one is the development and perfection of the other. We choose these terms because they most perfectly express the idea we wish to convey. For were we to prefer with Gontier to call the two kinds of music *prosaic* and *poetical*, it would seem as if the poetic movement were exclusively a mark of measured music. The terminology formerly preferred, of *plain* and *figured* music, may lead to the mistake that the chief difference between them is that the one is more limited and simple in its movements, while the other gives more pleasure by the diversity and variety of its intervals. The most expressive words would perhaps be *free* and *measured*, if it were not that, like so many other terms, they imply only certain peculiarities of each kind of music, without giving us the whole idea. We shall, therefore, for the present keep to the words *natural* and *artificial*, or the music of nature and the music of art, though we shall always be ready and willing to adopt others that may be suggested as more completely conveying the meaning; for the meaning is of the first importance, the words employed but a secondary consideration.

The whole field of music may be divided, then, into two main parts, natural and artificial music, which cannot be too strictly separated. As the confused notions that at present prevail concerning them may be ascribed to a misapprehension of their respective laws, the remedy lies in clear and sharp distinctions, which will prevent any trespassing of one on the domain of the other. Only by such limitations will the productions of each department, each in its proper place, be duly appreciated at their proper worth.

By natural music, then, we understand that primitive music which is as old as the world itself, as natural as the word that is spoken, and like the gift of speech bestowed upon man by the Creator; that music or musical language which primeval man made use of as often as he desired to converse with God and pour out before him his joys and sorrows, his prayers and thanksgivings. It is well known that the ancients always sang their addresses to the Deity. The reader will recall what we have said about the manner of prayer among the ancient Hebrews. We may refer also to the choruses of Æschylus and Sophocles, and to the ancient tragedy in general, which was intended as an act of divine worship. Even to-day among people living in a state of nature, and throughout the East, the language of prayer takes the form of song, as in the singing recitation of the Koran. Every one who has travelled in the Holy Land has often heard this singing of prayers. We were told by a pilgrim of a Turkish child who gave vent to his grief at the grave of his parents in the most plaintive and touching melodies, which the nasal quality of his voice could not rob of the charm of naturalness; and not long since it was looked upon as a great curiosity that the ambassadors from Anam delivered their message to the courts of France and Spain by singing it. The laws of this music are based upon the natural capacity of men, and are characterized by a naturalness which excludes everything merely conventional. This music is found in its lowest form among barbaric nations, or those that have sunk back into barbarism, and it reaches its most splendid development in the Gregorian chant.

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On the other hand, artificial music is not a primitive production that has been discovered, but, as it were, a second creation of the human genius, in which art is added to nature. It is more modern than natural music, and inferior to it (plana musica mensurabilem præcedit tamquam principalis subalternativam), and differs from it chiefly in that it is based upon conventionally-established laws, and is natural only in so far as all art and activity of genius must depend upon the gifts of nature.

The germ of this artificial element that invaded music lay in harmony. Harmony once invented, it was no longer enough that the note should express merely the pitch and modulation of the voice, but it was further required that it should have a regular, mathematical, and proportionate time-value, which is based not upon the natural modulation and recitation, but upon the mutual relation of the tones in one and the same harmonic chord. Thus was established the fundamental principle of conventional or artificial music. The invention of harmony is ascribed, how correctly we will not attempt to decide, to Guido of Arezzo. At all events, it is certain that it was first cultivated to any considerable extent in his time—*i.e.*, in the eleventh century—although some will have it that Hucbald, in the ninth or tenth century, furnished the groundwork of the future inventions.

The next requirement of harmonized music was satisfied by the invention of a certain measure of time, which also did not arise from the natural recitation of the text, and which, on account of its intimate connection with harmony, is necessarily dependent upon it either wholly or in part. Its inventor, according to the common opinion, was Franco of Cologne in the thirteenth century, and not, as some suppose, the one who in the eleventh century gave the definition: "Est cantus longis brevibusque temporibus mensuratus . . . in omni parte tempore mensuratur."

These new principles once introduced, they gained a constantly-widening influence, and gradually took possession of every branch of music; the natural rhythm was displaced by the artificial measure, the natural diatonic tonality by the artificially-divided chromatic scale —in short, the music of nature was superseded by an artificial music based upon conventional laws, whose highest development is found in counterpoint. These considerations seem to us not a little adapted to show the unsuitableness of a mixture of natural and artificial music. And it is here to be remarked that whereas artificial music seldom suffers by being thus put into a closer relation with nature, natural music is always injured by the combination, because it is rendered unnatural by laws that are purely conventional, and its freedom is fettered by the use of the measure.

To correctly estimate the opposition that there is between the two kinds of music we must lay special stress upon a previous remark: that artificial music is in no sense natural music brought to perfection. The latter has its own inherent principle of progress and perfectibility, which is contained in its laws derived from the natural capacities of man, while artificial music is dependent upon conventional rules. Natural music can be improved without being rendered ar-

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tificial, in the same way that prose can be perfected without becoming poetry, or, to borrow an illustration from nature, just as a wood may be greatly improved by cultivation without becoming an artificial pleasure-ground. But it belongs only to the church to perfect her natural music. Beneath her fostering care this music has attained its most beautiful and highest development in the Gregorian chant, which the unnatural recitative of the modern opera tries in vain to imitate. Formally, the most decided improvement has been in the notation, by the substitution for the original *neumata*, which were highly defective, first of letters, and finally of notes with fixed intervals, thus making easy the natural and correct execution. But, materially, its chief development has been the gradual formation of the tones or modes, which, in their adaptability to the text, vary from the tones of the prayers and the most simple syllabic figures of the chant to the most majestic and artistically composed melodies of the Graduals and the versicles of the Alleluias. This progress can only be duly estimated by a consideration of the history of natural music from its origin to its full development. At the present day matters are in such a state of confusion that we can hope for no progress, and will only uselessly waste our efforts, unless we have recourse to the correct conceptions that prevailed of old.

This distinction between natural and artificial music, upon which we have so strongly insisted, and the establishment of which is a *conditio sine qua non* to the theory and practice of the chant, is far from being arbitrary. On the contrary, it is just as reasonable and well founded as the difference between prose and metre, or, better, between the poetry of nature and that of art; and this, perhaps, is the closest analogy we can find. For as natural and artificial poetry both have the divinely-imparted gift of speech as their common foundation, so natural and artificial music have in common another gift of the Creator—the modulation of the voice according to the regular intervals of a scale. Speech, indeed, differs from song only in this: that the musical tones preserve certain calculable intervals which can be reduced to a scale, while the sounds in speech cannot be reduced to such a scale, because the intervals are incalculable. Again, as ideas may be set forth by language in the free, unconstrained form of prose or the measured poetic form, so music may express its ideas in the natural and unconstrained form, or in the artificial form which is restrained by the measure. And, to repeat a remark already made, as prose is capable of a continual development without becoming metre—as, for example, the finest and most elaborately composed oration will never become a poem—so natural music is capable of constant improvement without passing into the constrained form of artificial music. And as the body of grammatical and rhetorical rules that govern prose style are no less scientific and obligatory than those of the poetic form, so the rules and laws of natural music are just as binding as those of artificial. And, again, just as poetic sentiments may be expressed in the form of prose, so the free form of natural music may contain quite as poetical ideas as the measured. Our meaning will be made plain by a reference to the poetical parts of the Old Testament, which contain the

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sublimest poetry ever written, and yet the poetic form, whether versification or rhyme, is entirely wanting. Here the harmony consists in the natural euphony of the language, the rhythm in the natural recitation of the text, as well as in the arrangement of the sentences according to the natural expression of the thought. The same principle dominates in all the productions of natural poetry, whether of antiquity or of the middle age.

As poetry, then, does not depend upon the poetic or prosaic form, so musical merit is not determined by the measured or unmeasured form. And as man is ever able to give poetic expression to great and noble thoughts without binding himself to the conventional laws of quantity or metre, so also he can express the calm or the spirited, the gentle or the sublime, emotions of the soul in a natural modulation of the voice, without being guided by the laws of measure and harmony. And, further, the prosaic form itself is not lacking in the beauties which the poetic form possesses; on the contrary, it employs them in greater profusion, but distributes them freely without regard to conventional rules, just as the soul gives them utterance. Prose, too, has its own measure and rhythm, but its feet are hidden ("numeri quodammodo latent"); its syllables are not arranged at random, but according to their value, although this is immeasurable ("incerti valoris"); its sentences and clauses are separated from each other, though not arranged in verses of equal feet; although it has no iambi, spondees, or dactyls, it has sounds equivalent to them ("numeri latent"); it has harmonious cadences, but no studied rhymes; in short, good prose has all the formal beauty and rhythmic harmony of poetry, perhaps in a higher degree, only it is ruled not by conventional laws but by the natural judgment of the ear bestowed upon man by the Creator, of which Cicero says: "Aurium est quoddam admirabile judicium, quo indicantur in vocis cantibus varietas sonorum, intervalla, distinctio et vocis genera multa." Now, like the prose form of language, natural music is by no means wanting in the formal beauty possessed by the artificial. Its notes have a value, though not a measured one, but rather dependent upon the value of each particular syllable; its phrases are divided, though not by a definite number of bars, but according to the thought expressed by the words or music; it has also a harmony, but this consists in the combination of its tones and melodies, in the pleasing sound of its cadences based upon a natural rhythm.

For while artificial music, by the harmonization of each note, produces as many distinct miniature forms of harmony as there are notes, the perfectly-developed natural music, by depriving each note of its individual independence, makes it serve for a greater end, giving us a sublime kind of harmony by the wonderful yet natural combinations of its phrases and periods; just as in speech the harmony is not in the syllables or words, but in the sentences and periods; or as good elocution does not consist in dividing words into syllables or in spelling, but in a connected and well-accented pronunciation; or, finally, as the harmony of nature does not consist in nicely-designed parterres, nor in trees and plants trimmed and set out in rows, but in the diversified

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yet well-ordered grouping of hill and vale, of field and forest, so that each individual object almost escapes our notice, while in its place it does good service with the others in making up a harmonious whole.

Harmony is based, as physics teaches, upon a natural law—viz., upon the vibration of the waves of sound. According to this law, the mathematical ratio of the vibrations of a string forms the basis of the various consonant or dissonant tones or chords. Now, while in artificial music the dominant tone rendered by the singing voice is accompanied in every note by its consonant tones rendered by instruments or auxiliary voices, so that there are as many chords as there are single tones, and thus the free modulation of the voice is hindered, natural music, resting upon the same law of vibration, strives to make harmonies by the modulation of the voice alone moving in certain modes. It does not give to each note its own harmony; it employs it only to bring out, in union with other notes, certain figures of sound which, because they are limited to one or another of the modes, form the purest and most natural harmonies. Thus natural music, even in its harmony, is superior to artificial. In general it is superior in musical unity and clearness; for while in artificial music the singing voice, the predominant element in the piece, is constantly in danger of being drowned out by the accompanying harmony, in good compositions of natural music it preserves its independence and natural freedom as the vehicle of the musical thought, and is gracefully surrounded and ornamented by the accompanying notes, as was the wand of Thyrsus by the tendrils of the vine. Accordingly this natural harmonization has the inestimable superiority in this: that it does not hinder the natural movement which is in keeping with the thought of the piece, but rather supports it, facilitating, not destroying, the due understanding of it, just as gesture illustrates and makes plain the meaning of the spoken word. Herein chiefly lies the mystery of the powerful impression produced by the unisonous chant when well executed—an impression far stronger than any that harmonized measured music could produce. Therefore natural music is no more lacking in harmonies than is artificial; its single notes, though each unharmonized, are the component elements of harmonic figures incomparably more sublime. We shall see later on that, with its *eight* different tones or modes, it exhibits a greater variety, and is therefore much richer in harmony, than is artificial music, which has only *two*. To borrow an illustration from sculpture, we may liken the harmony of natural music to the rich drapery of a beautiful statue. If we take each fold by itself it appears of little importance, almost meaningless. Yet it has its place, in which it is indispensable. There is no need that the artist should draw particular attention to it, for the real beauty and highest exercise of his art lies in the apparent neglect of details, so as to fix the attention upon the groups of folds, that it may rise from this to the general effect of the whole garment. These rules for the harmony of the eye apply with equal force to the harmony of the ear in the natural music of the liturgical chant. From all this it must be evident to every one that the advocates of the chant and those

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of figured music are chiefly divided on this point of harmony (after the question of rhythm, as we shall see presently), and that the assertion that the unisonous chant excludes all beauty of harmony arises from a misapprehension of its nature.

Let us now sum up the chief results obtained in this chapter. Natural music, though fundamentally different from artificial, yet, like it, has laws and rules. These rules are natural, and are no more inconsistent with naturalness in music than the rules of grammar prevent speech from being perfectly natural. Nature has its laws, but nature cannot be unnatural or artificial. And we repeat that in our distinction between the two kinds of music the opposition is not between law and individual taste or option, nor between art and the absence of it, but only between natural and conventional laws. Everything depends upon this distinction. At one stroke it does away with all confusion on this much-debated subject, and may in time be the means of leading to clearer views and a uniform practice. It alone enables us to easily and naturally develop in particular the principles of the execution of the ecclesiastical chant.

In conclusion, then, we define plain chant as "the liturgical prayer of the church with an elocutionary rhythm, and a diatonic modulation which is brought into play in four primitive and four secondary tones or modes with four finals." This shows us what we have yet to consider—viz., the rhythm, the tonality, and the modes of the Gregorian chant.

IX. RHYTHM OF THE CHANT.

We shall begin this chapter with the words of M. D'Ortigue upon the subject before us. He says: "It is impossible not to be conscious of the life which rhythm imparts to plain chant; now these sublime strains soar aloft and majestically descend; now like the waves they surge along in their fulness, and now are lost in the distance and re-echo in the vaulted roofs. This constant interchange of singing and pauses, this majestic ebb and flow of soft tones like the whispering zephyr, of strong accents, and of soft sighings—all this is the effect of a rhythm which produces all the more powerful an impression because of its freedom from a symmetrical measure."

The question of rhythm is the most important point of the musical side of our treatise. For the question here at issue is whether the chant, correctly understood and correctly executed, shall be exclusively employed in the liturgical service of God, or whether there shall be a confusion of rhythm and measure, an approach to measured music leading to the exclusion of the chant from the church—in short, whether we shall have natural or artificial music, the music which the Holy Ghost has willed or that which the bad taste of the times has arbitrarily introduced into the house of God.

We are not ignorant of the difficulty of our position, and it shall therefore be our aim in this chapter to establish the claims of natural music in opposition to strong prejudices and the deep-seated preference that prevails for the artificial, and at the same time—what is of greater moment—to impart clearness to our views by exact distinctions. The lack of clearness that there is upon the question of

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church music is owing solely to a confusion of ideas that may be traced back for centuries, and is not unfrequently connected with high-sounding names—men who, as children of their time, could not but be affected by its tendencies. Only in this way can it be explained that the advocates of the most various and antagonistic views invariably sought for and found their authorities in such compilations as those of Gerbert. We proceed now to take up the particular questions of our subject, more especially in their bearing upon the idea of church music, its essence, and its significance, and to seek for their answers by the aid of the most ancient traditions of the synagogue and of the primitive church. Such a course alone will enable us to obtain the correct sense of doubtful or obscure passages in Hucbald, Guido of Arezzo, and others.

What is meant by rhythm, and what is the rhythm of the Gregorian chant, is the first question that claims our attention. In its most general significance rhythm may be defined as an interchange of contrasts agreeably affecting the æsthetic sense. Destructive of the rhythm, and thus prejudicial to the worth of a production, are, 1, monotony, which is lacking in the interchange of contrasts; 2, arrhythm, which is governed by no rule or order; 3, Pararrhythm and heterorrhythm, in which the artist, in order to bring out the contrasts more strongly, deviates in a greater or less degree from the rhythmical laws. The chief means by which the productions of nature and art are subjected to the æsthetic judgment are the two superior senses, the eye and the ear. For the eye, rhythm consists in the interchange of light and shade, the rhythm of painting and the mimetic arts; for the ear, in the alternate succession of high and low, loud and soft, long and short tones, which is the rhythm of speech and music.

Now, since all the productions that fall under the æsthetic judgment are divided into the two species of works of nature and works of art, there must be, for both the eye and the ear, two kinds of rhythm, according as the rhythmically-constructed work is a product of nature or of art. An example may make this plain. Let us place before the forum of our æsthetic judgment a meadow sparkling in its spring attire and a piece of artistically-embroidered tapestry. There is rhythm in each —that is, in each the alternation of light and shade, the play of colors, the grouping of the individual objects make an agreeable impression upon the eye, and yet the laws which guided the skilful needle are quite different from those which wove the meadow-carpet into rhythmic beauty. The former are the result of mathematical reckoning, which is a science put together by human genius, and resting upon the law of order and harmony imprinted by the Creator upon all his works; the latter, on the other hand, are grounded upon the natural creative power which transcends all conventional limits, all human calculation, which shapes for itself its own forms, and which, to remain capable of producing its effects, must not be forced into an determinate form. Many othe comparisons would give us the same result—as, for instance, between a landscape and a drawing-room, or between our natural gait and the march of soldiers; between

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the natural dance of the inhabitants of southern countries, an inartificial expression of their enjoyment of life, and that which is taught by dancing-masters. On both sides in all these cases we find rhythm, regularity, and order, but also the strongly-marked distinction between natural and conventional laws.

As with the rhythm of the eye, so is it also with the rhythm of the ear; the same laws are applied in each. In the delivery of a speech, as well as in the declamation of a poem according to the rules of prosody, we receive the agreeable impression which is made by a regular rhythm, and yet the rhythmical laws of prose are fundamentally different from those of metre. The former are the laws of natural recitation, the latter the laws of the most strictly calculated measure, divided into long and short feet and verses. In one we have the natural rhythm which belongs to speech itself; in the other, laws conventionally introduced into language. We may also take as an illustration a well-constructed and harmonious chime of bells and a fine military march. Each offers to the musical ear an agreeable and effective rhythm, and yet how irregularly the strokes of the bells follow each other, striking at one time in pairs, then all together, and then separating to form new groups and figures of sound—a wonderful variety, the more wonderful the more irregular it is; but in the military march the time must be very strictly marked according to the rules of measure. Now, the chime cannot have the time given to it, for the tongue of the bell beats its own time, according to the natural laws of motion or the greater or less energy and heartiness of the bell-ringer; yet surely it is not on this account wanting in rhythmic harmony. We conclude, therefore, that there are two kinds of rhythm—the natural, based upon natural laws, and the artificial, resting upon the conventional laws of measure. We might have deduced this truth at once from our distinction between natural and artificial music, but we have preferred to bring it out independently, in order to shed further light upon the first distinction.*

Having established the nature of rhythm and its two main divisions, we next ask, What are the constitutive elements of rhythm? In other words, what are the principles which are to guide the speaker and singer to a proper expression of the rhythm in delivering a speech or rendering a piece of music?

The fundamental principles of rhythm are also divided into the two classes of natural and conventional. The rhythmical rules for prose reading or speaking coincide with the rules of grammar. Accent, lowering and raising the tone of voice, longer and shorter pauses, the separation into sentences and clauses, the tones of question and answer, the narrative and pathetic tones, are all accommodated to the idiom of the language, and must convey the impression of being free, unconstrained, and dependent upon the choice of the speaker or reader—in short, they must be natural. It is quite different with the delivery of verse. The natural rules of the idiom of the language yield to the conventional laws of prosody and metre. Whatever in prose was free and unmeasured, here becomes limited by the measure; the natural accent gives place to a strictly determined quantity; the division

* Cf. Augustinus, *De Musica*, lib. iii. c. i.

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of sentences according to the meaning is superseded by the mathematically-calculated divisions, recurring at regular intervals, of syllables, feet, verses, and strophes; the raising and lowering of the voice are no longer regulated by the sense but by the character of the verse; in short, the impression produced is that the whole in all its parts is regulated and measured by fixed laws.

The same fundamental distinctions determine the rhythm of natural and artificial song. Natural song is distinguished from prose speech only in the fact that its tone-intervals are measurable and pertain to a fixed scale, so that the figures of sound have a determinate musical character; but artificial song has, with verse, in all points a common basis of conventional laws. In natural song the observance of the rhythm consists solely in the recitation of the text. This rhythm is nothing else than a modulated recitation, and its execution will be the better the more it corresponds in every particular with good speaking—with the exception, of course, of the modulation of the voice, which makes it song—so that the words of the text may be heard and their sense easily understood. In artificial or measured song, on the contrary, the observance of the rhythm consists in adhering strictly to the laws of the measure, giving their due value to the long and short notes and rests, even at the risk of mutilating and disfiguring the text, so that it is sometimes scarcely discernible. In natural music the text always asserts its supremacy, and every rhythm that interferes with it is to be rejected as a bad one; in artificial music measure and harmony are the prevailing elements, and the text must be accommodated to the established artificial form. In natural music the text, as it were, *sings itself*, while the text of artificial music *is sung*; or, in other words, in the former the singer must first of all thoroughly acquire the meaning and form of the text and then proceed to execute it according to the modulation of its own tone-figures; in the latter the singer must above all keep to the musical form, and he can make up for the text by merely sounding the vowels.

So much for the general principles of rhythm. We shall now proceed to deduce from them special rules for the execution of natural song, with a particular application to the liturgical chant. For all the rhythmical rules of natural music find in the chant their fullest application, only that a supernatural element is added to the natural and exercises an essential influence upon the rhythm.

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THE VISION OF MARIE DE L'INCARNATION.

Blessèd Marie, worn with vigil,
God's love reigning in her breast,
Weary of her worldly duties,
Heart in heaven seeking rest,

Saw one night in mystic dreaming
Vision of a life to come,
Shadow of long pathways leading
Far away from childhood's home.

Softly gazed a graceful lady,
Whose sweet face was all unknown,
Placing, gently smiling on her,
Soft white hand in Marie's own,

And so led her ever westward
Toward the illimitable sea,
Where the dark waves, cloud-o'ershadowed,
Beat the shore tumultuously.

Far away a gleam of silver
Shot along the leaden sky—
Ray of promise seemed descending
On the troubled waves to lie.

While blessed Marie and the lady
Gazed across the raging sea,
Stood one clothed in white beside them,
Beckoned to them silently—

One of Christ's beloved apostles,
Who, with hand upraised to bless,
Pointed out their destined pathway,
Solaced them in their distress.

Marie and her comrade followed
Many windings of the shore
Till, the angry roar grown fainter,
Trod their feet a pavement o'er

Built with perfect blocks of marble
Pure as soul of martyr maid,
Lines of vermeil intersecting—
Love and purity inlaid.

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Everywhere arose about them
Cloister arch and convent wall,
Columns angels might have fashioned
In lost Eden ere the fall.

Clustered domes that Brunelleschi
Might have wrought in holiest dream;
Portals opened, Buonarotti
Might indeed of heaven deem.

Here in fresco were fair angels
Blessèd Fra Angelico,
With his consecrated pencil,
Might on Paradise bestow.

Ever on the blessèd Marie
With her unknown comrade passed,
Treading o'er the bright mosaics,
Heeding not the arches vast,

While a faint and dulcet echo
Of a far-off convent choir
Filled the many-columned cloister,
Floated o'er each sculptured spire—

Hymns intoned that Palestrina,
Soul and music glorified,
Might set down for seraphs' singing
In whose hearts love ne'er hath died.

Ever onward passed the pilgrims,
By all beauty unbeguiled,
Till they saw on marble temple
Throned the Mother and the Child.

Ah! no painter, raised to saintship,
Could that beauty give in truth—
Child Divine, with sinless Mother
Clothed in maiden grace of youth.

Seemed a distant, mystic vision
In the Mother's eyes to rest,
Turning from the sunlit orient
To the cloud-o'ershadowed west;

Gazing o'er a rugged region,
Endless wilderness of hills,
Valleys coursed by mighty rivers,
Snow-peaks feeding countless rills.

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Seemed the vast and darkened country
Half-concealed in drifting mist
That no shadow-piercing sunshine
Into rosy blushing kissed.

Long and longing looked the Mother
With unutterable love,
So desiring that far country
Hers to call in heaven above;

Longing so in that dim region
Men should see her Son's cross shine,
That those mist-encumbered rivers
Bear his message all divine.

Blessèd Marie, soul-entrancèd,
Knelt adoring at the feet
Of the beautiful, bright vision
Bending down her love to greet.

Gently stooped the Mother toward her
With the wonderful Christ-Child,
Kissed her three times as in blessing,
On her upturned face sweet smiled.

As if melted in love's rapture,
As dissolved in endless day,
Faded all the shining vision—
Marie woke to rise and pray;

Woke to seek the mystic meaning
Of the dream her soul had known,
And the region's place God's Mother
Sighed to number as her own.

In the peaceful northern country
Indian and Canadian know
All blessed Marie's faithful labor
In the heats and through the snow,

Mary of the Incarnation
Reigns in their true hearts a saint,
And across our lake-bound border
Drifts an echo, still most faint,

Of her courage and her wisdom,
Of her life beatified,
And we hold her as a herald
Of that Queen, we claim with pride,

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Who so craved our hills and valleys
With unutterable love
That in truth they have been given
In her care, for us, above;

Keepeth watch Our Lady's mother
Over Canada's fair state,
Our aspiring stars glad gather
Round the Maid Immaculate.

PERE MONSABRE.

AMONGST the leading figures of France in our day there are few whose personality stands out with more distinctive originality than that of the Dominican monk who for over twenty years has been a recognized orator in his native land, and poured out to her people the resources of his indefatigable intellect and the zeal of his apostolic heart. He is so well known at home that it would be superfluous to comment upon him there; but in the United States the case is different, and we are sure that our readers will feel interested in hearing some account of the man who, as an orator, a priest, and a monk, has made his name famous in two worlds, whose voice has reached beyond the Atlantic to many a noble mind and earnest soul, and whose teaching has awakened the light of faith in many who will never look upon the face of the teacher.

Jacques Marie Louis Monsabré was born at Blois on Dec. 10, 1827. He himself informed us from the pulpit of Notre Dame that he was brought up by the humble Christian Brothers. He was a spirited, turbulent child, the torment of his masters. Nothing could give us a better idea of his character than the following anecdote, which Père Monsabré related not long since to a group of friends.

When he was a little fellow of eight he used to serve Mass at the village church of Cour-Cheverny, near Blois. He enjoyed his functions as acolyte, but he enjoyed play still more, especially a game of ball, and sometimes M. le Curé was kept waiting while the acolyte was thus agreeably engaged. One morning he was kept waiting so long that he lost patience and went out to look for little Jacques. He had not far to go, for there was the acolyte right in front of the church, hard at work at his favorite game with a number of other little boys. To confiscate the ball and consign it to his pocket, and march off the delinquent to the sacristy, was the work of a moment. Jacques offered no resistance, but meekly and quietly attired himself in his surplice and accompanied M. le Curé to the altar, where he proceeded to serve as usual with pious attention. But when they came to the Offertory the good curé was surprised to see the acolyte remain immovable on his knees. He coughed, but it had

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no effect. At last he said in a low voice, "Petit, les burettes?" "My ball?" replied the *petit*, holding out his hand. The feelings of the priest may be imagined. Three times he demanded the cruets, each time with increasing vehemence; but each time the audacious *petit* held out his hand, with the words, "Ma balle." Of course the curé had to give in; the confiscated ball was produced from some recess under his vestments, and the *petit* went for the cruets. Père Monsabré did not add what vengeance the curé took on this piece of unparalleled juvenile effrontery, but we may be sure that it did not go unpunished.

If, however, the child was keen at play, he was equally eager at study. He entered the seminary at Blois at a very early age, completed his three first classes in one year, and was noted as much for his piety as for diligence and success in his studies. At sixteen he received the soutane and began his theology. Theses, objections, dissertations, all were at once easy to him, and his astonished professors prophesied great things of him in the future.

He had scarcely received the tonsure when he felt drawn to the monastic life, and addressed himself with this view to Père Lacordaire. But the bishop of Blois, unwilling to lose so distinguished a member from his clergy, determined to try his vocation thoroughly by making him pass first through the probation of parish work and preceptorship.

The Abbé Monsabré was named vicar at Mer, near Orleans; but it was in Belgium, while staying with the family of the Comte de Brigode, that the voice of God called to him with a force and distinctness that were not to be resisted. After a delay of four years doubt was no longer possible; he again wrote to Père Lacordaire, who received him with open arms into the newly-restored order of St. Dominic.

He was called to preach the yearly retreat to the pupils at Sorèze, and his instructions throughout proved quite a revelation. On the closing day of the retreat Père Lacordaire, whose responsive soul was stirred to its depths by the inspired touch of the young preacher, rose up, and, addressing himself to the youthful audience, exclaimed with emotion:

"My friends, I need make no eulogium on the preacher whom you have heard for the last eight days. I am proud of him."

Soon after this Père Monsabré was sent by his superiors to Paris, where the fame of his rising talent had prepared the way for him. He tells us himself, with a charm all his own, the story of these early labors:

"In 1857, at the beginning of the winter, the hand of a father and a friend humbly pointed out to me a little group of young men who were anxious to have lessons in theology. I was a new-comer, inexperienced, and too unlearned, it seemed to me, to satisfy them. But some commands are given with so much grace that it becomes impossible not to obey them. I obeyed the gentle religious whose lightest wish was dear to me. I can still see our lowly beginnings, looking back from a distance of eight years. It was one evening in the chapter-hall of our convent in Paris. The fire was crackling on the hearth, a lamp suspended from the ceiling shed a subdued light over an audience of some fifty attentive listeners, and

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I began, almost with a trembling voice, to explain the first words of the symbol." *

It was thus that his apostolate took birth. It was to a small group of young men that for six years he poured out the first vintage of his eloquence. Great works are mostly born in the shade, and struggle on there until the day marked by God, when they suddenly burst out into the sunshine with a splendor that astounds the world.

Introduction au Dogme Catholique—such is the title of the two volumes which contain the forty conferences delivered in the convent of St. Thomas Aquinas. It contains a complete course of Christian philosophy. To compel Reason to accept Faith; to point out the dangers to be avoided, the sacrifices to be made; to restore to it its due share in the action of faith, and thence conclude by the aid of testimonies the absolute necessity of its submission to faith—such is the plan and the *ensemble* of this noble work, full of fire, grandeur, and light.

We cannot resist quoting one page from these early volumes, the first-fruits of that prolific mind. The orator, having established the sublime harmonies of reason and faith, comes at last to martyrdom, the supreme testimony of the soul which proclaims her immortal love:

"When I find myself too mercilessly buffeted on that stormy sea where the winds of doubt and incredulity blow, I fall back and make for the entrance of that river which in my spiritual geography I call the river of blood. Rowing up this stream, I behold its ravaged banks, still strewn with the rich foliage and vegetation which the enemy's hand has flung upon the soil. Here is the woodbine, cut down before its blossoms had burst open the bud. Hail, dear innocents, first-fruits of persecuted humanity! Hail, little ones, who knew no one in this world but Christ and your mothers, and who died for Christ in your mothers' arms!

"Here are the spotless lilies. Hail, modest virgins, faithful lovers of the best and holiest of spouses! Hail, ye noble daughters who joined the robe of chastity to the royal mantle empurpled by your blood!

"Here are the fruitful olive-trees. Hail, incomparable women, in whom the mother's love was conquered by the greatest of all loves!

"Here are the humble shrubs. Hail, slaves! hail, plebeians! hail, ye men of nothing, who rose from obscurity and degradation to the sublime confession of the faith!

"Here are the proud palm-trees. Hail to ye, nobles! Hail, patricians! Hail, princes of this world, fallen of your own free will from glory to opprobrium, from luxurious ease to torments!

"Here are the cedars of Lebanon; . . . the cedars, too, are down. Hail, priests! hail, pontiffs! Hail, apostles of the good tidings, the highest in light and the first in death. . . . My journey is come to an end; I have reached the source of the river. Before me there rises up a piece of dry wood whose fruit is living: it is the cross; the cross, and upon it my Jesus! From his feet, from his hands, from his adorable Heart the blood flows in streams. He bears witness for his Father; the others bear witness for him. I have seen all. Farewell, blessed cross, farewell! I am going away, not with my heart harrowed, but melted and overflowing to the brim with gratitude. I am going down to the sea, where I am to become a fisher of souls; and henceforth, secure on the frail skiff which bears my thoughts, I will follow the crimson wake which flows from the stream of blood. I will follow it until I reach the haven where eternal truth awaits me." *

Four years went by, during which Père Monsabré carried the light of his talent and the fire of his zeal all over France. He preached successively at Bayeux, Lille, Cambrai, Blois, Aix-en-Pro-

* *Introduction au Dogme Catholique*, preface.

* *Introduction au Dogme Catholique*, 37me conférence.

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vence, and Rouen. St. Sulpice and St. Thomas d'Aquin recalled him again to Paris, where his Lenten sermons at the latter church in 1868 made a marked sensation. He chose for his subject throughout the Passion of our Lord. On the closing day his soul found utterance in accents of such irresistible pathos that the audience melted into tears and rose *en masse* to applaud the preacher.

In 1869 France was grieved by the lamentable fall of a man whom the Catholics had acclaimed as a leader, and as Advent drew near Monseigneur Darboy cast his eyes around his clergy to see who might fitly replace him in the pulpit of Notre Dame. Calling to mind the conferences of St. Thomas d'Aquin, he selected Père Monsabré and named him as preacher for the Advent station.

But if Père Monsabré enjoyed the fame of an orator, he had also the reputation of being an extreme "ultramontane," and when his nomination became known the radical and free-thinking press took the alarm and sounded a war-cry in chorus. And so far they were right. The middle ages, under the clear light of St. Thomas Aquinas, were about to appear in arms against them. Père Monsabré, taken by surprise at the eleventh hour, had barely time, when he received the order of the archbishop, to collect his thoughts before ascending the steps of that pulpit still filled with the memories of his illustrious predecessor and father; and yet his success surpassed all expectations.

"The Council and the Jubilee"—such was the burning subject that he undertook to treat. His opening sentence was a testimony to the glory of his beloved master.

"Eighteen years ago," he said, "in this place where I now stand, a man whom you knew and loved exclaimed: 'O walls of Notre Dame, sacred vaults that bore my words to so many intellects deprived of God, altars that blessed me, I am not taking leave of you!' Nevertheless, you saw him here no more; the tomb silenced that great voice. Did he die altogether? No, messieurs, he still lives in the undying admiration of France and the whole world; he lives in you, whom he called his glory and his crown; he lives in the humble son who presents to you to-day the habit made illustrious by his genius and his sanctity, who comes to place at your service a voice that he blessed, and to add to his fame by proving to you once more that no one can equal him."

He then plunged into the heart of his subject: the convoking of the council—the church's royal call by which she proposed to repulse and confound the accusations of her enemies in asserting herself more solemnly than ever, but also her maternal call whereby she purposed to supply the wants of the great Christian family in the contemporary crisis; the union of the council and the jubilee; prayers asked for by the church and treasures distributed by her; the attitude of the church before the world; majesty and authority of the council—according to human views, it is the strongest and most imposing authority, supported by that supreme grandeur which we call majesty; and if from the contemporary manifestation of the church we remount to her origin, the council is the majesty, the authority of God—finally, our attitude in presence of the church dogmatizing: we owe to the church entire confidence before her decision; after her decision perfect submission.

Such was the outline, full of grandeur, depth, and harmony,

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which Père Monsabré traced of his vast subject, and which he treated in language of such consummate beauty and purity that it was said by a man of the world, "One learns how to write in listening to him speaking."

"Be generous," he exclaims at the close of these conferences—"be generous; constitute yourselves apostles of the decrees of the church after having been their disciples. Let not the divine light enter into your souls as into a darksome cavern whence it cannot issue; but place yourselves before it like a mirror which will reflect its victorious rays on all sides. Do not close your doors to sing timidly the concert of faith, but throw them wide open, and cry out with the Prophet-King: I believed, and therefore I have spoken—*Credidi, propter quod locutus sum.* The more intelligent you are the more authority your voice will have; faith will make you eloquent. The cowardice of silence amidst the din of noise which confuses all minds would be the ruin of the Catholic cause. Look at error; it is not silent, for its maxim is that fortune is on the side of the bold—*audaces fortuna juvat.* Well, you must be bolder than error; your fortune is the grace of God, and it can never fail you."

We have now come to the years 1870 and 1871—disastrous dates for France. Père Monsabré was to have resumed in the Lent of 1871 his interrupted conferences; but he had fallen upon evil times that rendered this impossible, and he was obliged to remain at Metz, where he happened to be just then. He preached in the cathedral of the beleaguered city, and his sermons, full of burning patriotism, were uplifting to all who heard them. His farewell to Metz after it had passed into the hands of the Prussians will never be forgotten. It was on Easter Sunday; he held forth in exulting alleluias on the glories of the Resurrection, stirring the mourning hearts of his hearers to pulses of unearthly hope and joy passing the joys of this world; then suddenly, carried away by an overpowering rush of patriotic emotion, he cried out: "And peoples also rise from the grave when they have been bathed in the grace of Christ; and when, despite their crimes and their iniquities, they have not abjured the faith, the sword of a barbarian and the pen of an ambitious statesman cannot assassinate them for ever. You may change their name but not their blood. When the term of expiation draws to its close, that blood awakes and by a law of nature flows back into the current of the old national life. You are not dead for me, my brethren, . . . my friends, . . . my fellow-countrymen! . . . No, you are not dead. Wheresoever I go, I swear it to you, I will speak of your patriotic sorrows, your patriotic aspirations, your patriotic anger; everywhere I will speak of you as Frenchmen until that blessed day when I come back to this cathedral to preach the sermon of your deliverance, and to sing with you a *Te Deum* such as never yet resounded beneath these vaults."

The congregation rose at these words like one man and broke forth into passionate acclamations. The orator was obliged to escape by flight from the ovation, the report of which, indeed, made it necessary for him to fly from Metz at once.

The following October he pronounced a discourse at Châteaudun which breathed the same patriotic ardor and woke up a stormy controversy in the press.

Père Monsabré returned to Paris the ensuing yean The reaction caused by recent events was still too pronounced to admit of his im-

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mediately entering on the exposition of Catholic dogma which he had been meditating. It was necessary to prepare the way for it by defining the nature of the inevitable struggle which was impending. *Radicalism versus Radicalism*—such was the title of these conferences, and one admirably chosen, for it signified the opposition of truth to error; the restoration of Christian faith in private life, in family life, and social life. Paris has still vividly in remembrance the glowing eloquence with which these momentous questions were treated. As formerly at Metz and at St. Thomas d'Aquin, the enthusiasm of the audience broke forth in applause, which Père Monsabré checked in commanding tones. "Messieurs," he said, "all external expression of feeling, except that of prayer, profanes the church. In profane places approbation may find vent, because disapproval has also its rights; but in the sacred precincts this cannot be. If some applaud, why should not others condemn? The church, the temple of peace, would thus become an abode of confusion and discord. Grieve me no more by these noisy demonstrations. If I feel the need of being sustained by your sympathy, I can read it in your eyes, which speak to me louder and better than your voices."

The following year the orator entered on that magnificent exposition of Catholic dogma which forms in itself a monument of loftiest proportions, the principal outlines of which we shall rapidly glance over:

A general view of Catholic dogma; the knowledge of God; the affirmation of God's existence; demonstration of his existence; the personality of God; the contemporary idol—such is the bare framework of the Lenten station of 1873. The design of the preacher was to edify while combating, and this twofold object, manifested at the opening of the conferences, is victoriously pursued to the end.

Credo in Deum!—such is the conclusion of the teaching of this first year.

After studying the work of God in its entirety the author considers it in its government. On one side the domain of God, on the other the liberty of man—two certain propositions; but how are they to be reconciled? The solution of the mystery is found in prayer. Prayer is the link which connects them; it is opposed neither to the dignity of man nor the immutability of God; it associates man with the divine government.

These problems solved, Père Monsabré closes his explanation of the divine government by two brilliant discourses on "Predestination and Grace."

The Lenten conferences of 1877 were the last and most remarkable triumph of the eloquent Dominican. The plan of the Incarnation, humanity in Adam, his fall, the fall in humanity, the fulness of time, the paradise of the Incarnation—such were the subjects treated in them. They comprised the whole history of man, his birth, the catastrophe by which he fell from his original height, the sorrows and tears which followed upon his exile from Paradise, and above all that stream of misery which, beneath the feet of Adam, sprang forth from Eden to inundate the earth and overwhelm humanity. Let us pause here to contemplate for a moment the striking picture of death which is brought before us by the preacher:

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"The divine assizes are over; the Judge disappears; there remain only the condemned and the executioner—the condemned, who go forth wailing toward the land of banishment, and dare not turn back to bid farewell to the home of their innocence and happiness; the executioner, invisible, and preparing in silence the last stroke which is to give effect to the divine sentence: *Morte morieris.* Adam and Eve lost all; but there is still such a wealth of sap in their young nature that they do not understand the full extent of their chastisement. What is death? This sad question disturbs them. They follow with a tearful eye the fall of the withered leaf which the wind sweeps before it; they listen with wondering awe to the wails of the dying beasts, and they gaze with horror on their motionless bodies. 'O my lord!' exclaims the woman in trembling tones, 'is this death?' And Adam can only answer, *Perhaps.*

"But by and by the slayer has commenced the universal carnage which is only to end with time: Cain has killed his brother Abel. When the mother of mankind beheld the blood-stained body of her beloved son stretched lifeless at her feet, she was seized with terror and broke forth into sobs and lamentations. She sank down upon the ground, and, taking in her arms the inanimate form of Abel, she covered it with kisses. 'My son, I am thy mother,' she cried. 'Dost thou not hear me? Open thy beautiful eyes and look at me! Answer me! O my God! he hears me not; he speaks not; he breathes not; he is insensible and cold as ice. Abel! Abel!' Then close to the mother's ear a grave and trembling voice made answer: 'Woman, God has so willed it; *this is death.*' They weep together and by their tears become purified from their sin. . . ."

After traversing many sorrows, behold us at last in presence of the Incarnation: *Et in Jesum Christum.* A promise of salvation followed quick upon the chastisement of our first parents; heaven was some day to open and send forth a Saviour to the world. But a long series of ages was to revolve before the coming of this Redeemer. Wherefore this delay?

"It would have been unworthy of the divine greatness of Jesus Christ, as well as in contradiction to the accustomed order of Providence, had he come into this world, as it were, by surprise. A preparation in harmony with the dignity of his person and the importance of the mission that he came to accomplish was necessary for the coming of the Incarnate Word. As the sun in nature is preceded by a faint, pale dawn that whitens the horizon, and a bright aurora whose purple glow gilds the clouds and the hill-tops, so the Sun of Grace must needs have been heralded by the dawn of the patriarchal era and the aurora of the prophetic age. Even as the kings of the earth have their coming announced by heralds and couriers, and advance preceded by a pompous procession, so was it meet that the King of Heaven should not appear until the world had been warned of his approach by figures and oracles, and until a long line of illustrious envoys had prepared the way for him, shadowing forth the incomparable splendor of him who was to come after them."

He comes! And as the garden of Paradise had been prepared for the first man, another paradise had, in the moral order, been prepared to receive the new Adam. This was Mary, the paradise of the Incarnation; Mary, preserved from the stain of sin in her Immaculate Conception; Mary, whose soul is a garden of delights, full of the fragrance of grace, of virtue, of all beauty. By her is uttered the *fiat* which decides a wonder far greater than Creation: *Et Verbum caro factum est!*

We have glanced lightly over the work of this son of St. Dominic, whose voice wakes the echoes of Notre Dame with a sublimity of doctrine which recalls the Angel of the Schools. His eloquence, and the response which it evokes from his countrymen, are a living evidence of the vitality of the great religious families which are perse-

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cuted because they constitute the dauntless and intrepid advance-guard of the church of God.

This dogmatic achievement of Père Monsabré is in itself a compendium of the theology of the middle ages, and at the same time a powerful and conclusive answer to many of the burning and controverted questions of the day. If we need a visible proof of this, we have it in the spectacle of the thousands of men, of all classes and all ages, who, after the annual retreat of Holy Week, are to be seen crowding to receive the Paschal Lamb at the altar-rails of the old cathedral.

We shall not attempt to give our readers a portrait of Père Monsabré; we will confine ourselves to this brief sketch of his labors. It would, indeed, be difficult to paint truthfully the likeness of that vigorous and gentle physiognomy, to convey a just idea of the singular mixture of strength and sweetness, of brilliant daring and delicate simplicity, which are its salient characteristics. Those who know him are struck by the easy, undefiant indifference which he displays concerning the estimate that the world forms both of himself and his preaching. Few men of the day have been honored by more persistent notice from the press than he, and certainly no victim of its injustice and stupidity is less affected by its attacks.

"Que voulez-vous?" he said laughingly not many months ago to a gentleman who expressed surprise that he did not resent the absurd and malignant onslaught of a radical journal—"que voulez-vous? When one is condemned to be devoured by the beasts, one may as well let one's self be devoured to the end!"

One day—it was a long time ago—when Père Monsabré was a novice at Flavigny, a number of his brother novices were conversing in his presence on the misfortune of those souls, separated from God, in whom the mere sight of a priest rouses feelings of anger and terror; full of generous compassion, they began to say what they would do later on to help these erring ones. Père Monsabré, who had been silent up to this point, now exclaimed with emotion:

"I know what I shall do. I will carry my habit and cowl through the streets, and force men to look at them, and I will cry out, 'Prenez garde! c'est l'évangile qui passe!'—'Beware! the Word of God is passing by.'"

We cannot close our brief notice by a worthier tribute of admiration to the subject of it than by applying to himself that sublime cry of his youth: "Prenez garde! c'est l'évangile qui passe!"

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THE MATERIAL MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

In an article entitled "Some Barriers between Capital and Labor"* we have pointed out some of the difficulties attending the "labor problem," as it is termed, and the unsatisfactory relations at present existing between labor and capital, or rather between laborers and capitalists. We also remarked that the church, through her divine commission "to teach all nations," must be regarded as the only power competent to solve this apparently perplexing problem. We said that the solutions offered by modern philosophical speculators contained nothing that was true, save that which the church has offered for centuries, and which is embodied in the sublime declarations of St. Paul, "We are all members each of the other," and that as "God has made of one blood all races and nations of men to dwell together upon the earth," we must recognize the necessity of "bearing each other's burdens."

These comprehensive but simple declarations, both in their letter and spirit, embody the only solution of all moral, social, and industrial problems. The church as a spiritual organization has always advocated and defended these principles. It was the church that first laid the foundation of modern industry. When she began her glorious career pagan Rome was the military mistress of the world. But the symbol of Rome's greatness was the triumph of the sword. The barbarian hordes surrounded her northern borders; they had been subdued but not conquered. The shadow of the sword fell everywhere throughout that mighty empire, which was little more than a vast military camp. War was the normal condition of the people; peaceful industry the episode. Such was the condition of the civilized world when the reign of the Prince of Peace began. A few centuries pass away, and the mighty military empire of the Cæsars is gone. Paganism has faded away before the light of the cross. The military hero and conqueror has given place to the spiritual and moral teacher; the barbarians who had threatened to overturn civilization were conquered, converted, and civilized. Through the monastic system noble and heroic souls taught the people by precept and example the blessings of peaceful industry. Pilgrims from distant quarters, when they came to pay homage to the devotion and sanctity of a saint, often found him engaged superintending the labor of a farmer, or mending lamps, or in some equally humble but useful occupation. It was St. Augustine who gave to the world the maxim, *Laborare est orare;* and it was St. Ignatius who taught his followers to work as if everything could be accomplished by work, and to pray as if all depended upon prayer.

In the face of facts like these it will hardly be contended that the church is unequal to the task of directing and consecrating the mighty empire she has conquered. Having reared and fostered the grand structure comprised in the word *civilization*, is she to meet the

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for November, 1878.

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fate of Frankenstein and be destroyed by that which she has created?

These great achievements were accomplished by the church through her spiritual supremacy. As a spiritual organization the church is the highest expression of the divine will that has been manifested on the earth. This result has been the work of centuries, and the work must continue until the Gospel has been preached to every creature, and the nations of the earth acknowledge her true character and divine mission in accordance with the divine injunction, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things will be added unto you."

The church, as a spiritual organization, is also the perfection of human wisdom. Her aim has been to perfect the union of humanity through the acceptance of a common faith and doctrine, which should manifest itself in love to God and love to our fellow-men. This unity of thought and feeling must be brought about in order to sustain and direct our activity to the proper objects. Thus it is clear that the question of the relations between capitalists and workers is a moral and religious problem, and must be subordinated to moral and spiritual control. From this point of view the problem is divested of all its obscurities. But so long as doctrinaires persist in seeking a solution from the basis of "enlightened self-interest" and mere material considerations, just so long will the labor problem be a bone of contention among factions, and the laboring millions be the unfortunate victims of poverty, hopeless toil, enforced idleness, and the long train of evils which inevitably attend rebellions against the Spirit of God and the spiritual nature of man. "Nature is conquered by submission," said Bacon, and man must accept moral and religious control when duly attested in thought and action.

Contemplate the sad results which have followed the separation of temporal affairs from spiritual and moral direction. Recall how the church discharges her duty as a spiritual and moral teacher and guide, and contrast the spirit she displays with the actions and conduct of too many of those who at present direct industrial activity.

It is Sunday morning. The church-bell greets the early dawn, calling her children to their devotions; they come by hundreds from every quarter, and prostrate themselves in devout adoration and meditation before the altar, all equal in the sight of our common Father, all animated with a common hope. The priest, the dispenser of God's mysteries, celebrates the Holy Sacrifice and addresses his prayers to the throne of grace, imploring forgiveness and mercy, invoking divine assistance to enable the people to discharge worthily the duties of life. With a heart filled with love and piety he bestows his blessing and the divine benediction on his flock, exhorts them to be loving, kind, merciful, dutiful, and above all faithful. They separate and repair to their homes, many of which are the abodes of penury and disease. Monday ushers in the dull round of toil. If haply they have the good fortune to be employed, they are in the main content. They go to perform their usual task; through summer's heat and winter's cold, in rain and sunshine, they plod the path of duty. But in how many cases do they meet with the same loving spirit of

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care and devotion from their employers and those placed in authority as was manifested by their spiritual father on the previous morning? How many of these employers realize the nobleness of mind and heart that gave utterance to the admirable expression, "Work is worship"?

The unnatural and deplorable divorce between religion and labor is certainly a sorry spectacle. What are the causes which have produced this separation? Why is the world so largely given over to intellectual and moral anarchy? The simple answer is, the temporary disruption of the religious synthesis, occasioned by the rebellious denial of the divinely-established authority of the Church in the exaggeration of the right of personal independence. These false conceptions produced sects in religion, led men to throw off the moral restraints of the Christian law, convulsed Christendom with religious wars, and introduced into industrial life competition and selfishness instead of the principle of equality before God and the law of Christian brotherhood.

To prove that the labor question is a religious problem it is only necessary to examine the nature and function of religion. Society has always been founded on religious belief. The very derivation of the term religion denotes "unity," or the means of producing unity. This unity implies the necessity of a common belief in a being superior to man, capable of directing his thoughts, feelings, and actions, and to whom he owes love, service, and devotion. Intellectual agreement based on divine faith is the primal element in religion. But the unity essential to a religious society is impossible if the indisputable, indispensable, and natural right of every man to use his reason and to be guided by it is so exaggerated as to stultify itself and to exclude all other legitimate authority. Wherever this exaggeration, distortion, and misuse of reason prevail dissension and discord are to be found. The twin dogma of individual sovereignty, the foe of all society and the grave of all combinations, if consistently carried out, is simply the application of the exclusive right of individual decision in the sphere of politics. This offspring of intellectual pride, vanity, and ingratitude has borne its legitimate fruits. In place of that unity which the church has strenuously endeavored to maintain there is anarchy. The strong dominate with heartless indifference over the weak; the weak are filled with hatred toward their oppressors. Mammon has usurped the place of God. Wealth is king, acknowledging no religious, moral, or social responsibility to the toiling millions whose labor, self-denial, and suffering have produced it. The intense individualism of the present day has not only tended to destroy the moral and social responsibility of wealth, but it threatens to weaken and undermine the foundations of society by ignoring the moral and religious ties which bind man to his fellows and to God.

In opposition to this view of the labor question is that of the modern political economists. But what is this so-called science of political economy? The test of a scientific theory is continuousness and fertility. But every competent and candid student of political economy will confess that experience has resulted in discrediting the

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theory on which it is based. That it is an unfertile speculation is shown by the fact that nothing new has been added to it since it was first elaborated by its founder, Adam Smith, in his *Wealth of Nations*. Political economy, as a science, is everywhere falling into disrepute, and is being rapidly abandoned by all competent thinkers. Another test of science is that its facts and principles must be capable of universal application. This test will not hold true when applied to political economy. It has been extremely limited in its application, and its champions and advocates are to be found only in a few of the nations of western Europe. Its unscientific character is exhibited in the fact that among its most distinguished advocates there is no basis of agreement even concerning its fundamental principles. The leading thinkers of Europe and the United States are beginning to see, as we have pointed out, that the labor question is at bottom a moral and religious problem, and, as such, lies altogether beyond the aim and scope of political economy. The object of political economy is to ascertain the laws which govern "the production, accumulation, and distribution of wealth." With religion and morals it has nothing to do, as these are not comprehended in its domain of research and investigation. It deals only with results, not with the causes which produce them. The teachers of political economy claim that the natural and normal basis of industry is "competition"; and there is a natural law of "supply and demand" which, if not interfered with, would result in producing social harmony. But that any such law exists is disproved by the actual condition of things in Europe and America at the present time. Never before has the supply of all material necessaries been so great as now. The demand is equally extensive, and yet on every side we see discord and struggling, idleness and want. The theory of "competition" as a solution of social and industrial disorder is as baseless as it is immoral. It resolves society into a community of sharks and tigers, in which the strongest survive by preying on their weaker neighbors. It is the application of the Darwinian theory of the "survival of the fittest" through the struggle for existence. And thus it proposes to relegate man to the dominion of brute force, ignoring the moral and religious influences which alone are competent to make mankind human. One of the fallacies in this doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" is that the fittest is the best. This error is a pernicious one, in that it confuses and confounds the judgment. It refuses to discriminate between physical, social, moral, and religious qualities. Its anti-social, and therefore immoral, character and influence are revealed in its attitude toward the past. The effort of the church has been to produce unity among mankind by the practice of social virtues. But political economy is not social, it is individual. It makes the individual the unit of society. The true unit of society is the family, and all true and harmonious family life is based on duties as well as on rights. By their exaggeration of the overshadowing importance of "rights," and their equally extravagant depreciation of "duties," Herbert Spencer and those who follow him have done an ill service to society. But any tolerably well educated Catholic child could correct this exaggeration by a quotation from his catechism. He

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would say, "God made me to know him, to love him, to serve him in this world, and to be happy with him for ever in heaven."

It is the duty of every human being to know God, to love him, and to serve him; it is the right of every one freely to seek to do this for himself and to aid others to do it. It is my right to exercise my reason to the uttermost; it is my duty to follow the dictates of my reason and to be guided by it. It is my right to resist every attempt to restrict my opportunities of knowing and serving God, and of serving my fellow-men for the love of God; and it is my duty to seek to acquire this knowledge and to discharge these obligations. Rights and duties go hand-in-hand. The exaggeration of the one is the diminution of the other; and the man who refuses to perform his duties forfeits his rights. There is no such thing as a right in the sense of absolute independence and irresponsibility; and here is where Herbert Spencer and his followers make their mistake. The assertion of such a right is as absurd as it is immoral. Thus, idleness, whether voluntary or enforced, is a crime against society, and a violation of the divine injunction that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Is it not evident that all obstacles which stand between man and his duty to labor are evils of the most flagrant kind, which every one should seek to remove?

Of all the social institutions with which God has blessed the world none is superior to the family. It is the true social unit, and society is merely an aggregation of these units. We must therefore seek in the single unit the elements which should characterize society as a whole. A happy, well-ordered family is one in which the individual members live for God and each other, all inspired with sentiments of love and duty. An unhappy family is one in which each member is clamoring for his individual rights, with no regard whatever to the duties which are indissolubly connected with these rights.

If one keeps this idea of the family steadily in view he will have no difficulty whatever in forming a true conception of what society should be, and all that is necessary to realize that conception is to carry into practical life the sublime teachings of the church, which may be summed up as *faith*, *love*, and *service*—faith working through love in the service of both God and man.

The spirit of exaggerated individualism has also a corrupting influence on political life. It fosters the growth of selfishness and egotism, and creates in the minds of those whom it controls the erroneous notion that they are independent of society. This belief is not only immoral and irreligious, but it is also anti-republican. A republican government is one in which all power is directed to the public welfare. The wide-spread distrust on the part of the people toward public officials which is now so common is another evidence of the decay of social morality. This is an extremely discouraging feature of our political life. It renders the people unwilling to entrust their rulers with the authority necessary to discharge their proper functions, and consequently many of the legitimate functions of government are relegated to "rings" and monopolies of various kinds, who plunder the community.

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The low aims of politicians and political life, so characteristic of the present time, are largely due to the decay of faith in religion and morals. The spirit of faith which gave such energy and vitality to life in former times is too often wanting in non-Catholic society, and lofty aims and noble purposes too seldom inspire public life and action. Non-Catholic society as a whole is strangely indifferent to the past and regardless of the future. Its members are absorbed in the acquisition of material advantages, and with little or misdirected regard to their duty as social beings.

Did Shakspere sing the praises of exaggerated individualism? By no means. Let us look at his idea of the proper organization of society:

"For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees—
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone."

We are not at all fond of having the middle ages continually thrust in our faces. We fully recognize the merit of the lofty spirit which animated the Catholics of that epoch, and the worth of the immense services they rendered to the world. But there burns in the hearts of Christians of this day and generation the same love of God and of man that animated the saints and the heroes of the middle ages. Non-Christian society is in mad revolt against God and against the principles of order and true progress. But Christian society is still inspired by these principles, and Catholics, at least, look forward with hope to the future. The present Pope, in his encyclical letter of the 21st of April last, thus reviews the evils of the day, and points out how they have sprung from the causes we have mentioned:

"In the very beginning of our pontificate there rises before us the sad spectacle of the evils with which the human race is on all sides overwhelmed: the widely-extended subversion of the supreme truths on which, as foundations, human society is placed; the pride of intellect, impatient of any legitimate authority—the perpetual cause of dissensions, whence arise intestine conflicts, cruel and bloody wars; the contempt of laws which govern morals and protect justice; the insatiable cupidity of fleeting things and the forgetfulness of things eternal, even to that insane madness under which so many miserable wretches everywhere do not fear to lay violent hands on themselves; the thoughtless administration, wastefulness, and malversation of public funds; the audacity of those archdeceivers who endeavor to appear the defenders of their fatherland, of liberty, and of every right; in fine, that deadly plague which, pervading the very vitals of human society, does not permit it to rest, and which portends new revolutions and most calamitous results. . . .

"It is very manifest and evident, venerable brethren, that civil society is destitute of its solid foundation, if it is not based on the eternal principles of truth and the immutable laws of right and justice, and if a sincere affection does not unite the sentiments of men and sweetly moderate the motives and interchange of their duties. Who now can deny that it is the church which, by diffusing the

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Gospel through the nations, brought the light of truth to barbarous peoples imbued with superstition, and induced them to acknowledge the divine Author of things and to respect themselves; which, by removing the calamity of slavery, recalled men to the pristine dignity of their most noble nature; which, having unfurled the sign of redemption in all parts of the earth, by sciences and arts either introduced or placed under her protection, by founding and protecting the best institutions of charity, in which provision was made for misfortune of every kind, everywhere, publicly and privately, elevated the human race, raised it up from squalor, and fitted it to that form of life which was in harmony with the dignity and hope of humanity? But if any one of sane understanding should compare this age in which we live, so hostile to religion and the church of Christ, with those happy ages in which the church was honored as a mother by the nations, he will find out that this age of ours, full of disturbances and distractions, is directly and rapidly rushing to its own ruin; that, on the other hand, those ages flourished, enjoying the best institutions, tranquillity of life, riches and prosperity, all the more in proportion as the people showed themselves more observant of the government and laws of the church. . . .

"What can be more iniquitous, if the works of the Roman pontiffs are considered, than to deny how greatly and how gloriously the bishops of Rome have deserved of the whole of civil society? Assuredly, our predecessors, when they perceived the good of the people, never hesitated to undertake contests of every kind, to undergo great labors, and to expose themselves to the most trying difficulties. It was this apostolic see which gathered up and reunited the relics of the old fallen society. It was this same friendly torch by which the humanity of the Christian ages was illuminated. It was an anchor of safety in the civil tempests in which the human race was tossed about. It was the sacred chain of concord which united distant and diverse nations; it was, in fine, the common centre whence were sought the doctrines of faith and of religion, as well as the counsels and the auspices of peace and of future enterprises. What more shall I say? It is the praise of the supreme pontiffs that they constantly interposed themselves as a wall and a rampart to prevent human society from relapsing into superstition and its ancient barbarism."

Now, day by day and year by year, the spirit of true religion is making headway against these evils, and the supreme pontiff is doing his full share in this great work. Our modern industrial system is the natural result of the peaceful moral and social discipline hitherto exercised by the Christian religion, through which the military instinct was converted to industry. The revolt against legitimate and divinely-instituted religious direction and control, in the sixteenth century, constrained the church to exert her main strength to maintain her spiritual rights;- and consequently her exertions for the industrial and economic welfare of her children had to be somewhat suspended or postponed. But now there is reason to expect that the church may again direct the minds of men to the true solution of the industrial problem. The influence of irreligious teaching in temporal affairs has been quite as unfortunate as in spiritual concerns. Under the teachings of the church, as we have pointed out, all industrial occupations were conducted on the theory of correlative rights and duties. The exaggeration and distortion of the doctrine of "individual rights" destroyed the effect of this teaching, and gave rise to that inane mass of jargon known as "political economy," which is now falling into disrepute. The fundamental error of the economists consists in the absurd notion that "labor is a commodity," and therefore must be subject to what they are pleased to call the "law of supply and demand." With all their ingenuity the economists have failed to establish the validity

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of this so-called law. The working-classes have not been betrayed by these economic sophisms. They do not regard labor as a commodity. Some years ago a French workman made a neat reply to some commissioners appointed to inquire into the position of the proletariat. They endeavored to impress upon him the notion that his labor was a commodity, on the same footing with other articles, and that he was free to dispose of it on fair terms.

"But," replied the workman, "my labor has a character of its own, because if ordinary commodities are not sold one day they are another; whereas if I do not sell my labor to-day it is lost for ever to all the world and to me; and as the existence of society depends on the results of labor, society is the poorer by the value of what I might have been able to produce."

This reply is worth volumes of statistics and abstract theories; and if the truth which it embodies were followed out in all its consequences, it would be sufficient to destroy many fallacies and remove a host of existing prejudices. That this non-existent law of "supply and demand" fails to regulate the industrial activity of mankind is sufficiently proved by the existence of such a condition of affairs as we see all round us at the present time. Never was there such an abundance of commodities, never was there such a wide-spread demand. No doubt competition has done much for the development of trade and commerce. So long as production was confined to muscular labor and skill the mass of the people were tolerably sure of employment; but the invention of labor-saving machinery has resulted in the enormous increase of the power of production. As this has deprived large numbers of employment, and therefore of the means of consuming these products, we have on the one hand commodities of all sorts in superabundance, and on the other vast numbers of the laboring population out of employment, or working at such low wages that they cannot afford to purchase these articles. Consequently trade languishes and laborers suffer. This condition of things is not confined to the United States; it prevails in nearly all parts of Europe.

Early in the year 1878 a congress of French workingmen was held at Lyons. One of the speakers, a young workman of Paris, pointed out that by improvements in machinery our industrial system has been improved, but that no account is taken of the immediate evils which are caused by sudden changes in machinery.

He said:

"It is progress, we are told; there must be victims; you must resign yourselves to your lot. But the victims of this new god are human beings. It occurs to no one that this deity perhaps may be appeased by a sacrifice of capital instead of men. Private property always receives its compensation when injured for the public welfare and advantage. It occurs to no one to compensate in any way workmen who are suddenly deprived of their living. To tell them that their sufferings prepare the way for some increase of material prosperity in years to come is indeed a mockery. Why this perpetual mania for ever-increasing production, and not a word about its due distribution? It is the mode in which production is organized and applied which is the truly important thing, not the indefinite growth of production. Our economists are too much inclined to give all their thoughts to the *product*, and to waste little of their sympathy on *producers*. We believe in giving attention and due recognition to that form of material improvement only which has a proper regard to the physi-

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cal, moral, and intellectual growth of the laborer. The man first, the product next; production for man, not man for production."

This workman also called attention to another cause of industrial distress, and, as it is one which Christianity has sternly rebuked and condemned, we quote his words:

"The restlessness and caprice of consumers is increased and occasioned by what is called the fashion. An idle fashion is changed for a whim, and the silk factories are paralyzed. Habits, dress, occupations, amusements, ornaments are flung aside or adopted in the very wantonness of caprice. Furniture, clothing, house-building, decoration must be constantly changed with a feverish vehemence; must be instantly discarded or produced, at whatever suffering to all who are sacrificed in the change or sacrificed in the effort. If a house is to be painted, as we know to our cost, it is left to the last moment; and then it must be completed in a scramble, day and night. We starve and are idle half a month, to be driven by over-work the other half. The consumer is not satisfied unless he have absolute freedom for his fancy—freedom to abuse rather than to use—the power of commanding instant execution of his caprices, and the summary dismissal of all who have served his wants."

The effect of machinery in our own country has been shown in a pamphlet by W. Godwin Moody, of Boston, entitled *Our Labor Difficulties: the Cause and the Way Out*, from which we quote the following condensed paragraphs. After giving a detailed statement of the operations of machinery in agriculture, he says:

"In all these operations in agriculture there is a displacement of labor by improvements in machinery of from one doing the work of three in sowing grain to 12½ in ploughing and 384 in cutting grain at harvest, according to the kind of work done and the class of machinery used for the particular operation.

"In carding and spinning the results are even more startling:

"The Frankford yarn-mill, in Philadelphia, during the month of July, 1877, in all its operations, from the receipt of the raw material to the delivery of the finished product, employed one hundred and fifty-one persons of both sexes and all ages. In the twenty-three and a half days in which the mill ran during that month there were produced 1,723,433 skeins of yarn, containing 840 yards each, which gave for the month a fraction over 822,547 miles in length of yarn, or 35,002 miles a day. It would require 61,603 women, with the old hand-cards and spinning wheels, to produce the same amount in the same length of time, 1,000 yards of yarn, carded and spun, having been a day's task for a day of ten hours with those old machines.

"At a meeting of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, held in Boston, October 5, 1876, Mr. William A. Burke, Treasurer of the Lowell Machine Shop Company, read a paper upon the 'Cost of Manufacturing Drillings and Standard Sheetings in 1838 and 1876.' In this paper Mr. Burke took the Boot Mill No. 1 as a type for his illustration. In this mill in 1838 there were 232 operatives employed twelve and three-quarter hours a day for twenty-four days in May, who produced 208,606 yards of cloth. But in 1876 ninety operatives, the number then employed, working ten hours a day, produced 204,863 yards. Reducing the twelve and three-quarter hours of 1838 to ten hours a day, the working time of 1876, shows that it would have required 295 operatives in 1838, working ten hours a day, to produce but a small fraction more than ninety operatives produced in the same number of days in the same mill in 1876. Here is shown a displacement, by improvements in the machinery of one mill within the last forty years, of seventy per cent. of manual labor in the production of cotton fabrics.

"Before the use of machinery in the making of boots and shoes, say fifty years ago, the world by no means went barefooted; and yet, working not less than fifteen hours a day, the utmost that a shoemaker could do was to make 200 pairs of boots and shoes in a year. At that time men only were the workers. But an examination of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau reports shows that in 1845, 45,877 operatives, men, women, and children, working twelve hours a day with machinery, produced 20,896.312

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pairs of boots and shoes, being 455 pairs per hand, and an increase of 125 per cent. per hand over hand labor. In 1855 there were employed 77,827 persons, who produced 45,066,828 pairs, being at the rate of 579 pairs each, and an increase of nearly 27½ per cent. per hand for that decade. In 1865, 52,821 persons produced 31,870,581 pairs, being at the rate of 603 pairs each, and an increase of little more than 4 per cent. for each operative in the previous ten years. But in 1875 there were employed 48,090 persons, working not more than ten hours a day and for a little over eight months in the year, who made 59,762,866 pairs, being at the rate of 1,243 pairs each, and an increase of 106 per cent. per hand for the preceding ten years, as appears upon the face of the report. But to make a true comparative showing by this statement, the daily working time of the two periods, ten hours in 1875 and twelve hours for the preceding periods, must be adjusted, and the one-third lost time in 1875 must also be taken into account; this would give 23,000 *plus* as the number who, working twelve hours a day, could make 59,762,866 pairs in 1875, being at the rate of 2,598 pairs each, being an increase of 471 per cent. per hand over 1845, and, as compared with 1855, showing an increased power of production which would enable 23,000 operatives in 1875 to make 14,696,038 more pairs than could 77,827 persons in 1855—nearly 55,000 less workers, and more than 14,000,000 pairs in increased product. This shows an increase in production, by improvements in machinery, of very nearly 450 per cent. in twenty years, and 1,300 per cent. over the hand labor of fifty years ago, and corresponding displacement of manual labor. And now comes a California inventor with his machine for bottoming boots and shoes, claiming to save at least seventy per cent. of the present cost of material and work in that operation, and turning out from thirty to forty pairs per hour."

According to the statistics given in the Massachusetts Labor Bureau Report, 318,768 men, women, and children, with the aid of machinery, do the work that would require 1,912,448 men without machinery. Here it is seen that machinery in this one State alone has displaced the labor of 1,593,720 men. Has this enormously-increased power of production resulted in an improved physical condition of the operatives? Far from it! There is another phase of this machinery problem which deserves serious attention from a moral point of view: of the 318,768 operatives above mentioned, 94,655 were women, of whom 9,498 were married; 6,671 were boys, and 4,988 were girls, between 10 and 15 years of age; and there were 84 boys and 168 girls under 10 years. Thus more than one-third of the workers in the factories and shops engaged in running machinery were women and children, whilst tens of thousands of men are compelled to idleness.

One of the consequences of the labor of women in factories in New England has been the complete reversal of the natural and moral order of society. The same is true of old England and of other parts of Europe. In thousands of instances it has thrown the husbands out of employment and compelled the wives to support the family on greatly-reduced wages. This is not civilization and Christianity, but a return to barbarism. In savage tribes the women do the work and drudgery, while the men live in comparative idleness. There are, in round numbers, about 1,400,000,000 of human beings existing on the earth to-day. In one generation this vast host will pass away and its place be occupied by another 1,400,000,000. The physical, mental, and moral condition of this mighty host depends largely on the women of this generation. An enormous weight of suffering, sorrow, and anxiety is imposed on them; is it not a horrible thought, that,

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in addition to the great burden of peopling the world which is placed by nature on women, they are compelled to earn the bread to support the living generation? The children of savages are not crowded into mills and factories almost as soon as they are able to walk. But, sooner or later, men will learn to recall to their aid the blessings of religion and recognize the importance of that human unity which only religion can accomplish. What has been the effect of divorcing industry from moral and religious direction? Mr. Moody, in the pamphlet from which we have quoted, thus sums up the present condition of society as the result of labor-saving machinery:

"1st. It has broken up and destroyed our whole system of agriculture as practised by our fathers, which required the whole time and attention of all the sons of the farm, and many from the towns, in the never-ending duties of food production, and has driven them to the towns and cities to hunt for employment or remain in great part idle.

"2d. It has broken up and destroyed our whole system of household and family manufactures, as done by our mothers, when all took part in the labor and shared in the product, to the comfort of all, and has compelled the daughters of our country and towns to factory operations for ten to twelve hours a day, in the manufacture of a cloth they may not wear, though next to nakedness in the shivering blast; or to the city to ply their needles for eighteen or twenty hours a day in hunger and cold; or to the street in thousands, spinning yarns and weaving webs that become their shrouds.

"3d. It has broken up and destroyed our whole system of working in wood and iron and leather in small shops of one, two, or it may be half a dozen workmen, in every town, village, or hamlet in the country, with blacksmith shops in near neighborhood upon every road, where every man was a workman who could take the rough iron or unshaped wood and uncut leather, and carry it through all its operations until a thoroughly finished article was produced, and has compelled all to production in large shops, where machinery has minutely divided all work, requiring only knowledge and strength enough to attend a machine that will heel shoes, or cut nails, or card wool, or spin yarn, or do some other small fraction of a complete whole.

"4th. It has broken up and destroyed our whole system of individual and independent action in production and manufacture, where any man who possessed a trade by his own hands could at once make that trade his support and means of advancement, free of control by any other man and has compelled all working men and women to a system of communal work, where, in hundreds and thousands, they are forced to labor with no other interest in the work than is granted to them in the wages paid for so much toil; with no voice, no right, no interest in the product of their hands and brains, but subject to the uncontrolled interest and caprice of those who too often know no other motive than that of avarice.

"5th. It has so enormously developed the power of production as to far outstrip man's utmost power of consumption, enabling less than one-half of the producing and working classes, working ten hours a day, to produce vastly more than a market can be found for; filling our granaries, warehouses, depots, and stores with enormous amounts of products of every description, for which there is no sale, though never before offered at such low prices, with multitudes of men and women in the greatest want, being without food, clothing, or shelter, without work, and consequently without means to obtain the simplest necessaries of life.

"6th. It has thrown out of employment substantially one-half of the working-classes. In fact, it has utterly destroyed all regular or constant employment for any considerable class in any industry, and is constantly and steadily displacing able and willing men and filling their places with women and children; leaving no place to be filled by, and no demand for, the constantly-increasing numbers developed in our increase of population, in this way also rapidly adding to the number of the unemployed. It takes married women in

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thousands from their maternal cares and duties, and children but little more than infants from the schools, putting them to the care of machinery and its work, until quite one-third of the machine-tenders in our country are women and children; thus breaking down the mothers, slaughtering the infants, and giving employment to any who obtain it, only upon such conditions of uncertainty, insecurity, competition with the workless, and steady reduction in wages as creates a constant struggle to obtain the little work they do have, and get such compensation for it as will barely support life even when in health."

This, doubtless, is a correct statement of the actual results of labor-saving machinery. But the author has failed to give us the real cause of the suffering and the true remedy. Let us see if we cannot furnish a solution from the principles of family life which we pointed out in the beginning of this article. We have stated that family life, as the true and eternal type of society as a whole, is the result of divine teaching. The family is a little community bound together by love, inspired by charity, and sustained by wisely-directed activity, each member living and working for the welfare and happiness of all the others as well as for himself. Let us suppose such a family, composed, for example, of ten persons, who by laboring ten hours per day manage to supply its wants. After a time one of the members invents a machine which enables the family to produce in eight hours as much as was formerly produced in ten; should not all partake of the benefits of the discovery, either by sharing in the increased production or in the reduction of the hours of labor? If the inventor insists on appropriating to himself all the benefits of the machine, does he not destroy the unity of the family? But if he should demand that some members of the family shall be deprived of their means of support in consequence of the results of his machine, would not his conduct by all principles of justice be regarded as indefensible? This is precisely what is done on a large scale every day; and it is as anti-Christian as it is foolish, short-sighted, and mischievous.

It is worthy of note that the largest measure of success in all industrial communities has invariably been attained by those established on a religious basis. The Catholic colonization movements now going on in the West are full of hope and encouragement. They are really strokes of true genius. Had it been possible to have adopted this method of colonization from the beginning, it would have saved the nation from the bloody and barbarous conflict between the civilized and the savage man which has, we fear, become chronic on our borders. The fragmentary settlement of our vast domain by isolated families has been a constant source of trouble. Settlement by colonies actuated by a Christian spirit would, on the other hand, have been the means of preserving peace with the Indian tribes. This new movement on the part of the church manifests once more her deep interest in the material welfare of her children, and also that she knows how to exercise her great influence wisely. She has always stood as a barrier between the oppressor and the oppressed, and as the elements of opposition which have thrust themselves between her and her great mission are removed, just to that extent is she enabled to employ her wisdom for the amelioration of man's worldly lot, as she has maintained her ability in spite of all

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opposition to minister to his spiritual welfare. When the nations of the earth once more accept her spiritual guidance, then will she show herself competent to guide and direct man's material life. When this great task is completed, the lion of Passion will lie down with the lamb of Humility, and the Child of Wisdom shall lead them.

THE BROOKLET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I.

THOU Brooklet, silvery and clear,
That, hasting, flows unceasing here,
By thy brink
I stand and think and think,
And search thy being's hidden sense.
Whence comest thou here? Where goest thou hence?

II.

"I come from out the Rock's dark breast;
My course flows on without a rest,
Sweeps across
The floweret and the moss,
While o'er my mirror glides with grace
The deep blue heaven's friendly face.

III.

"I have a pleasant, childlike thought
Still urging on a path untaught—
Hidden way,
Unknown—without a pause or stay:
Who called me from the darksome stone,
I trust *Him* as my Guide alone!"

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PROTESTANT THEOLOGY IN SHORT CLOTHES.

"The church to which Protestantism presented us *children* was nothing but a kind of dry morality, and the doctrine appealed neither to the understanding nor to the heart."—GOETHE.

THE writer lately made an *excursus* through the text-books and reading-books of a Protestant Sabbath-school, not with any serious controversial intent, but to acquaint himself with the quality of the literature. His researches extended farther than he at first had contemplated. He now feels that he is the equal, in an humble way, of such *savants* as Niebuhr and Schliemann. He has traced Protestantism to its practical, not merely its theoretical, beginnings. Macaulay says of Niebuhr that his analysis and rehabilitation of Roman history resulted from his profound study of the ancient legends and traditions of the Eternal City. The writer has gained a clearer insight into the nature of Protestantism by his patient perusal of *Aunt Betsy's Little Stories for Little Protestants*. Dr. Schliemann has set at rest for ever the translation of many passages of the *Iliad* which used to puzzle us in class, and for which the *Clavis Homerica* suggested the vaguest and most delusory interpretations. With Schliemann's volume in our hand we now can tell who and what were the "θέοι νεώτεροι" referred to in the *Eumenides*, and the shape of Hector's helmet is for ever determined. So the writer modestly claims a right to his opinions on Protestant theology, after having patiently consulted the volumes which contain *Grandma Jerusha's Moral Tales*, and the profound philosophy which blends so beautifully with the sober entertainment of *Uncle Jechonias' Sabbath-school Days*.

Our controversial reading had hitherto been confined to the graver works of eminent Protestant divines. Like Niebuhr, we were on the wrong track. We scouted the legends and stories. We despised the attractions of the *Little Rosebud Series*. In our delusion we thought that Protestantism could best be studied in the pages of Calvin and Hooker, of Schleiermacher and Francke. We lost much valuable time, which might have been spent with instruction and amusement, over the *Narrative of the Rev. Sadoc Stubbs*, with its powerful refutation of Hindooism and its amusing *persiflage* about the Jesuit missions in India. Niebuhr was wiser. After critically examining the text of all the Latin historiographers; after breaking innumerable pairs of spectacles over Etruscan inscriptions; after well-nigh losing his life in his eagerness to explore the very *penetralia* of the Catacombs, that great man at last said, "Let us analyze the old Roman stories"; and the result is known to all literature. So we, in like foolishness, had patiently waded through the crabbed English of "our noble old Protestant divines." We read Dr. Donne, and caught him plagiarizing like a school-boy from old mediæval homilies. We perused the "judicious Hooker," who wrote the *Ecclesiastical Polity* while he rocked the cradle for a termagant of a wife—which may, perchance, account for the extremely unsatisfactory way (to an enthusiastic preacher) in which he treats of the question of sacerdotal celibacy.

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We studied Chillingworth, who defends a Protestantism which nowadays does not exist. We dipped into that surfeit of sweets, old Jeremy Taylor, Shakspere of divines, who believed in the Real Presence, and, dear old soul! used to pray fervently for the souls of the departed and salute the Blessed Virgin as "our most excellente Ladye." We cracked our head over Bishop Butler's *Analogy*, which Queen Charlotte used to read as a "breakfast tonic" (curious tastes, some people!). Paley's *Evidences*, with the inevitable watch, furnished us with long and, on the whole, pleasant reading; and we remember to this day how we laughed over the awful pomposity of Bishop Burnet's *History of My Own Times*. Calvin's *Institutes* were relieved from their unspeakable dryness by a rattling disquisition of Luther's; and when Protestant theology bore upon us too heavily, we had an unfailing resource in Erasmus, or in some of the quaint old Catholic writers of the days of Elizabeth.

But all this time we were groping in the dark. We knew in a dim, confused way what the Protestant theologians were endeavoring to explain; but we felt a relief, both for them and for ourselves, when they got into clear water and blazed away at the pope. This, at least, was intelligible. We wonderingly speculated why such men as Drs. South and Sherlock troubled themselves at all about giving a theoretic defence of their tenets, when so tempting and easy a prey was before them as the pope. No necessity for logic, for Scriptural exegesis, for historical investigation, or for that calm and prayerful study which the great masters of theology exact. The later English theologians were much more astute, if less learned. With them it was "There's the pope! Up, boys, and at him!" And he that shouted loudest was wreathed with more than civic crown. So we, too, feel a pang of regret over the days which we wasted upon the writings of eminent Protestant divines. Oh! the tedious sermons which we have read, when we might have roared with laughter over *What Grandpa said to the Old Pope*. Why did we trouble ourselves with Ewald and Jahn, and consult Kitto and Horne to find out the exact Protestant interpretation of certain texts, when we might have been simultaneously tickled to death and highly instructed by the witty answers of *Poor Mike and the Priest?* The priest asks Mike why he wasn't at Mass, and Mike answers, "'What proof have ye?—for I have the Bible here, and sorra a word in it about Mass.' '"This is my body,"' says the priest. 'Faix, thin,' answers Mike, 'it's a pretty big one. But what y'r drivin' at it's me that knows. The Saviour there manes it's but the *sign* of his body,' etc., etc. The priest goes home reflecting upon the words which his poor serf spoke from out the blessed book." Why did we painfully study old Rosenmüller, the great rationalistic critic of the New Testament, who fairly admits that the words of the institution of the Eucharist must bear a literal interpretation, by all the laws of all the languages with which that famous old polyglot was acquainted? But here is "poor Mike" disposing of the whole question in what he himself would term "a jiffy." Angry with ourselves at our waste of time and opportunity, we cried, "Away with this learned lumber! Let all the Protestant symbols, confessions of faith, and theologies henceforth yield to *Sis-*

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ter Jemima's Pious Nursery Rhymes. Let Melancthon and Jurieu give place to the *Little Dolly Series*, Pearson *On the Creed* disappear before Peter Parley, and the glories of the Protestant exegetical literature of Germany fade before the greater splendors of *Priest and Nun!*" We had found the secret of Niebuhr.

In venturing into this wide sea of Sabbatical literature we felt the need of compass and chart. We were warned by the fate of Champollion, who for a long time missed the clew to the Egyptian hieroglyphics through his contempt of a simple and right suggestion of his illiterate guide. A good Protestant deacon, whose praise in the church is that he is mighty in Sunday-school work, furnished us with lists of the books most frequently called for, and kindly added his own preferences—a thoughtfulness which, while increasing our obligations, somewhat decreased our respect for the worthy man's literary judgment. He gave us also a detailed account of the Sunday-school work, and we were struck with the perfection to which every detail is carried. We were humiliated by the contrast presented between the untiring activity of Protestants in this work and the apathy of Catholics—at least in the vicinage in which we write. The Sunday-school is as old as the church, and in Catholic countries—Ireland, for example—the catechism is taught with a care and precision which leave an indelible impress upon the memory. Here the clergy frequently find the utmost difficulty in getting an efficient staff of Sunday-school teachers, and parents think nothing of allowing their children to miss catechism, regardless of the inestimable privilege they enjoy of having their own parental obligation of catechising assumed by devoted men and women. The question becomes graver where the Sunday-school hour is the only period of religious instruction which Catholic children attending the public school generally receive. It may seem invidious to point to the thorough discipline, the unwearied patience, and ardent enthusiasm which mark the Protestant Sunday-school teacher. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Our laity, for a variety of insignificant reasons, do not as a rule second the clergy in the Sunday-school work. If parents would even see that their children attend, a long stride forward would be made. Protestants smile at the idea of having to force the little ones to go to Sabbath-school; and we of course know there are other than purely spiritual attractions to draw them. But, on the other hand, any Catholic child of average intelligence can quickly learn our catechism, while the horrible text-memorizing that goes on in Protestant schools utters its wail of complaint even in the newspapers. Whatever be the reason, few young Catholic men and women interest themselves in the Sunday-school. True, the task, undertaken without supernatural motives, proves an irksome and ungracious one. A little generous enthusiasm, a desire to please God, to instruct the ignorant, to help the pastor, or even to meet socially in the exercise of good works, would be motives that should smooth the way. The shortness of the time, and the general willingness of our children to learn, should encourage us to perform this work most pleasing to the Sacred Heart, which ever throbbed for the little ones that upon earth recalled to him the memory of the angels who saw the

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Father's face when it was hidden from himself.

The worthy deacon assured us that no one is regarded as eligible to teach a Sunday-school class unless he or she is prepared to stand an examination on general Biblical topics. "And I can tell you, sir," continued he, "that many of the questions are real stickers. We generally catch 'em on the Old Testament. The New, you see, is pretty fair sailing. Not many hard names to remember, until may be you get to Revelations, or Paul's list of salutations in Hebrews and Corinthians first." We were a little alarmed lest the worthy man, warming with the theme, should regard ourselves in the light of an applicant for teaching, as Uncle Pumblechook took Pip for an accountant; so we timidly ventured to ask for a few general questions, in order to form a comparative view of such an examination.

"Well," answered our friend, "we allus begin with the Pentatook. Give a *resoom* of the laws of Moses and construction of the ark. We generally catch 'em upon the exact position of the cherubims [*ch* soft], and they allus do get the pot of manna most curiously mixed up. It don't do to be too hard on Numbers. I heerd a preacher once say that nobody could remember all them names. 'Pears to me *he* couldn't, for he couldn't tell who Peleg-phaleser was. I generally keep 'em to the Pentatook, for you see if they once get out into Joshua and Samuel they can easy enough remember. A good question is: 'Where did Abraham come from? Trace his wanderings, and give modern names.' 'Pears to me that they are all stuck there. 'Trace flight of Jacob from Laban, and indicate the exact spot of Machpelah. What do modern travellers say of the gross Arabian superstitions with regard to the tomb of Abraham? Is there a parallel case with regard to the superstitious veneration of the sepulchre of Christ?' I next take 'em quickstep through Judges—names mighty hard—Song of Deborah, very fine—impressions about the conduct of Hezekiah—character of Ahaz and Manasses. 'Why is the book called Machabees to be rejected as unsound? Contrast Nebuchanezzer with Pope of Rome. Popery foretold by Daniel. How? Explain the "horns" of the beast. Analogies between popery and ancient idolatry: Golden calf—Catholics have traditions about cattle in stable of Bethlehem. They bless cattle. Israelites and the daughters of Moab—warning against popish marriages. Jezabel Popess Joan. Esau and birthright—the mess of pottage is the sale of indulgences,' etc., etc. This, you see, makes the youngsters think. I knew a young lad who traced the resemblances of all the infamous characters of the Old Testament to the pope. It was wonderful. The minister said he would be a shining light, and he carried off all the prizes. I believe that he afterwards fell from grace—some trouble of a delicate nature—but he disappeared, refusing to be reconciled with the brethren, whom he saluted in a horribly profane manner."

"But," we ventured to interpose, "are you entirely satisfied with the usefulness of this minute study of the merely historical portions of the Old Testament? Would it not be better to require a recitation of the Psalms, or a prophecy of Isaias, or the penitential warnings of the other prophets? I cannot see the

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usefulness of committing to memory all the genealogies or the lists of the captains of the Lord's hosts."

"You do not believe, then, in the pleenary inspiration, I perceive," replied our friend rather coldly and very unfairly. "I have here an excellent little work—*Conversations of a Poor Washerwoman with a World'y-wise Infidel.* The infidel objects to what he calls in his lingo 'transversions of vowel-points, and other evidences of the authorship of the Pentatook, subsequent to the date assigned to and by Moses. The Hebrew of Genesis is the Hebrew of the Captivity,' etc. Pretty smart fellow! But the washerwoman is able for him. She shows that Mamre in Genesis has the same spelling and pointing throughout, and the infidel embraces the Bible. The book is from the pen of one of our greatest Hebrew scholars. It's a little dull, but mighty learned."

Accepting the admirable philologizing of this exceptional washerwoman, our conversation drifted to the practical work of the Sabbath-school.

"We always try to have at least an hour and a half, if not two hours. We do not lay so much stress upon the catechism as formerly. When I was a boy we had to study the old Lutheran catechism, and hunt up the texts which follow each answer. Some of the older folk believe that this is the best way yet. They say that the children learn something definite. But there is so much division of opinion about what should be in and what should be out of the catechism that we have sunk it, and now keep to the Bible, and the Bible only. Now, the chapters about baptism and the Lord's Supper, in the old Lutheran catechism, couldn't be taught here with any acceptance to most parents. They don't believe in them; at least as the grand old Reformer taught them. Same way with the Anglican catechism. I know plenty of Sunday-schools where they won't teach the Apostles' Creèd. The Methodists stick to the Bible and singin', according to Paul: 'Sing with the understanding.' Catechisms an't of much use. The Spirit seems to have blown them all overboard." (This admission should be pondered by Catholics as the gravest indication of the complete shifting of Protestantism from any doctrinal or dogmatic position.)

"What we aim at," continued the honest deacon, "is to imbue the children with the Bible spirit. The first hymn we teach them is, 'I love the holy Bible, for Jesus tells me so.'" (This sentiment labors under the trifling defect of having no Scriptural warrant.) "We next hand over the little ones that can't read to an amiable lady, who begins a course of Scripture stories, aided by a box of candies. The stories extend from Abraham and his wars with the kings (for we have found out the general uselessness of recounting all the particulars of the Fall), and extend to a graphic picture of the Beast of the Apocalypse, which generally frightens the little ones, until they are told that it only means a queer old man in Rome called the pope. No sooner are the children able to read, or even spell pretty well, than our Scripture cards are at once placed in their hands." (Specimen shown.) "The classes are graded with as much care as in a university. Promotion is regulated by the number of texts committed to memory and the ability to give

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the reference. One unfamiliar with the textual arrangement of the Scriptures is bewildered by the (to him) startling confusion of sounds and numbers. I was highly amused at the look of painful ignorance upon the face of a recent visitor to our school, who expressed a wish to hear a recitation. He told me afterward that he thought he was in an auction-shop. Ha! ha! ha! 'Give references,' I said to the head boy of Class M (quite a bright little fellow)—'give references of to-day's lesson.' You know we abbreviate. He at once answered: 'Song of Songs, v. 9; Hab. vi. 24; Hose. ii. 2; Deut. xxiv. 12; Gen., Numb., Josh., Sam., particular chap. not numbered; Wis. ix. 2; Psalm cxxiii. 4. New Test., 1 Cor. ix.; 2 Cor. vi.; Coloss. v. 3; Rom., Tite., Tim., no chap. mentioned. 1 Pete. and Jude, no chap.' What do you think of that?"

"I sympathize with the gentleman."

"We of course vary study with sacred song, and we are always happy to welcome to the desk any gentleman who can address the children in a pleasing and edifying manner. These addresses I myself am opposed to, for they distract the children from the great work in hand, and they are frequently nothing but a collection of stupid stories and more stupid jokes which the children have heard a thousand times before. Sometimes we get hold of a missionary or a late traveller in Italy, and these are always welcome. The little girls cry when they hear of the Indians drowning their babies, and the poor little Italians without the Bible, and frightened out of their wits when the pope puts his head out of the window. Of course we have to accommodate ourselves to the infant mind. At the same time I do not foster any bigotry. I even tell them that the poor Catholics would run some chance of coming to Jesus if it were not for the priests and the withholding of the Bible. There is a Catholic church quite near ours, and I must say that there is great devotion apparently going on all the time. But the children! My stars! the children! Hardly a Sunday passes that they do not assault my lambs as they gather into the Sunday-school fold. The Catholic boys are so terribly rough and so full of ill-advised fun that they actually snowballed several of our male teachers as they were peacefully wending their way to school, last Sabbath. One had his hat knocked off, and the other was so agitated that he had to drink strong tea, made by the minister's wife, throughout the 'children's hour.' I wrote a note to the priest, complaining, but he curtly and, as I think, most un-Christianly advised my teachers and scholars to snowball 'the young rascals' in turn."

"The first class, composed of advanced pupils, read the Bible with an approved commentary. They also study the grounds of Christian defence, chiefly against popery. We use D'Aubigné's *Reformation*, Faber's *Difficulties of Romanism*, and kindred works, and no effort is spared to impress upon the mind the gigantic apostasy of the Mystical Babylon. We do not give much heed to modern infidelity or modern science, feeling convinced that Rome is *the* true and only enemy of Christianity. Our hymns, which form a principal part of our worship, are selected with a view to excite the feelings, and we never

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sing such as would awaken the slightest polemical spirit in our breasts. Prayer is generally extemporaneous, the forms laid down in the catechism being regarded as cold and lifeless. We train the children to pray, and, though they feel diffident at first and make pardonable blunders, they quickly feel the renewing of the Spirit and really rival their elders in power and fluency. One of the most eloquent intercessors that I know is a lad in Class V. His parents tell me that he searcheth the Scriptures to discover the honeycomb of the Word. One of his prayers, which made a deep impression, was a long allegory in the style of Ezekiel, the point being the bringing forth of our land from out of the strong hand and the mocking voice of them that dwell in Edom—an allusion to the Southern Ku-klux."

We do not wish to imply that every Protestant Sunday-school is such a model as this. We wish simply to say that we have not exaggerated or set down aught in malice, and that we are prepared to substantiate every statement here made. Indeed, our readers have but to take up any Protestant Sunday-school paper and judge for themselves. The anti-Catholic bigotry may be sedulously kept out of the paper and be reserved for the class-room; but it is a fact which no honest Protestant can deny that his children are systematically trained to hate and abuse the Catholic Church. Of the ineffable meanness and unworthiness of thus perverting the mind of youth upon the subject of the religion of a vast number of their countrymen it would be superfluous to speak. The minister who would not venture to defame the church from his pulpit, in the presence of an intelligent congregation, has no hesitation about entering his Sunday-school and actually *forming* his scholars' minds in an anti-Catholic and anti-Christian mould. He would not dare charge the church in print with those horrible crimes and errors which he prints upon the enduring tablets of a child's memory and imagination. The Protestant layman who smirkingly compliments you upon the good which the church is effecting is transformed, in the Sabbath-school, into a veritable Moloch, whose breath of hate against the church withers the little children that are offered to him. Venomous old maids, who would swoon with horror at the idea of reading an obscene novel, gloat over such atrocities as *Priest and Nun*, and sully the natural modesty of the young creatures entrusted to their teaching. We know Protestant mothers, who would not tolerate a story-paper in their houses, actually placing in the hands of their daughters anti-Catholic books that have all the grossness without the occasional elegance of the most salacious literature. The moral obliquity, the insensate hate, and the appalling ignorance that afflict so many Protestants, even in maturest life, have their beginnings in the Sabbath-school. In it there is no healthful study of any ethical principles. The Ten Commandments are part of Deuteronomy. There is less catechism now than ever. It is the Bible—the Bible which the Catholic Church reverences and guards from desecration—that is placed in the hands of youth whose unformed minds cannot take in its awful import. The glowing account of our friend the deacon might receive fresh addition from

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the fact that there is not a boy or a girl in his school who could not rattle off the "references" to Scriptural passages in which, to an impure mind, everything is impure. Of what avail is it to salvation to know the boundaries of the Amalekites or the genealogy of Joab? Very well for the theologian and the hermeneutist; but one page of Butler's Catechism is worth a thousand geographical descriptions of Palestine. It is thus that we see the divine wisdom of the church, which has condescended to mark out for us our Scriptural reading in her selection of the Sunday Gospels; of which a great convert and profound Biblical scholar said: "The more I study this collocation of the Gospels and its admirable relevancy, the more I am convinced that it was an inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

The Protestantism of a quarter century ago had certain outlines. Every sect sought to give *some* reason for its faith. The Sabbath-school was guarded by a fierce polemical zeal which was sure of at least one thing—to impress the youthful mind with a set of distinctive "doctrines." The Anglican bishop would not confirm the youth unless he knew the catechism. Presbyterian boys were well "up" in *their* catechism; and as for the more exclusive sects, the Bible itself dwindled before the importance of the *Confession* and the *Creed*. All is changed. Committing texts has taken the place of committing the catechism to memory. The Westminster Confession is no more heard of than the Augsburg. Efforts are earnestly made to keep the Reformers in the background. The glory of Luther hath departed, and Calvin's place knoweth him no more. A pitiful Sabbatarianism as false as it is ridiculous, a frantic Bibliolatry, and a largely-developed lay-influence have supplanted the Protestantism of Chalmers and of Edwards. The ministry has been purposely and steadily narrowed, and it was forced to witness its departing glory in the popular ordaining of such men as Moody, Sankey, and Murphy.

The more thoughtful among the Protestant clergy have in vain endeavored to stem this eternal wish-wash of Biblicism, and to revive the study of the catechism in the Sabbath-school. No one knows more clearly than an intelligent Protestant minister the utter futility of obliging children to learn texts, the difficulty of which elicited a warning voice from St. Peter himself. But the minister is helpless before a set of vulgar, purse-proud men who could send him and his family adrift in the morning, at the slightest protest against any of their "Gospel movements." The writer knows of a Protestant minister who was politely requested not to enter his own Sabbath-school, because on one occasion he had the temerity to change the lesson from a place in the book of Leviticus which few adults, careful of perfect cleanliness of mind, would wish to read, to our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. The great defect of the Sabbath-school is the negativeness of its religious training. There is no explanation of the Commandments, no idea of faith, of the sacraments, of the obligations of confession, of the true spirit of prayer, or the dozen other fundamental truths with which our own children are thoroughly familiarized, even if they cannot give "references" so very readily, and, it is to be feared, would not be

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able to tell who was the grandfather of Zorobabel.

The deadly wound inflicted upon the soul of the Protestant child is the horrible idea which he gets of the immaculate spouse of Christ, his church. We could smile at much of the absurdity of the strange Bible jargon. We could forgive the hymns, and listen to the wonderful stories of the missionary from Timbuctoo. But we can never forgive the Sabbath-school for its misrepresentation of the one true church of Christ. This is an injury which its inflicters unhappily do not realize. If they could be only brought to see how many ingenuous souls have perished that long since would have found shelter in the ark, if it had not been for their infernal malice and falsehoods! The Protestant grows up to manhood. He reads, reflects, converses. He changes many a school-boy belief, but his Sabbath-school belief about Rome rarely or never. The impression is too early, too lasting. He may turn infidel or Mormon, but it takes the greatest miracle of grace for him to become Catholic. All his boyish indignation boiled against this cruel, dastardly church. Did he not read of Torquemada, who burnt poor wretches merely for reading the Bible? Oh! what tiger-hearts must Catholics have that could look unmoved upon the young and innocent slowly tortured to death for simply wishing to worship God according to their own conscience! Is not the papal church a vast despotism, grinding down men's hearts and souls, robbing them under pretence of pardoning their sins, forbidding them the Bible, plotting the overthrow of liberty, ruling with tyrannic sway the wretched priests who, like the Jesuits, swear that nothing in the law of God or of man will they regard a sin, if it go contrary to the will of their superiors? Sunday after Sunday ignorant, and perhaps sincere, men instilled into his youthful and unsuspecting breast the poison which is the portion of the serpent, who was a liar and murderer from the beginning: *venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum.* When, touched by God's grace, such a man turns to the contemplation of the church, the fogs and mists of his Sabbath-school teachings rise before him. The poison is frequently ineradicable. The wound is immedicable. The glow of youthful fancy still halos such unmitigated villains as John Huss and Cranmer. The brawl of St. Bartholomew is still a solemn holocaust offered by bleeding Protestantism for the saving of France. The splendor of the court of Leo X. strikes him as it did the rustic Luther. He still smiles at the trick played upon Tetzel by the robber who purchased the pardon of his theft in advance; and all the historians, theologians, and critics in the world shall never make him give up his boyish faith in the immaculate purity of those "saints" that in tears and blood withstood the papal tyrant and died with the open Bible in their hands, confessing Christ at the stake, and glancing with scorn at the crucifixes and other idolatrous objects which the infuriated monks held up before them. The child that has been trained in such a school as this runs the extremest risk of missing the grace of God when it calls him to the church which in his childhood he knew, only to defame. The man or the woman who has the hardihood to draw such pictures of Catholicity for the impres-

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sible mind of childhood is guilty of a grave sin on general ethical grounds, and *may* be the instrumental cause of a soul's damnation. It is fearful to reflect upon the judgment which such instructors must incur from Him who has already passed sentence upon those that scandalize these little ones, whose very belief in him is made the occasion of turning them away from his church. In the sacred name of charity, we earnestly implore such Protestants as may read this to reflect upon the consequences, even in a merely civil and social point of view, that must eventually flow from allowing their children to look upon Catholics and their church as something monstrous and unspeakably impious. We do not care how many texts they may cram, how many hymns they may learn, or how successfully they may extemporize prayer. All that we ask for the sake of the dear children themselves is that they be suffered to remain in ignorance of "Romanism" until they grow up, and its full horrors dawn upon them when their minds are better able to bear them.

The staple of every Sabbath-school library consists, of course, of books treating upon the Bible. We have *Bible Birds*, *Bible Dogs*, *Bible Plants*, *Bible Rivers*, and so on *ad nauseam*. The critic is struck with the singular want of unity and grasp in all these treatises. We have a few Catholic Bible histories which are immeasurably superior to these ambitious Protestant compilations. A Catholic writer knows and understands the simple and complete *nexus* that binds the Old with the New Testament. The beautiful harmony is apparent to his faith. There are no labored interpretations, no confusion of idea, no failure to understand the plain statement of St. Paul that the Old Testament is a shadow and allegory of the New. The church has familiarized him with the patristic exposition of the types, and he has no difficulty in seeing in the patriarch Joseph, not a lucky adventurer and a sentimental son and brother, but an awful prefiguring of Him who was indeed sold by his brethren. There is nothing more soul-satisfying, even to the profoundest theologian, than the perusal of the simple little Bible histories that we find in our schools. But when we open the erudite pages of *Bible Animals* our hearts sink. The unity of the sacred narrative is broken, and somehow our feelings are untuned. We read what manner of animal it was that swallowed Jonas, and our simple faith, which once rested content with a vague vision of a whale, now receives a shock. We almost wish that with Dean Stanley we could believe that the whole story is a metaphor—sin absorbing the recalcitrant prophet. No. The author of *Bible Animals* won't give up the whale. He anatomizes him. He carries us off to Greenland. He quotes Captain Parry. He talks about the whale's esophagus. *Could* a man get down a whale's esophagus? Let us hear what the author of *A Whaling Cruise* says, etc., etc. Now, such writing tends wholly to confuse the miraculous element in the entire narrative. We begin to think that there wasn't anything at all wonderful in Jonas' adventure, and so *quod nimis probat nihil probat*. Behemoth, leviathan, and the unicorn are classified with the exactness of a zoölogical garden catalogue, and the queer *pot-pourri* of natural history and piety closes with the stereotyped doxology to

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the blessed book. The writers of *Bible Birds* and of *Bible Plants* are so painfully ornithological and botanical that we had to give them up in despair.

Dr. Marshall has closed for all time the question of Protestant missions, yet books on the subject appear with the old unblushing effrontery. Something must be done to keep flowing the Pactolus that runs golden into the church. Yet one marvels at the simplicity that accepts these narratives, and refuses a hearing to the truth of Catholicity. Why, the very missionaries themselves, as if conscious that they are humbugging their people, declare repeatedly the utter fruitlessness of their labors, and strongly advise the abandonment of numerous missions. But the cry for the heathen is kept up, the charity is popular, and sums that would ransom an empire are yearly squandered. All the fact and satire in the world cannot convince the average Protestant that money will not make a convert worth the keeping. The English and American belief in the omnipotence of cash finds ludicrous exemplification in this matter of foreign missions. We believe that the penny subscriptions to the Society of the Holy Infancy go farther in the way of missionary work than the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. Marshall has shown as much.

We found several startling missionary narratives well thumbed. They are made up of letters which seemed to us singularly elaborate, if not affected, for epistles dashed off in sight of savages "off Congo River." We also observed that there was very little description of missionary work, and any amount of sketches of native lion hunts, remarkable customs, etc. "A venerable chief with flowing locks and beard and a majestic mien, clothed with a long tunic which in Coptic is called a *tssthst*, approached the Rev. Mr. Beese, and calmly inquired if we worshipped *Svtps*—*i.e.*, God. Upon our showing him the Bible, and telling him it was the *nxstp Svtps*—*i.e.*, the word of God—he burst into tears and accepted it most lovingly. Henceforth he was daily seen in front of his *mstvpxs*, or hut, diligently perusing the precious volume. Through his instrumentality the entire tribe was converted, each receiving a copy of the Bible, which they treated in an affectionate, if at times rather amusing, manner."

Most of these missionary books are filled with complaints against Catholic missionaries who may be laboring in the same field. The unmanly querulousness of these plaints leads to the conclusion that the Protestant preachers feel how disadvantageously they are placed when confronted with the Catholic apostle. It is not the presence of their wives that hampers and confuses them, for we believe that it is the wives of the Protestant missionaries who effect the most conversions, through superior tact and the natural winningness of women; but it is the presence of a supernatural force and life which, through God's grace, the poor heathen himself is not the last to perceive. As it is, Protestants are led to believe that the comparative failure of their missions results from that cloven-foot of Rome which, not content with trampling the fair gardens of Christ in Europe, must needs crush the tender seedlings of evangelical hope in heathen lands. And this bosh is believed, subscriptions redoubled, sympathizing letters sent to Mr. Beese by enthusiastic elders, and a trunkful of children's clothes

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to poor Mrs. Beese. A young levite, aflame with zeal to bear the Gospel tidings to distant Cathay, is ordained by a colonial bishop then on a prolonged visit to the home of his childhood. The young levite protests before high Heaven that he will meet and overcome Antichrist in the person of his emissaries, and solemnly vows that ere he leaves China countless Mongolian hands will have laid hold on the Book of Life.

In many Sabbath-school libraries fiction holds a very subordinate place. This is explained for the very foolish reason that children should not be familiarized with falsehood, even under the transparent guise of fictitious narrative. Still, after many stormy debates in countless synods, a compromise was made. The fiction of a Sabbath-school is indeed poor. We could not help contrasting it with the really good stories in every sense with which our own libraries now happily abound. A Catholic story does not for ever obtrude religion upon you. There is a safe sense that we are for the time living among good, decent people who enjoy life, make love, say their prayers, and keep the moral law in a manly and womanly way. Even the most pronounced of our strictly religious tales have a charm and happiness about them irresistibly attractive. We know of no book of fiction that surpasses in living and varied interest a well-written life of a great saint, or the founder of a religious community. Our children's books, too, as a class, are really sound and sensible. We never believed in treating children to baby-talk and addressing them as dolls. There is, of course, a wide domain of chivalry and romance, of knightly worth, of beautiful legend and exquisite allegory, in Catholic history, all of which is denied to the Protestant writer. But he certainly might have managed to give us something a little less depressing than the melancholy musings of *Jabez Smooth* and the ponderous theology of *Parson Goodwill.*

The average Sabbath-school story opens upon a poor consumptive mother, "whose feeble hands can scarcely hold the blessed volume which has been her stay and consolation since the death of her beloved husband, Eliphalet Hare. The weary eyes are resting upon that sweet text which has brought comfort to many an aching bosom: 'And Moses commanded Joshua to tell the people all these things.' What divine force and beauty in those words," etc. Her gentle daughter runs in with the glad intelligence that Parson Wellspent is coming up the lane. "'And O mamma!' she exclaims, 'I really think he has some of those beautiful tracts which he promised you. Mayn't *I* have one too?' And a tear stood in her gentle blue eye," etc. The villain of the story is a wretched old sailor who drinks grog and sings rather dubious songs. This unfortunate man has enticed some of the youth of the place to go on a fishing expedition, in which they are all nearly drowned. The sailor experiences a change of heart, gives up his grog and his songs, and soon dies a most edifying death.

We looked in vain for any Protestant books that give the Catholic Church even a hearing. So far as we examined, such works were wholly excluded. General histories like Hallam's we could not find, though we discovered more pretentious books. We do not say

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so, but it looked as if every avenue to Catholic truth had been purposely closed up. The more virulently anti-Catholic the author, the more acceptable did he appear to be. Poor, trashy histories which a scholar would be ashamed to be caught reading; vile *Harper* spawn; cheap biographies and encyclopædias filled with second-hand learning; a series of ridiculous stories advocating nothing but an aimless reading of the Bible; an overgrown collection of Bible books which have not the merit of a good English style to relieve their intolerable dulness and flippant criticism; a lower deep of foul diatribes against the virtue of chastity, which the church of God, echoing Christ and his apostle, has always proclaimed possible even to our fallen and corrupt nature; books like H. Carey Lea's *History of Sacerdotal Celibacy*, which would be seized as obscene if they were not written against the church; idiotic tales for little folks, with such wretched puzzles as "What does Solomon, spelled backwards, mean in Scotch?" make up the general Sabbath-school library.

Our review has acquainted us with the general Sabbath-school methods of Protestantism. We now see that the works of the great divines, the testimony of illustrious Protestant historians, and even the excellent exegetical literature, such, for example, as Dr. Pusey's Lectures on Daniel, which Protestants have given to the world, can rarely be found in the Sabbath-school library. Our eyes are opened. Henceforth we shall triumphantly refute a Protestant argument by solemnly appealing to the *Narrative of Rev. Jeroboam Sneezer*, or, if that fails, we shall triumphantly quote the *History* of Aunt Tabitha. Too long have we lingered over the learning and, we sincerely trust and believe, the piety of many a great Protestant theologian who patiently studied and explained the Scriptures, and for that alone became dear to the heart of the theological scholar of every faith. What Catholic theologian does not love old Kitto, and feel for him the unfeigned kindness and courtesy with which he was welcomed to the Scriptural treasures of the Vatican? These old giants may now repose in the silence and dust of the upper shelf. Protestant theology is gone, never to return. May it not be that God, in his all-wise providence, has deemed our generation worthy to behold the passing away of the delusion and blight of Protestantism which for three centuries has afflicted so many and so highly favored nations? Or is it already dead?

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LIFE OF MADAME DUCHESNE.*

THE chief means in this age and country of winning permanent influence in the direction of any given principle is undoubtedly the education of youth. Bearing this in mind, it is mainly in the field of education that all organizations, religious or secular, wage war with, and strive to outstrip, each other. Anything connected with the early struggles of earnest teachers and missionaries must afford an interesting study; and, judged by the light of the contrast between the generation of 1820 and that of 1840 in Louisiana and Missouri, the part taken by the first teaching sisters of the Society of the Sacred Heart may be said to have been a largely predominant element in the civilization of the Mississippi valley. Although the honor of the undertaking is personally due altogether to Frenchmen and women of the same stamp as the missionaries of Canada, and notwithstanding the fact that the chief obstacles in the path of these educators were raised by men of Anglo-Saxon race and prejudices, we may yet refer with satisfaction to the two following facts, which speak pretty plainly for themselves: the state of barbarism in which two centuries of Spanish and French rule had left the valley of the Mississippi, and the improvement effected within the first third of a century of American administration. The first—to go no farther than the testimony of Mme. Duchesne—is proved by her letters, which exhibit as minute an observation as they do a picturesque and direct style; the second is traceable throughout the history of her efforts and of their ultimate success. If the individual prejudices of Americans at that time were against Catholic education, the Constitution, on the other hand, favored freedom of association and freedom of choice as to means in all matters concerning the public good; and, in the long run, the Saxon love of fair play and admiration for pluck and honesty in all their forms changed many a hostile and ignorant looker-on into a champion of the devoted and dauntless missionaries. We call Mme. Duchesne and her companions missionaries advisedly, for, though the word has been often misused and is generally understood in one sense only, it has a wider and fitter application, such as entirely covers the ground of Mme. Duchesne's efforts in this country. One of her own favorite characters, St. Francis Regis, was no less a missionary because his zeal called him to preach an intelligible Gospel and revive a sleeping faith in the neglected rural parishes of the south of France, from the years 1597 to 1640, than were such of his order (the Company of Jesus) as carried the faith to China, India, or Japan, and gave their lives to attest its truth. The task of reconverting or recivilizing a population that has deteriorated from its former and normal stand-

* *Histoire de Mme. Duchesne, Religieuse de la Société du Sacré Cœur de Jésus, et Fondatrice des premières maisons de cette Société en Amérique.* M. l'Abbé Baunard, chanoine honoraire d'Orléans, professeur d'eloquence sacrée á l'Université Catholique de Lille, Docteur en Théologie, et Docteur des Lettres. Paris: Poussielgue Frères. 1878.

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ard is often a more hopeless and arduous one than that of first announcing wholly unknown and unexpected truths to a nation accustomed beforehand to believe without material proof and to accept without doubt what tradition has handed down. The latter are, at any rate, curious and eager; the former are often mistrustful or indifferent. They have kept enough civilization to sharpen their wits, but not enough to control their morals. The labors of St. Francis Xavier among the Portuguese at Goa, as contrasted with his wonderful and rapid success in evangelization among the Hindoos, affords an instance in point. The history of Mme. Duchesne's work among the women and girls of the neighborhoods of New Orleans and St. Louis decidedly affords another.

Providential circumstances prepared Mme. Duchesne for her life-task, which, however, she was not suffered to take up until she was nearly fifty years of age. The French Revolution made her familiar with the detailed hardships and privations which any colonist or pioneer has to take into account as a necessary part of his plan, and the disturbance of monastic rules due to the indiscriminate suppression of all religious houses during the "Terror" became the occasion of her breaking with her early traditions in favor of the order of the Visitation, and joining a new community established, with a view to the new wants of the times, both in France itself and in other countries. A few words which M. de Tocqueville has applied to the United States, at least to such of the more settled portions of the States as he made himself acquainted with, might be equally well used to indicate the influence, the moral atmosphere, and the family traditions of a certain class of Frenchwomen whose representatives existed before the Revolution, spite of the corruption in the more prominent classes, and exist still, spite of the corruption leavened with unbelief which France, as known officially, literarily, dramatically to the outside world, exhibits, and almost parades: "If I were asked to what I chiefly attribute the singular prosperity and increasing greatness of the American people, I should answer, to the superiority of its women."

These words apply to the class from which Mme. Duchesne sprang. Her genealogy illustrates the theory which holds that every trait of character is linked with and referred to, or rather descended from, some ancestral trait of a like kind, and that an isolated and absolutely exceptional individual is the rarest freak in nature. Her paternal ancestors, settled at Romans, in the present department of La Drôme, and not far from Grenoble, had long occupied a high position as exporters of textile fabrics, and had also been the leaders in local politics; the Périers, her maternal ancestors, became from large capitalists and manufacturers—they bought the old castle of Vizille, the wonder of Dauphiné, for a factory of painted cloths, the first established in France—successively bankers and statesmen; their house was famous in Paris and their credit almost autocratic. Her paternal grandmother, Mlle. Enfantin, was of a family of similar standing, which numbered among its prominent members a great pulpit orator of the order of the Fathers of the Faith, and another leader of different calibre but

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no less mind, the founder of the Saint-Simonists. Her sister, Mme. de Mauduit, became the wife of a captain of dragoons, who often said he could manage his regiment better than his wife, and would rather face the enemy than encounter her displeasure. The political career of the men of her family for two generations had been a brilliant and liberal one. Her father, an advocate (or, as we should say in English, a proctor) in the Grenoble parliament, a distinguished lawyer and a man of strong character, had been one of those directly concerned in what proved to be the first step of the French Revolution; for the assembly of his native town was the first to register a protest against the royal edicts which issued in a riot on the 7th of June, 1788. Her uncle Périer welcomed the notables of the province of Dauphiné in the hall of his *château* at Vizille, where was held the famous session of the 21st of July, under the presidency of Mounier and Barnave. When the Revolution declared itself—that is, when mob-rule threw off the shackles of the constitution and proclaimed itself supreme—these liberal-minded magistrates and merchants withdrew from the movement and suffered not a little during the excesses that followed; but when the frenzy was over, and in 1795 the country struggled out from among the ruins of many governments, the Périers and Duchesnes once more showed their patriotic spirit, and it was Mme. Duchesne's father and uncle who were chosen by their fellow-citizens to represent them in the new legislative body. While there, and several times called to the office of tribune, the former resolutely opposed every measure tending to the decrease of constitutional liberty, and notably voted against the scheme of a life-consulship, which scheme eventually, as it is known, led to the empire. When the new government was settled he resigned his post and never went back to public life, neither the rule of Napoleon I. nor that of Louis XVIII. suiting his views of rightful government. A man of iron, upright and austere—obstinate his foes called him—his type was reproduced in his daughter, Philippa-Rose, born in 1769, and noted from her childhood for her grave ways and early decision of character. Singleness of purpose, perseverance in effort, and masculine foresight and power of administration were her chief characteristics; as to accomplishments, precocity, and the lighter graces of home life, she was a stranger to them. A deep tenderness, but no sentimentalism or emotional display, distinguished her, though many never suspected it until circumstances called its expression to the surface. She has herself described in a letter from her American home one of the ordinary processes of her mind, which will serve better than any attempt at description to set her figure clearly before the reader:

"We are three. At night-prayers it is all I can do to manage to put three sentences together, and speak for three minutes, to propose a subject for prayer [meaning meditation]. I have never been able to reflect on anything; *I see it*, and what I see at once I shall see ten years hence, without change or addition whatever. I can see nothing by halves and in detail. Objects strike me as a whole, with no divisions or parts. When I hear long speeches or sermons I am forced, in spite of myself, to reduce the matter argued to a few words. I cannot understand how any one can amplify a subject. Given this disposition, all kinds of method, reflection, and

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consideration become mere bewilderment to my mind."

Her style was like herself, her manner less amiable than sincere, her word a tower of strength, and her example so compelling that it brought her the love of all strong, true, and manly souls, which her mere manner might otherwise have crystallized into simple respect and admiration. Her studies were various and useful, thoroughness in every pursuit being her aim; at nine years old Roman history was her favorite reading, and later on she joined her cousins, the Périer boys, in the study of Latin and the higher branches of arithmetic as connected with business transactions. Her mother taught her at home for some years, after which the family connection with the school of the neighboring convent of the Visitation led to her being placed there preparatory to her First Communion. She dated both her call to the religious life and her interest in missionary work from that time, the extraordinary confessor of the community having had several years' experience in the Indian missions of Louisiana. The convent stood on a rocky projection half way up the Rachais mountain, overlooking the river Isère, and must have presented a singularly picturesque appearance. The reader will forgive a slight digression for the sake of the picture it affords of one of the old-time convent-schools:

"A kind of crooked staircase street, with black houses of the time of the League, winds up the mountain-side, and an abrupt turn brings one face to face with a gateway, among whose ornamental devices runs an inscription attributing the foundation of this, the fourth house of the order, to St. Francis of Sales himself in the year 1619. . . . A dark corridor led from the gateway to a square cloister overlooking a courtyard with a lawn and flower-beds, where two wells had been dug side by side and a stone cross erected between the two. From the cloister you go down into the church choir. . . . The steep and bare heights of Le Rabot command the house and shut off the view, but on the city side nothing obstructs it, and from the courtyard terrace, which the children use as a play-ground, the eye takes in the rich, deep-seated valley of Grésivaudan, and the landscape beyond, stretching over vast plains till it reaches the foot of the snow-capped Alps."

Like most buildings of its kind, this convent has gone through strange changes since Mme. Duchesne played and studied there. Sequestrated during the Revolution, it became a prison, and afterwards a wine-shop, where guides for the mountain were procured and refreshments supplied to tourists; then for a few years Mme. Duchesne herself hired it from the town, and retenanted it with a few stray nuns, vainly endeavoring to restore the old rule, after which it became a house of the Sacred Heart community, and in its restorer's old age, in 1833, was abandoned to a sisterhood of Ursuline nuns, the neighborhood of a station of military engineers having proved an annoyance to the former owners When, on leaving school, Philippa Duchesne told her parents of her intention to enter the community, she met with the natural opposition which the majority of even pious families feel towards a decision taken in such early youth; and when, after some years spent in society, where she heartily enjoyed herself, but refused one or two good matches proposed by her parents, she was allowed to carry out her determination, it was only on condition that she should remain a novice until her father sanctioned

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her taking the habit for life. His foresight was justified before she had been two years in the convent; the Revolution broke out, the monasteries were dissolved — lucky those to whom no worse happened —and Philippa returned to secular life, but insisted still on keeping all the hours and customs of the convent which did not clash disagreeably with the family routine. Her father's country-house of Granne, near the old homestead of Romans, became a pleasant retreat during the following years of disturbance, and here the young girl met with an additional tutor under singularly interesting circumstances, and also contracted her life-long devotion to St. Francis Regis, whose tomb was in the neighborhood. The tutor alluded to was M. Poisdebard, a priest obliged to support himself by secular occupations, and who, with no other credentials but his mechanical skill and experience, solicited and obtained the place of overseer of the mill-works which M. Duchesne had in contemplation. The family were thus provided with an excellent clerk of the works, a clever teacher, and a secret chaplain. After her mother's death, in 1793, Philippa Duchesne left her home once more and took up her abode in a small hired room in Grenoble, with an ex-nun for a companion, and devoted herself to caring for the prisoners, and among them principally the priests, as well as to teaching the neglected street children, who were growing up heathens in the midst of scenes of bloodshed and sacrilege. Her fearlessness and perseverance in both these perilous tasks were admirable and unintermitted, but it requires some willingness to believe in her own judgment (which she certainly eloquently excused in a letter to her elder sister, Mme. de Mauduit) before one can quite approve of her readiness to undertake works of choice rather than works of necessity, such as her father's recent widowerhood and increasing age made ready to her hand. Doubtless a character less like his own would have served his turn better in this emergency; at any rate, the motive of his daughter's absence was pure and self-devoted, even if not perfectly unselfish. This life lasted until 1801, when, after earnest efforts and the co-operation of her cousins, the Périer bankers, she succeeded in her plan of reconstituting the convent, though not on its ancient footing. The Revolution had had much the same effects as a flood, and when she tried to gather together even such nuns as professed themselves anxious to return to their former life, she found the spirit of discipline gone, a habit of independence and jealousy uppermost in the lives of her companions, apathy on the part of the elder nuns, desires rather than resolves, and a longing for rest superseding a resolution to work. The old superioress, whom with four others of the former community she had brought to consent to a return, left Mme. Duchesne after a few months with the recruits who had accompanied her, and the task seemed hopeless; but she who had delighted in the manual labor of re-establishing the old home, in cooking for and helping the workmen, in shutting out the weather and cleaning the long-unoccupied parts of the house, was equally sanguine about the eventual moral reconstruction of the place. It was not, however, till she had gathered about her women of a new generation that she found a harmonious spirit animate her

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little band. The rules of the Visitation, in their more special features, had already been wisely dispensed with at the opening of the new school, on which much of the hope of material prosperity was founded; and when Father Varin, a former soldier, and something of a new Francis Regis in his zeal for teaching the young people of country neighborhoods whose faith had been swamped by the Revolution, brought her word of the quiet beginnings of a new association for educational purposes, begun in Amiens by Mme. Barat, it seemed to Mme. Duchesne that an amalgamation between the two communities promised the very results for which she had been steadily working. The meeting between the future friends was conducted according to an ancient and solemn custom: Mme. Duchesne welcomed the new-comer by kneeling to kiss her feet, and repeating as she did so the words of Isaias: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring tidings of the Gospel of peace." Mme. Barat was ten years younger than herself, but no selfish or arrogant thought ever took from the fulness of her submission to the young foundress of the new institution. The two women completed each other and together formed one head; their friendship was never broken, and even when, late in life, a person in authority took the unwarrantable liberty of intercepting their correspondence, each, though grieved and amazed, never once lost faith in the other, thereby giving one of the subtlest and rarest proofs of innate nobility of character.

The new community began in 1804 with a school of twenty boarders, which two years later was supplemented by a free day-school for poor girls, under the superintendence of an inmate of the house, a widow, who called herself the "house-dog," transacted the nuns' outside business, and took upon herself every office she could to help the women with whom she had found a congenial home. In 1806 the visit of a Trappist abbot, Dom de Lestrange, fired the first spark of that enthusiasm for the American missions which became, for years before her wish was realized, almost a monomania with Mme. Duchesne. This man, her equal in determination and energy, had been proscribed and his monastery confiscated by the National Assembly, whereupon with the majority of his monks, and not much more capital than their hands and brains, he had founded a new home in the Val-Sainte, in the Swiss canton of Fribourg, and established branch houses in Spain, Italy, Belgium, and England. From this place, too, he was temporarily ousted by the French invasion, and fled for safety successively to Germany, Russia, Poland, and Denmark, but returned to Val-Sainte in 1802 under the protection of Napoleon I. Two houses of his order had been recently founded in America (they were afterwards dissolved) under his personal supervision, and he was full of zeal for the farther working of that hitherto—religiously speaking—fallow field. His travels happened to have made him acquainted with the very neighborhoods in which Mme. Duchesne, fifteen years later, was to struggle with and triumph over more obstacles than either she or Lestrange could foresee. From this time forward began one of the outwardly quiet periods of Mme. Duchesne's life, though her pressing desire to go to America,

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or, if not there, to China, grew and strengthened silently each hour. Her work lay in teaching, guidance, and administration, while her relations also gave her much to do, as she materially helped her sister's children, as well as took special charge of the education of some of her nieces, several of whom became nuns in her community, while others entered the order of the Visitation, following in this the family tradition, four generations of Duchesnes having furnished *Sainte-Marie* with members. Her interior history during this time reduced itself to the central and absorbing interest of her wish to go to America. No wish was ever more repressed, more combated than hers. Mme. Barat did not see her way to its realization; she feared the consequences of a scattering of strength and material necessary to consolidate the institution at home; the Jesuits themselves, to whom mainly the direction of the nuns' affairs belonged, were cautious and backward; Mme. Duchesne's urgency, her belief in a call from God to this work, her recourse to the chance opening of a Bible as to a kind of oracle (which she found answer as she would have it), all seemed to them so much uncontrolled vehemence without the stamp of anything providential.

It strikes one that, although their opposition was undoubtedly one of the preparatory features of God's trial of her fortitude, they themselves were in this instance singularly blind to providential indications, and more solicitous about ways and means than the Gospel warrants. Father Barat (the brother of the foundress) alone showed a conviction, nearly as strong as Madame Duchesne's, of the advisability of carrying out her wishes indeed, his own secret wishes led him to hope for a like destination for himself, but in this he was disappointed. His influence, however, was mainly exerted on the side of his sister's friend, and when a visit to France on the part of the French bishop of New Orleans in 1816 gave new zest to their hopes, it was he who undertook to mention the subject to the bishop. Mgr. Dubourg was in quest of volunteers, of whom he gathered together nearly fifty in the seminaries of France, Italy, and Belgium, and naturally the request of Mme. Duchesne chimed in with his views; but even at the last moment so many difficulties were raised that he owed the granting of his wishes only to what seemed an accident. He was leaving Mme. Barat when, at the door of the little house of the Sacred Heart in Paris, Mme. Duchesne, who had been watching for his departure, threw herself at her friend's feet and in a few impassioned words begged for her consent. This last appeal was successful, and a few months later the little band of missionary teachers sailed from Bordeaux on board an American vessel, bound for New Orleans. Mme. Duchesne's companions were a Genevese convert, Mme. Berthold, whose father had been Voltaire's private secretary; Mme. Audé, and two lay sisters. They set sail on March 21, 1818, and after a stormy passage landed at New Orleans on the 29th of May following.

An entirely new life opened before them; the destitution of the church, the comparative barbarism of the people, the roughness of the conditions of existence even among the wealthy, were such as the liveliest imagination could hardly have

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caused them to realize beforehand. The summer aspect of New Orleans, however, which was the first impression that met them, was decidedly pleasant, and one of the nuns writes, in the hopeful spirit of new-comers:

"The night was magnificent, the sky clear and starlit. We were driving along the banks of the river, whose waters seemed silvered by the stars that were reflected in it. Little bushes full of fire-flies, shining like our glow-worms, made the prettiest illumination. Very pretty little cottages were scattered here and there, and in one of them we were given some bread—we had not eaten any for seventy days."

New Orleans at that time reckoned fifteen thousand inhabitants, black and white, and, besides the bishop, only two priests. There was, however, an Ursuline convent-school, which became the temporary home of the new community. The demoralization of the city and environs was frightful; girls of eighteen were mere hoydens, mothers of families careless of everything but dress and jewelry; religion in any form was either a by-word or absolutely *terra-incognita*. The negroes were threefold more savages than their African ancestors. The daughters of some of the richest inhabitants "swore like a devil and smoked like a man"; others "had more dresses than chemises, and especially than handkerchiefs, and would not be content with anything short of the finest cambric or muslin for sleeves."

The love of finery pervaded all classes; farther up the river, where Indian half-breeds abounded, license and luxury went hand-in-hand; everywhere the ignorance of morals and religion was shocking; the children laughed at the idea of application and obedience, and taunted a more industrious companion with the epithet of "nigger." Pupils, when instructed about hell, seriously asked if the nuns had ever been there and seen it; the forms of kneeling, crossing themselves, etc., were unknown and provoked laughter, while the very knowledge of the Trinity was scarcely traceable through the crude notions of the majority of the people. Astonishing details are given in the letters of Mme. Duchesne and her associates of the low moral standard current among the Mississippi valley populations, whether rich or poor; but, light as the character of these people was, it was the more easy to bend into new grooves, and the marvellous quickness and receptivity of most of the pupils became as much a wonder as the degraded state from which they thus emerged.

Through the miscarriage of the bishop's letter Mme. Duchesne found herself left alone and without instructions for nearly six weeks, after which delay she started for St. Louis on the steamboat *Franklin*. The navigation was tedious and often interrupted, the crowd on board as disgusting as could be; snags or sunken tree-trunks continually stopped the boat, the wood gave out, and the crew went ashore to cut timber, while the passengers organized wild-turkey hunts and improvised flour by crushing corn in the most primitive fashion. Now and then a swamp with its magnificent and deadly vegetation; a log-hut settlement; a band of mounted Indians, men and women, wearing scarlet blankets and white hats ornamented with silver coins; and, most curious of all, a small body of wandering English-speaking Anabaptists, living on fruits, herbs, and roots, and wearing garments of skins, gave the

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travellers new and surprising sensations. One of the fellow-passengers whom they picked up on their route was Gabriel Richard, a French priest, the great-nephew of Bossuet, who that same year sat in Congress; and one of the rare pleasures of the nuns was a hurried visit to the pastor of Kaskaskias while the boat was unloading freight. The hospitable priest had no great wherewithal to welcome his visitors; "two rickety chairs, a worm-eaten table, a mattress on boards, a pitcher and one glass, were all the furniture," says the journal of the nuns. Six years later, when managing the small house and farm attached to the school of Fleurissant, on the eastern bank of the Missouri, scenes not unlike the episodes of this journey were constantly repeated: Indians—in the journal particularized as Iroquois and Algonquins—would come to have their newly-born children baptized, and even sometimes brought their dead children wrapped in buffalo-skins, from long distances, for the burial rites of the "black-robes."

St. Louis, a large, scattered village of one thousand souls, was the second metropolis of Louisiana, and at that time the bishop's see. The diocese ranged from some distance north of this to the mouth of the Mississippi, and reckoned a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, white, black, half-breed, and Indian, the latter the most numerous by nearly two-thirds, and representing more than fifty different—often mutually hostile—tribes. The religious centre of the district was a wooden barn, as dilapidated as it was rough, with a single apartment serving the purposes of kitchen, dining and sleeping room, not to mention study, for the bishop and five priests, some of whom were sick; and the church was a wooden shanty, open to the weather, where the bishop, at the ceremony of the patronal feast on August 25, took the part of choir-master and chief chorister for an hour, besides performing other more specially episcopal functions. New as it all was to the French nuns, it was a matter of course to the local clergy, and Bishop Dubourg was not the only one of his order who was used to it. Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, says Mme. Duchesne in one of her letters, "commonly slept in a shanty so full of holes that he often shared it with the pigs. He has several parishes to care for in person, gives away the last shirt off his back, and is generally so poor that he cannot afford the two-cent fare for the ferry across the river." Bishop Dubourg, a native of San Domingo, of French extraction, and educated for the priesthood at St. Sulpice in Paris, had been driven home in consequence of the September riots in 1793, and, landing in Baltimore, was chosen by Bishop Carroll to be rector of the College of Georgetown, D. C. In 1815 he was raised to the see of New Orleans, and, during his search through Europe for spiritual recruits, came across Mme. Duchesne. On his return he and his little band of volunteers crossed Maryland and Pennsylvania on foot, carrying their bundles slung on sticks, and at Pittsburgh took boat down the Ohio to Louisville, the bishop taking his turn at the oars and the rudder like the rest. The rest of the journey was of much the same character, and he had been in St. Louis only seven months when his friends from France joined him. It was, however, impossible for

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them to stay there; he could find no house for them, and for women accustomed to constant spiritual superintendence and support it was somewhat a new experience to be left to their own resources at St. Charles, a village on the Missouri, fifteen miles from St. Louis, where a small house and two acres of so-called garden and orchard—in reality a tract of underbrush—had been hired.

This place, where in 1852 Mme. Duchesne died at the age of eighty-four, after a ten years' residence unburdened with anxieties and duties, proved at first anything but promising; a swamp and the frequent river-floods prevented pupils from St. Louis from coming, and in less than three months money became so scarce that the nuns almost starved. The population was a motley gathering of the same character as before described, and the moral and intellectual state of all but the few families just come from the Eastern States for the purposes of trade was deplorable. The nuns had to be their own farmers and gardeners; even two dollars a day, if they had had such a fortune, would not have tempted the proud, improvident, lazy population around them to work at "other folks' jobs." How the sisters procured cattle is not told; it seems to have been their chief resource, though naturally also a troublesome charge for women unfamiliar with farm details. One refractory cow, on the occasion of the removal of the household from their first to their permanent house at Fleurissant, was confided to Mme. Duchesne, who had her hands full of small valuables and her apron full of corn to tempt her charge, who had always refused to be noosed or led. The animal perversely turned off into the bushes at every fifty yards, and led her cowherd many a jaunt and scramble, till at last a more desperate effort than the former caused the collapse of papers, corn, mittens, and all into the three feet of soft snow which covered the track. A parish priest of the neighborhood performed the duties of mounted escort and bullock-driver as well as he could, and, except for this mishap and Mme. Duchesne's frost-bitten fingers, the winter migration was safely accomplished. While at St. Charles a partial scarcity of corn took place, and as there was no well on the property and the neighboring spring was either frozen or muddy, the nuns thought themselves rarely fortunate when a kind neighbor arranged to bring them daily a barrel of river-water, which they were obliged carefully to filter. In December the journal says: "It is so cold that water standing by the fire freezes, as also the linen hung by the fire to dry . . . . Margaret (one of the lay sisters) came home to-day with two pails from the spring, one half full of water, the other full of ice. Neither doors nor windows shut; our wood is too large and there is no one to split it, for no one will work but for the needs of the moment; they are too proud to seem mercenary." Not long after a commercial crisis raised the market-prices, paper money flooded the country, a panic overran the South, and nearly every bank stopped payment. Incendiary fires became common and violence the order of the day. The free-school for half-breeds, however, flourished, though the boarding-school was of course a failure, even with all the help of several kind families, especially the Pratts,

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of St. Louis, and the Hamiltons, originally from Maryland. In September, 1819, the journal gives an account of the removal to a new home, Fleurissant, a farm "in the bush" bought by the bishop; the house-gear was packed in rough carts, round which clustered the impressionable and sometimes grateful population in tears; the nuns carried cabbages to attract the cows, and Mme. Duchesne busied herself with the simultaneous care of the reliquaries and the poultry. The new house was but a sorry habitation, yet better than the open shed, "like a bird-cage," in which the former tenant, the clerical bullock-driver, cheerfully installed himself, that the women might be made more comfortable. With a few logs and boards, and the personal labor of the nuns and two priests, a chapel was soon built, but the windows were missing for some time, and the apples used to fall in through sundry holes in the roof. M. Dunand, the parish priest—let not any one mistake this civilized title for its equivalent in a settled neighborhood—was the last of the Trappists whom Lestrange had brought there during the Revolution, but who had been dispersed before 1812; and M. Delacroix, the aforementioned bullock-driver, was a Belgian, who had spent some time by force in Napoleon's army. No obstacles, natural or human, seemed in his eyes worth a moment's consideration; floods, dense forests, trackless wastes, wild beasts and serpents, Indian ferocity and *white* profanity, were so many insignificant adjuncts to the main thing, the preaching of the Gospel. As soon as the nuns were settled in his house he removed to his "cage," which in reality was a rude corn-bin, with one opening serving for door and window, through which a chair was too large to be passed. He had not been long lodged in this way before he caught a bad ague, after which a few boards were put together to provide him with a decent and at least weather-tight dwelling. As winter came on and provisions grew scarce, an ox was killed and corned, and a little wheat flour bought on credit, the corn and vegetables of the preceding summer, and the milk and eggs from the farm, making up the rest of the larder stock. One day the milk was frozen so hard that it had to be cut with a hatchet; at another time a gift of a few pigs had to be sacrificed to the present impossibility of housing and feeding them, and the animals were killed and corned at once. The journal says: "We do everything. One of us milks the cows, not in a barn, but often in a foot of mud or snow; another is smoked dry in the kitchen; a third watches the oven. Every minute we have to cross and recross a yard which is simply a bog impossible to harden or reclaim. . . . As for wooden, or even india-rubber, shoes, they are unknown." It strikes one that hide-boots might have been substituted, or skin-leggings, which cannot have been scarce even at that primitive epoch. They were equally destitute of clothing; remains of old cassocks, left-off things of the few boarders, patched remnants of French clothes, were all the material on which they could depend. Even when, ten years later, they re-established themselves at St. Charles under better circumstances, their stock for housekeeping consisted only of "four sheets, six towels, four coverlets, two mattresses, four cups, six plates, a

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coffee-pot, a stove, a pot or kettle, one pound of tea and twelve of rice, a pillow-case full of sugar and another of coffee, with one bottle of vinegar and one of altar wine." The nuns set to work again at the old trades necessity had taught them, and all day long, axe, saw, and trowel in hand, they sang as they changed the whole look of the house, and only rested to begin a tremendous baking which resulted in a week's provision of bread. As to wood, they often shivered in the midst of plenty, for timber cutting and splitting was the one thing to which they were not equal. And yet all this was wealth compared to the experience of the community of St. Michel, near New Orleans, who, though they actually lived "in a brick house, with wings and a painted front, a shingled roof, green blinds, and green and brown woodwork on the inside," yet for several weeks had to feed out of a large iron pot, whence portions were ladled out in a dipper and eaten one at a time. One day a pedlar sold them six tin plates on the understanding that the money should be forthcoming on the morrow; but the nuns were not able to raise the price, as they had hoped, and after two comfortable meals the plates were washed amid much laughter, and returned to the pedlar, who did not offer to give credit.

Mme. Duchesne was destined to work a wonderful transformation in the girls and women, white, Indian, or colored, who came under her influence; but nowhere, perhaps, was there a settlement more thoroughly reformed than the parish of Barreins, on the Bois-Brûlé, whence in 1820 came Mary Layton, the first American member of the Sacred Heart congregation. In this exceptional place, "there were sixty communicants every Sunday and a score on Saturday, often more men than women, and among all the inhabitants not eight who were not monthly communicants. There were neither dancing nor drinking houses left, things which elsewhere could not be got rid of." Morally satisfactory, the place was not, however, much advanced in intellectual education, and Mary Layton was altogether illiterate, which circumstance enhanced the brave determination she took of entering the sisterhood as a lay sister. The difference sanctioned by the home constitutions between choir and lay sisters had proved, in theory at least, a serious stumbling-block in a new country where equality was the recognized basis of society; but Mme. Duchesne was not one to bend to circumstances without very pressing necessity, and when, years later, she modified two of the school-rules to the extent of allowing the daily prayers to be read in English instead of Latin, and of dispensing the Protestant pupils from learning the catechism, she thought she had made considerable concessions. Miss Layton's* example, however, did much to reconcile Americans with "service," and practically the enforced equality of work among all the nuns for at least ten or twelve years did more. In 1821 Miss Sumner and two Misses Hamilton joined the community, and after that the recruits, American, Irish, and French, became numerous. In 1820 there were already twenty paying boarders, and free schools for Indian girls, and for white adults and married women as well as children.

* She died in 1876, having been fifty-six years in the order.

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In 1822 the increasing Catholic population of St. Louis, in great part reclaimed from their ignorance and carelessness, possessed a proper cathedral, and the country districts up and down the river were provided with small log-houses at regular distances, for the double purpose of a chapel and a missionary dwelling for the priests who might be sent to found new parishes and would meanwhile have to live by the product of their little domains.

The next house of the Sacred Heart after Fleurissant was Grand-Côteau, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, of Maryland. The latter only was living at the time; herself a convert from Presbyterianism, she knew her husband's gratitude for the boon of her conversion, and, having with him determined to devote some part of their income to a religious purpose, she had been waiting for an opportunity. Having heard of the French nuns, she offered, through the bishop, to give them land and a house and chapel, provided they would establish a school. Her property lay at Opelousas, in lower Louisiana, and was mostly laid out in a sugar plantation, with mills and extensive negro-quarters, the whole forming a sort of little hamlet. Between sixty and eighty such plantations formed the parish of St. Landry, nominally Catholic, with a church in the centre, and a primitive pastor, an ex-Benedictine, driven from France by the Revolution. Madame Audé, one of the original band from France, was sent to take charge of this new house, where, notwithstanding many advantages, there was still some of the usual discomfort. The wolves not unfrequently prowled round the isolated dwelling, and on white-washing the walls a huge serpent was found in a hole, and, when killed by a negro, was discovered to have just dined off a brood of young chickens which Sister Mary Layton had recently missed. The surroundings were such as are familiar to Southern homesteads: a fig and peach orchard; separate offices or out-houses, such as a kitchen, an infirmary, and a dining-room, besides a poultry-yard, a door-yard with young shade-trees, and a barnyard and paddock for the cattle. Beyond lay luxuriant groves of live-oak, magnolia, cypress, etc., with the long, waving Spanish moss clinging to the trees, and plains of rank, tall grass studded with bright-colored flowers.

The five boarders who formed the nucleus of the school were as ignorant, and nearly as uncivilized, as the French-American populations of the Missouri. There was a free day-school for the poorer people, which, as usual, was most successful, and numerously attended. Mme. Duchesne, on the occasion of a visit there in 1822, was delighted by the "astonishing progress of the children in piety as well as in their studies." While there she first made the acquaintance of a little girl destined to influence the fortunes of the community—Miss Hardy. On leaving she fell ill of the yellow fever at Natchez, and returned to Fleurissant only to find the boarding-school in difficulties; but, far from consenting to send away the non-paying pupils, her fear for them of the worldly contagion of St. Louis made her accept six new orphan inmates, and gladly share with them "her lodging, her corn-bread, and the potatoes which the garden afforded." If the school did not prosper, the novitiate did, and, the next year, was put under

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the charge of some newly-arrived Flemish Jesuits. The year 1824 was disastrous; a hurricane damaged the house, floods carried off the corn and cotton, and the nuns had hard work to manufacture their own soap, candles, thread, and shoes. The number of paying pupils fell to eleven; in 1825 to four; but a spiritual revival kept pace with the temporal destitution. Schools for girls and boys went on successfully; retreats were preached by the new priests; a hundred and sixty men received communion at Easter, and the following year a hundred and fifty baptisms took place; the children taught their parents at home, and free schools for Indian girls and boys were set on foot.

In the autumn of 1825 M. Delacroix persuaded the nuns to establish another house in his new parish of St. Michel, sixty miles from New Orleans, on the left bank of the Mississippi. The neighborhood was peopled by descendants of the French exiles from Acadia whose story has been made famous by Longfellow. Miss Hardy, who had just entered on her novitiate at the age of sixteen, was one of the new colony. The school began with seventeen boarders, and things prospered materially as well as spiritually. In 1827 the present house of the order in St. Louis (and the first regularly endowed) was founded by Mr. Mullamphy, a magistrate of that city, on the condition of the nuns teaching twenty poor orphan girls, to be, at the time of their entrance, not under four years nor over eight years of age, and to be kept till the age of eighteen, when, on leaving school, the founder or his heirs would provide each with a small sum of money. Each one on entering was to receive from him ten piastres, and five for each succeeding year, for their board, which was to consist chiefly of corn-bread, and did not include tea or coffee; and the younger girls were to go barefoot in summer. The sum of a thousand dollars in cash was added to the gift of a brick house, nearly new, and twenty-four acres of partly cleared land, a little out of the way of the town, and in a healthy and high situation, which at present stands almost in the centre of the city. The whole value of the endowment was estimated at thirty-five thousand francs, or seven thousand dollars. A paying boarding-school and day-school were to be set on foot independently of the original foundation. The next establishment deserves notice chiefly for the sake of its antecedents. A house of teaching sisters, originally from Kentucky, had existed for several years at Bayou la Fourche, six miles from New Orleans. The order was oddly constituted, combining the practice of minute and antique observances with the heaviest farm-work, and plain, practical teaching chiefly directed to the use of poor girls. The nuns were entirely veiled, went barefooted, and, says Madame Duchesne:

"They do heavy work, plough, sow, mow, cut and split timber, groom the horses, etc. They have already several houses and reckon about a hundred members. They teach the poor, inure them to practical and manual labor, and do a great deal of good. They are anxious to join the Osage missions, in order to teach the women; and I foresee that they will outstrip us in many good works which we can only sigh for, their customs being adapted to the poverty and the habits of the country. Each half-hour a bell rings and they repeat this aspiration: 'O suffering Jesus! O sorrowful Virgin!' At certain hours they all sing the same hymns together,

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but without leaving off their several occupations—one in the kitchen, for instance, another at the wood-pile. . . . "

The name by which they were known was Daughters of the Cross. Not being well versed in French, they made but little progress, and had only nine scholars at the time of their amalgamation with the community of the Sacred Heart. This arrangement, however, did not prove satisfactory, and the house was suppressed four years after, the bishop finding a new community to reorganize the school. It seems as if certain elements, as had been proved in the instance of the attempted reconstruction of the Visitation convent at Grenoble, could not of their nature be successfully commingled, and this law, which, arbitrary as it may appear, is infallible in the natural sphere, was shown to be no less so in the spiritual.

Mme. Duchesne closed her ten years' religious pioneership by the foundation of a house at St. Charles, where success met her educational efforts at once, although the teaching, being two-thirds gratuitous, did not for many years protect the community from penury. Fifty day-scholars and three hundred regular attendants at Mass on Sundays attested the progress which the place had made since the nuns had first halted there temporarily; but already the growing number of the community in the Mississippi valley had brought responsibilities and anxieties to the leader, and division of counsels and opposition among the heads of houses. The fate—though not the fault—of Moses is one of frequent recurrence among the leaders and organizers of great expeditions. For several years, during one of which the cholera first showed itself, Mme. Duchesne made the house at St. Louis her headquarters, but in 1834 returned to Fleurissant, where until 1841 she led a quiet, interior, uneventful life, partaking in all the lowliest housework: mending and darning the wardrobe of the whole establishment—this was one of her favorite occupations — mortifying her appetite even beyond the necessary bounds set by the common poverty of the community; gardening under the shade of a primitive sunbonnet made of old newspapers, which she sometimes forgot to take off on coming into chapel; governing the scattered houses with a firm hand; and preparing herself for a death which her ill health made her expect twenty years before it overtook her. In 1840 she was superseded by Mme. Gallitzin and became a simple sister once more. She had no sooner recovered her freedom than she urgently begged to be allowed to realize the original dream of her life—work among the Indians. She and three others, with a handy and fervent negro, accordingly joined a Jesuit mission to the half-civilized and Christian Pottawatomies, and the old times seemed to come back to her as she journeyed up the Missouri, where she noticed the strange shapes of the wooded hills and rocks, some like "a vase of flowers whence starts a gigantic tree," others "like a basket whose handles had been playfully fashioned and carved by the action of the water," and went inland in a springless cart, past villages whose white populations begged her to stay and teach their children. Eighteen miles from the Indian village the party was met by an escort of one hundred and fifty mounted Pottawatomies in resplendent costumes, their horses gaily caparisoned, and their two

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flags, one red and one white, being carried by the side of the Jesuits in token of honor and welcome. At the priest's house the whole Indian body met them, and the chief and his wife complimented them in turn, the latter ending with the proposal that, to show their good will, the women and girls should each kiss all the nuns. This over, the nuns shook hands with all the men, to the number of seven hundred.

Sugar Creek stood among a number of heathen Indian settlements, where the missionaries hastened to go, preaching, baptizing, and teaching, the Christian village itself forming a sort of model centre. The nuns learnt enough of the language in a fortnight to be able to give instructions; their school was one of cooking, sewing, nursing, etc., as well as one of religion and book-learning, and the queer figures of both men and women, in their improvised "decency clothes," as they called the garments manufactured by the nuns, were a great subject of merriment as well as satisfaction. The Jesuits, meanwhile, taught the men agriculture and the few trades most useful to them. The hardships of this life, however, were necessarily great for a woman of over seventy: the winter was arctic, the food coarse; one season there was nothing but a cartful of pumpkins, and, except during the hunting season, no variety from corn-bread and sweet potatoes. Still, it was greatly against her wish that Mme. Duchesne was recalled after one year of this life and sent to end her days at St. Charles. She says: "I cannot help thinking of the Indians. . . . My ambition reached as far as the Rocky Mountains. . . . It seems to me that in leaving the Indian country I have left my natural element. . . ." In her retirement two more sacrifices were required of her: Fleurissant was abandoned, as being, in the opinion of the new superior for the western province, Mme. Cutts, so near St. Louis that one house damaged the interests of the other; and her old home, Sainte-Marie at Grenoble, was, as before mentioned, made over to the Ursuline Order. Otherwise she had little left to wish for. New York, Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Philadelphia, Buffalo, Detroit, Sandwich, and Albany were provided with schools under the direction of her order before the year of her death; the work she had begun promised to spread and prosper in all parts of the Union. She died at St. Charles on November 18, 1852, having spent thirty-four years in America. The very next year a house of the Sacred Heart was founded at Santiago, Chili, and each succeeding year saw some new foundation spring up, among which are reckoned at present those of Chicago, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Maryville near St. Louis, Providence, Havana, Santo Espiritu, Talca, Concepcion, Valparaiso, Chillan, and Lima, the latter founded in 1876. Altogether, the order of which Mme. Duchesne was the pioneer on this side of the Atlantic now reckons five provinces or vicariates (each with its own novitiate-house), thirty-one houses, twelve hundred nuns, three thousand boarders, and four thousand five hundred scholars in its free schools and orphanages.

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ROME UNDER THE POPES AND UNDER THE PIEDMONTESE.

I.—A CONTRAST.

"At Rome every one is at home!" was the exclamation of Michel Montaigne in happier times than the present, before the sceptre of the pontiff had been struck from his hand by the sword of a sacrilegious invader, and before the monastic sanctuaries of his city had been despoiled and desecrated.

In the introductory portion of *La Charité Chrétienne à Rome*, by M. Lallemand, is described, with all the eloquence of facts and figures, the state of the Romans, as regards their material prosperity, under the popes and under the Piedmontese. The comparison of their past with their present condition, even in a financial point of view, is worthy of study.

It was not until towards the close of the sixteenth century, under Sixtus V., whose vigorous hand repressed the foreign foes attacking the city from without and restored order and tranquillity within,* that the people of Rome began to enjoy that profound peace which remained unbroken until, in 1797, the Treaty of Tolentino prepared the way for the dismemberment of the Pontifical States. This treaty was followed by the taking of Rome in 1798, the death of Pius VI. at Valence, the exile of Pius VII., the insurrection of the Marches in 1831, and, lastly, from 1848, by those incessant attacks of the revolution which did not allow a moment's respite to the august pontiff designated by ancient prophecy as *Crux de Cruce*—him whose heaviest cross was the white cross of Savoy. It may easily be understood how seriously all this succession of adverse events affected the financial condition of the States of the Church, and in how important a degree they paralyzed the efforts of the popes for promoting the welfare of their subjects. The friends of the revolution in general, and, we are sorry to say it, Protestant Englishmen in particular, persistently accuse the popes of misgovernment. Against Rome everything is considered allowable; nothing Roman is to be treated with respect. The people are represented as wretched and degraded, the government selfish and oppressive. Let us examine whether this is a faithful picture, and whether these accusations are deserved.

"The temporal power," says St. Thomas, "watches over bodies, to preserve them in health and safety, in order that men may freely pursue their last end."

Here we will ask what is necessary to make a people happy and enable it freely to accomplish its destiny, which is to glorify God and serve him.

* Beneath the statue of this pope, raised to his memory by a grateful people, is the following inscription:

"To Sixtus V., Sovereign Pontiff, who restored public security, repressed the lawlessness of bandits and assassins, relieved the distress of the people, and beautified the city with public edifices, new streets, and fountains."

This inscription may be regarded as a summary of the benefits habitually conferred upon their subjects by the pope-kings.

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1st. This people should be enabled by its rulers to receive the truth in its entirety and instruction in the duties it ought to practise, and be placed in conditions favorable to the expansion of the understanding and the heart.

2d. It must enjoy material security. Life and property must be protected by equitable laws; a sufficient development of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce must allow all to gain an honest livelihood by duly remunerative labor, and this labor must be rendered really productive by reasonable prices of food and lodging and by moderate taxation.

3d. When sickness and poverty press upon a member of the community he must be sure of finding a charitable refuge, where he will be tended with compassionate and experienced care.

When to the foregoing may be added a mild and paternal government and the absence of military charges, no one can say that a people in possession of all these advantages is not happy.

Now, it must not be supposed that we claim for the pontifical government a privilege which does not belong to humanity—that of perfection—nor, because we defend the temporal power of the Holy See, ought it to be said that we attribute to the pope, as king, an infallibility which belongs only to the sovereign pontiff condemning error from the chair of truth. Nevertheless, we assert that, until 1870, all the conditions of moral and material prosperity just enumerated were to be found united in the little kingdom founded centuries ago (not by violence but by lawful inheritance) to secure the necessary independence of the head of the church. This assertion we proceed to prove.

Our Catholic readers do not need to be told that Rome has always, ever since it was the see of Peter, been the centre of evangelical truth, and that no people has been more advantageously placed than the Roman to learn, love, and practise our holy faith. But it is not upon the spiritual portion of the papal mission that we intend to dwell; and in answer to the statements of the revolutionists that wise laws were wanting, we will, in the first place, glance at Roman legislation under the pontifical rule.

Rome * has for ages been governed by those principles of the ancient *Roman law* which have for so many centuries formed the basis of European legislation.

Commerce was regulated at Rome by a special code. Commercial laws, being destined to protect the transaction of nation with nation, belong, more than any others, to the immutable principles of the rights of peoples, and are everywhere alike.

The criminal and penal codes were regulated by the laws of Gregory XVI., and certain modifications were also made in them by the constitutions of the popes in accordance with the needs of different ages and peoples. Most of these constitutions, collected into 266 articles, were promulgated November 10, 1834, in the legislative and judicial regulation of civil affairs. In this regulation more than 1,500 articles were framed relating to two distinct codes, the one of *judicial order*, the other of *laws of procedure*.

The basis of civil law is laid

* See *Rome devant l'Europe*. Par M. Sauzet.

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down in the first article of this ordinance as follows:

"The enactments of the Roman law, modified by the canon law or by the apostolical constitutions, will continue to be the rule of the judges in all matters from which they are not set aside by the present rule."

Now, although the canon law has to do only with those questions which by their nature belong to the sanctuary, it is nevertheless connected with the double life, civil and religious, of modern nations, by rites and sacraments which necessarily influence both, and which cannot be settled without recurrence to the two powers.

Except on these special and delicate points, of which no society can despoil the religious authority, the great laws of Justinian, modified in certain particulars by the constitutions of 1834, constitute the legislation of Rome. Nor has this legislation remained a dead letter, devoid of adaptability or progress. Each day, as fresh exigencies arose, added its page to the book of the laws, which, no more at Rome than elsewhere, remained closed. It may rather be affirmed that it was more widely open, and advanced with greater regularity to completeness, there than anywhere else. And further,* adds the author of *Rome devant l'Europe*, "it is always the people which have especially received the attention of the pontifical government. No institution repels them; each favors and encourages them They enjoy equality under the laws as under the taxes, and this tutelar and double equality is immemorial at Rome. There the nobles possess only honors, and, even in those times when the rest of Europe was still groaning under the weight of exclusions and privileges, every citizen enjoyed the full benefit of the common law."

It has been pretended that the Roman government was intolerant and its police spiteful and inquisitorial. It rather erred, however, on the side of over-leniency than severity, and there was reasonable cause for surprise at its long sufferance of the scandalous conduct of the Piedmontese emissaries in their incitement, not only by secret but almost avowed means, of the subjects of the Holy Father to rebellion against their sovereign. Besides, that true and enlightened toleration which, while steadfast as to principle, is benevolent and charitable towards persons, was exercised at Rome to its furthest limits.

With regard to agriculture in the Roman States, we find in *Études Statistiques sur Rome*, by M. de Tournon, an enumeration of the many acts by which successive popes have endeavored to revive agriculture in the region stretching from Acquapendente to Albano—a territory during many centuries ravaged by battles and invasions, and, in consequence of this prolonged devastation, becoming the abode of that terrible *malaria* which ruins the strongest constitutions in a night, and of which the fatal effects, as experience has proved, have never been more wide-spread and dreadful than at those periods when the exile of the popes led to a fresh diminution of the population.

In consequence of incessant wars, Rome, in the time of Frederick II., only contained a few thousand inhabitants, and the cultivation of land was reduced to a deplorable condition, until the re-establishment of Rome in its prerogative of

* P. 13f.

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being the residence of the popes brought about at the same time the restoration of agriculture.

"Gregory XII.," we find in the *Études Statistiques*, "by a *motu proprio* of November 15, 1407, gave the utmost encouragement to the culture of grain. Sixtus V. even issued an edict authorizing all comers to sow for their own benefit the third part of all the land they should find left uncultivated. . . . Clément VII. authorized the exportation of grain whenever its price should not exceed a certain limit. And thus this principle, the honor of which is usually attributed to the English, was laid down and applied by a pope of the sixteenth century."

In 1566 Pius V., by confirming the laws of Clement VII. and protecting the cultivators against the exactions of the barons, so largely developed agriculture that Rome at this time was able to export 200,000 hectolitres of corn, while keeping sufficient to feed its own population.

Sixtus V. founded loans for the assistance of proprietors who wished to grow on a more extensive scale than their means allowed, and, later on, Alexander VII. (Chigi) resolved to release agriculture from every burden; Pius VI. confirmed the principle of free exportation; and, lastly, Pius VII., from the time of his accession, labored to improve the salubrity of the neighborhood by a vast system of clearings and drainage in the Campagna. Events, unfortunately, were adverse to the execution of these plans during the reign of this pontiff, but his successors, Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., zealously endeavored to carry them out and in every way to promote cultivation, and "the pontificate of Pius IX." (wrote M. de Vernouillet in 1857) "will always be remarkable as one of those in which the science and practice of agriculture received the fullest and most careful attention."

Ever since 1850 the Holy Father annually bestowed a considerable sum in pecuniary grants, for fifteen years, for all the trees planted in his States. He founded agricultural institutes, sent for the Trappists, and encouraged wealthy persons to follow his example by making improvements. Who can calculate the good that would have been accomplished under his paternal rule had not the revolution thwarted his efforts at every turn, finally to despoil and disable him, and substitute for his wise measures a futile pretension to realize the chimerical dreams of a Garibaldi? "The agriculture carried on in the States of the Church," writes M. Sauzet, "taking its productions altogether, presents results worthy of fixing the attention, and probably of exciting the emulation, of even those nations who have nothing to bestow on Rome but a disdainful pity."

We will next consider the manufacturing interest in the Roman States.

"Pope Sixtus V.," says Ranke in his *History of the Papacy*, "everywhere encouraged agriculture, and endeavored also to give a fresh impetus to manufacture. Pietro di Valencia, a Roman citizen, having offered to establish silk-looms, . . . the pope ordered mulberry-trees to be planted in all the Roman States. There were to be five mulberry-trees to each *rubbio* of land, in all the gardens, vineyards, meadows, woods, valleys, and hillsides where corn was not grown. He also encouraged the manufacture of woollens, 'in order that the poor might be able to earn something,' and to the first enterprise of this description he caused a grant of money to be made from the Chamber, a certain

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quantity of cloth being required in return."

"It would be unjust," continues Ranke, "towards the predecessors of Sixtus V. to attribute acts of this nature to him alone. Pius V. and Gregory XIII. greatly promoted agriculture and manufactures, and Sixtus V. did not strike out a new path, but distinguished himself by the ardor and energy with which he followed that already traced."

This statement of the Protestant historian is fully corroborated by M. de Tournon.

"The fabrication," he says,* "of Rosaries and Agnus Dei still constitutes, in the eyes of most travellers, the sole manufacture of the Romans, and the witty author of the *Voyage dans le Latium* . . . limits the commerce of Rome to the sale of relics and indulgences. Now, as it will be of some interest to test this prejudice, and discover the true place occupied in the industrial world by the capital of the fine arts and the queen of nations, I will rapidly indicate the different branches of manufacture carried on in the western portion of the Roman States, and the result will prove that the disdain with which travellers speak of Roman industries arises from one of the traditional errors bequeathed from generation to generation by *les observateurs en poste*."

M. de Tournon then enumerates the manufactures created and encouraged by the popes, dividing them into three categories of animal, vegetable, and mineral products, besides, fourthly, productions of the fine arts considered in their commercial relations. In the first group he places the linen fabrics, which at the beginning of this century gave occupation to a multitude of weavers scattered throughout the Pontifical States; rope-making, cotton weaving and printing—trades established by Pius VI. at the expense of the treasury—paper-making, the printing of wall-paper and playing-cards, oil and soap manufactories, and, lastly printing.

Under the second group come woollen fabrics, developed by Pius VI.; the preparation of skins and leather, hats, strings of musical instruments made of intestines of animals, candles and wax tapers, and imitation pearls, made chiefly of isinglass.

The third group includes the working of iron, and other metals and minerals, brought chiefly from the Isle of Elba; the manufacture of edge-tools, nails, pottery, etc.

The extraction of sulphur, alum, and pozzolana also furnished an important branch of commerce; and with regard to the working of the precious metals, there were in 1813, in the city of Rome, no less than 682 ateliers for goldsmiths' work alone.

Under the fourth group a very considerable number of persons in Rome were employed in the restoration of antiquities, enamelling on marble or shell, the carving of cameos, or in the especially Roman art of mosaic, the marvels of which were to be met with at almost every step.

M. de Tournon was prefect of Rome at the beginning of this century, and in the passages of which we have given the epitome was speaking of the state of trade at that period—namely, after ten years of wars and disturbance. M. Fulchiron, member of the Chamber of Deputies, published in 1841 an important and detailed relation of the state of manufactures and commerce in the Pontifical States, in which he enumerates several branches of manufacture in addition to those given by M. de Tournon.

An evidence of the development of manufacture under Pius IX. is the fact that, while at the first

* *Etudes Statistiques*, bk. iii. ch. 1.

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Paris Exhibition, in 1855, there were not more than 71 exhibitors from the pope's dominions, there were 161 at the second, in 1867, although during the intervening period the population of those dominions had been reduced from 3,000,000 to 700,000.

The subject of manufactures naturally leads to that of commerce.

No one would pretend to say that the Romans were a really commercial any more than a largely manufacturing people, nevertheless their commerce, carried on for the most part by the aid of foreign vessels, was sufficiently active.

"The commerce of Rome," wrote M. Fulchiron, "is regular, based on the real requirements of consumption, and never damaged by those hazardous speculations so common in France and England, and which result in sudden opulence or equally sudden catastrophes which affect the creditor more than the debtor. Failures are rare, and the moderate gains of each year, regularly accumulated, secure a modest but solid competency to the merchant."

In 1840, as the average of the ten previous years, the importations amounted to 37,375,000 francs, and the exportations to 25,440,000 francs, for a population of 2,700,000 souls.

In 1848, owing to the wise measures of Pius IX., the commercial movement of the Pontifical States was represented by an item of 136,851,000 fr., viz.:

Importation..... .....73,630,000 fr.
Exportation .....63,221,000 fr.

Two years later, when, in consequence of successive spoliations, the population was reduced, as we have said, to 700,000 souls, the importation rose to 37,373,000 fr. and the exportations were only 14,758,000; but no one can make the pontifical government responsible for the invasions from which it suffered, and the figures quoted suffice in any case to prove the encouragement given to commerce by the popes.

From the preceding statements it is clear that the Roman people possessed abundant means for gaining their living by honest labor. We have now to see whether the remuneration of this labor was in due proportion to the prices of food and lodging.

In 1842 a weaver gained, on an average, 2fr. a day; in 1869, 2fr. 50c.; a mason, 2fr. 50c. or 3fr. In manufactories a good workman could gain from 4fr. to 5fr., and those skilled in work relating to the fine arts received a much higher remuneration, in accordance with their talents.

Then as to the prices of food and lodging:

"All the necessaries of life," wrote M. Sauzet (p. 277), "are easily attainable to the people of Rome. Bread, wine, and the dress materials ordinarily worn are nowhere to be had at a lower price. Meat is cheaper than in any other capital in the world, and, in spite of their habitual frugality, the consumption of each inhabitant is proportionably more considerable at Rome than in Paris. Nowhere does life impose fewer needs and possess more resources."

The same could be said with regard to the price of lodging—a matter upon which at all times the sovereign pontiffs bestowed much attention. Under their government there was none of that crowding together of whole families in one unwholesome and confined habitation so common in manufacturing towns in other parts of Europe, and notably in England and here in New York.

"The laws of Paul II., of Sixtus IV., of Leo X., and Pius IV.," writes M. Mounier, "were so largely in favor of the tenant that St. Pius V. regarded them as too onerous for property. Nevertheless Gregory XIII. restored

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them with some modifications. The Jews," he adds, "continue to enjoy, in the Ghetto, the right of hereditary location, without any arbitrary increase being permitted in the price of leases. Gregory XVI. forbade the eviction from their rooms or shops of persons whose rent did not exceed 200 francs, if they were punctual in their payments. . . . He exhorted landlords to moderation in their rents, encouraged the construction of new houses and the enlarging of old ones, by long exemption from taxes." *

The last question now remains to be considered: *i.e.*, whether the Roman people, with so many facilities for remunerative labor, and prices so moderate for the necessaries of life, were equally favored in regard to taxation.

In 1860 three millions of francs sufficed for the civil list, the cardinals, ecclesiastical congregations, public galleries and museums, all the diplomatic corps abroad, and even the guard of the Holy Father. The expenses of his household, which are also included, do not reach 100,000 francs, and his personal expenditure is less than a quarter of that amount. The frugal simplicity of his life, meriting as much admiration as the benign majesty of his person, inspired confidence and affectionate respect.

It is easy to judge how light the taxes must have been under such a government, without the double scourge of a public debt and a standing army, both of which were inflicted on it by the anarchical disturbances from without.

And yet, in spite of these new charges, the Roman people paid the annual imposts at the rate of twenty-three francs only per head—not half the sum paid in France.

"In studying the pontifical finances," says M. de Tournon, "we are struck by the equal distribution of the public charges, of which the clergy and nobility have always supported an equal weight, in proportion to their possessions, and on the same footing as the lowest peasant; so that those exemptions and privileges which in other countries have excited so much hatred and ill feeling have here been for centuries unknown. . . .

"The direct taxation consisted of the *dativa reale*, or land-tax, calculated according to the capital value of the funds, of which a register, kept with the greatest accuracy, had established the bases in the *Agro Romano*.

"Secondly, in a right over house property, regulated at 3 in 1,000 of the value of the building, calculated from the rents, and exigible only in localities of which the inhabitants amounted to more than a thousand.

"In some provinces there were also poll-taxes, and others touching commerce, the liberal professions, etc.

"Among the indirect taxes upon articles of consumption, the most important was the *macinato*, or grist-tax, paid on every measure of corn or maize as soon as ground or when taken into the towns.

"In short, the sum raised in 1809, on a population of 900,000 persons, barely amounted to ten millions of francs, thus making eleven francs per head.

"Besides, the produce of the domains of the apostolic Chamber brought in 123,000 scudi, or 615,000 francs. The expenditure of the treasury at the same period was as follows:

	Scudi.
Interest of the debt	774,000
The pope's household	127,000
Apostolic Chamber	19,000
Congregations of the government	19,000
Foreign embassies	12,000
Tribunals	108,000
Judicial expenses	77,000
Sbirri	42,000
Prisons	61,000
Pensions (of retreat)	52,000
Chancellorship	2,000
Governors of provinces	60,000
Pontine marshes (for drainage, etc.)	22,000
Public works	72,000
Museums and fine arts	74,000

* An exemption from all tax on property was granted for the whole duration of the nineteenth century by a law of Leo XII. (May 9, 1826) to all who should build new houses in Rome or restore old ones. This was abolished by an Italian law of August 11, 1870. Before the seizure of the Pontifical States a workman with a wife and four children could rent two rooms and a kitchen for 12 scudi (60 francs) per annum. In 1869, when rents had risen on account of the many expenses and lessened national property resulting from the acts of the Revolution, the same lodging was rented at 24 scudi, or double the former sum.

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Military service	36,000
Various expenses	36,000
	1,593,000

—or 7,965,000 francs.

"The difference between the receipts and expenditure was used to defray the communal expenses of Rome, and in particular to supply the wants of the French army, then in military occupation of the country.

"After the restoration of the pope in 1814, Pius VII. and Cardinal Gonsalvi made it their duty, by strenuous efforts, to meet the heavy charges imposed on the treasury by the events of the previous twenty years. By the wisdom and prudence of their measures the budgets of the state were, until 1827, invariably liquidated by a surplus of receipts. Leo XII. and Pius VIII. wished still further to diminish certain imposts. Some disorder found its way into the administration, but it was not until after the riots of 1831, fomented by the secret societies, that the financial equilibrium was compromised."

It was the political disturbances of this year, and especially the revolutionary causes which engendered them, that rendered the deficit in the pontifical treasury irremediable, unless some years of tranquillity should be in store during which it would have time to recover itself. But the revolution was careful not to allow a moment's respite to the temporal power, the strong outwork, of which it fully comprehended the importance, and which it was therefore bent upon destroying, in order the more effectually to wound the spiritual authority of the head of the church.

Since, after each fresh commotion, the pope charged himself with the liquidation of the loans recklessly squandered by his enemies, at the same time that his own resources were inevitably diminishing, the impoverished state of his treasury can excite no surprise. Nevertheless, the very men who had caused this state impudently adduced it as a proof in favor of their own subversive doctrines.

From 1849 to 1859 the pontifical government had defrayed the expenses in which the revolution of 1848 had involved it, withdrawn 42,000,000 of assignats, and re-established the free circulation of specie. Its revenue, 66,000,000 in 1850, was in 1858 increased to 89,190,000 francs. Its deficits had well-nigh disappeared, and there was in 1858 even a small surplus.

After the invasion of 1860, when the population of the remaining States of the Church had been reduced to 700,000, even this residue was so incessantly menaced and attacked that half the revenue, already diminished by two-thirds, was necessarily employed to maintain the little army. Moreover, the pontifical government, from a noble sense of honor, and in order that there might be no interruption in the engagements entered into with its creditors, paid the portion of the debt due from the now separated provinces, although no longer receiving the taxes. And this continued for eight years, until the tardy settlement of the debt, in 1866, by the governments of France and Piedmont.

Thus, during the ten years from 1860 to 1870, the revenues of the Holy See, fallen to 30,000,000, had remained the same, whilst the general debt was continually augmenting from the causes mentioned above. The only means of meeting this situation within the Holy Father's power were (1st) by the sales of consolidated property and by loans; (2d) by the Peter's pence, which from 1861 to 1868 produced 71,000,000 of francs; and (3d) by the annuities stipulated by France.

Besides these *extraordinary* receipts, those of the budget for

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1869 amounted to 30,471,000 francs and the expenditure to 60,614,000.

There is in this budget one item in particular which it is of interest to examine somewhat in detail—namely, that of "special assignations." These assignations are divided into several parts. The first includes the personal expenses of the Holy Father, of his household, and his by no means numerous guard; the keeping up of the finest museums in the world and invaluable libraries, open to the learned of all lands; the stipends of the Sacred College, the diplomatic corps, the state secretaryship, and the pensions of the pontifical court; the whole of the foregoing amounting to 3,400,000 francs. The rest of the special assignations went to the universities, *academia*, and other schools, to charitable institutions, the expenses of the *Consulto* (a representative assembly which voted the expenditure of the state), and the stipends of the Minister of Finance and his employés.*

The pontifical army † cost more than half the receipts and the deficit of the state, but, unhappily, any reduction on this head was out of the power of the pope, attacked as he was by the revolution and forsaken by all the governments of Europe.

Under these circumstances the average taxation, which had been 11 fr. in 1860, rose to 40 fr.

Still, it can be said with truth that, notwithstanding the impositions necessitated by the malice of free-thinkers and the follies of the insurrectionist government in 1849, the Pontifical States have never groaned under an oppressive taxation, and, therefore, that this condition also of happiness to a people was to be found in the dominions of the Holy See.

With regard to the fact that the Roman people found in the capital of Christendom a refuge for every form of human suffering, we defer for the present dwelling on this, the main subject of M. Lallemand's very interesting work, wherein those unacquainted with the extent to which the "Universal Shepherd" watched with minute care over the needs of the weak and afflicted of his flock will find the valuable details which we have not space to touch upon in the present notice, its object being to point out certain facts less generally known, or at least taken for granted, in connection with the papal government, than are the abundant works of mercy in the Eternal City.

* See a notice by M. de Corcelle in the *Correspondant* for December 25, 1869.

† At the close of the sixteenth century the armed force of Pius IV. consisted of 500 men, of whom 350 were Swiss. For centuries past the Roman people have not been afflicted by the system of standing armies, at the present time the scourge of the whole of Europe, and the pressure of which is all the more felt since, the pacific influence of the Papacy being put aside, there is no appeal from brute force and logic of numbers.

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OUR ROMAN LETTER.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING.—FALL OF THE CAIROLI MINISTRY.—STATE OF PARTIES.—DOWNWARD DRIFT OF ITALIAN POLITICS.—ACTION OF THE CATHOLICS.

ROME, December 18, 1878.

"*The romance of the House of Savoy is over*," said Queen Margherita after the attempted assassination of King Humbert at Naples. And even at that moment the city was ringing with enthusiastic shouts of "Long live Humbert the First!" "Long live the House of Savoy!" The "one hundred cities of Italy" re-echoed the same cry joyfully, cordially, gratefully. And yet the queen was sad and her husband troubled. Why? She tells it herself: "The infamous attempt has afflicted me immensely, not so much for the material side of the affair as for the moral side." And on another occasion she said to the President of the Senate: "See, Tecchio, where they have dragged my husband" —a tardy observation of an aged fact. Her husband's father, not altogether unreluctant of the dragging of the revolution, had already buried the prestige of Savoy in the apostolic palace of the Quirinal. He died there an alien, and, as an alien, sleeps in the Pantheon, than which a greater honor, certainly a greater pleasure to his successor, in the face of foreshadowed events, would be the having been gathered to his fathers at Superga.

As it seems to be the order of the present day that momentous events outrun all foregoing speculation, I shall confine myself in this communication to facts alone, and in particular to some facts connected with the tour which nearly terminated in a regicide, not generally known. When King Humbert was at Chieti he received a letter from the persecuted archbishop of that city, Mgr. Ruffo, of the Princes Scilla. It was couched in these terms:

"SIRE: As your majesty is in this part of the Italian country, the spiritual administration of which has been entrusted to me by the successor of Peter, I come to present to your majesty my most sincere wishes, auguring to you the abundance of those supernal lights which were always invoked on the heads of kings. This paper will be my interpreter; for if, through the hidden designs of God, all Italy, from the Alps to Lilibeo, is to-day placed under the sceptre of your majesty, it certainly will not escape your exalted intelligence how the dolorous echo of the voice of the Supreme Pastor in the Vatican and the mourning of the church in Italy impose upon me certain laws of filial and reverent reservation which I cannot lawfully transgress. And although this is not the place to remind your majesty of the venerable words of Pope Pius IX., of sacred memory, and those of the reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., to revindicate the offended liberty of the church, still my duty constrains me to address myself directly on this occasion to the august person of your majesty, and to beg your sovereign authority that, in the two churches of Chieti and Vasto, the state of violence cease with which they are oppressed. Let your majesty but look at more than forty parishes deprived of their pastors; two seminaries, blessed asylums of the studious youth of the sanctuary, both given to profane and military uses, the young levites dispersed here and there, wandering in search of a secure asylum; the sacred psalmody chanted in the two cathedrals with great difficulty for want of the legal number of prebendaries; the minds of the faithful, already so timorous, now in trepidation and uncertainty. Thrones are not endangered nor attempts made upon the crowns of kings by giving to the church of God that liberty which is necessary to her to sustain thrones and surround crowns with an aureola of due reverence. Let your majesty bring upon yourself the merciful look of God by ordaining that the obstacles to the free exercise of my pastoral ministry be removed, and, by an act of sovereign justice, respond to the universal expectation by sparing the Spouse of the Nazarene another heart-wound. And in the firm trust that my voice will be heard by your majesty, I have the high honor, etc. Your majesty's most devoted servant, ✠ LUIGI,

"*Archbishop of Chieti, Administrator of Vasto.*"

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The reply of the king is inconclusive, if we make exception of the fact that he admits that Mgr. Ruffo is an *archbishop*—the very quality which the royal attorney had previously disputed in the tribunal and declared null. Here it is:

"BARI, November 15, 1878.

"Particular Bureau of his Majesty the King.

"*To his Excellency Mgr. Archbishop of Chieti:*

"I obey a gracious order of our august sovereign in thanking your excellency for the sincere wishes you offered his majesty on the occasion of his visit to the city of Chieti, where you exercise spiritual jurisdiction. The circumstance is propitious to me to express to your excellency the sentiments of my profound obedience.

"The Minister, VISONE."

It is now certain, however, that the king was desirous of giving the *Exequatur* to the Archbishop of Chieti, and thus bringing to a close the disagreeable question of the *Jus patronatus* of the crown. But Mancini, who raised the question, and who exercised a secret influence over Conforti, now ex-Minister of Grace and Justice, would not hear of it.

What happened at Naples on the 17th of November need not be described here. But among the many letters of condolence at once and felicitation received by King Humbert there came one from Pope Leo XIII. Besides expressing his cordial congratulations for the king's escape, the Pope prayed that the Lord would illumine him that he might be able to check the unbridled liberty which now prevails, the necessary effect of the want of religious principles. This letter was sent to Mgr. Sanfelice, Archbishop of Naples, who immediately forwarded it to the king through a particular friend at court. He was deeply moved on reading the letter, and, by the most delicate manifestations of courtesy towards the bearer thereof, showed how acceptable it was to him. A more fitting moment for obtaining the *Exequatur* for the Archbishop of Naples could not be desired. Up to this time the archbishop had been obliged to occupy two little rooms on the ground floor of the seminary, the archiepiscopal palace having been closed against him by order of the ministry. It was then that the patricians and people of Naples addressed a petition to the king himself, the issue whereof was the granting to the archbishop the use of the second floor of the palace. But on the arrival of the king in Naples the archbishop sent in a personal petition, asking simply that the obstacles to the exercise of his spiritual ministry be removed. A council of the ministers was held on the matter, and it was resolved to grant the *Exequatur*. In deference to the shadow of the defunct *Jus patronatus*, maliciously evoked from oblivion by Stanislaus Mancini, a decree of royal nomination was first formulated, to which that of the *Exequatur* was appended by way of corollary. On the return of the king from the hunt at Capodimonte both documents were submitted to him for signature, which he subscribed forthwith. Thus ended a struggle between the church and the state in which the latter, even in the opinion of its own partisans, sustained anything but an honorable part.

The liberal discourses of Cairoli at Pavia, and of Zanardelli (Minister of the Home Department) at Iseo, in which perfect and undisputed liberty of association, of speech, and of the press was proclaimed as the palmary feature in the programme of the ministry, were regarded by the Monarchists and by all the Italians of a conservative turn as the occasion, not to say the cause, of the regicidal attempt at Naples. Consequently the opening of Parliament on the 21st ult. was the signal for an onslaught against the ministry on the part of the Right and of the dissenting factions of the Left. Let me observe here by way of parenthesis, to enable the reader to comprehend to the full how critical is the condition of Italy at present, that the Left, now the majority, is composed of as many factions—groups they are termed here—as it has unpedestalled heroes. There are Nicotera, the paladin of the southern interests, Crispi, De Pretis, Cairoli, and Bertani. This last is the chief of the extreme Left, or of the radicals, of whom it is prognosticated that his will be the *last ministry* before the proclamation of a republic. The series of ministries, being on the downward march, irresistibly and irrevocably must come to Bertani, and after Bertani there is nothing but a republic, or, haply, chaos. Now, all these gentlemen, with the exception, perhaps, of Cairoli, are struggling after power, each to the exclusion of the rest. And the ruling power of Italy to-day is

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composed of such elements! Zanardelli's discourse in the opening session was in vindication of the policy of the Interior. He advocated rigorous repression, not provident prevention. His discourse was received with icy indifference. The war was inevitable, but out of consideration for Cairoli, who was still at Naples with the king, and suffering from the wound received in defending the royal person, its declaration was postponed. Meanwhile, on November 24, the king returned to Rome, accompanied by Cairoli, and was received with cordial enthusiasm. Zanardelli occupied himself in a war of extermination against the Republican and International societies. Hundreds of patriots, of the kind who helped most, by plotting against the Five Monarchies and by a liberal use of the dagger, to make Italy One and United, were lodged in prison. As many as two hundred and fifty of these were arrested in Rome. But a radical journal well observed that these measures only affected the nomenclature of the societies. They can exist without a name, and nameless they do and will exist, *but not actionless.*

On December 3, at the request of Cairoli, still unable to attend the interrogations—or, as they are styled here, the *interpellations*—on the policy of the Minister of the Interior began. For eight succeeding days the confusion of tongues, of ideas, and, supremest of all, of interests rioted in that Chamber. Cairoli made his appearance on the 5th instant, leaning on the arm of—Bertani! How the chieftains of the Right, Bonghi, Minghetti, and others, plied their weapons against the ministry, proving that the institutions of the land are in jeopardy and the star of Savoy on the wane; and how the Gambettas of the Left dealt equally dexterous and telling strokes for their own particular interests, are matters set forth categorically in the official acts of the Chamber. Bertani stood up for the ministry. Among other significant paragraphs he produced the following: "Let the crown know that whether the ministry conquer or be conquered, *Parliament is no longer vital.* Let Parliament beware lest the country whose weal has been neglected *leave the field of sonorous affirmations to enter that of facts.*"

Pending the discussion, demonstrations of sympathy for the ministry were got up in many cities of the peninsula. Garibaldi became "exercised" in its regard, and wrote to his friends: "Let the one hundred cities of Italy stand up for Cairoli." Alberto Mario (whom I have already introduced to you) wrote:

"We who prefer evolution to revolution express the wish that, should Cairoli succumb, the king dissolve the Parliament; for if the present Parliament be against Cairoli, the nation is with him. Cairoli's cabinet represents the best the monarchy can give. After him there is nothing left but a Bertani cabinet. Italy arrived at Cairoli by the process of elimination. There is no more turning back. Better evolution than revolution. But, evolution or revolution, I am, ALBERTO MARIO."

Zanardelli's reply to the Chamber was rather an attack on the policy of the Right for sixteen years than explanatory of the recent disorders in Italy. He charged—and with truth, too—the Monarchists with fostering for their own purposes the turbulent elements whose ebullitions now terrify the nation. He would repress but not prevent. The same was asserted by Cairoli in a really splendid discourse, which elicited for him personally the sympathy of the house. He would not erase one syllable of the programme of Pavia, and sat down a loyal liberal. It would be a tiresome task to recall, much less set down in writing, the numerous motions proposed in favor of and against the ministry. But on the evening of the 11th the following motion of Baccelli was put to the vote: "The Chamber, taking into consideration the declarations of the Hon. President of the Council and of the Minister of the Interior, is confident that the government of the king will vigorously maintain order with liberty." When put to the nominal vote the motion was rejected by a majority of seventy-four. On the same evening the ministry tendered their resignation in a body to the king, and he accepted it.

Now as to the formation of a new cabinet. There were present at the session of the 11th 457 members, the most numerous assembly recorded of the Italian Parliament. Of these, 452 voted, and 263 against the ministry. The Right voted in a body, but only counted 106. Consequently the ministry was beaten on the strength of the dissenters of its own party, the Left. Therefore to a

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leader of the Left must the king appeal for the composition of another cabinet. His first impulse was to turn anew to Cairoli. But his counsellors of the Right dissuaded him from this step. Whithersoever he turned for a new chief, he met with insurmountable difficulties. The memory of Nicotera is odious, that of Crispi teeming with iniquity. And Bertani—"Hold!" thought the king, "we cannot go there yet." So in sheer desperation the poor man has turned to the worn-out, oft-rejected, and universally distrusted old Agostino De Pretis.

There never was a more pliable politician than De Pretis. He has grown hoary in politics. He was a minister with Visconti Venosta. On his shoulders, as the Minister of the Marine, rested the disaster of Lissa. He subscribed to the electoral reforms of Cairoli, and called the tax on cereals the negation of the constitution. And yet he reinforced the revenues of the state by a new tax of twenty-five millions. As minister he fell in 1868, because he advocated liberty of association and reunion. As the leader of an ambitious group he voted in 1878 against Cairoli for upholding the same principle. He is equal to any emergency—to meet the advances of the republicans or form a friendly coalition with the paladins of the monarchy. He upheld Mancini in the infamous "Clerical Abuse Law" which the senate rejected so nobly last year, but is now disposed to take into the kindliest consideration the questions of the *Jus patronatus* and the *Exequatur* for bishops. To such a man, twice ousted from the presidential chair in so many years, has King Humbert entrusted the formation of another cabinet, which will bear the title of De Pretis Ministry Number Three.

But this time the old man has a difficult task before him. The Right has already rejected his advances in quest of incumbents for the orphaned portfolios, and he is positively forbidden to have anything to do with either Crispi or Nicotera. He had already succeeded in forming a list, but it only proved to be an attempt. Personal or party interest is against him, and where this is not the case there is either diffidence or positive distrust. But whether De Pretis succeed or not in presenting a cabinet to the king, it cannot last, for it will be without the essential elements of life. It *must* be heterogeneous in character, for the elements at his disposal are heterogeneous. Therefore the dissolution of Parliament is inevitable; the nation is again about to be plunged into the fury of political elections, and at a most critical moment too. The Republican and International agitation, far from being suppressed by the measures recently adopted, is increasing. Recent attempts, trivial, it is true, but important in their general bearing, on some of the military arsenals of Italy prove that the enemy is at work. These attempts, as I take it, are only a ruse to divert the attention of the authorities from the more serious occupations of the sectaries, their secret assemblies and their plots. The following note, clipped from the semi-official organ of the Quirinal, the *Fanfulla*, will convey to the reader a notion of what is going on: "We are informed that a lively exchange of communications is going on between the government of the king and our agents abroad regarding the movements of the Italian Internationalists in different states of Europe. From the reports of some of the consuls it is evident that the heads of the Italian International have travelled in various cities outside of Italy, conspiring openly against the actual state of things and against society." This would intimate that the International of Italy is so thoroughly organized at home, and so systematically at work, that it can afford to send its emissaries forth to help the cause abroad. And while this terrible agency is at work in the land, plotting the ruin not only of government but of the social order, the representatives of order are haggling over the downfall of one ministry and the establishment of another. Meanwhile the year is gliding by, and the necessary labor of Parliament, the voting of the budgets, is postponed with an indifference which at the present juncture should be regarded as treason to the welfare of the state. Or is all this overturning of ministries, this difficulty in the formation of others, and the now imminent dissolution of Parliament, with all the delays, anxieties, uncertainties, troubles, and probable disorders consequent on elections, but part of a programme towards the consummation of a *coup de main* by the sectaries?

In the presence of these events I might describe the attitude of the Catholics of Italy in two words, expectation

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and preparation. That a political crisis of the greatest moment is pending in Italy there can be no doubt. These frequent ministerial crises are preludes to a great crisis, perhaps a catastrophe. A crisis in anything shows an abnormal state of being, and an abnormal state of being is unhealthy for the subject. But five crises in five years show a chronic disease, and chronic disease defies remedies in the end. Now, it is an undeniable fact that the Moderate party misgoverned Italy for sixteen years. So the nation decided in 1876 when it returned a majority for the Left. You see I am only reasoning from palpable facts, without invoking history or establishing a *nexus* between very bad causes and worse effects. But the frequency of the crises, which are the characteristic of the Left, are a sad proof that they, too, are incapable of governing the country for its weal. Of this none are more convinced than the Catholics, the intelligent Catholics, of the land; no one more intimately persuaded than Pope Leo XIII. The electoral reforms promised by Cairoli in his speech at Pavia opened a new field of speculation to the Catholics of Italy. In view of these reforms, which would throw down the barriers now standing between the Catholic party and political life, the *Unità Cattolica*, a few weeks since, published a short series of articles, not only on the possibility but also the probability of the Catholics taking part, at no remote date, in the elections for deputies, which gave the greatest satisfaction. It was asserted at once that the articles were inspired by the Vatican. As a direct proposition this is not true. But the Vatican did not demur, nor did Father Margotti subjoin any explanations. And to those who know aught of the jealous prudence of the Vatican, and of the loyal and submissive character of Father Margotti in all that concerns the Holy See, no further explanation need be offered. It is safe to say that the articles were not premature. In a recent discourse to the members of the Society of Catholic Interests the Pope recommended union and activity in the warmest terms, not only for the sake of the church but of society itself. This has been interpreted as an invitation to be ready. It is not a *call*, says the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, but the Catholics of Italy are to *study* and be *ready*.

BEATI PAUPERES ANIMO.

THROUGH painted window softened sunshine fell
  Where knelt in happy prayer, her Spouse before,
  The lowly-hearted Sister of the Poor,
All unaware of wonder-working spell
By fair rose-window and the sunshine wrought;
  The sable shade of folded veil grown bright
  With the soft glory of warm purple light.
Less worthy seeker of God's grace, I thought
Of that great rose the Tuscan poet sings,
  And far-off day when should be glorified
  Earth-hidden souls with light that doth abide,
Dull, earthly garb shining as angels' wings—
No transient gleam of shivering winter sun,
But glow, undimmed, from Light Eternal won.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE JESUITS! Translated from the French of Paul Féval by Agnes L. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1878.

JESUITS! By Paul Féval. Translated by T. F. Galwey. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1879.

Although one of these translations bears the date of the last, and the other that of the present, year, they reached us about the same time. They are plain and intelligible renderings of a sprightly work that, like all sprightly works, attained a quick success in France—a success generally denied to works of greater power and more solid worth. Mr. Galwey's translation is announced as "from the tenth French edition."

Paul Féval is scarcely the man we should look to for a defence of the Jesuits, or for a defence of anything that is especially worth defending. This, of course, to the French appetite lends additional piquancy to his work, and accounts to a great extent for its ready success. The French like novelty. Attacks on the Jesuits are growing stale even in France, and a voice from the other side is now in order. M. Féval has supplied it. It was hard to say anything new against the sons of St. Ignatius, but there was room for novelty in their defence by a writer of the opposite school.

M. Féval is best known as a fairly successful writer of the customary French novel, and the customary French novel is worth very little indeed. The same sprightliness of style and fancy, the same play of wit and conceit, that he once used on the side of evil, or of very doubtful morality, he now, in his old age, employs in defence of a worthy cause. English readers have the habit of expecting a more sober and dignified style in treating of a sober subject; but it must be remembered that M. Féval did not write especially for English readers. There is much more, however, in his book than sprightliness. There is force, historical research, eloquence; there are all the gifts of an accomplished writer bent upon accomplishing a serious purpose. A Frenchman rarely forgets his personality; and M. Féval's shows itself in a characteristic fashion in the *Causerie Préliminaire*, a chapter which for some reason Miss Sadlier has omitted from her translation. Here he tells the story, as only a Frenchman of Paul Féval's antecedents could tell it, of the reasons which finally induced him to take up the Jesuits as a subject for his pen. It is simply impossible to render such a piece of writing into English. We can give the meaning, as Mr. Galwey has done in a thoroughly efficient manner, but the style is necessarily lost, and in this case the style indeed is the man. The same thing is true to a great extent of the whole volume and its translation. To those who wish to make comparisons ample opportunity is afforded them; and for those who have time and opportunity such comparisons are as profitable as they are amusing. We believe that neither Miss Sadlier nor Mr. Galwey is an experienced writer. Judged from this point of view, their work reflects great credit on both. A version or condensation of one of the most interesting chapters of the book, "The First Vow," appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1878, from the pen of a very practised and competent writer. An unpractised hand is apt to be too scrupulous and careful over details. It *translates* too much; it ought to *render*. "Done into English" is the good old expressive phrase for translation, and if translators would only *do* their authors into English they would do the best service both to author and reader. In the present instance both translators have scrupulously followed even the very un English phrasing of the Frenchman—what we may call the Alexandre-Dumas-Père style of composition, where a note of exclamation or a string of asterisks is made to do service for a world of meaning. This may be very expressive in French, but it is only perplexing in English. We select a few passages to show in what a variety of ways the same thing may be said. Take, for in-

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stance, the opening of "The First Vow"; here is Miss Sadlier's version:

"Day had not yet dawned on the Festival of the Assumption, in the year 1534, when a lame man, who, in spite of his infirmity, moved with a rapid and energetic step, might have been seen passing along the street of Saint-Jacques, in the university quarter of the city of Paris. Although, to judge by his appearance, the stranger had reached middle life, he was attired in the dress which distinguished the poor scholars of the university; but, in place of the ink-horn which they generally wore suspended from their side, he had only a rosary.

"A stout cord, passed under his much-worn hooded cloak, sustained a cloth wallet—much better armor for a night-traveller in Paris than if he had been provided with a sword or cane; for the evil-disposed will hardly attack mendicants."

Mr. Galwey's version runs:

"Very early in the morning of Assumption day, in the year 1534, a cripple, who, in spite of his infirmity, had a quick, energetic step, descended the great Rue Saint-Jacques, in the university quarter. He was dressed as a poor scholar, though he seemed to have reached middle life; but instead of the ink-case which usually beat about the breeches of those of his state, he had only a rosary at his side. To a good, new rope passed under his worn-out cloak hung his canvas wallet—an excellent weapon for the wayfarer at night in Paris, and better than sword or staff, for the tramps seldom attacked beggars."

The same passage was rendered thus in THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

"Before daybreak on the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, in the year of grace 1534, a man who, in spite of a halting gait, walked with a rapid and energetic step, was descending the Rue Saint-Jacques, in the quarter of the university at Paris. Although he had apparently reached middle age, his dress was that of a poor scholar. But instead of the ink-horn usually suspended at the side of those of his class, a rosary hung from his girdle. From a stout cord passed over his threadbare cape was slung a wallet of coarse sacking, a far better weapon of defence than a sword for a night-traveller through Paris."

Mr. Galwey does not show to advantage here. St. Ignatius was scarcely "a cripple," nor does M. Féval make the mistake of calling him one. His word is *boiteux*, which is more delicately and correctly rendered both by Miss Sadlier and the writer in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The same is true of *écritoire à gaîne*, which Mr. Galwey calls "ink-case"; and the picture of the ink-case beating about St. Ignatius' "breeches" is neither delicate nor true to the original, which is rightly rendered in the other versions.

Take again this picture of St. Ignatius:

"His name was Ignatius of Loyola. One could see that he had been a soldier. An expression of indomitable courage mingled with the humility of his conversion.

"But he was a thinker, and his features bore the clear and commanding expression peculiar to men who are predestined to accomplish great objects.

"Something of the eagle he bore in his profile, of which the proud lines hardly reflected to the full extent the sweetness which, by God's help, had overflowed a heart agitated by the fever of war, until the light, breaking in, had confounded it. Although his face bore the impress of a noble and generous character, it was in the eyes especially that the exceeding beauty of his soul was expressed; his look at once awed and attracted, because he possessed at once power and tenderness."

This is Miss Sadlier's rendering. Mr. Galwey gives it thus:

"His name was Ignatius de Loyola.

"It was plain that he was a soldier. The mark of his unconquerable valor could be seen through the humility of his conversion.

"But he was a thinker, and his aquiline face bore the broad clearness of predestined heads.

"There was much of the eagle in his profile, whose haughty lines barely showed the immense softness which, with the help of God, he had forced into his heart, full of the fever of war, on the day when the light had come upon him like a thunderbolt. Although his face displayed a generous elevation, the beauty of his soul shone most in his eyes; his glance quelled and attracted at the same time, because it had at once power and tenderness."

Here our young translators hardly

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come up to the original, which is well expressed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

". . . His name was Ignatius de Loyola.

"That he was a soldier was at once evident. The stamp of his indomitable valor could not be hidden by the humility in which his conversion had clothed him. But he was also a man of thought, and his brow had the nobility and amplitude of heads predestined for great things.

"There was something of the eagle in his whole countenance, whose proud lines reflected with difficulty the immense gentleness which, by the help of God and his own strength of will, he had compelled to enter his heart, full of warlike fever when the light had stricken him down. His face had an expression of generous loftiness, and from his eyes shone all the beauty of his soul. His look awed and won at the same time, so full was it of tenderness and power."

These passages compare themselves and suggest their own reflection. To justify our preference we content ourselves with a single instance: "*Le jour où la lumière l'avait foudroyé*"—the day "when the light had stricken him down," as THE CATHOLIC WORLD admirably has it. In this strong expression both our young translators signally fail. "Until the light, breaking in, had confounded it," says Miss Sadlier; "The day when the light had come upon him like a thunderbolt," says Mr. Galwey.

We have only taken these specimens at hap-hazard. We might continue them and compare line by line. In all instances, so far as we have noticed, experience and practice approve themselves. The translations before us make a very pleasing whole, and we trust their authors will take our hints kindly, and as an encouragement rather than a cold criticism on what is really in both cases very worthy work.

POINTS IN CANON LAW: (claimed to be) Opposed to some of Rev. Dr. Smith's views of Ecclesiastical Law, as now applied to the United States of America. By Rev. P. F. Quigley, D.D., Professor of Canon Law, etc., in St. Mary's Seminary, Cleveland, Ohio. Cleveland: M. E. McCabe. 1878.

There can be no doubt as to the importance of the questions discussed by the author of this pamphlet; and, for that very reason, they are, as it seems to us, hardly things which should be taken up in "scraps of hours of recreation," at least if the result of such investigations is to be given to the world in a tone of confidence such as we feel compelled to say he shows throughout. The most eminent men in every branch of science may generally be distinguished by a tone of modesty in all their assertions, even where the truth of such assertions is capable of rigid demonstration; and by a real and evident deference to the learning and judgment of their adversaries. This tone, we regret to say, does not characterize Dr. Quigley's pamphlet, as it specially should one written as he tells us his has been.

Real ability and learning are unquestionably shown in it; but the possession of these gifts does not entitle any one to speak in a tone of contempt of others whom he should regard as being possessed of similar advantages. To speak of a "blunder" on the part of an author who is criticised, to say that "it seems queer" that he should have said so-and-so, or "let due credit be given to him for having translated this passage," etc., are expressions which do not strengthen a cause however good, but rather prejudice even the most impartial readers against it.

On many of the points brought up we believe Dr. Quigley's criticisms to be just, though waiting with interest for the refutation of them promised on the part of Dr. Smith by a writer in the New York *Tablet*, whose first article bears marks, by the way, of the same objectionable tone of which we have already spoken; excused somewhat, perhaps, by provocation, though that provocation cannot be said to have come from any similar fault in the article there reviewed.

There is, however, one very important and practical matter touched upon by the author of the present pamphlet against the conclusion of which we must specially protest, though he seems so certain of it. That matter is the existence of the Tridentine decree "*Tametsi*" in its binding force in no less than seventeen dioceses of the United States. We see, to say the least, no convincing reason to regard the declaration of the Propaganda of September 9, 1824, in the light in which he views it, as

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making really a new law for the immense territory the limits of which are not clearly stated in it, but which our author absolutely defines. Even regarding it as a new law, it can only be certainly said to cover those regions which were once really, as well as nominally, under the control of France and Spain; but it is, in our opinion, more reasonable to consider it as merely an instruction as to where we are to presume such promulgation as was contemplated by the Council of Trent to have been made, in the absence of evidence to the contrary. And even were it a new law, and covering a definite territory, there is certainly such a thing, in spite of what Dr. Quigley seems to imply on his thirty-sixth page, as the non-acceptance of a law with the tacit consent of the authority imposing it; and if there has ever been a case of such non-acceptance, surely there has been in a considerable part of that territory to which he supposes that law to apply.

If his view had been presented as a suggestion worthy of profound consideration, no fault could have been found with it; but to state it absolutely as an indisputable fact is, in our judgment, going rather too far.

While upon this subject we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the Holy See may soon, by an unquestionable act, extend the decree "*Tametsi*" not only over the part of our country in which Dr. Quigley now considers it as in force, but over its whole extent. More and greater evils come, as it seems to us, from the present state of things than could come from its occasional neglect if it were introduced; and it already partially exists in the consciences of our people.

Another very practical point discussed by our author is the binding force of the rules of the Index in this country, in connection with the obligation of obtaining the "imprimatur" for works on sacred subjects. We do not care to dispute his proposition that those rules are in force everywhere; though it is not a convincing style of argument to say simply that "the most eminent canonists hold" this, without giving a single name. But we do maintain, what we think Dr. Quigley must also allow, that all positive laws, even though in force, may be practically inoperative for a time on account of special inconveniences or even absolute evils attending compliance with them, and that it has been, and probably still is, the opinion of many theologians of learning and ability that such is the case to some extent among us with regard to this particular matter. And it is also true, as we have already said, that a law may not be accepted, and so never come into force in some particular region, though originally intended to do so, provided the legislative authority consents to such non-acceptance.

A prominent instance of sweeping assertions, similar to the one just mentioned about "the most eminent canonists," is to be found at the end of the pamphlet. Dr. Quigley says: "The Catholic teaching is that the law of Trent under discussion does not affect the marriages of non-Catholics." Farther on he quotes the celebrated declaration of Pope Benedict XIV. in proof of this statement, simply remarking that "this is not regarded as an exemption or dispensation from the law, but merely as an authoritative declaration as to what the law is in these cases." This would have been very well if, instead of saying "this is not regarded," he had said, "I do not regard this"; but thus to beg a question which is controverted, and to take no account of the reasons which apparently have influenced the Holy See in extending this declaration to some places and not to others, or even of the fact of the difference of its action in places to which it has been extended and those to which it has not, does not seem to us to be a legitimate way of proceeding, nor a profitable one on the part of an author who is addressing, not the public at large, but a class of readers who must be presumed to be more or less acquainted with the matters of which he treats.

In conclusion, we have only to remark that the importance of the subjects treated in this pamphlet makes it the more to be regretted that they have already been treated on both sides in a way not so much tending to calm investigation and friendly discussion as to the rousing of a spirit of controversy, which is always an impediment to the discovery of the truth; and that for this Dr. Quigley, as having taken the initiative and set the example, is principally to blame.

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A HISTORY OF ROMAN LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE DEATH OF MARCUS AURELIUS. By Charles Thomas Cruttwell, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

We welcome and heartily recommend this latest addition to our knowledge of the literature of ancient Rome, not alone for its own merits, which are very strong, but as a mark of the interest which well-educated people in England and America continue to take in the study and history of the Latin language, notwithstanding the reaction of our age against the imperial sway which this same language and literature exercised over European taste during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. While we acknowledge the perfect fairness and the great scholarship of the author of this *History*, we do not always agree with him in his appreciations of men and their works during the period which he treats, and which does not go beyond the second century of our era. But although our author closes his history of the literature of ancient Rome at the death of Marcus Aurelius, we hope that no one is so ignorant or so prejudiced as to believe that whatever was written after that is barbarous and not worthy of attention; for although the Latin Fathers and Christian poets of the fourth and fifth centuries are outside of the pale of what is rather arbitrarily called the *classics*, some of them wrote as eloquently and as elegantly as the best authors who preceded them.

The Latin language has a special charm for a Catholic, who sees in it the one link preserved by the church, intact and, we may say, unchanged between the two ages of human civilization, the ancient and the modern. The noblest monuments of the human intellect, as expressed in law and theology, those two supports of church and state, are preserved to us in the Latin language, which, being likewise the medium of official communication between the Holy See and the faithful throughout the world, is assured of a universal and an immortal existence.

HOURS WITH THE SACRED HEART. Translated from the French by A. J. R. New York: P. J. Kenedy.

This little volume is replete with that mystical love which breathes through this beautiful devotion. The rapid spread of a deep love for the Sacred Heart is a sign of the times. In no respect is the majesty of God more frequently insulted than in his sacred humanity; and the church, with her usual discernment of the fitness of things, singled out the Sacred Heart of Jesus as the object of a special adoration, in order that thereby partial reparation may be made for the grievous outrages committed against the incarnate God. Love is the groundwork of this devotion, and to the soul that knows not what true love is the expressions with which treatises concerning it abound may appear strained and exaggerated. Yet this intensity of language but imperfectly reveals the burning love with which are filled those hearts that love the Heart of Jesus. The heart has, throughout all ages, been accepted as the symbol of love; poets have apostrophized it in glowing numbers—*prætrepidum lætari cor*—and a beautiful mythological legend informs us that when earthly material to complete the human frame failed, the gods made the heart of fire from heaven. As all symbolism pales before the reality, so all the love that ever burned on earth is as naught compared with that consuming love with which chosen souls love the Sacred Heart. These thoughts are readily suggested by the volume whose title we give. It is the work of a sensitive soul all alive with a supernatural life. The task of translating such a work is a delicate one. A poor conception of its aims might readily betray the incompetent translator into errors against good taste, not to speak of more serious blunders. Happily, good judgment was exercised in the choice of a translator, and A. J. R. has performed her allotted task in a manner that speaks well for her sympathy with the work and for her knowledge of French and English. Most translations from the French are marred by Gallicisms; and as this is the severest reproach that can be made against a faulty translation, so the greatest praise that can be bestowed on a good one is that it is conspicuously English, and to this praise we deem A. J. R. entitled.

LITTLE TREATISE ON LITTLE SUFFERINGS. Translated from the French. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1878.

Little sufferings form the chief trials

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of most lives. Even the weak often brace themselves up and face great sufferings with a courage and patient force that are astonishing. But the little things are allowed to fret and annoy us to a degree quite out of proportion to their magnitude, so that if it be true, as Father Faber sings, that

> "Little things,
> Like little wings,
> Bear little souls to heaven,"

there is also an unexpected truth on the other side. Quiet reflection would cure the tendency to exaggerate petty annoyances, and this little treatise is admirably adapted to promote such reflection.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1879. With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1879.

We at once glance at the portraits in this delightful little Annual, which is certainly the best of its kind published in English. A pleasing likeness of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., leads off the list, and is followed by a most excellent and life-like portrait of the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati, to which is appended a biographical sketch worthy the portrait and worthy the life of so good and illustrious a man. Father Secchi, the great astronomer and scientist, comes next, his face and eyes luminous with intelligence. Among the others, the portraits of Bishop Dupanloup (whom a slip of the pen has made an archbishop in the biographical sketch) and Cardinal Cullen stand out as exceptionally good and true to life; those of Mme. Barat and Bishop Rosecrans are also very good. Of the reading matter the essay on "The Church and Learning in the Middle Ages" strikes one as of real value and great interest. The writer is evidently in love with his subject, and he turns his Protestant authorities to excellent use. There is the usual variety of light and entertaining matter, and the Annual is likely to prove as welcome a visitor this year as it ever was to thousands of Catholic households.

LIFE OF B. HERMANN JOSEPH, CANON REGULAR OF ST. NORBERT (known as the White Canons in England). By Wilfrid Galway. With a sketch of the Premonstratensian Order and their houses in Great Britain and Ireland. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

This *Life* has much in it that is edifying and much that is not so. If exceeding simplicity be a beauty, this book has that quality to a wonderful extent. The translation is very poor. A single example will suffice: *Ex abundantia cordis os loquitur* is rendered: "With what a man's heart is filled overflows the mouth." There are also innumerable typographical errors.

EXCERPTA EX RITUALI ROMANO pro administratione Sacramentorum, ad commodiorem usum Missionariorum in Septentrionalis Americæ Fœderatæ Provinciis. Editio Sexta. Baltimori: Apud Kelly, Piet et Socios. 1878.

This edition is very neat and handy and well adapted to the use intended. It has a number of "Benedictiones" not usually to be found in a book of such small compass.

THE JESUITS: THEIR TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. A Lecture by the Rev. J. J. Moriarty, A.M. New York: The American News Company. 1878.

In these few eloquent pages Father Moriarty has contrived to cover a great deal of ground and furnished a useful historical defence of a society that has as many defenders as foes.

THE RULE OF FAITH; OR, THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE. A sermon by Rev. A. Damen, S.J. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.

A very useful popular lecture, with as much humor as force.

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THE

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THE REALITY OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT is knowledge? It is an act of a living being who has in his nature the power or faculty to elicit the act. The individual being who possesses and exercises the power is called the subject, and the act which is elicited is called subjective, in so far as it proceeds from him as its principle, and remains within him. The act of knowledge supposes, therefore, first, the knowing subject, the individual being who exercises a sensitive faculty, or a faculty of intelligence, or a faculty of reasoning, in the act of sensible perception, or intuition, or discursive thought, or reflection, or of any possible description of cognition. The subject is the actor, or active agent in the act. But every act must be directed by the agent to something acted upon. It proceeds from the agent as its principle, but it must terminate on something which is the recipient of the action. The axe cuts, but it must cut something. The woodman delivers its blows upon a tree. The wind acts on the sails, and upon the ship, and the ship acts upon the water. The wood acts also upon the axe, and the water upon the ship. The cow cannot graze without grass to feed upon, or the hound scent unless there is game in the wind. The knower must know something, or he is like Dickens' poor, miserable boy Joe, who summed up all his miseries in "not knowing nothink and starwation." The term of the action of the knowing subject is the object known, and in so far as the act of knowledge is referred to the object it is objective. The object acts on the subject in knowledge, as the wood on the axe and the grass on the cow. The knower and thinker is passive as well as active, a recipient as well as an agent. We have, therefore, the subject and the object, and their mutual action as the concurrent cause of the act of knowledge. The act itself is in the subject or knower. The mechanical act of sailing is ascribed to the ship. The act of grazing is in the cow. It is a vital act of a living animal, and causes her to become fat and give good milk. Scenting and seizing the game is a vital act of the hound. Sensible cognition and rational cognition are vital acts. The knowledge is

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in the knowing subject and belongs to his sensitive or intellectual life. He receives into himself the object, and it gives him an increase of being. The traveller who has gained permanent knowledge of many objects seen by him has their images in his memory. The science of astronomy is in the mind of the astronomer, classical literature is in the mind of the classical scholar. The art of music or carpentry is in the mind of the musician and of the carpenter. When an observer beholds the stars at night, the vision of these bodies, distant as they are, and of the whole expanse of the heavens is in himself, and the ideas which he has respecting the stellar universe are in his mind. The objects remain in their own distinct and separate being, and the subject or individual who apprehends them remains in his own identity. The astronomer does not become a star, or the star become the astronomer. The musician is not converted into the musical art, or the art of music into the musician. What belongs to the object is and remains objective, and what belongs to the subject is subjective. The two do not blend or clash with each other, but they are harmoniously united and concur together.

These considerations prepare the way to examine and analyze more exactly the act of knowledge and to define its reality. In this act the object is present in some way to the subject, who is both passive and active, a recipient and an agent; there is a certain union effected between the two, a mutual action and reaction upon each other, and, as the result, the object is received into the subject according to the mode and manner which accords with the nature of the recipient. There is some analogy between this act and others which are purely material and mechanical, but not a perfect likeness. Therefore the illustrations which have been already used, or may be employed hereafter, are to be taken merely as similes or metaphors, and not as parallel cases. Knowledge is something unique and of its own kind. There is nothing in the nature of things below it which is equal to it, for it relates, even in its lowest species, to a kind of being superior to every kind of being which is not sentient. We may as well explain here, to avoid mistake, that we are not using this word knowledge to denote rational and certain science as diverse from sensation and opinion, but only as any sort of cognizance in an animated being. We have selected it because it is Saxon-English, but for convenience' sake we shall hereafter frequently use the word cognition instead.

Cognition can exist only in a subject who has in him the principle of conscious life. He must be either actually conscious, or have in potency the faculty of becoming conscious of his act of cognition, and therefore self-conscious, at least in the lowest degree. This is what separates him in the scale of being from inanimate bodies and those which have only vegetative life. The higher and more perfect the potency of cognition is, so much the more perfect is the capacity of the subject to cognize his acts, and himself as the principle of vital action.

There is active force in matter, but this force is mechanical. It is all based on attraction and repulsion. It is exerted on some other object outside of itself, and cannot act on the subject of the active

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force. Bodies are essentially inert. They cannot originate or arrest motion in themselves. They must be moved or brought to rest by a force from without. This is expressed by saying that inanimate, unsentient beings cannot return upon themselves. The sentient being, on the other hand, returns in an incomplete manner upon himself. He has some sort of cognizance of his vital activity, and some sort of intrinsic, self-moving power. The intelligent subject turns back on himself more completely, and is intrinsically self-active in a much higher sense. This point will be more fully elucidated hereafter, when we come to define spiritual being. For the present it is enough simply to mark the point, that we all know ourselves to be able to reflect on our mental acts and states, and to have self-consciousness in our sensitive and rational life. The consciousness of self in the acts of knowing and thinking, and the reflection of the mind upon itself as the thinking subject, is like looking into our own face and eyes by means of a mirror. In this case the subject and the object are one and the same. In the recognition of self the objective self is immediately and intimately present to the subjective self by identity. It is the most perfect and vivid kind of cognition. "What man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of man *which is in him?*" The knower and the known interpenetrate each other, and are but two terms of relation in the same being, who is in two attitudes, as knowing himself and as known by himself.

This gives us a starting-point, and a term of comparison to measure the similitude of the other terms in cognition—that is, objects distinct from the subject. They are made present to the subject as nearly as possible in the same way. There is an approach to identification between the sense and the sensible, the intellect and the intelligible. Matter, by its quantity of extended mass, excludes all quantity but its own from its place. Its passive inertia keeps it confined to the limits of the particular state in which it passively exists under the action of physical laws and forces extrinsic to its own active principle. A lump of gold, a block of granite, an apple, or a potato, is just itself, and nothing else, for the time it remains in its own specific substantial reality. A statue of Washington, a statue of Walter Scott, a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, an obelisk, a sarcophagus, a marble pyramid, a Doric column, a Gothic arch, is confined by its form, and excludes every other. But a cognizing subject, especially when it is in the grade of intelligent being, can take the similitude of every object within its range of cognizance, and receive the being of all these objects in a certain mode into itself. We have no occasion to consider here what the faculty of sensible cognition is in irrational animals. In human cognition it exists in association with intelligence and reason. The reality of human knowledge is what concerns us at present. And it is, therefore, of the human subject, of man, who is, according to his logical definition, a rational animal, and of the knowledge which he derives from universal being as his connatural object, through sensation, consciousness, intuition, reflection, and reasoning, that we intend to speak.

Universal being—that is, whatever has reality or entity—can be

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known in some way, either in itself or in something else, in its essence or its analogical predicates, in its substance or its accidents, by the human mind. The mind of man is as it were all things, by its capacity to have ideas of all. It can take into itself any kind of thing or entity, or whatever is thinkable. That cannot be done, of course, in the way of a physical receptacle in which things are received in their physical being, as articles are put into a box; or by interchange of substance and transformation, or by actual identification of an individual mind with objects distinct from itself. But it is done, according to the mode of the recipient mind, ideally, through ideal representation, the mind being to itself both a beholder and a mirror, seeing, through its representative species or ideas, and in them, the real objects of knowledge.

Man is not a being whose essence is purely spiritual, he is a rational animal. The human soul is the living, actuating principle of an organic body. The body, as the inferior part, is principally for the sake of the soul, which is the superior part. It must serve and minister to the exercise of its rational power. The natural operation of every being follows its essence. And as the essence of the human species includes in itself animality, the animal nature is the basis of the natural operation throughout its whole extent. According to his genus, man is an animal, and his life and operation are animal. The bodily part of his essence requires a vital principle to animate it, and the vital principle requires an organic body to receive life from it, and the two together make up the sentient being. Rationality is the specific difference which determines the genus to a species, and completes the human essence. It cannot, however, take it out of its genus. The human essence is specifically different from the essence of the animal which is merely sentient but irrational. But, however wide the distance between the rational and irrational animal, they are of the same generic nature as sentient beings, and there is a likeness of kind in their life and operation. The basis and beginning of the life and vital action of man as a human person is in the senses, and his cognition, which is a vital action, must be initiated from this sentient principle, in which the body concurs with the soul. The cognition must be elevated to a higher grade by the exercise of that power which makes man specifically different from every inferior sentient being; and that power is the rational faculty. It is a vain thing to attempt to make out of the spirit which is in man a captive angel, confined in the body as in a prison, or to claim for him equality with the angels in his intelligence. It is much more vain to claim for him an immediate cognition of the divine essence as his connatural object. All this is contrary to nature, to experience, and to common sense. We have only to watch the process by which the infant acquires knowledge, or to inspect the working of our own thoughts, in order to be convinced of this. A spiritual philosophy built on a theory of innate ideas, or immediate intuition of being, is a baseless fabric, a castle in the air constructed by the imagination. We must begin from our human nature as it really and actually exists, and from the sensible objects on which our eyes are first opened when we come into the world.

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Sensible objects present themselves to our sensible cognition. They are perceived and apprehended by sense as singular and individual things, manifesting themselves by their phenomena. Sensitive consciousness, imagination, and memory are reflex acts of the sentient subject, returning upon himself by his interior sense, and incited to action by the desirable good in the sensible object which he cognizes, of which he has the sentiment. The infant, whose intellectual faculties are dormant and in abeyance, only by faint and imperceptible degrees rises above this sentient life which he has in common with the kittens, puppies, and birds which are his favorite companions and playmates. The most obvious note of infancy is ignorance and the absence of intelligence. But what is truly wonderful in a baby, especially in one that has remarkable intelligence in a latent state and is in favorable conditions for perfect development, is the way in which its faculty of reasoning and acquiring knowledge comes into active exercise, as soon as it has the full use of its senses and begins to talk. One of these little incipient men, at the age of four or five, is a most interesting little person; and more can be learned from observing his ways and listening to his conversation than from the lectures of some professors on psychology.

One lesson, in particular, they all teach us, with a much greater unanimity than can often be found among other philosophers: that all thought and knowledge begin from sense, and from the apprehension of single, sensible objects. They do not usually attain to the complete age of reason much before the end of their seventh year. And why not? Because the brain, the nervous system, the whole apparatus of the senses, and the organic structure of the body, require all this time, in order that the intellect and the reasoning faculty may get their proper object duly presented before them. Nature works on the true and sound system of philosophy, and educates the young pupils of her school, not by the intuition of being, or by evoking innate ideas, but on the kindergarten method by object-lessons, giving them sensible images, perfecting their sensitive powers, and imperceptibly letting in the intellectual light which transforms and elevates their sensible cognition to the state of rational knowledge.

The intellectual light comes out of a hidden recess in the infant's own being, and is incessantly active while he is awake, working upon the sensible ideas he is continually receiving from outward things, penetrating into their intelligible essence, divesting them of their material clothing, freeing them from the limits of single and particular objects and transforming them into universal ideas, apprehending concepts, acquiring first principles, discovering truth, comparing, analyzing, connecting concepts with other concepts, learning to reflect, to remember, to think, to judge, to infer, and reason. By this spontaneous self-activity, concurring with the action of objects upon his nature, he is gradually transforming himself from the state of an intelligent being in potency to that of an actually intelligent thinker and knower, who has the basis laid for an indefinite acquisition of rational knowledge.

This real genesis and history of thought and knowledge can be verified and illustrated in a thou-

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sand ways, from observation and inward experience. We need only watch the operations of the mental faculties of other persons, especially children, and reflect upon our own operations, in order to see that our intellect abstracts its general ideas from single, sensible objects; and that, in the very act of abstraction, it instantaneously apprehends the very same object first presented by the senses, in the new and rational light which illuminates the sensible representation.

A rose, as a sensible object, is perceived by a kitten and by an infant in the same way. But as soon as the intellect of the infant begins to act on the object presented before it by the sensible representation, it abstracts the idea of being, and through this idea it forms the concept that the rose is something. Comparing it with other things, it forms the concept of a flower, as a diverse thing from a kitten or a rattle. Comparing it with other flowers, it perceives that it is different from a tulip or a dahlia. It observes, moreover, that the rose has thorns on its stem, and peculiar hues, and its own perfume. It notices that a rosebud may change its appearance in a glass of water, and open out its leaves. It perceives that there may be more roses than one together in a vase. It perceives that a rose is a good and pretty thing to look at. After a while it ascertains that there are true and real roses, and also certain pictures of roses in books, and artificial things made of wax which look like roses but are not real roses. The young student, who is almost altogether self-taught, has made astounding strides in advance of his dear friends the kitten and the puppy, when he has got as far as this. The rose is not the only thing he has been investigating. His branches of study and his experiments have been very numerous. He is already master of the elements of logic and metaphysics, besides being no mean linguist and something of a moralist; perhaps also an orator and a musician, and an adept in the art of governing. By the end of his septennate, when his frock and sash are contemptuously cast aside for the glorious vestments of boyhood, he has performed more astonishing intellectual feats, and accomplished more actual work in acquiring all sorts of knowledge, than will ever be the case again during a period of seven years, let him study never so diligently. He has invariably failed in his efforts to catch moonlight, and has bitterly bemoaned every experiment he has made in feeling of the flame of a candle. But he has successfully and firmly grasped all the transcendental notions, and the five logical universals. What he has learned from investigating the rose alone will prove that this is true. He has the ideas of being, of something, of unity, of truth, and of good. These are the transcendentals. He knows genus, species, difference, attribute, and accident. These are the logical universals. He has a clear insight into the principle of causality. The thorns under the rose prick my fingers. He can draw a conclusion from a major and a minor premise. My mother always tells the truth. She said she would bring me a rose when she comes in from a walk. Therefore she will bring me a rose. He knows that a thing cannot be and not be at the same time. The principle of contradiction. He knows a number of things by evidence, a number of other things by experi-

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ence, some others by reasoning, and many more by his faith in the testimony of others, and on the authority of his parents and elders. What he knows, he knows that he knows, and you cannot shake him in his certitude. He is unassailable by sophistry within his own sphere. He may even be able to refute you and reduce you to silence, by a most original and subtle answer, if you test his logical powers. He thinks on deep mysteries, and will ask you questions which you cannot answer at all, or, if at all, only out of the deepest metaphysics of Aristotle and St. Thomas. On moral questions, and on the characters and acts of men, you will find him making judgments with a clear knowledge and an uncompromising application of first principles which will astonish you, and perhaps make you ashamed. It is in intelligent, carefully educated children that we see the purest, most unsophisticated specimens of genuine human nature. In their early mental operations, where nature has the upper hand of art, and the human subject himself, so strangely isolated in his own interior, and working spontaneously, creates his own intellectual character; we see most clearly manifested what is the origin of thought and cognition. The reality of knowledge as constituted by an equality between the mind and real being is brought distinctly into view, the nature of the process is apparent, and the certitude of the result made plain.

For the present we are chiefly intent upon analyzing the object of rational cognition, and the mode by which it is made present to the intellect. It is primarily a single and sensible object, in which lies hid the universal and intelligible ratio to which intellect is co-ordinated. The intelligible is separated from the sensible expression and vehicle, its outward part, by the abstracting power of the active intellect; which gives to the passive and receptive faculty an idea through which the object is seen in the attitude and light of a direct universal, that is, as some one thing, some essence or nature, apprehended in its abstract notion, apart from the individual sensible object in which it is actuated. It is a form, which by a second act of reflection is perceived to have a relation to any number of individual objects without limit, to which it can give its own specific being. The notion of rose, for instance, is abstracted from the particular rose which is seen, and apprehended as something common to any number of roses. The abstraction begins by that which is most universal and indefinite, which is the notion of being; and proceeds by separating those general notions which are less extensive but more definite. Intellect, therefore, follows an inverse order from sense. Sense begins with the single, and with that which is most vividly impressed, intellect with that which is most indefinite, vague, and confused, and then proceeds to clearer and more distinct apprehensions, by which it distinguishes and separates more and more minutely the whole complex multitude of things which it contemplates.

We may now dismiss our infant to the nursery, and take another illustration from a higher and more abstract order of thought. Let us take a pupil who is commencing the study of geometry. His attention is directed to a circle drawn on the blackboard. The visible figure is a white chalk-mark of round shape. The notion of cir-

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cle, distinctly apprehended by the definition, is instantly abstracted from that particular chalk-line, as a direct universal. If the pupil has never before distinctly thought what a circle is, he perceives it now, and applies the abstract notion to the figure before him, which he perceives to be a circle, and he perceives also, so quickly that the time it takes to make the reflection is imperceptible, that any number of similar figures are circles. In the circle he apprehends also the line, the curve, the point, position, direction, motion, and space. He perceives also the equidistance of all points in the circumference from the centre, the equal length of all radii and all diameters. He perceives, moreover, the possibility of increasing the distance of the points of the circumference from the centre indefinitely, and thus producing radii in all directions toward infinity. He perceives that space is infinite, and that he is in the centre of an infinite circle and must always remain there, however far he may move in any direction. He perceives many more geometrical truths, all of which, together with such as have been mentioned above, start from the two data of position and direction, and either need to be demonstrated to him, or at least are capable of demonstration, whether or no some of them are self-evident, or have been made previously evident to him, or are at the moment made evident by an act of reasoning so easy and rapid as not to be noticed. By a similar process he goes through all geometry, and the whole science of quantity, that is, the mathematics, one of the most purely abstract and rational sciences, giving the most absolute certitude, and entirely founded on abstraction from real quantity.

All the primary sciences are defined and divided from each other according to their diverse grade of abstraction. They are five in number, viz.: physics, mathematics, metaphysics, logic, and ethics. All knowable things come under one or more of these primary sciences. Physics abstracts from individual objects as such, and considers corporeal being as manifested by sensible phenomena under general notions. Mathematics abstracts from sensible matter, and considers corporeal being under the ratio of intelligible quantity. Metaphysics abstracts from matter entirely, and considers those ratios of corporeal being which are immaterial, as substance, causality, etc., together with that being which is positively immaterial. Logic abstracts from all concrete reality to consider purely ideal being, such as is in concepts of the mind. Ethics abstracts in the same way to consider its objects as they subsist in acts of the will and affections of the soul. Thus the total object of science is being, presented under five aspects, as being which is susceptible of sensible changes, as being which has intelligible quantity, as immaterial being, as ideal being, and as moral being. The single, concrete, and individual object which is first presented is the object of sense, and not directly of the intellect. The object of the intellect is the universal, which has its foundation in the single and concrete reality, but, as universal, is a concept of the mind, as St. Thomas teaches. That which is single and particular is perceived by the intellect through the medium of the universal, and by a reflex act. This rose is per-

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ceived by the mind as being a rose, by the understanding of what a rose is in general. This circle is perceived as a circle by the notion and definition of circle in general. Particular facts, as single, individual objects of knowledge, considered in and by themselves, are not properly objects of science. Their concrete existence is made known by the senses, in the first instance, and in the second instance by testimony which is received by faith. They are matters of history. And when that which belongs to history is scientifically considered, it is necessary to resort to some kind of science which is included under one or more of the five primary sciences. If we desire to classify those physical objects whose existence is known by the senses or testimony and to understand their laws, we must resort to physics. If we consider the theoretical principles of their construction, or make computations of their number and movements, we call in mathematics. For the philosophy of history we employ logic and metaphysics. For the social and political, or in general the moral order of the world, we make use of ethical science.

It would require a complete treatise on logic to make a full exposition of these topics. We hope, nevertheless, that this short process of reasoning may suffice for our present purpose. We think enough has been said to present the few necessary and salient points which are required as positions from which to direct our lines of argument toward their common term—the reality of human knowledge. Reality of knowledge requires, as we have shown, the presence of real being in the aspect of truth, or as something known to the knower. We have shown how the presentation of the sensible object to the sensitive faculty of the human subject, who is at the same time intelligent, presents to his intellect its proper intelligible object. All being is in itself intelligible. Intelligence by its essence is the power to penetrate the intelligible, that is, being itself. Whatever is being, or something thinkable or knowable, in any sense, is the object of intellect. It needs only to be presented before it, in order to be known. The human intellect as the intellect of a being who is composed of soul and body, of mind and matter, united in one essence, and together making one rational subject or person, apprehends and knows by the aid of sense. This is what makes man something specially wonderful. In human nature the corporeal is somehow raised above itself and spiritualized. It takes part in cognition. What is there more wonderful than the phenomena which any one may observe in himself, who reflects on the strange and multiform impressions continually received by the sensorium? The variety of objects which meet the eye, the multiplicity of sounds affecting the ear, the various action of external objects on the whole sensitive organization. How admirable, also, is the expression of intelligence and emotion in the human face, and especially in the eye! All language bears witness to the connatural relation of the human mind with these sensible objects. It is, in its substantive part, a set of signs, representing sensible objects. In its expressions of the most immaterial things and abstract notions it is metaphorical. Our intellectual conceptions, also, bear the trace of their sensible origin, and are images of invisi-

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ble things borrowed from the visible and the sensible. Our natural inclination for that kind of science and art which is the least abstracted from sense and imagination is much stronger, and more generally developed, than the taste for abstract science. One who is weary with the effort of meditating in his room, if he goes out of doors for recreation, may find a spontaneous delight in the contemplation of a dew-drop, or in watching the antics of a squirrel among the boughs of a tree, which he has not been able to extract during an hour's poring from an excellent treatise. Music, painting, architecture, poetry, eloquence, are more congenial to the mind of man than dry argumentation. Biography and narrative history are more pleasing than essays on ethics and politics. Descriptive astronomy is more interesting than pure mathematics. Of all branches of knowledge, metaphysics and logic, the most abstract of all, are the most repugnant to all but a few. We are made to begin with the sensible, to keep very near it, as a general rule, during this present stage of our existence, and never to be wholly and completely separated from it, even when we ascend to the highest possible summit of spiritual being. Things visible and invisible, bodily and spiritual, contingent and necessary, singular and universal, sensible and intelligible, are connected in one reality of being and cognition. They are in nowise contrary to each other, and their mediator and reconciler is man. Matter and spirit are in wonderful harmony and concurrence in his complex nature and cognoscitive faculties.

The singular and concrete realities directly and immediately perceived as objects of human cognition are, as we have sufficiently proved already, only the bodies which make up the external world around us, and for each particular individual, his own self. The way in which this second object is perceived needs a little further explanation. Self-consciousness arises in the exercise of the active powers of sensation and intelligence. It is evident to each one, from his own experience, that we have no sensitive consciousness prior to and distinct from the exercise of sensation. We perceive our own exterior figure and the visible parts of the body, just as we do other bodies. Whoever wishes to behold his own face must take a mirror; and to look at the back of his head, he must take two. What is inside, as the brain, heart, lungs, etc., cannot be seen. We know what the internal structure of the body is from the experiments of dissectors and anatomists. Self-consciousness does not give us this knowledge. The action of our sensitive organs makes known to us our being as a sensitive subject, recipient of the action of bodies upon itself, and reacting upon the same. This sensitive consciousness is at first so feeble that it leaves no record in the memory. It is something quite remarkable, to have a lasting remembrance of our existence at a period as early as two years of age. If we question children about their earliest reminiscences, we find that even those who were very bright and precocious at the age of two, three, or four years, seldom remember any of the events which occurred at this early period of their existence, or of the persons whom they saw at that time and did not continue to see afterwards. Those who do remember things from this early pe-

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riod remember only a few. Intellectual self-consciousness begins with the exercise of the intellect, and is at first feeble, increasing with the increase of intellectual activity. The intellect does not perceive itself, except in the act of intelligence. The pure essence of the soul is not perceived in itself and by itself, but in its action, and just so far as it manifests its existence and nature in its acts. In the act of sensation and in the act of intellection, it perceives and is conscious of itself as sentient and intelligent. We know by experience and reflection that we do not see our own soul in its pure and simple essence, any more than we see behind our eyes and into our brain. We are conscious in our acts, and we infer the nature of our soul from these acts by reflection and reasoning. Therefore, in Latin, consciousness is called *conscientia, conscience;* that is, a science which comes with, accompanies the knowledge of what is external. Reason explains why this fact, made known by experience, must be as it is. The human subject begins in a state which is but little removed from mere potency. The intellectual faculty is in a purely potential state for a considerable time after the sensitive life has commenced. There is nothing by which the soul can recognize itself. The latent power of the intuition of spirits in their pure essence, and even of the perception of the intrinsic essence of matter, is bound down and held in abeyance by the substantial union of the soul with the body. The perception of bodies must come through the phenomena presented to the senses, and this is a condition pre-requisite to the first and simplest act of intelligence. The soul must, as it were, catch itself in the act of coming out of the dark hiding-place of unconsciousness by the exercise of cognition, before it can know its own existence.

We repeat once more that cognition begins with the singular and individual objects first presented through sensation, and that these are bodies and the individual self or personal subject, which is made also its own object by consciousness. And here we beg leave to complete our exposition of human cognition by a clear and brief summary taken from St. Thomas and from one of his ablest modern expositors:

"St. Thomas, in that comprehensive manner which belongs to him, in the following passage explains what is the generic nature of a cognoscitive being, defining it as constituted by the capacity of a subject to receive into itself the form of other things distinct from itself, without losing its own proper actuality. These are his words: 'Cognoscitive beings differ distinctively from those which are not cognoscitive in this, that while the latter are not capable of any actuality besides that which they have as their own proper form, the cognoscitive being is by its nature capable of receiving also the form of some other thing; inasmuch as the form or ideal similitude of the thing known is in the knower. Wherefore it is manifest that the nature of a being deprived of the faculty of cognition is more circumscribed and limited; whereas the nature of cognoscitive beings has a greater amplitude and extension: for which reason the philosopher says (Arist. *De Anima*, iii. 77), that the soul is after a certain manner all things.' Thus far St. Thomas. Now, this universality, as I

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may call it, of apprehensive capacity in respect to other things, this non-exclusion from itself of that which is distinct from itself, this capability of receiving somehow into its own nature all that which in any wise participates in being, constitutes a kind of characteristic and distinctive excellence, greatness, and nobility, in a spiritual being.

"This sublime view is connected in the teaching of the Angelic Doctor with another and more general view regarding the graduated series in which all the beings which compose the universe are arranged. Their greater or lesser perfection consists in their greater or lesser degree of remoteness from the confining bound of their own concrete singularity. The lowest in the scale are inorganic bodies, which are entirely restricted to that sole individual actuality in which they have their physical subsistence. Wherefore, they in no way go out of their own singular existence, nor do they, remaining in the same, bring other distinct beings into their identity, but are merely capable of an indefinite increase of their mass by a simple aggregation of new parts. Next to these come organized beings having vegetative life, which are removed after a certain fashion from the isolation of the first sort of things by their twofold faculty of self-nutrition and of generation, inasmuch as by a vital action they convert into their own proper substance the juices which they draw up from the ground, and by the fecundity of their germs reproduce and propagate their peculiar species in other individuals. A greater amplitude and consequently a higher perfection of being occurs in sentient animals, which by their sensitive faculties, without ceasing to be what they are, draw into themselves a representation of all kinds of bodies, like so many mirrors in which the forms of all the objects which produce an impression upon their bodily organs are reflected. But when we come to intellectual beings we behold a truly marvellous amplitude and extension of nature; because the intelligent being, without departing from himself, attains ideally and represents to himself everything whatsoever; drawing into his own nature by his own immanent acts of cognition the being of all objects, whether material or spiritual, those which are possible as well as those which actually exist. The intelligent being is not limited to his individual subsistence, but becomes in a certain way every other thing by the ideal similitude which he assumes from it, and by virtue of which he is, after a certain manner, in every thing and in every place." *

We are now prepared to go on still further in considering the reality and certitude of our human knowledge. It is no mere continuation and collection of sensible cognitions, gained by reflection upon purely physical sensations. Nor is it a reminiscence or a contemplation of ideas subsisting in themselves apart from concrete realities, and disconnected from the visible world, or else seen in the mind of God, or evoked out of the hidden recesses of our own soul. Neither is it terminated upon a purely ideal object manufactured by the intellect, and possessing only a subjective existence as a modification of the intellect itself. The object of intellectual cognition is distinct from the ob-

* Liberatore, *Della Conosc. Intellet.*, vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.

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ject of sensitive cognition. The latter is individual and corporeal. The former is universal and immaterial. But this universal and immaterial object is presented as in and under the sensible and concrete reality. It is abstracted from it by the active intellect, not as a mere notion which the intellect creates arbitrarily, or a nominal designation having no reality under it, or as a sign and resemblance of some separate reality, which separate reality the mind knows by a prior and independent intuition; but as a real ratio in the things of sense themselves, which the mind attends to as something apart, to the exclusion of what is only individual and concrete in each single thing. By virtue of its abstractive power, the intellect sets before its intellectual faculty, in and by an ideal representation, the very object of intellection, the form or intelligible ratio of the thing represented. It is not the intellect itself or its idea which is the object of contemplation, but the real universal, the intelligible, which is contemplated in and through the idea. According to the beautiful similitude made use of by the illustrious Spanish philosopher Balmes, the mind becomes an ideal mirror, and as a perfect mirror does not obtrude its own surface on our vision, but presents only the reflected objects, so the mind does not, by its ideal representation, present the subjective entity of the intellectual faculty in its condition as ideally modified by the object, but presents the very object itself which it represents and apprehends.

The real ratios or intelligible essences of the things of sense themselves are presented to the intellect. They are individuated in matter, in single, sensible, corporeal things, which are the proper objects of sensitive cognition. Considered in themselves, these ratios of being are not individual but universal. Therefore it is a maxim, that such a ratio or essence is singular as cognized by sense, universal as cognized by intellect. And here is the starting-point of human knowledge, the science of a being who is of composite nature, a mixture of sense and intelligence, attaining what is singular by sense, what is universal by intelligence, the two faculties being in harmonious and mutually dependent relations with each other while the union of soul and body subsists. The universal as having its foundation in the singular and concrete reality, the intelligible as shining forth from the sensible, essences and ratios which are immaterial but are individuated in matter, are the proper objects of the rational knowledge of such a being.

This knowledge has a solid basis, and it is extensive and comprehensive enough for the state of existence in which we are during this short life on the earth. We have self-consciousness, and the cognition of the external world to begin with, at the first moment of becoming actually intelligent beings. We have the power of intelligence and reason, ready to emerge from the state of potency into act, as soon as the necessary conditions are placed. The addition of Leibnitz to the Aristotelian maxim: Nothing is in intellect which was not beforehand in sense: *except intellect itself*, though not necessary, is nevertheless useful; as expressing more explicitly what is implied in the old, unaltered form of the maxim. Intellect reflects its light upon the singular objects of sensible cognition. The

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external world is seen in this light of the intelligible. Other sentient and intelligent beings besides the sentient and rational individual knower, are not only known by him as other corporeal beings are, but also understood by their similitude to himself as he is known to himself by consciousness. This is enough to place him in contact with the object of knowledge in all its latitude, being in all its extension and comprehension, the universal and the singular, the immaterial and the material, abstract entities and concrete things, what actually exists and what is only possible; whatever is in any way thinkable as a concept with a foundation in reality, or only as an abnormal product of the imagination, such as are the fond conceits of some so-called philosophers. In a word, the mind has access to all that constitutes the matter of physics, of mathematics, of metaphysics, of logic, of ethics, of all which is strictly called human and natural science; and also of history. Science has its foot upon its native heath, the earth; but its head is in the skies. Its base line is within the world's small orbit, but its apex of triangulation is at the sun and stars. Knowledge is real; and its criteria of truth, both internal and external, are certain until its limits are crossed into the region of opinion; and beyond these limits into the nebulous space of conjecture surrounding the domains of certitude and probability; they are practically a secure and sufficient safeguard against dangerous error, for those who obey their conscience and follow the light given to them by the providence of God.

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PEARL.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "ARE YOU MY WIFE?" ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

A RUPTURE.

POLLY was in better spirits the rest of the day. The visit to the Park had cheered her up. Poor little Polly! she was greatly to be pitied, for her destiny was very bitter to her; she was obliged to do every day and all day long the reverse of what she liked, and it requires a very sweet temper, as well as a good deal of strength of character, to do this and not be soured by it. And the worst of it was that she had no one but herself to blame. People say, "Such a one is in great trouble, but it is his own fault; he brought it on himself." As if that "but" were not the last drop in the cup of misery, and the one that claimed our very deepest sympathy! Polly thought she could have borne the loss of fortune and all the privations of her present life unmurmuringly, even joyfully, if it were not for this constant self-reproach that was like a sting in her heart night and day. And Pearl knew her secret, and never even by a look hinted at it; and this was the bitterest drop of all.

Mr. Danvers and Captain Darvallon came to lunch next day, and the colonel was in high good-humor. So was Polly; she was to go for a ride at three o'clock, and this had been something pleasant to look forward to all the morning. Pearl, meantime, had been diligent in preparing a nice meal with little French dishes, having first consulted Polly as to what would be most appropriate for a swell like Mr. Danvers, accustomed to fine cooking at his club and in fine houses. But though Polly gave her opinion and was in very good humor, she remained rigidly closed against any tender demonstration. She lent a hand in arranging the dessert, and even in whipping the cream for the Riz-à-l'Impératrice, which Pearl made in perfection; but when the busy cook thanked her with a kiss she received the caress like a stone. Her heart was hardened by suspicion. What had Pearl been saying to Captain Darvallon at lunch that day, and what brought her out to talk with him under the hedge? It was no accidental meeting, or Pearl would not have made a mystery of it; and she met Darvallon just as he had parted from Pearl, and he had not said a word. He was a sneak, a dishonorable sneak, with all his cant of fine sentiments and philosophy. But that Pearl should lend herself to such dissembling—this was what took away Polly's breath. And there was no escape from believing it, for she had seen with her own eyes. She was keeping those soft, bright eyes steadily on Pearl now, noting her goings-out and her comings-in, hating herself for playing the spy, and hating Pearl for having compelled her to it.

Captain Darvallon came regularly, meantime, to sit and talk with

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Colonel Redacre of a morning; and the more the colonel and Mrs. Redacre saw of him the better they liked him. He made great friends with the boys, and was in the good graces of the entire household, including Fritz; but Polly was not to be won.

The interval till the night of the dance at Mrs. Barlow's passed without any incident to break the armed truce between the sisters. Pearl was, as usual, full of anxiety about Polly's dress, and how her hair was to be done, and only began her own toilet when she had put the last pin in Polly's.

"You look lovely, darling!" she said, walking round the inexorable beauty, and giving one more touch to the flowing tulle skirt.

The carriage was at the door, and they drove off. It was a fine starlit night, and the horses bowled them over the four miles' distance in no time. Lady Wynmere and her guests were at the house before them, and saw that the Barlows made a great fuss over her dear friends, as her ladyship publicly called the Redacres now. The little lady laid hold of Polly at once.

"I will see that you have plenty of partners, my dear," she said, pating her on the arm as if Polly were a baby, instead of being a head and shoulders taller than herself.

The company began to arrive all at once. Carriage after carriage drove up, and the rooms soon presented an animated picture; everybody knew everybody, and there was a friendly sociability about the gathering which Pearl thought compensated amply for some want of splendor in the accessories which they had been accustomed to in *soirées dansantes* in Paris. But Polly was full of criticisms. The dresses were so dowdy! And what frights of head-dresses! Her own triumph was, indeed, secure, but there was small glory in carrying off the palm from such a lot of guys. This she confided in a *sotto voce* to Pearl at the first convenient opportunity.

But, let the glory be great or small, conquest has a charm that never fails, and Polly was soon enjoying it to the full. There were many attractive girls in the room, but not one that could compare with her in beauty, and Pearl was the only one who could compete with her in grace. The gentlemen all went wild about Polly; but the women, old and young, were for Pearl. They called her sweet and lovely.

"Talk about her features not being regular! With such eyes and hair, and such a complexion, and such a figure, features don't matter a pin!" protested Mrs. Barlow, throwing cold water on the squire's raptures and snubbing his criticism on Pearl's nose.

All the same, Polly carried the day, and he was a proud man who secured her for a dance before supper. Mr. Danvers had bespoken four, and he would have monopolized her for them all if he had dared. They made a handsome picture, everybody remarked, as they stood up side by side. He was the finest man in the room; for, though Captain Darvallon was a trifle taller, he had not the young Englishman's handsome face. Many of the ladies, it is true, thought the deep-set eyes and dark coloring of the foreigner more *distingué* than Percy Danvers' blond complexion and curly chestnut hair. Not that there was any lack of distinction in the appearance of the latter; he was as fine a type of an English gentleman as a painter could have selected for a model.

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Polly was in her element; Pearl was quietly happy in her own way; and the colonel and Mrs. Redacre were enjoying the sight of their children's happiness, pleasantly conscious of being themselves "made a great deal of" by the hosts and the company.

It had become the fashion to make a fuss over the people at Broom Hollow: they were eccentric, kept no servants, and lived, it seemed, in the most extraordinary way, but they were all *so* charming, *so* thoroughbred; highly connected, too, and altogether delightful acquisitions to the neighborhood.

Nothing could be nicer than the way the Barlow girls behaved to Pearl and Polly, bringing up a procession of partners to introduce, and praising their new friends unaffectedly behind their backs.

"My girls are so amiable!" Mrs. Barlow remarked to another mother that evening. "To be sure, they have no need to fear any competition; they are what I call solid girls, no nonsense about them, and plenty of common sense. Sensible men value that more than a pretty face, you know."

Her friend did not gainsay this comforting remark, and Mrs. Barlow herself knew exactly how much truth there was in it.

Captain Darvallon had secured a dance from Polly before they arrived. She granted it reluctantly; but there was no pretext for refusing. He danced remarkably well, and he was tall, so this was a compensation.

"You are having plenty of fun, Pol," said Pearl, when the chances of war threw the sisters together for a moment. "How do you get on with your partners? Are they nice?"

Polly pursed up her mouth. "Some of them; but I have had a good many scrubby ones. I wish the little men wouldn't ask us to dance; but they all do."

Before Pearl could express sympathy a partner, one of the scrubby sort, came to claim Polly for a waltz, and they started off together, she making a face at Pearl over his shoulder.

The sisters did not get near each other again until they were going in to supper, which was in the dining-room, the other side of the hall. Pearl had been dancing with Captain Darvallon, and was coming out of the drawing-room on his arm, when he stood to admire a large green plant that spread its palm-like leaves in the centre of the hall. Polly chanced to be coming out by another door at the moment, and she mechanically followed the two with her eyes, and saw Pearl draw one of the leaves closer to her and look into it. While she did so, Captain Darvallon, as if to leave her more free to examine the leaf, took her heavy mother-of-pearl fan from her and held it a second, then opened it, glancing at the painted shepherdesses. Pearl let go the palm-leaf, and Captain Darvallon handed her back the fan; as she took it something dropped out of it and fell at her feet. It was a letter. Polly felt all the blood in her body rush to her face. Pearl cast a frightened glance all round; but Captain Darvallon, quick as thought, placed his foot upon the letter and went on talking as if nothing had happened. He waited till those near had passed on into the supper-room, then dropped his handkerchief; and, stooping for it, picked up the letter.

Polly saw the whole manœuvre. "You base, contemptible hypo-

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crite!" she muttered to herself; but Pearl—Pearl—what was she to to think of her?

The rest of the evening was spoilt for Polly. Mr. Danvers devoted himself to her exclusively during supper and afterwards. But this public triumph was poisoned to her; she scarcely heard the soft, veiled words he was pouring into her ear; she almost wished he would leave her alone, and talk to Helen Barlow or anybody else. She wanted to get at Pearl, to question her, to upbraid her, to kill her it almost seemed for a moment, as she caught sight of her again on Darvallon's arm, while he bent low, speaking in the same earnest way she had noticed before.

There are people who are incapable of real suffering, but who are adepts at making themselves miserable; nobody knew how to do this better than Polly, and she made herself intensely miserable for the remainder of the evening. Captain Darvallon asked her to dance again; but she answered curtly, "Non, monsieur!" and with the scorn of a Roxane turned her back on him.

He had not caught her eye upon him that time in the hall, but he felt that for some cause or other the dislike she had taken to him had grown more aggressive tonight.

Who can blame Polly for suspecting Pearl? True, her knowledge of her sister's nobility of soul, her pure truthfulness, her docility to parental authority, ought to have taught her better; but Polly trusted the evidence of her senses before every other, and she had seen with her own eyes Pearl meeting M. Darvallon clandestinely, and either giving or receiving a letter from him. What was she to do with the discovery? Carry it at once to her father, and get the mischief stopped before it went further? This was her first impulse; but, as she half resolved to act upon it, Polly thought of a certain letter that she herself had written clandestinely, and the remembrance of how Pearl had treated her secret came upon her with a pang. What sort of return was this for that generous silence, to seize the first opportunity of disgracing Pearl? But then it was to save her from a worse disgrace. The idea of her sister being in love with this low-born Frenchman was revolting; but the notion of having him for a brother-in-law was intolerable. Should she speak to Pearl herself, try what persuasion would do, and threaten her with exposure to their father if she did not pledge herself to break off the odious affair? It was quite clear Pearl understood how odious it would look in his eyes, or she would not have lowered herself to carry it on in this underhand way. And yet Colonel Redacre was possessed by this Frenchman to such an absurd degree that it was not impossible his consent might have been won, if it had been honorably sought, as became a loyal gentleman. But how could a low man, the son of a blacksmith, feel or act like a gentleman?

Pearl was waltzing with him now, evidently as happy as a bird, while Polly watched her with burning, indignant eyes.

"My darling, you have been dancing away at a tremendous rate!" said Mrs. Redacre, passing near Polly, who was standing in a recess with Mr. Danvers. "Don't you begin to feel tired?"

"Yes, mamma, I should like to

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go home; but Pearl would not, very likely," she added, and her eyes followed Captain Darvallon and his partner significantly.

"I think she has enjoyed the evening; she has hardly missed a dance," said the mother with complacency, as she caught sight of her Pearl's beaming face amongst the waltzers.

"I should think she has had enough of it," said Polly petulantly; "I am dying to get away."

"You are not well, dear?"

"Oh! yes, I am. But I am tired."

"Then we shall be going; I will tell your father. And will you," turning to Mr. Danvers, "capture my daughter when this dance is over, and bring her here to wait for me?"

The colonel was having his game of whist in the library, and was in no hurry to come away; but a word to the effect that Polly was overtiring herself reconciled him to the interruption at once.

The carriage was soon round and they drove home. Polly scarcely spoke a word on the way, but lay back, rolled up in white cashmere and swan's-down, as still as if she were asleep. The others discussed the incidents of the evening with animation, and agreed that the Barlows were capital hosts and that it had been very pleasant.

"Tu es fatiguée, chérie?" said Pearl, bending close to Polly and speaking in French, as the sisters were apt to do when they were alone.

"No, I am not tired," said Polly in English, and in a tone that said plainly enough, "I am angry."

Pearl drew away her hand and said no more.

Yes, Polly was angry; but she was also unhappy. This behavior of Pearl's was taxing her affection and her judgment to the utmost. She felt called upon to act with severity and promptly; and at the same time she wanted to spare Pearl, and above all to spare herself. The part she was going to play had an ugly look about it; and, argue the point as she would from her own side, the verdict was unsatisfactory. If she had been independent, free from the burden of her own dreadful secret, or rather from Pearl's share in it, things would have been easy. This was what made it all so hard and so confusing. Pearl would call her ungrateful. To Polly's credit be it said, the thought that Pearl might betray her out of resentment never once crossed her mind. Whatever wretched infatuation had drawn Pearl into this duplicity, she was no more capable of an act of vindictive treachery than of committing murder.

When the carriage stopped at the door of Broom Hollow, Polly had made up her mind to speak to Pearl that night. But the mental strife and emotion of the last couple of hours had told on her nerves, never of the strongest, and when they all stood at the hall table lighting their candles she looked so agitated that her father noticed it.

"You are tired, my pet," he said, patting the flushed cheek that burned with a hectic glow. "Mind you have a good long sleep. You ought not to let her overtire herself in this way," he said, turning to his wife; "and you, Pearl, you should have looked after her."

They were all three looking at her now, when suddenly Polly fell on her father's breast, sobbing hysterically.

"My darling! what is the matter?"

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Mrs. Redacre drew the child to herself; the colonel called to Pearl to know what ailed her.

But Pearl could only run for salvolatile and cold water, and then help her mother to get Polly upstairs and into bed.

The sobs gradually calmed down, and Polly lay back exhausted and quiet, while her mother bathed her temples and Pearl rubbed her hands with perfume.

"I am quite well now, mamma," she said after a while; "kiss me and go to bed."

And seeing that the hysterical fit had quite passed away, and that the child was likely to sleep, Mrs. Redacre left her.

But Pearl lay awake, watching far into the night, too anxious for sleep to come near her.

Everybody was late next morning, but Polly was the last to make her appearance. She had been awake while Pearl was dressing, but she feigned to be asleep in order to avoid speaking. She jumped up the moment Pearl glided noiselessly out of the room, and made her toilet in a shorter time than she had ever done in her life.

The early post just arrived as she entered the breakfast-room.

"Lots of letters!" exclaimed Lance, coming in with the budget.

"One for you from Bob," said the colonel, handing a letter to his wife; "one for me, and one for Pearl. From Mrs. Monteagle, I think?"

"Yes," said Pearl, taking the envelope and blushing scarlet.

"What color is red?" cried out Billy, pointing a finger at the burning cheeks. Every eye in the room fell upon poor Pearl.

"Hallo! what is this?" said her father with an amused stare, as the red grew deeper and deeper.

"Mrs. Monteagle is not a lover eh?"

"Don't mind them, dear," said Mrs. Redacre, ready, mother-like, to cover Pearl, though she, too, was mystified by the girl's emotion; for Pearl's lip was beginning to tremble, and her hand shook as she opened the letter.

Polly's eyes were fixed on her with a glance that Pearl felt, though she did not see it. A sudden silence fell on the table; Mrs. Redacre broke it by reading out Lord Ranperth's letter—a chatty letter, full of nothing particular. It was now obviously Pearl's turn to read hers. Everybody's letters, except the colonel's, which were all business letters, were considered common property.

"Well, Pearl, and what does the old lady say?" said her father.

Pearl handed the letter across to her mother.

"Isn't it kind of her, mamma?" she said, and the blush, which had never really died out, flamed up again, brighter than ever.

"It's a proposal!" shouted the boys in chorus.

"What larks! Pearl, you must take him, and we'll have a wedding!" exclaimed odious Billy.

Mrs. Redacre glanced at the letter, and saw at once that it contained nothing so delicate as the indelicate boys suggested, so she proceeded to read it aloud:

"My Dear Pearl: This day twelve months we were all dining together at your house. I wonder if you remember it? But of course you don't. Mr. Kingspring has just been here and reminded me of it. He says he never enjoyed his dinner anywhere as he used to do at Colonel Redacre's. He spoke feelingly about all the pleasant dinners he had at your father's table, and of his excellent Château Margaux. It is something to meet with a grateful stomach these times;

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as to a grateful heart, I don't believe there exists such a thing. Poor Mr. Kingspring is going to find it out, now he has lost his money. He is going to live at Brighton. He says he can live there for half the money he would spend here, and he has lots of friends there. He could not tell me how many. I told him he would soon be able to count them. However, he is a man in society and has plenty to say for himself, so people will think him worth his dinner any day. And it will cost him nothing to dine out at Brighton; a man only needs to put on his best clothes and step round the corner there, and Mr. Kingspring is a kind of man who will always have on his best clothes, while he has any left. It was very stupid of him to put so much of his money in X. Y. Z.'s Bank. Nobody but a fool does that. I shall miss him shockingly. He was the one friend remaining to me here. Not that I care much for him or for anybody. Indeed, I begin to feel that I hate all my fellow-creatures. The ones I care for are always doing something disagreeable: going away, or dying, or losing their money. I wonder whether your father is inclined to do something good-natured for me? I should very much like to have you over here for a visit. Of course, if you are very pleasant at the Hollow, I am not such a selfish old cynic as to ask you to come here to cheer me into good-humor; but if you are not, and would like to see Paris again and the people who call themselves your old friends, pack up and come as soon as you can get any one to take you in charge. At your age I travelled from Edinburgh to London by myself; but in those days young ladies were not the hot-house plants they are nowadays; they had a spirit of their own and could look after themselves. It is understood that you are coming to oblige me, and that your expenses are my affair. I always expected to be franked over the road when I was a girl. Your father is not a fool to contradict me; we are too old friends for us to quarrel at this time of day. How is Balaklava? How is your mother? And Polly—is she killing every man in the county? As to the boys, I have no doubt they are growing apace, like the ill weeds they are. Always, my dear Pearl,

"Your affectionate

"JOHANNA MONTEAGLE.

"P. S. The Léopolds have been here since I wrote this. They are enchanted to hear there is a prospect of seeing you soon. Mme. L. says she will make Léon write to his friend Captain Darvallon, and ask him if he knows anybody coming over whom you could travel with. They have these opportunities often at the Embassy. It must be a lady, of course; or else there is a likelihood of M. Darvallon himself coming over shortly. But one knows what Frenchmen are: not to be trusted the length of their nose, the best of them.

"J. M."

"What a funny old woman!" said Lance when his mother had finished reading.

"She's a brick of an old woman," said Billy.

"So Kingspring is going to Brighton," said the colonel. "Poor fellow! He won't like it after Paris."

"But what about Pearl's going to Paris, Hugh? You would like to go, would you not, dear?"

"Yes, mamma, I should. Only I'm afraid you would miss me."

"Of course we should. But that is no reason."

"Certainly not," said the colonel. "You shall go, Pearl."

"And who will do the cooking?" said Pearl, laughing.

"By Jove! yes; I hadn't thought of that. You have become such a first-rate cook, you see, that we should find it difficult to replace you. Eh, Alice?"

"That is not complimentary to Polly and me. I am sure we should be able to give satisfaction; should we not, Polly?" said Mrs. Redacre.

Polly had not spoken a word since the reading of the letter.

"I dare say we should, mamma," she answered, and then became silent again.

"Polly is not fit to do coarse work of that sort," said her father;

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"no more are you. I don't see how we could afford to let you go, Pearl."

"No, papa; I am afraid you could not. I shall write and thank Mrs. Monteagle, and say I can't accept her invitation for the present." She said it very sweetly, but her voice had a little tremor in it.

"We must not settle it off-hand in this way," said Mrs. Redacre. "We will talk it over first, and see if something can't be done to make it possible."

"Very well," said the colonel; "I know women have a strong belief in talk for getting to see things. Come, boys, it is within five minutes of the hour."

Every one rose. The boys carried off the breakfast things to Mrs. Mills, and then settled down to their studies. Mrs. Redacre and the girls went each to their morning's work, Pearl's first business being a consultation about the dinner.

More than an hour elapsed before the sisters met. Polly knew that Pearl always went up, after her discourse with Mrs. Mills, to tidy things in their own room, and she took care to be there to-day before her. The moment Pearl opened the door, and saw her walking up and down the room, she felt instinctively that a crisis was at hand.

"I want to speak to you," Polly said, standing by the dressing-table and looking at Pearl with a hostile light in her glorious blue eyes. "I have found out your deceitful conduct, and I don't mean to be a party to it."

"What do you mean, Polly?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean. You have been exchanging love-letters with M. Darvallon and meeting him in the lane; I saw you with my own eyes, and so did Mr. Danvers. And now, it would seem, you have got Mrs. Monteagle to play into your hands! But she sha'n't. I will expose it all to papa. I will tell him everything. *I* will not be a cloak for your hypocrisy. *I* won't be a party to it. I think you must be mad!"

Pearl stood with wide-open eyes and white lips, unable to utter a word, while Polly, like a beautiful fury, stormed at her. Nothing looks so like guilt as frightened innocence; and Polly was not to blame if she mistook the one for the other, for Pearl presented as complete a picture of guilt as ever stood convicted before a righteous and angry judge. She tried to speak, but not a word would come. Was she dreaming, or was this her own sweet Polly who called her a hypocrite and accused her in such hard words? She scarcely felt the ground firm under her feet. Polly saw her agitation, her guilty white face, and construed the silence as a confession.

"Oh! it is too horrible of you!" she went on, lashed to greater wrath by the tacit confirmation of her suspicions—"you that papa trusts so; you that mamma calls her angel-child; you that we all looked up to as the ideal of truth and duty! Pearl, I will never trust any one again while I live! Never!"

"O Polly!" The words were like the cry of a hunted creature. Pearl put her hand to her head and staggered against the wall.

"Never! I would as soon have suspected papa of a forgery as you of a lie. And as to that man—but he is too bad to speak of; a low villain, a wretch who is only fit—"

"O Polly! don't. It is all my

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fault!" And Pearl drew away her hand, and showed her face, no longer white, but flushed with a burning red.

"Your fault! You invited him to meet you on the road? You wrote to him first? Then you *must* be mad!"

Pearl had recovered from the first shock of Polly's onslaught, and had regained sufficient presence of mind to cast a rapid glance at the array of evidence that was marshalled against her; but she was not yet calm enough to consider how formidable this evidence must look in any eyes but her own, and to acquit Polly of deliberate and cruel injustice. She was stung to her heart's core, and the pain disturbed her reason; it confused all her faculties. She could not defend herself; she could only cry out, and the cry was in Polly's ears an appeal for mercy. She could not defend herself, and yet she found voice enough to defend Captain Darvallon: "It is all my fault!" Polly looked at her with a scorn and loathing that had no pity in them. They stood face to face for a moment, the one tongue-tied by anger and contempt, the other by pain and wounded pride.

"Why should I justify myself?" Pearl thought. "If she can believe these things of me she cannot love me; and her love was what I treasured. That is gone now—it never was." Then, again, she bethought to herself that to remain silent, to offer no explanation whatever, would be to let judgment go against her by default; and Polly would never forgive her for treating her with this contempt, and allowing the accusation to stand over till their mother explained it away. Polly drew away her eyes, so beautiful in their light of passion, and, with her head high and her face averted, walked towards the door. Pearl was standing close by it.

"Wait," she said, laying her hand on her sister's arm, "you had better read this before you denounce me." And drawing a letter from her pocket, Pearl handed it to her.

"If it is from that man I won't read it."

"It is from Mrs. Monteagle."

Polly took the letter and read it:

"My Dear Pearl: I am always glad of anything that brings me a letter from you; but, my dear child, I am distressed by the contents of this one. I thought things had so arranged themselves that there was no anxiety at home; I never dreamed that you should have to think of doing for yourself. Not that I repine so much at that. It is a great blessing to have an object in life and work to do; but I know that you would not have come to this determination without good reasons, and you are right in counting on my good-will to help you. But I see only one way for it: you must come over and spend a month, or several months, with me, and we will look out for some delightful family who want a bright young paragon in their schoolroom and will know how to appreciate her. Nothing can be done unless you are on the spot; but, once here, I have no doubt we shall be able to find you something suitable. I understand what you say about your parents' objections; but of course, unless you eventually gain their consent, I could not advise you to persist in your scheme. Now, what I shall do is this: I will write direct and ask you to come to me on a visit, and you can answer me direct. There is a legitimate excuse for my sending you this through Captain Darvallon; but I am sure you dislike as much as I do having to stoop to anything that *looks* like want of straightforwardness, so we must carry on our correspondence after this in the light of day. Besides, my dear, one must always mistrust a Frenchman. I dare say Captain D. is an honorable man; but he is not an Englishman, and so I don't care to make a confidant of him. Your affectionate

"Johanna Monteagle."

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Polly read on to the end without comment or exclamation. Then she looked at Pearl, not angrily as before, but with a face still cold and more mystified than ever.

"You want to go out as a governess!"

"Yes. You see now what the love-letters were."

"When did you get this?"

"Captain Darvallon gave it to me last night."

"And is this the only one he gave you?"

"The only one; it is an answer to the letter I gave him that day you saw me speaking to him on the road. He kept it two days, because he had not an opportunity of giving it to me alone."

"And why was all this mystery necessary? Why could you not have posted your own letter?"

"I was going to do it when he met me at the gate and offered to take it for me; the road to the village was bad that day. He knew what the letter was about, because I had asked him to let Mrs. Monteagle send her answer to him."

"And why should Mrs. Monteagle not have written to you here? What need was there to hide the affair?" persisted Polly, still mistrustful.

"I preferred trying first whether my scheme was possible before I spoke to papa and mamma about it. I know they will begin by opposing it, and I should never have the courage to hold out against them here; but if I were in Paris, and could write them word that I had found a situation with nice kind people, they would very likely give in. At any rate it was worth trying."

"But where is the need for your going out as a governess? What has put the idea into your head? We are no worse off now than we were three months ago, and there was no question then of your taking a situation, as you call it. Pearl, you are not telling me the whole truth."

It was quite true; she was not. But how could she? Was it possible to say to Polly, "I am going away to earn my bread amongst strangers because you are growing to hate me"?

"I think it is only right that I should do something to help papa, if I can," she replied, "he feels dreadfully, not being able to give the boys the advantages that they ought to have, and if I could earn a hundred a year I could give him at least eighty of it. You must see yourself that he frets very much about things, and mamma worries too, though she tries to hide it from us."

"His temper certainly is not improved since he has become a landed proprietor; but I don't believe it is fretting about the boys that has to answer for that. He bores himself—that's what makes him so cross; and Balaklava bothers him. I don't see how your going away will make things pleasanter."

"At all events I mean to try it."

"Then it was all pretence what you were saying awhile ago about the cooking—that we could not spare you even for a month, and that I was not fit to do the work?"

"I had forgotten that when I wrote to Mrs. Monteagle; it was very stupid and very selfish, but I was so full of the rest of the scheme that I quite forgot about the cooking."

"And now? You still mean to go?"

"I will talk it over with mamma."

"About the situation?"

"No; only about my going for

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the visit. If I get a good salary you could afford to get a cook."

"But then the other plan goes to the wall, does it not? I thought the money was to be for the boys."

"It would not all go to the cook. There would be a good sum over still."

Pearl was not clever in money matters, but she knew very well that she was talking nonsense; however, there was no help for it, unless to tell the whole truth, and nothing should tempt her to do that. More than ever now she felt it was better that she and Polly should part for a time, and see what absence would do to soothe this irritated spirit and revive the old tenderness.

"Polly, I have trusted you now," she said, "and you must keep my secret. Promise me." And she held out her hand; but Polly did not take it.

"No, I will not," she answered harshly.

"*You must.*"

Pearl spoke in a low voice, but, though there was a beseeching note in it, it sounded very firm, Polly thought defiant.

"I must?" she repeated, looking full into Pearl's moist brown eyes. "You are right—I must. Then let it be a bargain. I will keep your secret, and you keep mine."

A cry rose again in Pearl's throat, but her mother's voice from the stairs choked it down. With a common impulse the girls started asunder. Polly opened the door and went out to meet Mrs. Redacre.

Polly was true to her bargain. She kept Pearl's secret, and she put no obstacle in the way of her scheme. Circumstances, moreover, just now conspired to help Pearl to carry it out. The colonel, after a stout resistance, surrendered to Lord Ranperth's urgent entreaties that he should come and spend a month with him in London. The curate, a Cambridge man, was engaged to go on with the boys during his absence. Cousin Bob had managed it all with Alice. Everything was done unknown to the colonel, who, finding himself circumvented on all sides, bullied, as he pathetically put it, by his own flesh and blood, and betrayed by the wife of his bosom, had nothing for it but to capitulate.

The Hollow looked lovely in this bright spring-time; the fields overflowed with buttercups, and the woods were so thickly carpeted with primroses that you picked your steps not to crush them; every tree and bush and roadside hedge was singing with blossoms and leaves, with birds and insects. They were watching for the cuckoo every day; the garden was decking itself in early flowers; the grass was green as the brightest emerald.

"It seems a pity to go away just as the country is getting to be so delicious, does it not?" said Mrs. Redacre, as she and Pearl sauntered round the garden, making a little bouquet for Mrs. Monteagle. "But Paris will be looking lovely, too; you will find the horse-chestnuts in the Tuileries in full glory, and this place will be still more lovely in a month or so when you come back."

Pearl's heart was full to bursting, but she kept the tears down and spoke cheerfully of the chestnuts in flower and the journey; but when the donkey-cart drove off with the luggage, and there was nothing for it but to say good-by, she could bear it no longer, and the tears flowed unchecked as she

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kissed her mother and felt the loving arms round her, clingingly, tenderly.

"Good-by, Pearl! You will write the moment you get to Paris," said Polly, kissing her sister with more warmth than she had done for many a day; and Pearl clung to her for a long moment passionately.

"Darling! let us love one another always," she whispered, and then tore herself away, and the fly drove off with her and Colonel Redacre.

Polly fell on her mother's shoulder and sobbed, and then they both cried together.

The house felt very empty, and the mother and daughter were glad when Lady Wynmere drove over and insisted on carrying them away for the rest of the day.

"You have no excuse now for not giving me as much of your company as I want, and I want it all," said the kind little lady. "I call it very shabby of you to be so sparing of it to me; before you came I managed to live with myself very comfortably, but now I have grown to find myself rather dull company, and it is all your fault."

She was particularly glad of an audience this afternoon, for Mrs. Barlow had misbehaved herself at a dinner-party at her own house the evening before, and Lady Wynmere wanted to vent her indignation against the offender into a sympathetic ear.

"The idea of sending Mrs. Spencer in with Colonel Gray, and the squire himself taking Mrs. Baldwin! It was unpardonable!"

"Perhaps she did not know that Mrs. Spencer was the grand-daughter of an earl," pleaded Mrs. Redacre, anxious to make peace.

"Of course she didn't! That's just it: she never knows who anybody is. She has never studied her peerage. I do what I can to keep her straight about things; but she does not always ask me in time, and then she commits these dreadful mistakes. The fact is, as I have said to her over and over again, she should take her book every morning for an hour and study it, and then she would not be continually doing these kind of things."

"I thought there were very few people in this neighborhood in the peerage?" said Polly, to whom Lady Wynmere had many times mentioned the mortifying fact in a spirit of self-commiseration.

"Not many actually of the neighborhood; but the good county names have all of them links with the nobility, and people coming to stay with them who are married to honorables, or sons of honorables and so on. Mrs. Barlow does not understand the importance of being *au courant* of all these things. Poor woman! she means well, if she would but study her book. I can't get her even to read up the county families properly; she comes to me to know what she is to do with the people at her dinner-parties—who is to take in whom; if I were not here I really don't know what enormities she might not commit." Lady Wynmere opened out her hands in dismay at the possibilities she beheld with her mind's eye.

The evening passed cheerfully enough; Polly sang, and the boys came over to high tea, and they all played a round game.

The time seemed very long to Mrs. Redacre until she heard from Pearl, but Polly did her best not to let the void press too heavily on her mother. She was very caress-

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ing, and full of talk and plans and expectations.

At last a letter came from Pearl. Only a few lines written to save the post and say that she had had a pleasant journey and the dearest of welcomes. She was so happy to be back in dear old Paris again; it looked gayer and brighter than ever.

"I am delighted she is gone," said Mrs. Redacre, enjoying the prospect of the cheerful time in store for Pearl; "the change will do her good. She was not looking quite herself lately."

Polly chimed in with her mother's rejoicings, though in her heart she knew there was little cause for them. She read between the lines of Pearl's short note, and took the written words for what they were worth. And yet she was herself in the dark as to the real meaning of either. A barrier had risen up between the sisters, and Polly could not see through it. She and Pearl seemed to have brusquely parted company, and to be walking on opposite banks with a river flowing between them—a silent, separated life, in whose watery bosom a mystery lay sleeping. Polly missed the close companionship, the tender union, that had doubled every joy and lightened the small troubles of their sunny lives in the old days that looked so far off now; but she did not let herself brood over this. What was the use? She owed it to her mother to be cheerful and happy, and she needed to have her spirits light in order to do justice to herself and secure such chances as life had in store for her.

The Léopolds were more than cordial in their welcome of Pearl: they gushed, they overflowed with joy. Cette chère Perle! What a *ravissement* to see her again! How long the time seemed since she had left! But now they must do their best to amuse her, so that she should be in no hurry to run away.

"N'est ce pas, nous la garderons le plus longtemps possible?" Mme. Léopold said, with her hand on Pearl's shoulder, and appealing to Mrs. Monteagle.

"I mean to keep her as long as I can," said Mrs. Monteagle, with her little snubbing chuckle. And Mme. Léopold replied, "C'est cela!" and kissed Pearl, and went away all smiles and congratulation.

"Does she want me to go and stay with her? It is very kind, but I should not like it at all," said Pearl, alarmed at the prospect of being a guest of Léon's mother.

"Goodness me! Have you already grown so English as all that?" exclaimed her friend. "Don't you know that Mme. Léopold, like all the French, does most of her hospitality vicariously. It is *nous* l'inviterons, *nous* la fêterons, when all the time she means *you*. The royal 'we' is very convenient in those cases, and Mme. L. adopts it extensively."

Mme. de Kerbec, at least, had not become French in this respect, though married to the Faubourg. She was most hearty in her invitation to Pearl to come and stay a month with her when her present visit expired, and, meantime, she was sincere in her desire to see as much of her as Mrs. Monteagle could spare. But Pearl made no promises. She had come for another purpose than amusing herself, and she did not mean to lose sight of it.

"I don't see how I am to hear of any likely situation, unless I let my friends know that I am looking out for one," she urged when Mrs.

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Monteagle prevented her speaking to people about it. "It is, of course, nonsense to let any feeling of self-love into the matter; I mean to be a governess, and so there is no use trying to keep it a secret."

"That is true; but there is no use in talking about it till we see whether the thing is possible. You may not find a situation, and in that case it will be better not to bell the failure all over the town, and you might as well advertise your name and address in Galignani as tell Mme. Léopold about it. But don't be impatient, my dear; I am looking out. I have spoken to several likely persons, and told them I want to place a steady young woman as governess in a nice family."

"Or companion. I would do for that, surely? I wonder why you have such doubts about my making a proper governess, Mrs. Monteagle." And Pearl clasped her knees with both hands, her favorite attitude in confidential talk, and looked up into her old friend's face. "I remember you said that to me before one evening, when I was sitting in this very chair by the fire here, as I am now, just before we left Paris."

"I remember it, too; I said you were more fitted to be a wife than a governess. You talked a good deal of nonsense that evening."

"Did I?" A smile stole over Pearl's face—a very sweet smile; she turned her head away and gazed into the fire, and Mrs. Monteagle heard a faint sigh.

"You are much better fitted to be a wife, my dear, and that is what you are destined for. See if I don't turn out a true prophet."

"I don't see who is to marry me," said Pearl, still looking into the fire; "one can't advertise for a husband as one can for a situation."

"Husbands turn up when they are least expected. To tell you the truth, my dear Pearl, this governess scheme troubles me chiefly in that direction. No man, no matter how unworldly he is, likes to marry a governess. They marry girls of no family, and, worse sometimes, actresses and public singers, and think it no disgrace; but they will stick at marrying a governess, as if governesses were a race apart, like niggers or convicts. It is an absurdity; but you can't change men."

"I don't care to change them in that respect."

"You say so now; but a day may come when you will think differently."

"You won't believe me if I say I don't believe that."

"No, not if you took your oath on it; because you are talking in ignorance—ignorance of yourself and of life, and of that particular man who will come some day and change all your views of life. Dear me! what fools women are, to be sure."

Pearl began to laugh; but when she looked up there was an expression on Mrs. Monteagle's face that checked the merriment.

"Yes, my dear child, we are all fools; and your turn will come like every other woman's." She shook her head, and drew the silken thread through her canvas in silence for a few moments. "I wonder," she said presently, "whether you would be a sensible girl and marry if I found you a good husband?"

"What a funny idea!" exclaimed Pearl. "Have you one ready to produce?"

"I could produce one more easi-

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ly than this situation that you talk of. An old friend of mine is looking out for a wife for her brother, and she begged me to help her; he is old, close on fifty, but, as she says, très bien conservé, a good man and very well off, and the odd thing is that he does not want money in a wife; if she is young, and pretty, and *bien née* and *bien elevée* he will take her without a penny."

"Is he stone deaf, or lame, or blind of an eye?" inquired Pearl.

"No; he has all his legs, and his ears, and his eyes."

"Then what ails him?"

"He has been unfortunate."

"In what way?"

"He has had two wives already."

"Oh! And he is suspected of having murdered them?"

"No; his character is unimpeachable. They died natural deaths, one of fever and the other of something else. I know enough of him to be quite sure that he would make a thoroughly kind husband; his position, moreover, is excellent, a good old name, and a fine old château in Provence. I have never seen Provence, and I have a great desire to see it. It would be nice to go and stay with you, as Mme. la Comtesse. I suppose you would ask me after a while."

Was she jesting, or was it sober earnest? Pearl could not tell; but there was no sign of jesting in Mrs. Monteagle's manner as she bent over her frame, deliberately drawing her needle in and out, and speaking in a more quiet tone than usual.

"If you were a French girl you would go down on your knees and thank God for such a chance," she resumed; "but I dare say, with your silly romantic notions about marriage, you are going to turn up your nose at it."

"Dear Mrs. Monteagle, you look so serious!" said Pearl.

"That is because I am serious, my dear." She stuck her needle in the canvas and looked down at the young upturned face, as if to invite Pearl's full attention. "Pearl, you don't know what the world is. You have no notion of what it is to have to live in other people's houses, a dependent in their service. You talk about independence; it is nonsense, child. There is no such slavery as being a governess. And you are not fitted for it; it would soon break your heart. You must live in an atmosphere of love; and people who pay you don't love you. They expect you to love them; that comes in as part of the bargain. You are made to be in a home of your own, and this offer, coming at such a moment, looks like a special interference of Providence."

"But I don't know this gentleman; he has never seen me; he might not like me at all, nor I him," said Pearl. The earnestness of Mrs. Monteagle's manner made it impossible for her to treat the matter as the joke it would have been had any one else proposed it.

"As to his liking you, he likes you so well that he is prepared to make every concession in his power to your interest."

"When did he see me?" said Pearl, opening her eyes in amazement, while a little inward flutter sent the pink to her cheeks. "Who is he?"

"I won't tell you his name, if it is quite out of the question your entertaining his offer. But is it, Pearl?"

"Yes, quite."

"And yet, my dear," continued her friend, with a gentleness that was foreign to her, "you might be very happy as this good man's

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wife; and you could be of much better help to them at home by marrying him than by earning your pittance as a governess. You might send the boys to Sandhurst, and make your mother's life softer in many ways. And you might be the means of getting Polly settled in life. Is it right to throw all these things out of your hand on the warrant of a girl's romantic prejudices? You have been brought up to imagine that people should not marry unless they are in love. There is a great deal of nonsense in all that; the happiest marriages I have known have been what we scoff at as *mariages de raison.*"

Pearl could hardly credit her senses.

"But I have always heard you speak with the greatest contempt of those kind of marriages," she said; "you have scoffed at them to me over and over again."

"One scoffs at many things until one comes to want them," said Mrs. Monteagle, "and then they look quite different. But the marriages you have heard me ridicule were not *des mariages de raison;* they were marriages of interest, sordid, heartless bargains, where sympathy and principle and reason were left out of the reckoning altogether. This is a very different sort of thing. A good, high-principled man, disinterested and kind, and who is strongly attracted towards you—he saw you several times when you were living here, though you never particularly noticed him, I fancy—a man whose position and antecedents offer a sound guarantee for a wife's happiness; there is every rational ground for believing that you would soon become deeply attached to him. Of course I am assuming that you care for no one else, that your affections are perfectly disengaged."

She looked at Pearl, expecting to read an unembarrassed assent to this remark in the frank, bright eyes; but to her surprise they dropped suddenly, and a blush of exquisite shame mounted to the young girl's cheek and brow. Mrs. Monteagle turned away and went on with her tapestry. She was disappointed and she was very sorry.

"We will say no more about it for the present," she said; "you will think it over, and perhaps after a while you may see things differently."

Pearl slipped off her low chair and knelt down beside Mrs. Monteagle, nestling upon her shoulder.

"It is very good of you. I am very grateful. But indeed I could not marry him. I shall never marry any one. Never!"

Mrs. Monteagle patted the soft, rippling hair, and feigned not to see a tear that dropped on her black silk sleeve, glistening like a jewel.

She never mentioned the subject again to Pearl, and after this she set to work in earnest to find her a situation. But it was not so easy as Pearl fancied. Three weeks went by, and nothing presented itself the least eligible.

"You will be driven either to go home or to stay with me, my dear," said Mrs. Monteagle one morning. "I can't for the life of me see why you should not stay and be my little *demoiselle de compagnie.* I fulfil all the conditions you want: a nice old lady—I am nice to you, though I am very often odious to other people—no young men loose about the place, no impossible manias, and I am ready to give a hundred a year to be cheered up. What objec-

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tion can you possibly have to the plan ?"

"Only this: that it would be what they call in the government offices a job. I should have nothing on earth to do; you don't want to be cheered up, and you would be giving me a hundred a year to amuse myself instead of earning my bread honestly."

Mrs. Monteagle gave up the point, for she had found out that gentle Pearl had a will of her own.

Mme. de Kerbec had made very fine promises about finding her a charming family in the Faubourg; but nothing had come of them so far.

"No, my dear, and nothing will," said Mrs. Monteagle. "She is a boast and a goose, and she talks too much; people who talk so much never do anything. But she means well, poor woman!"

Mme. Léopold was very kind in words, too. Words were, indeed, the only means of helping Pearl, and Mme. Léopold was profuse and skilful in the use of them; she spoke of her everywhere, and she spoke judiciously. But no situation presented itself; the candidate was too young, or too pretty, or something else that did not answer.

One day Mme. de Kerbec came to take her for a drive; but first she took her with her to call upon some ancient dames who lived in ramshackle old hotels on the other side of the river. Old frumps, Polly would have disrespectfully called them; but Mme. de Kerbec assured Pearl they were the *crème de la crème* of the Faubourg.

"I had hopes of placing you with the dear marquise," she said. "but her son is coming home on leave in June, and she is afraid of having you there while he is in the way; she says you are much too pretty. I told her she had nothing to fear from that; that you would know how to keep the young marquis in his place; but it would not be pleasant for you."

"I never suspected what an advantage it was to be old and ugly," said Pearl with a little bitter laugh.

"Yes, when one has to go out it is an advantage. I wish I wanted a companion. If the count were to pop off I would engage you at once, Pearl, and treat you exactly like an equal. And you would be surprised to see what a brilliant circle I would get about me soon. I think you would be happy with me; and I want a friend. I get no sympathy from the count; our characters and dispositions don't agree, you see. But I don't complain. This world is not meant to be a happy one, or the prophet would not have called it the Valley of Tears. One does what one can to lighten one's lot, but one can't change it." And Captain Jack lay back on the soft blue cushions, and sighed. "I have been much worried these last few days," she continued. "Mme. Galbois has played me a very nasty trick; really, the ingratitude of the world is enough to make one long to leave it. What I have done for that woman it would be impossible to say, and yet she won't give up one whit of her own will to please me. The bills I pay her, year after year, would keep a family in luxury, and yet she sends me the most unbecoming things, never considering my style of face or figure, but sacrificing me to the fashion. I really think I must give her up and try some one else."

"I certainly would in your place," said Pearl.

"You really advise me to give

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her up? That shows you are a true friend, Pearl. You see she does not consult my style in her dresses. It is really hard on me, for after all what pleasure have I in life except my dress? I don't mean to say that is the only one; one has one's friends, and their sympathy is precious. But it is something on a dull day to get home an elegant costume or a pretty bonnet, and have the excitement of trying them on; and you can feel for me when I tell you that nine times out of ten it brings me nothing but bitter disappointment. We had better turn back. The wind from the lake is growing too chilly."

The breeze was delicious, Pearl thought; but then her head was aching and the air cooled it. The wood was beautiful on this sunny May afternoon; the trees clothed in their tender and brilliant greens; the smooth velvet grasses sloping down to the lake shining like sheets of emerald in the sunlight; the flower-beds lighting up the sward with their blaze of color, and the Wellingtonias throwing their conical shadows down into the water. The birds were singing in the acacia-walks, where the foliage was thick and shady, and the noise of the waterfall made a murmurous accompaniment close by. What a sweet, fair world it would be if there were no care in it, Pearl thought, and if there was not so much silly selfishness in human beings! Mme. de Kerbec's lamentations over her dress sounded like a profanation amidst the sweet, solemn music of the spring, and they jarred cruelly on Pearl's aching head and anxious heart. She slept uneasily that night. It seemed that her scheme was a foolish one, and destined to end in disappointment and humiliation.

Next morning, as she sat with Mrs. Monteagle in the drawing-room, Mme. Léopold came bustling in.

"Bonnes nouvelles! I have succeeded!" she cried, embracing Pearl effusively; and she sat down and opened her ample velvet wrap. "My mother-in-law has come to town, and she has commissioned me to find her a *dame de compagnie*. She is a *délicieuse*, *bonne*, *parfaite*. Pearl will have absolutely nothing to do but look after the house, which will be an amusement, and read aloud of an evening; and Mme. Mère returns to Gardanvalle in six weeks. The château is splendid; it belonged to the De Mortemarres, and was restored *en vieux style* by my father-in-law's father. We spend five months of the year there all together; so there will be that for the dear child to look forward to. Now, is it not most providential?"

"For your mother-in-law, certainly," said Mrs. Monteagle.

"And for me, too, if Mme. la Baronne finds me to her taste," added Pearl.

"We need have no fear on that score, I think," replied Mme. Léopold. "Will you come and see her now with me?"

Pearl was going to say she would be delighted; but Mrs. Monteagle interfered.

"I will take my young friend to call on Mme. Léopold," she said. "It is more fitting that I should go with her than you. When can your mother-in-law receive us?"

"She will be at home all the afternoon; but there may be people there when you call; that is why I proposed taking Pearl now. We are sure to find her alone."

"What o'clock is it? Not one yet. It is early for me to go out;

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but I don't mind that. Go and put on your bonnet, my dear, and ring for Parker."

Mme. Léopold had no excuse for protesting; but she was highly displeased at having the affair whipped out of her hands in this unceremonious way. It was really too cavalier of Mrs. Monteagle.

"Just as you like," she said, rising and drawing up her cloak. "I thought it would have made things easier if I had taken Pearl; for whatever I say with Mme. Mère is law, and I could have spoken better for Pearl than she could for herself."

"But you have spoken already, I understood?" said Mrs. Monteagle.

"Oh! yes. I drew the most flattering picture I could of her."

"You had simply to speak the truth; there was no flattery needed. But whatever has to be said now, I will say it."

"The impertinence!" muttered Mrs. Monteagle as the baroness left the room. "I don't see how I can let the girl go amongst those people at all."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MATER DOLOROSA.

I.

MOTHER of Sorrows! Mother blest!
Though sweet each soft and reverent name
That rises from the loving breast,
And faltering lips in fondness frame,
Yet *one* there is, beyond the rest,
That tells thy saddest, holiest claim—
The nearest, dearest, truest, best;
The one where all thy love and woe
Are both most tenderly expressed;
Sweetest in heaven above, on earth below:
"Mother of Sorrows!"
Let me call thee so!

II.

Blest they who now thy glory share,
And scarce less blest who, 'neath the cross,
With thee the pain and anguish bear!
Ah! close to thee, in darkness and in loss,
So let *me* stand, thy crown of woe to wear,
And steadfast while the tempests toss,
So, upright, hold life's load of care!
When sorrow's long night-watches darker grow,
Close to thee, in silence and in prayer,
While Calvary's trembling shadows gather slow,
"Mother of Sorrows,"
Hold me ever so!

DETROIT, November, 1878.

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ROME UNDER THE POPES AND UNDER THE PIEDMONTESE.

II.

We have described the material condition of the Roman people under the rule of the pontiffs. We will now, guided by official declarations and legislative documents, examine whether this condition has improved or deteriorated under Italian domination, how far the Revolution has kept its promises to the people which it deluded, and whether that people has not reason to repent of its inertia in not having boldly rallied as one man around the throne of its father and king, and repelled with vigor and determination the stranger whose hand now presses upon it with a weight which its tepid loyalty and doubtful fidelity merit but did not expect.

"Would Heaven," wrote, in 1860, M. Edmond About—"would Heaven, which has given the Romans ten centuries of clerical government, grant them, by way of compensation, ten good years of lay administration, we should be likely to see the church possessions in more able and energetic hands.

"We should see the right of primogeniture suppressed, the large properties subdivided, and the owners compelled by the force of circumstances to cultivate their land; a good law regarding exportation would enable speculators to grow corn on a large scale; a network of good roads and lines of railway would transport the agricultural products from one end of the country to the other; while a national marine would give them circulation all over the world, etc., etc. . . .

"But," he added, "why need we launch into these details, when it is enough to say that *those who are now the subjects of the pope will be rich and prosperous beyond any other European nation, so soon as they are no longer governed by a pope?*"

The experiment has been tried, and we are therefore enabled to examine how far the present felicity of the Roman people, after eight years of Piedmontese government, fulfils this glowing prediction. Before entering upon financial questions let us ask, in the first place, what has been done for the souls of this people?

All that is possible has been and is being done to unchristianize them, gradually, persistently, and surely.

"*Le cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi,*" said Gambetta in the French Chamber in 1877; and this principle had been acted upon by the revolutionists in Italy from 1860 and before. The persecution of clericalism had there a regular plan of operation. In the first place, the convents were despoiled of their libraries. These libraries, whose priceless riches had been accumulated by the patient labor of twenty generations, were piled into wagons and thrown together in the Minerva. Then, of all these mingled collections, a library was formed, to which was affixed, by way of decoration, the name of the royal robber.

For a time the religious could continue at least a portion of their accustomed duties and exercises in their despoiled convents, but soon these, too, were taken from them, and the ejected inmates compelled to pay a tax for the pittance they had been promised of an alimentary pension of three

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hundred or four hundred francs, whether this pension were paid or not.*

Many emigrated, to seek in other lands a refuge no longer afforded them on the Christian soil of Italy, where their number lessens daily. Soon whole provinces will be left without priests, and this result will have been obtained without apparent violence. The government will continue to protest its good intentions before the careless or too credulous European courts, to dilate on political necessities and legal or pecuniary requirements, and so will accomplish unmolested its infernal task of the dechristianization of the country.

For men have learnt to persecute politely. It is with forms of courtesy and respect that they now force open the monastery gates. They talk of the pain it gives them to accomplish their mission, of the necessity of obeying the laws, and do not blush to commend themselves to the prayers of those whom they are come to despoil. Thus, as it were, they stifle their prey with gloved and perfumed hands.

With regard to the hospitals and infirmaries the evil is delayed. The sisters are still allowed to nurse the sick and bedridden. The press demands their expulsion, but the moment for this has not yet come and the government resists. The people love the religious orders, and prefer to have by their sick-beds the servants of Jesus Christ. The revolution does not find it advisable to be too offhand in this matter, especially as not everybody is inclined to tend fever patients and madmen *gratis*, and the treasury is empty. This consideration, therefore, weighs with the government to allow the consecrated servants of the poor to fulfil their generous mission; it contents itself with a few minor vexations—suppressions of costume and the like—until the people shall by degrees become habituated to changes which would repel them at present.

But what "regenerated Italy" most desires is a new generation imbued with its spirit and its doctrines; and, in order to obtain this, it perverts and corrupts the young. The religious of both sexes have been expelled from San Michele and Termini, and there are both atheist and Protestant schools, to which the children of the poor are enticed by the offer to feed them between the hours of instruction, and even by money given to the parents. It has, moreover, been ruled that those only who send their children to these schools should have their names inscribed at the *Bureau de Bienfaisance*, or charitable relief-office.

As a specimen of what is taught in these schools, M. Lallemand* mentions that at the time of his visiting Rome in 1875 a master was hearing the recitation of the catechism (for at that time external forms were still preserved to some extent), and at the question, "Where is God?" the child answering, "God is everywhere," the master interrupted him by saying: "Since he is everywhere, look under that bench and tell me if you can find him."

At Termini, shortly after the expulsion of the nuns, a mother came to see her daughter, and, alarmed at the report which had reached her of the scandals taking

* Very many cases have been known of poor religious expelled from their convents who had for several years been waiting for the payment of this pension, but in vain. They were compelled, nevertheless, to pay the impost on the money due to them, of which they had not received a cent.

* See *L'Association Catholique*, 15 Août, 1878.

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place in the establishment, with tears recommended her child to pray to the Blessed Virgin. On hearing this a female teacher who was present said: "The Madonna has been a long time dead, if, indeed, she ever existed!"

Thus is childhood now taught in the papal city! The government of progress would lead the people, not back to paganism, but to still lower depths, for the pagans were not atheists.*

The press of regenerated Italy is actively at work to hasten this result. Day by day it instils its poison into the minds of the people, exciting or insinuating every evil passion, and teaching contempt of authority and hatred of religion with a craft so deadly and diabolical that the artisan, amid the toils and trials and privations of his daily life, no longer lifts his weary eyes with comfort and confidence to heaven. Doubt, like a leaden weight, lies on his heart; the teaching of his infancy and youth is undermined by the sophisms of the revolutionists. He is not yet an unbeliever, but already his sky is overcast, his future is shrouded in the mists of uncertainty, and he cannot, as in past days, think of God and heaven and the saints—his Father, his home, and his friends for eternity—with consolation and hope.

This, then, is what the new government has done for the souls of the Roman people.

But if it robs them of their spiritual and eternal possessions, does it at least secure their temporal and material well-being?

Here again there is a painful eloquence in facts.

What can be said of security in a country where the prisons are full, where an honest man is no longer in safety even within the precincts of the towns, and where the public papers are full of the exploits of brigands on whose heads a price is set by the government? And not only crime but poverty also is ever on the increase; nor can it be otherwise when taxation, instead of being light as under the papal rule, is becoming insupportable.

"There are in Italy about forty different taxes, each of which, independently of the vexations accompanying its requisition, dries up the very sources of the public revenues."*

The two principal imposts are those of *il macinato*, the grist-tax—*i.e.*, of 2 lire per quintal on all grain to be ground—and the second, the income-tax, of 13 lire 20c. per 100 lire, on revenues arising from (1) inherited property; (2) on stipends, pensions, annuities, interests, and dividends; (3) on the fixed revenues of ecclesiastical benefices; (4) on profits arising from trade, commerce, and the exercise of any profession or employment.

In short, this tax falls upon all revenues, not derived from funded property, which are obtained within the Italian territory or by persons resident in it. This law (of the 14th July, 1864) is so rigorously enforced that it does not even spare the *honoraria* for Masses said by poor priests despoiled of all they possessed, nor yet the alms sent by the Holy Father to the Italian bishops who had been driven from their palaces and robbed of their property by the revolutionists. Magistrates have, nevertheless, been found independent enough to annul the judgments

* Religious instruction is now entirely banished from the schools of many Italian cities, and certain municipal councils propose to substitute for it the study of "the rights of the man and the citizen."

* Giuseppe Ricciardi, *Guerra alla Povertà*, quoted by M. Lallemand.

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given by the lower tribunals in favor of these imposts, and to order the restitution of the money thus extorted.

With regard to the tax upon the *honoraria* for Masses, it was not a matter of mere exaction; it was intended to place the priest before the eyes of the people as a tradesman, like any other, and one who made a traffic of his sacred ministry. And thus by this tax a triple result was obtained—*i.e.*, an increase of revenue for the treasury, the further impoverishment of the clergy, and a lowering of them in the popular affection and esteem.

The other imposts, especially the tax upon grist, paralyze all activity in agriculture, close the mills, and, as an inevitable consequence, render the taxes still more crushing, since it becomes necessary to spend considerable sums for the transport of grain.

From the frequent complaints of the effects of the *macinato*, made from time to time by deputies in the Chamber, we need only quote the following:

"It is," said the Deputy Griffini in 1876, "the duty of the Chamber to bestow attention on the general distress, the principal cause of which, in these later times, is the tax of the *macinato*. We are all aware," he added, "that the country districts of Upper Italy are depopulated by emigration, the peasantry finding even the little bread they are able to obtain taxed as soon as they have obtained it. And this impost is much more onerous than it appears, since it not only exacts the quantity necessary for the payment of the tax, but much besides, the millers wishing to indemnify themselves for a multitude of expenses, and especially for those occasioned by the numerous lawsuits they are obliged to carry on. They also make a point of paying themselves for the continual fear they live in of the fines ever hanging over their heads." *

"The question of greatest urgency," said another deputy, "is that of bread and hunger. In the valley of Olmonti the mills are stopped and the people obliged to pay 10 or 12 lire (to and fro) for the transport to Aosta of corn to be ground. This, added to the tax of 2 lire on each quintal, gives a total of 12 or 14 lire per quintal, without reckoning the price of the corn. . . . Surely it is high time to take measures for the relief of this population. The people have a right to live!"

Nor is the closing of the mills in the Vale of Aosta an isolated circumstance. In many other localities the inhabitants are under the necessity of taking their corn a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to be ground.

Owing to this new state of things the country is obliged to import foreign flour on a larger scale than formerly—a fact which, in many places, leads to an entire cessation of the culture of the inferior cereals. The Deputy Agostino Plautino stated (Nov. 8, 1876) that he knew "farms where, a few years ago, the cultivation of cereals was carried on on a scale six, seven, and eight times as considerable as now; so that farms which then sowed 80 or 100 acres of land do not now sow more than 10 or 12, and in many cases the cultivator leaves the land to itself and sows no more."

But the *macinato* is not, as we have said, the only tax beneath which regenerated Italy groans.

"We have," said the Deputy Visocchi in 1877, "the tax on movable property, 13 lire, 20 per cent.; we have the tax upon capital, so oppressive that in some parts of the country it eats away the only resources left to the population for culti-

* *L'Unità* for February 5, 1877, proves that from 1869 to 1876 the Italians have paid, solely for the *macinato*, 1,400,000,000 fr., of which 500,000,000 only have entered the treasury of the state. This tax existed previously in some parts of Italy before the unification, but it was very light. Nevertheless the revolutionists made it a pretext for attacking the temporal power of the Roman pontiff.

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vating their own land; we have the registry tax, so heavy also that, rather than pay it, the citizens deprived themselves of the advantages of registration, which would give to their acts a certain and authentic date."

Funded property, it must be added, has greatly diminished in value in consequence of the immense quantity sold by the exchequer;* and from this cause, added to those already enumerated, the sufferings of the peasantry are so severe that we need not be surprised at the description given of them † in the answer to a circular from Nicotera on the subject of emigration. The letter concludes as follows:

"We grow wheat, and do not know the taste of white bread.

"We cultivate vines, and drink water.

"We raise cattle, and touch meat only on festivals.

"Our sole portion, on this soil of Italy, is a little maize, and even this, too, is subjected to your iniquitous tax of the *macinato*.

"For nearly sixteen years this race of deceivers of the people has been shouting in our ears the high-sounding words of *country*, *unity*, *liberty*, and similar fooleries.

"At first we put faith in their fine promises, and shed our blood in battles for the independence of our country. What have we gained by our sacrifices?

"Salt, our only condiment, is too costly for us to buy.

"All articles of consumption have greatly increased in price.

"The conscription exists as before, but under much heavier conditions."

This, then, is the state of the peasantry, even in the north of Italy, a country abounding in resources. What, then, must it be in the south? But, it may be asked, are not at least the working-classes in the towns better off than before? Even a short sojourn among them furnishes ample proof to the contrary.

In the accounts for 1865, under the pontifical government, we find, under the heading of "Customs and Grist Tax in Rome," the sum of 4,874,288 lire for a population of 197,000 souls—*i.e.*, rather less than 25 lire per head. Ten years later, in 1875, thanks to the government of "*reparation*," this same article figures in the municipal budget at 10,000,000 lire, which gives, in proportion to the population, nearly 45 lire per head, or double the average impost in 1865. The price of all the necessaries of life having considerably increased, and the process of augmentation continuing with each session, it is hard to see how, in a few years, the poor are to live.*

The popes, as we have already seen, were careful not only that their subjects should be able to obtain provisions at a moderate amount, but also that they should not be required to pay exorbitant rent. All this has been changed. The *Jus Gazzaga* established in the Ghetto, in favor of the Jews, was first abolished. It is true that they can now live where they please, but they have had to submit to so considerable an increase of rent that their position cannot be said to be improved.

Those landlords who, for having built or restored houses in Rome, had by a law of Leo XII. been ex-

* Even in the *Libertà*, a republican journal, we find the following (in April, 1877): "In many provinces the sale of the property of the clergy has produced results anything but advantageous. Some of the purchasers . . . have been obliged to resell the land they have acquired with as much haste as improvidence; thus the exchequer finds itself under the necessity of proceeding to a second or third sale; and, if the truth must be owned, we must confess that funded property is at this time in anything but a prosperous condition."

† In the *Indicatore Italiano*, November, 1876.

* Eight lire 66c. of octroi are now charged on wine, instead of 4 lire as formerly. Meat, which in 1856 cost 9 c. the kilo. (for beef), 1l. 9 c for veal, and 99c. for mutton, is now charged as follows: 2l. 25c. the kilo. for beef (1st quality), 2l. 10 or 1l. 90c. for second quality; veal and mutton, 3l. 2c c. the kilo.

The octroi is now laid on a number of articles of food previously exempt from it, such as fowl, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruit, etc.

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empted from taxation for the remainder of the century, have now been rendered subject to it like every one else. The proprietors pleaded against this enactment, but lost their cause. Certain companies endeavored to create a new quarter near the railway station, with a view principally to lodge strangers accustomed to spend the winter in Rome. But few came, and many houses have remained empty ever since. The money laid out in building them has not been of the slightest benefit to the people; and as, on the other hand, nearly all the houses formerly directed with so paternal a hand by the religious orders have fallen into the possession of the buyers of ecclesiastical property, while the population has been increased by an influx of 40,000 small employés, work-people, and adventurers of every description, come in the train of the government, there has resulted from these different causes an excessive augmentation of rents. The poor must now pay 35 or 40 lire a month for the humblest lodging and 20 lire for a miserable room, and it has been found necessary to open some of the attics of the municipality to receive a portion of these people without hearth or home.

In fact, the dearness of lodging has much occupied the municipal authorities, and there are few sessions in which the question is not mooted; but as all the money was spent in building rich quarters which have remained uninhabited, no expedient has been found to remedy the existing state of things. In a sitting of Feb. 27, 1871, two of the councillors suggested that the 275 convents and monasteries then existing in the city should be utilized to lodge the government employés and their families who came to settle at Rome. But the suggestion was not acted upon, the exchequer much preferring to sell those buildings than to use them for the benefit of persons in its employ.

It will perhaps be supposed that the salaries of the work-people have been raised in proportion to the increased prices of provisions and lodging. This, however, is not the case.

Before 1870 a good working mason gained from 2l. 50c. to 3 lire a day. He can now gain 3l. 50c. In manufactures the payments have varied, and may be reckoned at 4 or 5 lire per day. It is, then, with this sum of 24 or 30 lire a week (from which must be deducted the times when work fails) that the Roman artisan must feed, clothe, and lodge himself and his family, when meat is about 2 lire the kilo. and a room 20 lire a month. But then he must pay for the glory of belonging to United Italy—"One and Regenerated."

There is also another side of the question. Under pretence of serving the interests of the people, almost all the religious orders have been driven out or ruined. The immense amount they distributed in alms has consequently been suppressed, the commission of subsidies no longer exists, and, finally, all the charitable institutions which remain have been burdened by taxation to an extent which necessarily circumscribes their action.

And what has the government done in compensation for all these evils? It has opened a few mendicity offices, thrown straw on the floor of a few garrets, and by means of its "Charitable Association" distributed a few hundred thousand lire; while, in answer to

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the complaints of the people, the ministers have hitherto always found reasons for postponing any diminution of the imposts. They talk of "financial necessities" and "imperative measures," and during all this time the great question which agitates Italy is, according to the Deputy Mussi, the question of *bread and hunger*.

The sole resource left to the Italian people is emigration; and consequently we find this steadily on the increase.

The *Official Gazette* for September 27, 1876, in publishing (partial) statistics of the emigration during forty years, gives the following figures as representing departures for the Argentine Republic alone:

Year.	No. Emigrants.
1871	8,170
1872	14,769
1873	26,878
1874	23,904
Total	73,721

If to this, says the same organ, are added those emigrants the date of whose departure has not been exactly ascertained, the total reaches 100,000. This is to one country only, and it is calculated that since Rome was made the capital of "United Italy" more than 500,000 Italians have left their country to settle in various parts of the New World.

It has been asked how the distress which is the cause of this emigration is to be explained, when the Italian pays, on an average, taxes of which the total is less than in other countries of Europe, this total being 48 francs, while in France it is 72, in England 58, and in Belgium 43. But this average for Italy is not exact, since it does not include the local taxation. Thus, as the Councillor Placidi declared, Rome in 1875, with its population of 250,000 souls, supported a burden of taxation amounting to 44,000,000, or 196 lire per head—a sum utterly out of proportion to the resources of the city, and which never could have been raised were it not for the pilgrims from foreign lands who, thronging round the throne of their pontiff, spent in Rome their silver and gold—metals now all but unknown in that kingdom, where scarcely anything is to be seen but paper money.*

The pressure of a heavy taxation is also more severely felt in Italy than in the other countries just named. What comparison can be made between a nation whose importation always exceeds its exportation, and France or England, commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing countries, whose produce finds a market throughout the world? It must be remembered also that the conditions of climate in Italy, especially in the south, where the sun "rains torpor," do not permit of the vigor and energy found in the inhabitants of more temperate regions.

No description can give an idea of the distress into which the populations of Southern Italy are plunged. The country districts are becoming deserted. An odious military law which carries off the youth, even those intended for the service of the sanctuary, to throw them into barracks, plunges families into despair. Nowhere does

* In *L'Association Catholique* (August, 1877) M. Lallemand says: "And here I declare that, in the course of all my three visits to Rome, I have never once seen a single piece of money with the effigy of Victor Emanuel—nothing but square bits of paper more or less large and more or less crumpled. The Piedmontese understand the state of affairs so well that one of the tax-collectors, in 1876, replied to a tradesman who complained of the amount demanded of him: 'Make it up to yourself *from the pilgrims*.'"

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security any longer exist, and, under an appearance of sombre resignation, the mass of the country people, if they do not emigrate, await a favorable moment for shaking off the yoke which weighs them down.

And this is what the revolution has, in a few years, done for the happy and peaceful populations of the temporal domains of the church; and, as we have said, not content with making the lives of the people bitter, it must seek also the eternal perdition of their souls, and to this end the plan of dechristianization is being carried out with a subtlety and persistency which will not rest until it has left Italy without altars, without worship, and without God.

A VALENTINE.

I.

WHAT crowning wish shall I send thee this day
That shall all blessedness enfold within,
Whose very perfectness for thee shall win
All holiest treasures to be thine alway?
I dare not wish thee absence of all tears,
Lest so some greater good to thee be lost,
Some noblest purpose by such prayer be crossed—
So loving thee my very hopes are fears.
To One more loving still I thee confide—
With prayer that perfect be in thee his will,
Which sure can never work thee any ill—
My dearest hope so poor his love beside!
So wish I, Sweet, his will and thine be one,
So thou God's fairest flower 'neath the sun.

II.

Of all that bloom, for me the fairest one—
Grown in God's sunshine, in pure light arrayed,
Dowered with meekness won from Heaven's shade
That groweth sweeter flowers than our sun.
So clad in holiness thou art, I dare
But lowly kneel thy perfume rare to breathe,
Scarce hope its fulness through my life to wreathe,
Or, honor's star, thee on my bosom wear,
That men may know how spotless my renown.
Yet must I love thee, even while I fear
With less than heav'n to dim thy radiance clear;
Yet, dare I ask, with reverent knee bent down,
Be thou my Beatrix, blessed light to shine
And guide me ever on in ways divine.

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CARDINAL MANNING.

IT is now about ten years since I first met the man who was then the Archbishop of Westminster, but who is now Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church. I went to him as a perfect stranger, choosing to withhold the letters of introduction with which I had been kindly furnished, and wishing to present myself before him as a Catholic layman who desired his counsel and advice. I had the idea that the counsel and advice which I sought would be more weighty with me if given purely on the merits of the case; and I did not wish that condemnation—if condemnation were to come—should be softened or averted by any considerations of personal character that might have come into play had I presented my letters. Had I then known Henry Edward Manning as I now know him, no such scruples would have had weight with me.

The archbishop was at that time living in York Place, Baker Street; for this was long before his removal to his present quarters in Westminster. York Place, near the Baker Street station of the Underground Railway, is a highly respectable but very dull and quiet section of Baker Street. Its inhabitants are, or were then, mainly physicians and surgeons of good standing, well-to-do solicitors and barristers, and other professional people. It contained a few highly respectable shops; and the famous wax-work gallery of Madame Tussaud was not far distant. There was no delay in obtaining an audience. The man-servant who opened the door took my card, conducted me up one flight of stairs to a spacious drawing-room, and left me there. I had scarcely time to look about me when a curtain concealing the entrance to another room was pushed aside, and the archbishop entered. This was ten years ago; and when I last saw him he did not seem to have aged or changed. After receiving my homage he bade me seat myself near him, and at once led the conversation to the subject on which I had called, and which I had made known in very few words. In five minutes he had placed me completely at my ease; in ten minutes we were in the full tide of an animated conversation, speaking as confidentially as if we had been friends from boyhood. The questions which he asked were always exactly to the point, piercing to the very marrow of the matter, and showing an intimate knowledge of it. At the end of half an hour all was ended; the case was summed up and the decision pronounced—a decision which was against me, but of the perfect justice and wisdom of which I was thoroughly convinced. I arose to take my departure.

"Can you not give *me* half an hour now?" said the archbishop, with that irresistibly winning smile that gives to his attenuated face a matchless charm. "For, if you could, we can cry quits, and you would owe me nothing. Or perhaps I would then be your debtor. You are an American, and have recently left the United States. Can you not tell me something re-

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specting certain things in America of which I would like to know? I meet a good many American priests, and not a few American laymen, but not very often Catholic laymen; and I like to hear from both sides, you know."

Of course I was only too delighted, and we plunged into a conversation which lasted, not a half-hour but several hours. Thus began my acquaintance with this great prince of the church—an acquaintance that I look back upon with feelings of unmixed pleasure. This first conversation was a remarkable one from the wide scope which it took. Cardinal Manning is not only a finished conversationalist, he is an admirable listener; and that is a rare gift. Prince Jerome Napoleon does not possess it. He wishes to do the greater part of the talking himself, and when he is interfered with in this enjoyment he is sometimes rude enough to yawn. A friend once told me a story respecting this weakness of the prince: "We were discussing a subject which Jerome had himself introduced, and on which he needed information. I had made it a specialty, and he had asked me a certain question which necessitated a somewhat elaborate reply. In the middle of it Jerome had the impudence to yawn in my face. I rose from my chair, took my hat, made him a formal bow, and walked to the door without saying a word. He sprang up and intercepted me. 'Pardonnez moi! Pardonnez moi!' he exclaimed; 'you have misconstrued me. Recall yourself, if you please, to the fact that at our dinner last night, at which you assisted with so much spirit, we sat until daylight, and that I have only had six hours' sleep. It was not that what you were saying interested me not, but that I have the bad habit of yawning when I have not slept my usual period.' But, said my friend, I insisted on going away immediately, and since then Jerome has never yawned in my face."

Cardinal Manning never yawns in any one's face, nor does any one feel weary or sleepy while he is speaking. As I have said, he is an excellent listener—one of those very rare persons who can place himself perfectly *en rapport* with his interlocutor, and lead him along in the flowery and fruitful paths of sensible conversation. In this interview, as I now recall it after the lapse of ten years, the archbishop appeared to desire information chiefly concerning these points:

The disintegration of the various Protestant sects, and their tendency toward practical rationalism.

The extent to which those remnants of Catholic traditions and faith still retained by these sects held this tendency in check.

The condition of the then recently enfranchised negroes, and the prospect of gathering them into the fold of the church.

The changed feeling of the non-Catholic population of the United States respecting the church; the abatement of the ignorant prejudices imported thither by the Puritans and the Episcopalians; and the accessions to the church by conversions among the educated classes.

The spirit of the secular press respecting the church and its work.

The possibility of a revival of a Know-nothing and anti-Catholic crusade.

The actual condition of the

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church in the republic as respecting her natural growth—did she retain her children in the faith, or did many of them stray from her; did the sons and daughters of the Irish, German, French, and other Catholics grow up to be good Catholics, or were they lured away into practical infidelity?

And, above all, the question of Catholic education in the United States: how the Catholics managed to get along with the public schools; how they promoted their parochial schools; and what was the condition of their colleges.

I found myself in for an exhaustive examination, and the conversation went on until the archbishop, after postponing several calls made upon him, was pleased to dismiss me. I was surprised at the extent and accuracy of his information concerning the United States, and I told him that I perceived he was merely comparing my statements with the knowledge he had received from other sources. "Yes," said he; "but here in England we Catholics look with longing and eager eyes upon America. One sees that so much may be done there. How magnificent has been your material growth and prosperity; how splendidly have you shown that freedom and order may march hand in hand like sisters! There the church is free, and glorious is her progress. I have greatly admired," said he, "your American hierarchy. You have been wonderfully blessed in your bishops and in your clergy. They have worked miracles. And how admirably they have kept themselves out of the muddles of politics! Here, you know, we are compelled to take sides in certain political questions in spite of ourselves, because in them are involved our religious rights and our sacred duties. There you are free from these entanglements, and may you ever continue so!"

Not long after my first conversation I received a card from the archbishop inviting me to his house "to meet the bishops." The twelve suffragans of England had been summoned to come up to London in order to transact certain affairs relating to the province; and this being accomplished, the archbishop had invited the Catholic nobility and gentry to meet them at his house. On arriving at York Place I found a long line of carriages before the door and extending far down the street; a platoon of police was keeping order; a crowd of people were assembled on the sidewalks to witness the distinguished arrivals; and the house was brilliantly lighted. The guests were received in an ante-room on the ground-floor, and thence ushered up-stairs, where, standing beneath the archway connecting the two large saloons, was the archbishop. The two rooms were filled with a brilliant assemblage, which was constantly augmented by new arrivals. As each was announced he advanced to the archbishop, knelt at his feet, kissed his episcopal ring, exchanged a few words with him, and passed away to mingle with the throng. The bishops were scattered here and there, and it was curious to see at every moment a tall nobleman, or a burly country squire, or an Irish member of Parliament making his way through the crowd and suddenly bobbing out of sight as he knelt to kiss the ring of the Bishop of Nottingham, or Beverley, or Salford. The announcements at the door sounded like the roll-call of the true nobility of the kingdom: "His Grace the Duke of Norfolk"; "The Earl

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of Gainsborough"; "Lord Howard of Glossop"; "The Marquis of Bute"; "Earl Denbigh"; "The Earl of Granard"; "Lord Petre"; "Lord Arundell of Wardour"; "Lord Clifford of Chudleigh"; "The Master of Lovat"; "Lord Acton"; "Sir Robert Gerard"; "Sir George Bowyer," and so on.

It is the custom of the cardinal during the Parliamentary session to give a reception on each Tuesday evening. Very pleasant and entertaining are these gatherings. There is very little ceremony connected with them. Each guest is expected to come in evening dress, but this is all. The Catholic lords, the Catholic members of the House of Commons, the Catholic gentry, and many of the priests of the diocese are generally present, and the evening passes in delightful conversation. The cardinal knows every one, and has something to say to each; on a table in an ante-chamber is a collation. The priests of the diocese of Westminster are, as a class, an exceptionally fine set of men. Most of them are Englishmen; very many of them are converts; scores of them are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge; they are men of culture and refinement, often of wit. With these are intermingled a score or two of the noblest members of the English aristocracy, and as many or more of the Irish members of Parliament. The hum of conversation fills the air; wit, good-humor, merry stories, and keen intellectual combats are everywhere to be found. Seldom seen among the company on these nights, and most often found down in his room on the ground-floor of the palace, is Dr. Johnson, the erudite and painstaking secretary of the cardinal. He is so busy with his work that he can scarcely find time for even a few moments of this relaxation. But he is never too busy to answer a letter, or to receive one who comes to him on business with perfect kindness and courtesy.

One of the most brilliant of these gatherings was that which took place soon after the elevation of the archbishop to the cardinalate. There was scarcely a member of the Catholic priesthood, nobility, or gentry absent. The cardinal, attired for the first time in his scarlet stockings, soutane, and skull-cap, was for hours the centre of a constantly-changing throng of notable persons. It was my good fortune to stand near him, at his request, for a considerable time. Every one who approached him offered him congratulations and expressions of affection and devotion. Most often these were repetitions, in effect, of each other. But the wonderful versatility and genius of the cardinal here shone forth; and to my surprise I heard him saying something new and different to every one—something, also, that always meant something.

But my most pleasant hours with Cardinal Manning were those spent at his table. Turning over my papers, I stumble upon a note written by his grace on Christmas eve, 1873, and ending thus:

"Happy Christmas to you! Will you come to luncheon on Saturday at one o'clock?"

Delightful were these "luncheons." They were, in fact, the dinners of the archbishop's household, but they were called luncheons by reason of the unfashionable hour at which they were given, and in order that no one might fancy that he was expected to come to them in full dress. The company generally did not exceed in

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number five or six persons; sometimes there were only the cardinal, Dr. Johnson, and myself. A certain well-defined and rigorous rule of etiquette prevailed at these repasts. The dining-room at the Archbishop's House is a noble apartment, easily capable of seating fifty guests. But there is only a comparatively small table, with eight or ten chairs. The furniture of the table is of the best—spotless linen, handsome glass and china, and beautiful silver. The meal is served with all due ceremony and decorum; the cooking is excellent; the silent and adroit waiter serves each one in his turn according to his rank, asking no questions. Before the meal is served, and ere the host and the guests have taken their seats, grace is said, and when all are seated Dr. Johnson reads the appropriate portions of the office of the day. Then the repast begins and the conversation opens. There are soup, fish, meats, vegetables, salad, and dessert, and on the table are port and sherry. The cardinal, in order to encourage and give a good example to the total abstinence societies of which he is the zealous patron, voluntarily denies himself wine; but every guest at the table is at liberty to drink or to abstain as he may please. The conversation, of course, is opened by the archbishop, and then it flows on merrily, and drifts hither and thither as the topics of the day arise. The cardinal is a very excellent newspaper reader. With all his great labors and responsibilities pressing upon him, he finds time, or makes time, to read the morning journals very carefully —especially the *Times*—and he does not permit the evening papers, especially the *Pall Mall Gazette*, nor the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator*, to pass unread by him. He reads very quickly, and has that facility for detecting the grain of wheat in the bushel of straw which distinguishes the skilled "exchange-reader" and "paragrapher" of the daily press. I believe that no day passes in which the cardinal does not make himself master of the contents of the *Times* from the "agony column" down to the imprint on the last page. He is always perfectly aware not only of the occurrences of the day but of what is said about them. If an occasion arises when a lie is to be exposed, an error corrected, or a truth enforced with reference to the news of the day, the cardinal is ready with his pen; and the next morning a letter from "Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster," appears in the *Times*, and within the next twenty-four hours is copied into every journal in the United Kingdom, and the substance of it probably telegraphed throughout Europe and America. And this reminds me of an incident which is not without its moral as well as its individual interest.

The power of the press in England is great—greater, I think, than in the United States. From time to time the Catholics in London had fretted themselves because they had no daily organ of their own. They had four weekly journals—the *Tablet*, the *Register*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and the *Universe*—all good in their way; but all the daily journals were non-Catholic, and some of them were bitterly and vilely anti-Catholic, and even anti-Christian. There was not a day—as there is now not a day—when they were not pained by seeing in the journals which they were compelled to read ignorant or vicious assaults upon, or misrepresentations of, some action of the

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church, or of some of her doctrines, or of some matter in which she was interested. Propositions to establish a daily Catholic journal had been often mooted, but these had come to nothing. Finally, at a little meeting held at the house of an eminent ecclesiastic of the diocese, the subject was brought forward under a new shape. It had been ascertained that one of the existing daily journals in London might be purchased for a sum which, although large, was not above its real value; and it was proposed that this journal should be quietly purchased, and that, without making any parade or public announcement of the fact, it should be made a journal that should tell the truth concerning Catholic facts, events, and interests. It was not to be a propagandist, nor was it to be a religious newspaper. It was to remain just what it was, with the exception that it should be inspired with a Catholic spirit, and should always represent the cause of the church aright; not attacking its non-Catholic contemporaries, but simply going on in its course and telling the truth. The idea was very favorably received, and it was resolved to enter on its execution, if possible. Negotiations for the purchase of the paper were opened; elaborate estimates were made; and there was no difficulty in obtaining the promise for the necessary money. But now the approbation of the archbishop had to be obtained, and it was made my duty to seek for it. I prepared myself for the task and went at it with a bold heart. The archbishop listened patiently, as he always does, and possessed himself of all the facts ere he replied. Then he took some time for deliberation, and finally he gave his decision. "No," said he, "this will not be wise. I cannot advise you to do it. Presently your journal would be known all over the kingdom as a Catholic organ. Then who would read it? Only Catholics; and they, being already instructed, would not need to read it. What you want is to make non-Catholics read the truth; and they will read it only in their own papers. They publish lies? True; but these lies are so multiform and antagonistic that they destroy themselves. And then, if one watches his opportunity, he can offer them the truth; they will print it, and the people will read it and take it in. This is the better plan. *It is far better to let Balaam's ass bray for us.*" This knocked the project on the head and the scheme was abandoned. Under certain limitations I think the archbishop was right; outside these I think he was mistaken. I once told him so, and he took it very gently. "I am so much older than you," said he, "and perhaps I am too timid. But still I think I was right."

I have wandered away from what I intended to be a description of the little private dinners, or luncheons, at the Archbishop's House. The conversation at these banquets was never dull; sometimes it was full of fun; at others it was serious and profound. On one occasion which I well remember we were kept in a state of high hilarity by a succession of ludicrous stories respecting unlucky students, of high and low degree, who had been "plucked for their little-go" at the universities, and of the absurd answers given at their preliminary examination by pupils desiring to enter on a course of study to fit them for the position of certificated

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school-teachers. As, for instance, this one: "What is the principal difference between the Gospels and the Epistles?" Answer: "The Gospels are inspired and the Epistles are not." But let me recall some of the words of the cardinal at these and at other times, which I take from my note-book:

"At the Vatican Council," said he, "I not only saw but actually held in my hands the threads of a great conspiracy against the church set on foot by the secret societies, of whom Dr. Döllinger was the unconscious agent. The conspiracy was very widely spread and embraced all Europe; it had for its purpose the complete upsetting of existing authority and the establishment of chaos."

"There have been few things that gave me more pain than the severance of the relations between Mr. Gladstone and myself, caused by his assault upon the church in his pamphlet on the Vatican Council. We had been friends so long—and now he has made himself such a foe! He told me once that had I remained in the Church of England I would now have been Archbishop of Canterbury. I replied by telling him I thanked God for having saved my soul and delivered me from so great a temptation. I must not judge him; but had not his Irish Education Bill been thrown out it is not likely that his Vatican pamphlet would ever have been written."

"The stories about Bishop Strossmayer's refusal to make a full and public declaration of his adhesion to the decrees of the Vatican Council are wholly groundless. He is the bishop of Bosnia and Sirmium, and his residence is at Diakovar—a rather out-of-the-way place. I have many reasons for knowing this, but perhaps this one will suffice: You will remember that in the trial of O'Keefe *versus* Cardinal Cullen, in the summer of 1874, two Roman ecclesiastics came over to give evidence on some points of canon law. One of them was Monsignor Roncetti, who has now gone to the United States with the *beretta* for Cardinal McCloskey" (this was said in April, 1875), "and on their way to Dublin they dined here. Monsignor Roncetti told us on that occasion that Bishop Strossmayer, on one of his visits to Rome after the council—I think it was his second visit—was informed that some public words of adhesion had been looked for from him, and that he thereupon, in the most frank way, told the Holy Father that he had not been aware of this expectation; that he had no difficulty in expressing publicly his sincere and hearty adhesion; and that he would do so without delay. On the bishop's return to his diocese the first number of a religious publication which he had started—a kind of *Semaine Religieuse*—contained such an official announcement of the obligation of the Vatican decrees upon all Catholics as left no doubt of his own cordial acceptance of them."

"I do not know," said the archbishop to me one day in December, 1873, when we had been speaking of the then forthcoming American pilgrimage to Rome, "who is to be the head or president of the pilgrimage. But I wish you to say in my name that the Catholics of England will give a hearty and homely welcome to the Catholics of the United States. We are in every sense brothers in blood, and race, and speech, and faith, and we shall count ourselves to be represented by your pilgrims wheresoever they go. I wish you would

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let me have timely notice of their coming, that I may not be absent. Pray say all this in my name, and let me know any wish they may have to express."

"The ritualists get up very queer stories about us and our 'negotiations' with them; or else these stories are invented by some of your newspaper friends, who, I fear, are not quite so scrupulous as they might be." This was at the time when one of the periodical reports concerning "negotiations" for the bodily transfer of the ritualistic wing of the Anglican Church to Rome was in circulation, and when it was boldly asserted that the cardinal was a party to the inchoate bargain. "It goes without saying that all sorts of people come to me, and that I hear no end of strange things. Some one did bring to me a long manuscript containing a string of hypothetical propositions, and I believe he insisted on reading them to me. But I told him he was wasting his time and mine, and that the only way to get into the church was to do as I did: to come on my knees and not try to make a bargain."

Cardinal Manning is a magnificent writer, as all the world knows; and he is a magnificent preacher, as every one who has ever heard him will confess. He is, perhaps, heard to the greatest advantage in a small church—like the exquisite chapel of the Carmelite monastery in Kensington, where, standing on the altar-steps, he can easily make himself heard by every one present. But, when occasion demands it, he can fill the largest of the London churches with his clear and bell-like voice, and hold a congregation of thousands spell-bound. He speaks with very little action; an occasional motion of his right arm is his only gesture. His diction is faultless; there is not a word that is superfluous nor one that is lacking; the discourse is a perfect thesis, very often the elaboration of a syllogism. He speaks without passion, but with such self-evident earnestness and depth of feeling that no one can listen to him without emotion. On Good Friday he generally preaches the Three Hours' Agony in his pro-cathedral, High Street, Kensington. The church is large and rather handsome; it will contain about fifteen hundred persons. On this day it is always thronged to repletion; and well may it be, for nowhere else in all London can such wonderful words be heard as those pronounced by the cardinal as he traces the successive stages of the agony of our Lord upon the cross. The effect upon the congregation is often very great. I have seen strong men there trembling like reeds in a storm; some pale as death; others bathed in tears.

The affection cherished for the cardinal among his flock is universal and strong. There is not a Catholic, high or low, in all London who does not know him, and very few who have not had some personal intercourse with him. He is excessively popular among the working-classes, Protestant as well as Catholic; and there is no one in the metropolis who exerts a wider influence than he. He has done more than all other men in London combined to mitigate the evils of intemperance and to promote habits of sobriety and virtue. His total abstinence army is to be counted by scores of thousands, and occasionally, when they come in regiments and with banners and music to visit him, Vauxhall Bridge

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Road and all its approaches are taken by storm. It is delightful to hear him address his people on such occasions, still more delightful to see him going among them, apparently knowing each one of them individually, and greeting them as a father greets his beloved children. Mr. Disraeli modelled his Cardinal Grandison in *Lothair* upon Cardinal Manning, and pictured him as he is when moving in the society of the great and noble; but he is perhaps most majestic and most truly grand when in the midst of the poor and humble of his flock. He is a true shepherd—the sheep know him and he knows his sheep.

In London society Cardinal Manning is a great "lion." The Prince of Wales is honored when the cardinal attends one of his garden parties; the lord mayor who can secure his presence at a banquet is happy; a dinner-party at which he is present is a very great success. But the cardinal withdraws more and more from these things. His time and his thoughts are devoted to higher and greater matters.

I shall close this paper by giving the following notes made at my request by a Scotch-American Protestant gentleman whom I took to call upon the cardinal one dreary day in December some three years ago. They will be interesting as showing how strongly the greatness, the goodness, and the simplicity of the cardinal impressed the mind of one altogether alien from him in certain matters:

"Our visit to Cardinal Manning was made upon a typical December day. There was a dense fog. The streets were coated with slippery and greasy mud. The air was chill and damp; at exposed and open positions, such as the corners of streets or in open archways, it cut through to the marrow of one's bones. We went by the Underground Railway from the Temple to Victoria station, and we found the subterranean route only a little darker than was the upper and outer Westminster. From the Victoria station to the Archbishop's House is not a long distance; one goes along the Vauxhall Bridge Road for a few hundred yards, and then turns to his left into a broad *cul de sac*, on one side of which, shut in only by a rude wooden fence, is the Archbishop's House. It appeared to me as a dark, gloomy, and uninviting pile; and I did not wonder that the Horse Guards, for whom it had been built as a club-house, had become dissatisfied with it and had gladly accepted the offer made by the cardinal to purchase it. From one end of it extended the ground on which, as the cardinal afterwards explained to me, is to be built the cathedral; on its northern side stretched some dreary vacant ground, beyond which arose the frowning walls of Millbank Prison, the 'English Bastile,' with its low towers, its French conical roofs, its fifteen hundred and fifty cells, and its incalculable agglomeration of human misery, degradation, and crime. My guide and sponsor sought to entertain me by telling me that on the site of this gloomy prison once stood the palace of the Earls of Peterborough; that the rich Grosvenors succeeded them in this inheritance; and that there, in 1755, Richard, Earl Grosvenor, began to collect the gallery of pictures which was moved to Grosvenor House in 1806—six years before Millbank Prison was built. But I cared more just then for the Archbishop's House, and for my audience

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with the venerable prelate, 'Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, by the grace of God and the favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster.'

"Irritated, perhaps, by my too evident inattention to his historical and antiquarian dissertations, my guide threw open the rickety gate of the tumble-down fence which enclosed this side of the Archbishop's House, led me up the great stone steps to the main entrance, and gave the bell an energetic pull. Presently the heavy door swung open, and we were received by a servant in livery, who at once recognized my guide as one whom he well knew, but who cast upon me a look of inquiry. The vestibule into which we now entered was spacious; the floor was of stone; various doors opened from it; and at either side arose a stone stairway leading to the floor above. We were conducted by one of these stairways to a large reception-room, and there left to wait while our cards were taken to the cardinal. This room had a curious air. Its atmosphere was clerical, learned, and ecclesiastical, but it bore no resemblance to a monk's cell. True, there was no carpet on the floor; but the floor was of polished and waxen oak, beautiful to look upon. A number of tables were disposed here and there; and on one of them was a volume of magnificent proportions and of royal beauty: an album containing the illuminated and illustrated addresses of some three hundred different associations—colleges, academies, societies, monasteries, convents, charitable sodalities, and so on—which had been presented to the archbishop on the occasion of his elevation to the cardinalate. They were written in many languages, and had been sent from every quarter of the globe and from the islands of the sea. Many of them rivalled in their beauty the best works of the illuminators of the olden times. Under a glass case in another quarter of the room was the red *beretta* of the cardinal; on one of the tables stood an image of the Blessed Virgin, which had been made in china by a Chinese Christian artist. I studied this with much interest. The form and costume of the figure were not very different from those to which European artists have accustomed us; but the face was that of a Chinese lady. The distinctive features of the Mongolian race were there; but so, also, were the benignity, grace, and tenderness with which Raphael has clothed his pictures of the mother of our Saviour. While still regarding this little work of Chinese Christian art a servant informed us that his eminence would soon receive us; and scarcely had the man left the room before the cardinal appeared.

"To say that he had a striking face is too weak an expression. His countenance had a strange and complex mixture of intellectual power and of benignant graciousness. There was an appearance of the complete extinction of anything like the lines of earthly passion; and a sublimated spirituality seemed to possess him from the toe of his foot to the crown of his head. His features were finely cut, but they were painfully thin and worn. His strangely luminous eyes seemed to look one through and through. As he came toward us he seemed wonderfully like the well-known portrait of the great Florentine Dante—in the blending of magnifi-

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cent intellectual strength with austere yet tender dignity. He wore a long cassock, of purple color, edged with scarlet; and as a covering for his head there was a red skull-cap.

"My friend, who was a Catholic and an intimate friend of the cardinal, hurried to meet him, knelt at his feet, and kissed the ring which he wore upon his right hand. Then, rising, he presented me. The cardinal greeted me kindly, and gave me his hand in a pleasant but rather perfunctory way; and with a few conventional phrases he led the way into an adjoining room, where a feeble fire was burning in an open grate. The fog had grown more dense, and it penetrated the apartment, filling it with a cloud of cold and dreary vapor. The cardinal sat down in front of the fire, motioned my friend and myself to seats on either side of him, seized the poker, and stirred up the fire until it burst forth into a cheerful flame. Then, warming his thin hands by the blaze, and almost sticking his knees into the fire, this great prince of the church began to talk to us.

"He commenced by asking some questions concerning America; and he indicated his intimate and accurate knowledge of what was going on in the republic by the scope of his questions. He spoke like one who had the map of America before his eyes, and he asked many searching questions respecting the condition of the various religious sects in this country. I had made my confession to him that I was of Scotch birth and of Presbyterian belief; and he put me at my ease by saying with a smile that 'a Scotchman, when emigrating to America or to any other country, took his church with him.' By some chance phrase, or by some other cause, his mind was taken back to the time when he was a clergyman of the Church of England, and to the moment when his conscience forbade him longer to remain in that communion. He told us how he said to himself: 'My work is done; there is no future service for me; all I have to do is to try to save my own soul. But I found I was only being prepared for a greater job. I left the Anglican communion because I felt that I must go; and I went, leaving behind me the friends of my youth, my university, and all my hopes of earthly happiness. I little knew what was in reserve for me.'

"Some reference was here made to the 'No-Popery' cry raised by Lord John Russell on the occasion of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and this led the cardinal to express sympathy with Lord John in his then recent affliction.

"'Poor man,' said he, 'what troubles he has had! His son and heir has outraged the father's most deep and sincere feelings, and by his advocacy of atheistic opinions, and by giving over the education of his children into the hands of men wholly antagonistic to revealed religion, he has left to the old gentleman but a very dreary prospect. But the house of Russell was built up upon the spoliation of the church, and it is a remarkable fact that none of the nobles who were created or enriched in this way by Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Edward have been prosperous in their generations, or have failed to suffer more than the usual amount of private and public ignominy, shame, and degradation.'

"Here the cardinal entered upon a somewhat statistical contrast of

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the condition of the church in England as it was in 1848 and at the present moment. My remembrance of the figures which he gave is too vague to be here reproduced. But the impression that it left upon my mind was that if the progress of the church, not only among the nobility and gentry of the kingdom but among the common people, were to continue for another quarter of a century as it had done in the past twenty-five years, the reconquest of England by Rome would not be very long deferred.

"At a pause in the conversation I arose from my seat to examine the plans for the Cathedral of Westminster, which hung upon the wall near by. The plans gave the promise of a magnificent structure in the purest Gothic style of architecture.

"'When do you expect to erect your cathedral?' I asked the cardinal.

"'Oh!' said he, sighing, 'it will be the work of fifteen archbishops. I will give each of them a tenure of ten years, and probably the last of these, one hundred and fifty years from now, will have the happiness of dedicating the cathedral, of which, by the bye, I have recently merely laid the corner-stone.'

"'But,' said I, 'if you really wished it you would only have to say the word, and the cathedral would be built off-hand, and you would have the happiness of consecrating it.'

"'Yes,' said his eminence, 'no doubt that could be done; but I have long since determined that before the work on the Cathedral of Westminster is began there shall be not a single Catholic child in this diocese who is not, either in a parochial or a private school, receiving the necessary education and care to fit him for the duties of this life and to secure for him the knowledge necessary for his soul's salvation. Very much has been done in this work during the last few years. It would astonish you to know how sedulously the priests of the diocese have worked with me to accomplish this end. We made an accurate enumeration and census of every hole and corner in the metropolis, and day after day, week after week, and month after month we have rescued from the gutters and slums the children of the poor English, German, Italian, and Irish parents who were unable or unwilling—very rarely unwilling—to provide for the care and education of their children.'

"'But,' said I, 'you have a great deal of wealth belonging to your church in England.'

"'Yes,' said his eminence, 'no doubt we have a few great and glorious names. Our Catholic nobles and gentlemen are the flower of the nobility and gentry. Their zeal for their religion leaves little to be desired. But the church in England as a whole is feeble. It is like the Army of Occupation in India. We have practically but two classes, and they are very unequally divided. One of these classes represents nine-tenths of our number, made up of the poor; and the other tenth is composed of a few nobles, baronets, and country gentlemen. Our middle-class element is but small, but I am happy to say it is constantly and rapidly increasing. You would be surprised to hear that there is not in London a solitary English Catholic banker. Our Catholic bankers here are Spaniards, Germans, and Italians. I

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am myself obliged, at this moment, to keep my accounts, small as they are, in the hands of a Protestant banker.'

"Here it was announced that dinner was served, and we descended to the dining-room. I had the honor, Protestant as I was, of being given the seat at the right hand of the cardinal. It happened to be Friday, and perhaps the dinner was less varied than it would have been on some other day of the week. But the cardinal has an excellent cook, and I have rarely enjoyed a repast more appetizing and attractive. The etiquette at the table was peculiar. The cardinal was helped first, and the successive dishes were passed round among the priests in order. The cardinal, as I understand it, being a prince of the church, has the etiquette of the table governed by the same rules that obtain at the tables of princes. The conversation at the table was brilliant, animated, and diversified. His eminence, I was glad to see, ate with some heartiness and made a good meal. He drank no wine, and in this respect differed from all the others at the table. At the close of the repast there was a moment's pause; the cardinal then arose, and as the rest of us stood up he bowed silently and left the apartment, leaving us to take our departure when we pleased. As we were going away soon afterward Dr. Johnson asked me what I thought of the cardinal. I replied that had I entered his palace with any of the natural prejudices which a Scotch-American Presbyterian might be supposed to entertain against a Catholic prelate, they had been all swept away, and that I recognized that I had been entertained by one who was not only a man of extraordinary mental ability, but whose heart was animated by the loftiest and purest Christian virtues."

PLAIN CHANT IN ITS RELATION TO THE LITURGY.

IX. RHYTHM OF THE CHANT (*continued*).

In proceeding to lay down laws for natural music we must make once more the oft-repeated remark that naturalness has nothing in common with the arbitrary exercise of the free-will. The natural rhythm is therefore not without laws. The laws that belong to it are the most perfect, for they are the laws of nature—laws which carry with them the character of freedom, that is, a capability of a constant and unhindered development. We have neither invented nor discovered the following rhythmical laws, but have drawn them solely from the essence of natural song itself. They are laws which we would have to follow even if they had never been formulated, like the laws of speech, which would be observed if no grammar existed. Just as grammar presupposes the existence of language, but not language that of grammar, so also the rhythmical laws presuppose the existence of the principles upon which they are grounded and which have been imparted to men

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by the Creator, but not *vice versa*. This will be evident to every one, and will furnish another illustration of the essential difference between the natural and the conventional laws of music.

In laying down the following laws we shall pursue the course which is suggested by the nature of the subject itself—that is, beginning with the simplest principles, we shall gradually ascend to the most perfect.

FIRST LAW.

In plain chant the syllables are not long and short in the sense of prosody, but only accented and unaccented.

The accented and unaccented syllables are in the chant what the long and short syllables are in measured music. The accent is a stress that is laid upon a syllable, not by prolonging the tone but by a greater impulse of the voice—"insistentia vel impulsu vocis, non vero prolongatione soni"—*i.e.*, tenor, mora vocis. The effect of prolonging a syllable is essentially different from that of accenting it. The force of an accented syllable is more in the ear of the hearer than in the mouth of the singer, but with the prolonged syllable it is just the reverse; the former appeals more to the spiritual ear of the intelligence, the latter more especially to the sensible organ of hearing—that is, the accented syllable will be more understood than heard, the prolonged syllable rather heard than understood.

Upon the distinction between the quantity of accent and that of prosody P. Kircher expresses himself very acutely in the following words: "Quantitas temporis, quo syllabæ concentu immoramur, antequam ab ejus prolatione cessemus; quantitas orta ex accentu est mora, qua non tam syllaba eadem quam ejus imago per aërem propagata perdurat in aëre. Syllaba acuta videtur semper longior quam gravis, spectata scilicet mora; non qua ipsi insistitur, dum est in ore proferentis, sed qua ejus species in aëre vivit." Since the rules of accent fall under the department of grammar and rhetoric, it makes it necessary, at least for the leader of the chant, to understand the Latin tongue well enough to be able to determine the proper accent, besides being acquainted with the meaning of the text and its bearing upon the occurring festival or the liturgical action.

The observance of the accent is therefore no less important for a good execution of the chant than the observance of the prescribed long and short notes is for measured music. So says Rhabanus Maurus: "Unumquodque verbum legitimo accentu ornetur"; and in the *Instituta Patrum* it is said: "In omni textu lectionis, psalmodiæ vel cantus accentus non negligatur, quia exinde permaxime redolet intellectus."

The two most common faults contrary to good accentuation are the omission of the accent altogether and its exaggeration. Against both of these the singer has to guard himself carefully, and besides the rules of grammar he must pay strict attention to the meaning and spirit of the piece, the power of his voice, the place, and, in short, all the circumstances that can and ought to exercise an influence upon his execution. Such attention is required and permitted only by music essentially free and natural, but not by measured music.

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Every syllable must have its own accent, which is not influenced by the other syllables nor dependent upon them, because they differ from each other only in their accent and not in their length or shortness, although the accent and the quantity for the most part coincide—"in syllabis nullum discrimen præter accentus."

SECOND LAW.

In plain chant the notes have no fixed and measurable value, and are not intended to give the duration of the tone, but only to guide the modulation of the voice—"cantus planus notis incerti valoris est constitutus."

This law, much more decidedly than the first, shows us the chasm that separates plain chant from modern music. In the latter it is scarcely possible to think of a note as merely determining the pitch. As soon as we speak of a note we have before our eyes a note with a fixed and measurable value, a whole, half, quarter, eighth, or sixteenth note, etc. The determination of the note, by which it gives not only the pitch but also the duration of the tone, is the distinguishing mark of measured music. In the chant, on the other hand, we emphatically repeat, the exclusive function of the note is to guide the modulation of the voice; it must not exercise the slightest influence upon the length or shortness or the accentuation of the syllable to which it belongs, but, on the contrary, it is by the syllable that its duration is immediately determined. Here the text is master and must invariably control the notes, and not *vice versa*, according to the saying of a Spanish author: "La letra es la reyna, y su esclava la musica."

The notes, therefore, in the chant have no other use than to transform into song what otherwise would be simply prayer and speaking—that is, to put determinate tone-intervals into the recitation; and that antiquity, the cradle of the chant, employed the notes for no other purpose, and especially not in the way which came in with the rise of figured music, is abundantly proved by the *neumata* which were so long in use. These were nothing else than musical accents which called attention to the grammatical accent, and at the same time gave the rising and falling of the tone. The range of the tone-intervals, or the melody, was preserved and handed down by a living tradition and the instruction given in the singing-schools. Afterwards the invention of the system of notes came in as a help, to facilitate not only the reading and singing of the choral melodies, but also their preservation for posterity. When the notes were first substituted for the *neumata* the pure tradition concerning the execution was still in existence; then gradually the measured element crept in; the intelligible recitation gave place to a measured modulation appealing more to the ear than to the understanding, so that at last the text was no longer king and the music the slave, but just the contrary. In order to find out the meaning conveyed by the notes in the chant, we must not begin with our present ideas, but must go back to antiquity and see what their office was then. But the old principle, fundamentally essential to the liturgical chant, that in the execution the text must predominate and give to the notes their value, must never be sacrificed to the notation, which is but a modern invention aiding us to understand the melody by

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simplifying the manner of writing it. Only when the liturgical text is once more restored to its rights, and clothed again with its beautiful garment of melody, shall we have a genuine and correct execution of the chant. Thus writes an old master of the chant: "Care must be taken that the words which are sung be plainly and perfectly understood, for more heed is to be taken of the sense than of the melody"—"Curandum est, ut verba quæ cantantur, plane perfecteque intelligantur; potius considerandus est sensus quam modulatio." In this way the execution becomes of itself recitative, so that "praying we sing, and singing we pray"—"narrando (*i.e.*, orando), canimus et canendo oramus—in modum soluta oratione legentis profertur." This is the recitative way of singing which St. Augustine, Isidore, and many others expressly ascribe to the early Christian Church: "Primitiva ecclesia ita psallebat, ut modico flexu vocis faceret resonare psallentem, ita ut pronuntianti vicinior esset quam canenti."

The reader will gather from what has been said how very prejudicial to a correct understanding of the chant and to the accentual execution must be the system of notation found in most of our chant-books, and will be ready to express a wish for the speedy appearance of such an interpretation of the old *neumata* as shall be in accordance with the true principles of the chant. But until then, as we have said already, it will suffice, and even a great deal will be accomplished, if our present versions are executed according to the rules of a good recitation, and are not allowed to be subjected to the straitjacket of the measure.

That the theory here put forth concerning the indefinite value of the notes and the exclusive predominance of the text is even to-day in part duly acknowledged and accepted may be proved by a reference to those parts of the chant which have been most effectually shielded from the influence of modern music. Would it ever enter any one's head to sing the *Pater Noster*, the *Preface*, the *Exultet*, and the like with whole, half, or quarter notes, or with any notes of a fixed duration? They may be sung arrhythmically, pararrhythmically, or heterorrhythmically, which, as experience proves, is not seldom the case, but surely no one has as yet ever tried to sing them according to regular measures and beats. These last words give us the key-note of our next rule.

THIRD LAW.

The divisions of the chant are not given by bars and measures, as in measured music, but solely by the text.

What the notes, measures, and phrases of a fixed extent are to the melody in measured music, accents, words, clauses, and sentences are in plain chant. In measured music one whole or half note is precisely equal to another, and for a whole note can be substituted only two halves, four quarters, or eight eighths. One measure cannot have even one sixty-fourth note more or less than the other, no matter whether the words are sufficient or can scarcely be disposed of. But in plain chant it is just the reverse. Here prevails the natural freedom of recitation, acknowledging no equality of divisions, but making only such modifications as the text requires. In the chant is found the same variety of divisions as in prose speech, in which almost no accent, no syllable, no word or

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phrase is equal to another, and yet each has its naturally determined measure—"numeri latent." According to the rules of measure this want of equality causes a certain irregularity, yet it is precisely from this unevenness that there arises the most beautiful order, the most natural harmony. The expressions adopted to indicate the divisions in the chant, such as "note-formula," "musical syllable," "distinctio major et minor," etc., show that it has to do with ideas taken from grammar and rhetoric rather than with those of measure. But we must remark here in anticipation that in the liturgical chant we do not find simply a continuous prosaic intonation of the text, without perceptible interruption, but, after the manner of the parallelism of the members in Oriental poetry, there is a certain harmonious yet always free combination of the words and melody, thus avoiding too great irregularity, while remaining unhampered by all conventional restraints.

FOURTH LAW.

Like the notes and divisions, the pauses also in plain chant are unequal, immeasurable, and natural, and cannot be determined by rests of a given mathematical value.

The pauses or rests essential to rhythm—"tempus vacuum ad complendum rhythmum"—are in plain chant naturally determined by the sense of the words and the necessity of taking breath. The chief rule to be observed here is that the pauses should never interfere with the sense by dividing unnaturally a word or sentence. In well-composed and correctly-rendered pieces of chant the sense of the words is brought out all the more sharply by the rests, and the melody gains in musical unity and variety.

The duration of the pauses is determined—

Firstly. By the greater or less extent of the division. "Majori numero vocum respondebit major mora distinctionis et minori minor. In distinctionibus mora vocis debet protendi secundum proportionem vocum ab invicem" (Engelbert). The rest, therefore, between two syllables (or notes), which has no independent existence but consists in the accent of both syllables, is evidently the feeblest kind of a pause. A more marked one is that between two words, particularly if both are accented and the vehicles of different thoughts; for instance, "Salus, honor, virtus quoque." The pause is still more perceptible between whole sentences or periods. "Tenor, id est mora ultimæ vocis, qui in syllaba, *i.e.*, distinctione sive formula quantuluscunque est, amplior in parte (*i.e.*, post neumam sive minorem distinctionem), diutissimus vero in distinctione" (Guido).

Secondly. By the import of the words or sentences between which they occur. If the meaning is of a graver nature the movement must be slower and more solemn and the pauses longer; but if joyous and bright sentiments are contained in the words the movement must be quicker and the pauses shorter. "Si morose cantamus, longior pausa fiat; si propere, brevior." There is a marked difference between the pauses between such divisions as "et incarnatus est —de Spiritu Sancto—ex Maria Virgine—et homo factus est," and such as the following: "Et resurrexit—tertia die—secundum Scripturas."

Thirdly. By the feast and by the

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spirit of the piece of chant. The pauses, together with the whole movement (*tempo*) of the chant, are not the same in a *Requiem* as in a festival Mass, in the *Kyrie* as in the *Gloria*, in Advent and Lent as at Easter and Whitsuntide.

Finally, by the quality of the voices and local circumstances. To secure a smooth and well-connected execution it is plain that to a choir of men with strong and rich voices a more majestic movement and more marked pauses are appropriate, while a choir of weak voices or a choir of tenors and baritones should make the accents less strong, the movement somewhat brisker, the pauses shorter and less marked.

From what has been said it is apparent that in natural song the pauses vary greatly in duration, from those which are scarcely perceptible (mora sine respiratione) to those which are considerably prolonged. But we must now add a few remarks upon an important subject—the manner of observing the pauses. For while in measured music the pause comes in with mathematical precision to fill up the measure when the notes are lacking, so that its beginning is known by the beat, such an abrupt change is as little met with in plain chant as in speech, with the exception, perhaps, of the psalmody and certain passages of more than ordinary feeling. Every pause is prepared for and introduced by a more or less marked prolongation of the preceding note. Sometimes, instead of an interruption of the melody, there is only a slight exhalation of a tone (mora sine respiratione), and then we pass immediately to the next note, "ita ut incœptus modus unius ad alium transiens nec finiri videatur." "Vox ipsa tardior faciens quoddam intervallum non taciturnitatis, sed suspensæ ac tardæ potius cantilenæ" (Boëtius). At other times this slight breathing ends in an actual interruption of the voice (mora cum respiratione). The former occurs when several notes or groups of notes fall upon one syllable or word; the latter is observed between words and clauses.

This easy and natural passage from song to pauses has called forth the rules concerning the last note of a musical thought, whether at the end of a syllable, word, or sentence. They may be all summed up in this: that the last syllable should not be cut off short, but should be somewhat prolonged. Thus Hucbald says: "Ultimæ longæ, reliquæ breves, legitima longitudo finalium." And Guido of Arezzo: "Vox quæ cantum terminat diutius et morosius sonat"; and, as already quoted: "Tenor, *i.e.*, mora ultimæ vocis, qui in syllabis quantuluscunque est, amplior in parte, diutissimus in distinctione." St. Augustine, in his treatise *De Musica*, writes as follows on this point: "Sequente silentio etiam brevis syllaba pro longa accipitur. Sic hoc etiam in disciplina, ut cum ante finem silemus non ibi pars orationis brevi syllaba terminetur; ne secundum illam sæpe commemoratam regulam pro longa eam sensus accipiat sequente silentio." That this "mora" is not like the prolongation of a note in measured music sufficiently follows from the fact that it is neither grounded on any conventional law nor is it measurable, but is only a certain exhalation—"morosius et obscurius sonat"—and is naturally required by a good execution. Thus St. Augustine (*De Musica*) says: "Sequente silentio etiam brevis

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syllaba pro longa accipitur non instituto sed ipso naturali examine quod auribus præsidet." The like is said by another author: "Ultima caudari non potest, hanc enim productionem habet a natura, quia finis est."

Just as the way is prepared for the pause by the prolongation of the final note, so also this prolongation itself has a forerunner. In order to prepare the ear for the approaching termination of the thought, the accented syllable immediately preceding the last is pronounced with a greater impulse of the voice. "Penultima acuitur, ultima protenditur." This impulse must bear such a relation to the prolongation of the final syllable, and to the length of the pause which follows it, that the dying away of the sound on the last syllable may seem to be a result of the accent placed upon the syllable, before the last. We are conscious of the difficulty of making this perfectly intelligible to the reader, and that an oral explanation would be much better than a written one. But we will try to make our meaning plain by an illustration. In the last word of the "Dominus vobiscum," according to the given rule the syllable "bis" must be accented strongly, while the syllable "cum" must be prolonged and allowed to gradually die away, thus:

Dóminus vobíscu - - - m.

But it would be wrong to sing it in this way:

Dominus vóbiscu - - - m.

So in the words, "Per omnia sæcula sæculorum," we must sing

Sæculóru - - - m.

And not

Sæculoru - - - m.

In these four laws we believe that we have put together the fundamental rules of natural rhythm. It is only by putting them in practice, with such judicious modifications as circumstances may require, that a good and correct execution of the chant will be attained. These rhythmical laws are, moreover, the general rules of every kind of natural—*i.e.*, unmeasured—music, so that, for example, every monologue or dialogue written in prose and set to unmeasured recitative music must be executed according to them. But in the Gregorian chant, because it is liturgical and ecclesiastical, and composed and sanctioned as such, and, through its connection with the text and the liturgical actions, consecrated and hallowed by the Holy Ghost, there is, over and above its conformity to these universal and natural laws, yet another, a supernatural element, exerting an influence of an enormous, we might almost say a transforming, significance upon the rhythmical execution.

To the grammatical accent is joined the accent of the Holy Ghost, who by these sacred chants prays in us with unspeakable groanings, in the holy offices speaking and singing through us the blessing-yielding, grace-imparting word; the accent of faith, lending strength unto our tongues to pour into the ears and hearts of men with irresistible power the mysteries of the truth; the accent of the deepest consciousness of guilt, together with the lowliest trust in the Lord; the accent of that full, joyous, and thankful resignation to God's will which, as it were, overlays the holy chant with an enamel so heavenly and full of mystery that it divests it of everything earthly, and changes human weakness into god-

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ly humility, human passion into divine strength—in short, it raises man above the region of the senses, and makes him worthy of joining his voice with the heavenly choir that sings for ever the praise of God. Besides the natural divisions of the text which the necessity of taking breath requires, there is a further influence giving to the pauses a higher significance. This is the need which the soul feels of admitting little intervals after particular sentences or words, or even after certain parts of a word, in order to hold converse with her heavenly Bridegroom upon the wonderful mysteries, and to taste their sweetness. While the tongue and lungs are renewing their strength the soul within repeats the holy strains. Hence that gliding of the voice from one thought to another, that light breathing of the tone, like the softly-sounding chords of an Æolian harp, until a new word, a new inspiration sets the vocal organs again in motion for new strains. Often also in her transports the singing soul actually repeats the sweet melodies in part or entirely, as though in her holy emulation she could never tire of speaking with her Bridegroom in this angelic tongue. Hence those rich figures of song, those sublime repetitions, those long series of notes which sometimes seem almost endless, whose tones break in oft-reiterated echoes against the walls and vaulted roofs, bringing to our minds the never-ending chorus of the blissful angels.

This is the supernatural element which is of such high importance for the rhythmical execution of the chant. Without it the mere rules of natural music would be powerless to give to the chant ever so little of that higher sanction, that beauty and moral power of controlling hearts, as without the observance of these rules the supernatural element itself is deficient. The supernatural always implies the natural and requires it for its actualization. Under the old dispensation those whom God appointed as the interpreters of his law and the leaders of his people were previously educated in the schools of the prophets, and to-day also those who are to receive the power of the priesthood are qualified by long studies for their holy office. And so the observance of the natural rules of music is just as indispensable as the spirit of prayer and a life imbued with the church's liturgy and the divine mysteries.

There is one point that we have already touched upon to which some further consideration is due. Granted that the reader fully acknowledges the recitative character of the chant and its freedom from measure and time, and admits the supremacy of the text, and that a knowledge of its meaning must determine and guide the execution, he yet might ask how this principle can be carried out in those long series of notes without words, in which often only one or a few notes fall upon an accented, but a great many upon an unaccented, syllable. We allude to the so-called *neumata*, or jubilations, especially in the Graduals and Alleluias. Here again an explanation could be much better given in a conversation than in a treatise, as an old singing-master says: "Hæc colloquendo magis quam conscribendo intelliguntur." Let us try, however, to solve this problem, upon which many others have failed or gone astray.

In the first place, our fundamental principle remains untouch-

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ed, that the text must predominate and that the execution must be a free recitation. "Potius considerandus est sensus quam modulatio." There is therefore no warrant for the theory that, as the chant may be divided into syllabic and melodic song, in the latter the melody predominates over the text and the laws of natural recitation. This distinction is only admissible in the sense that in syllabic chant there is one syllable for every note, while in the melodic several notes fall upon one syllable. We must likewise reprobate the course of those who deliberately presume to shorten these formulæ, which are received as genuine, simply because they themselves have not the ability to sing them. Besides, we must not estimate the Gregorian melodies according to the way they are written in editions of the last centuries, and fancy that a melodic phrase is simply a sort of succession of ten, twenty, thirty, or more notes of equal length, separated from each other only by the necessity of breathing. This is not the only purpose which the pauses serve. We have found that their more important office is to emphasize the sense, and we have once for all rejected the principle of equality in the notes, and that in the melodic as well as in the syllabic chant ("cantus planus notis incerti valoris constitutus"). The melodic division or phrase consists of groups of from two to five, seldom of more, notes, which groups also form its syllables and words. Each group has its own individual character, its intonation, its accentuation. Sometimes a single group is sung by itself apart from the rest, sometimes several are taken together in one breath, each having a more or less close connection with the others, as in the divisions of speech. Hence in melodic chant we have the divisions of syllables, words, clauses, phrases, and periods. Each period has its first movement, its development, its climax, and its conclusion, and only an intelligent execution of these modulations gives the sense of the composition. From all this we may judge how far the notation of the last centuries has departed from the true form of the original melodies. In order to get a right idea of these melodies it is absolutely necessary to go back to the old way of writing, whose significant characters, which are easily available, present written before the eye the whole flexibility, the whole accentuation—in short, the rhythm complete. Without a knowledge and understanding of these old *neumata*, the principles of a correct rendering of the chant which we have put forward will be of little or no avail, owing to the want of a good edition. With a knowledge of them the melodies can be easily transposed into our more practical and clearer notation (which, in fact, is the only one that can be used at the present day) just as soon as we discover the original musical formulæ which lie at the bottom of the unbroken series of notes.

Since it is our intention in the present work to give only the leading general principles, we can only say here that there are a great many different groups of notes or musical formulæ in the neumatic notation. Gerbert enumerates about forty, which can be reduced to a few fundamental formulæ. Johannes de Muris, an author of the sixteenth century, otherwise of no particular authority, thus alludes to them: "Cantores antiqui

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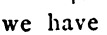
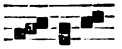
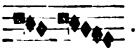
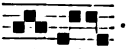
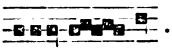
ingeniaverunt figuras quasdam, quæ notæ vel notulæ appellantur. Quædam notula dicitur punctum, quædam virga, quædam clivus major vel minor, plica major vel minor, podatus major vel minor, quilisma majus vel minus, pressus major vel minor." John Coston, in the eleventh century, gives them the same names: "Neumandi modus fit per virgas, clives, quilismata, puncta, podatos cæterasque hujusmodi." The simplest of these is the note, *punctum* or *virga*  . When the notes ascend we have the *podatus* (pes) and the *scandicus*  ; if they descend, the *clivus* and the *climacus*  . Both movements form the *torculus*  . If the notes follow each other in the same line, or if they rise a little and then come down again, we have the *pressus* and the *quilisma*, a kind of trill  . These are the fundamental figures; all the rest are either combinations of these or transition-passages from one note or note-figure to another. Without a knowledge of these fundamental formulæ, and the rules for rendering them, it is impossible to sing the chant as it ought to be sung.

How, then, we ask, should these groups of notes, these musical figures, be executed, how joined with each other, and how applied to the text, so as to preserve the recitative character of the chant and not to mar the sense and intelligibility of the words? We believe that here, too, we shall further the clearness of our answer if we give it in the form of rules.

I. *The jubilations, as well as all musical formulæ without words, must not be conceived as musical embellishments independent of those parts of the piece which have words, but, on the contrary, their beauty arises from the melodic accents to which they are joined in a subordinate position.*

This conception of the *neumata*, or jubilations, at once throws a ray of light upon these long series of notes, aids their division and distribution into members, and, what is of the highest importance, preserves the meaning of the liturgical text and intelligibility in its execution. We may be sure that a piece of chant whose sense remains incomprehensible to one acquainted with the Latin tongue is either a recent composition and a failure or is incorrectly rendered. The musical figures need not interfere with the sense, nor, strictly speaking, even with the recitative movement; in good compositions they are prejudicial neither to the correct accentuation nor to the recitation of the text, provided it be understood how to sing them correctly, and how to bring them into their proper relation to the principal accents and to each other. They serve, on the contrary, to bring the text into all the more prominence, and to place it in the right light, according to the character of the feast and its various shades of meaning, to make the soul in singing to fathom the deeper sense of the words and to taste of the mysteries hidden within them. This principle also applies to those long musical periods which sometimes fall upon a final vowel, and even in the middle of a word. They are no mere unmeaning tone-figures, but the echo of the text that has gone before. One or two notes can often neither be sufficiently prolonged nor accented strongly

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enough to convey the full meaning of the text, and so these figures are added to express the sorrow, the prayer, or the lofty exultation contained in the words. Therefore we find that even the jubilations are never introduced without a reason or thoughtlessly, far less absurdly. They are, on the contrary, always connected with the sense of the text, or with a word that is full of meaning; so that, for instance, extended jubilations are never found upon such words as "et dixit," "sicut" (cervus desiderat), "ubi" (caritas et amor Deus ibi est). But they occur very often upon the plaintive *Kyrie eleison*, upon the sublime words of the *Sanctus*, and especially upon the *Alleluia*, the exulting shout of victory. This is true of all good plain-chant compositions. We must guard ourselves carefully, however, from pronouncing that to be a poor composition in which there seems to some one to be a want of taste in the arrangement of the notes. In most cases the want of taste is in the singer, who does not know how to bring the rules of grammar into harmony with the lofty and prayerful production of the composer's musical fancy. He will only be able to do this when after long practice he has acquired a certain routine in singing the chant, and penetrated more deeply into the nature of those old and venerable creations.

II. *The singer, in rendering the jubilations, must always be guided by the sense of the text and remain under its influence, to whatever length the figure may be protracted and whatever form it may assume.*

This principle follows naturally and necessarily from our conception of the jubilations, and answers at the outset all the objections that could be brought against the possibility of rendering them recitatively. The words of the text to which longer or shorter note-figures are annexed must be given such a strongly-marked accent and expression that all the following notes may seem to flow from them, as the waves of the ocean proceed from the larger swells. If the singer is in the disposition, he can often pause, repeat or lengthen certain figures, without being alienated from the text, whence springs, in fact, his own as well as the composer's inspiration. It was in this way that the jubilations took their rise, and they must be rendered with this in view in order not to lose their significance. Yet, for all that, the execution must still be recitative; it only passes from a narrative, didactic, meditative delivery, generally proceeding simply and quietly, to a more elevated and pathetic style, in which appear sharper accents, more melodious strains, more marked cadences, a greater variety in the pauses, and more striking transition-passages. The jubilations, moreover, because they issue from the mysterious depths of faith and love, call forth not only a holy enthusiasm but also a clearer knowledge and comprehension of the text, just as an oratorical delivery is designed not only to instruct and narrate but also to stir up and carry away the feelings. To those, therefore, who would seek to make the text more intelligible by shortening or dropping the *neumata* we must frankly exclaim: "Nescitis quid vultis!" Did they really understand the text, they would rather extend the *neumata* still more, in order to grasp and feel its deeper meaning.

The foregoing main principle once acknowledged, it is of no fur-

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ther consequence how extensive the neumatic formulæ may seem. They have their appointed place, and it is only ignorance that will stumble at them. Whenever we see an old piece of chant in which a great many notes without words are crowded together bewilderingly, our heart is moved at the fulness of lofty joy which the composer must have found in the text in order to launch forth into such rich jubilations. To whom would it occur to make alterations and curtailments here? Who would set bounds to the noble inspirations of the soul in its songs of praise? Let no one say that here prevails that unbridled extravagance of form which is presented to us in another department of art in the so-called Renaissance or Rococo style. The degenerate Renaissance is unnatural and bastard art, sacrificing unity of thought and design to worthless showiness. It is not here that we find the counterpart of the jubilations in plain chant, but rather in the rich ideal ornamentation of Gothic architecture. Like this, they embody in the most adequate way thoughts and mysteries full of the deepest meaning. They can even become by themselves a systematic whole, forming a kind of musical language, and thus unfold the highest development of natural music, without infringing the law of dependence upon the text or interfering with the sense; just as the most luxuriant tendrils depend upon the vine for their life, or as the delicate shoots of the tree are dependent upon the trunk of which they are the outgrowth. So, then, if we wish to distinguish in plain chant between the syllabic and melodic passages, the latter have their figures, *neumata*, and periods, the former their syllables, words, clauses, and sentences. Yet the melodic chant has not an independent existence, but is only the rich development, the luxuriant blossom, the stately retinue of the syllabic or textual part, and is so interwoven with it that, were it not for the sake of an instructive analysis, the distinction between them would be inadmissible. The sovereign position of the text and the chant belonging to it is further confirmed by the fact that a piece of chant never begins with mere modulations. While the organist and musicians can play before the priest comes to the altar, the liturgical singer cannot break forth into a jubilation before he has delivered something which gives a reason for it and a meaning to it. Let us now from the more general laws of the jubilation pass over to those which relate more particularly to the execution.

III. *The elements of the neumatic periods—i.e., the particular figures—must in the execution, according to their character, be kept apart and distinguished from each other, and brought into union with each other, like the syllables, words, clauses, and sentences of an oration.*

We have already remarked that the *neumata* have developed in some pieces of chant into a systematic whole. They have therefore, apart from the so-called syllabic passages which accompany them, their own rules of execution. In the syllabic chant it is the text which guides and modulates the voice, which determines the accents and the way of dividing the words and sentences by natural rests or pauses, and of joining them to each other according to the rules of grammar and rhetoric. The same is the case in the melodic passages with the accents, syllables, clauses, and sen-

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tences, with the pauses and the conjunction of the parts to a well-ordered whole. Upon this Guido of Arezzo says: "Igitur quemadmodum in metris sunt litteræ, syllabæ, partes et pedes ac versus, ita et in harmonia sunt phthongi, *i.e.*, soni, quorum unus, duo vel tres aptantur in syllabas, ipsæque solæ vel duplicatæ neumam, *i.e.*, partem constituunt cantilenæ; sed pars una vel plures distinctionem faciunt, *i.e.*, congruum respirationis locum." Hucbald speaks to the same effect: "Sicut loquela litteris, ita constat phthongis harmonia; sicut vocis articulatæ elementariæ atque individuæ partes sunt litteræ; ex quibus compositæ syllabæ, rursum componunt verba et nomina, eaque perfectæ orationis textum; sic canoræ vocis phthongi, qui latine dicuntur soni, origines sunt et totius musicæ continentia in eorum ultimam resolutionem desinit. Ex sonorum autem copulatione diastemata, porro ex diastematibus concrescunt systemata." Finally, St. Odo says: "Ad cantandi scientiam, nosse quibus modis ad se invicem voces conjungantur summa utilitas est; nam sicut duæ plerumque litteræ aut tres aut quatuor unam faciunt syllabam, sive sola littera pro syllaba accipitur, ita quoque et in musica plerumque sola vox per se pronuntiatur, plerumque duæ aut tres vel quatuor cohærentes unam consonantiam reddunt, quod juxta aliquem modum musicam syllabam nominare possumus."

This natural system is not the product of measure or time, or of any conventional law, but results from the application to the text of that musical talent implanted in man by the Creator which Cicero calls "aurium quoddam admirabile judicium." The different technical names given to the neumatic figures of the chant do not hinder their execution from being natural. They are simply terms expressive of certain notions, with as little bearing upon the subject-matter itself as the technical appellations of grammar upon speech. Various external circumstances, however, come to the aid of the natural musical ability, the "aurium judicium," in the rendering of the melodic tone-figures. Above all it is considerably assisted by a theoretical knowledge of these formulæ and their character. It is then soon perceived that the figures are for the most part only prolonged echoes of the preceding melodies of the text, and that they move in the same *tempo* and in the same tone or mode. In fine, plain chant, provided it be sung according to the correct principles of natural music, in a short time endows us with a kind of facility and readiness which gradually beget an instinctive consciousness of the correct execution.

Everything which relates in particular to the divisions, pauses, transition-passages, and coloring of the melodic chant is in general applicable in greater measure to the rules concerning the rhythm. We say in greater measure, because the mere modulation of the voice without words admits of an easier, more unhampered, we may say a more ideal, movement and manner of expression.

IV. *In the jubilations also the notes have no fixed and measurable value, and only serve to direct the modulation of the voice.*

The principle "cantus planus notis incerti valoris constitutus" admits of no exception at all, so that in the melodic chant also we must put away all notions of the note as a measure of time, and consider it simply as a guide to the

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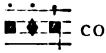
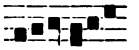
voice. In the so-called syllabic chant the text gives to the notes their value, so that the length and shortness, the strength and softness, of the particular tones are determined by the rules of grammar and rhetoric, and by the liturgical spirit of prayer. And so also the movement of the melodic figures will scarcely differ from this. Even the *neumata* are dependent upon the influence of the words and their character of prayer, and this, too, in a higher degree; but the rules of grammar give place to those of the natural and unconstrained modulation of the voice, while rhetorical laws yield to those of a pure musical tradition, as it is established in the old chant-books and confirmed by countless passages in old authors. Here again, then, we have only natural rules and criteria, lying in the very nature of music and justified by tradition.

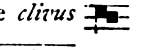
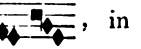
Although it is far from our intention to write a grammar of the chant or a history of its musical development, yet it would not perhaps be out of place here to subjoin a few of the most general rules of musical rhythm, as we have explained it. These rules are concerning the fundamental formulæ already given :

(*a*) The simple note, *punctum* or *virga*, so called because in the neumatic notation it was sometimes a point, sometimes a line,  corresponds to the vowel in speech. Whether it is to be more or less accented, or to be sung more or less openly, roundly, or, as in transition-passages, trippingly, depends entirely upon its position, just as the same vowel may vary greatly in pronunciation according to its position. Our best rule, therefore, for the rendering of particular notes is to give no fixed rule at all.

(*b*) For the rendering of the *podatus* and *scandicus*  as well as for all ascending figures, we have a rule in the following verse :

"Pes notulis binis sursum vult tendere crescens."

The voice, in rising, increases its force until it reaches the accent on the highest note of the figure, giving in the ascent an impulse of the voice or an accent to the first of every two notes. The voice, while gradually growing louder in this way, reserves its greatest force for the principal accent on the highest note.

(*c*) The rule is just the reverse for the rendering of the *clivus*  and *climacus*  , in which the voice becomes softer in the descent from the highest note. This note most be more or less strongly accented in proportion to the length of the series, so that the ear may receive the impression that the first note had enough force to produce the others and yet remain itself the strongest. Too strong an accent upon the principal note would make the chant affected and undignified, while too little makes it drawling and tiresome to the ear. Besides, the movement and character of the piece, as well as the power of the voice or voices, have an essential influence in determining the sufficient amount of impulse to be given to the highest note in order to produce a natural and dignified evenness. Good accentuation and a certain unction in the delivery may compensate for a lack of vocal strength, but not *vice versa*, for naturalness is needed

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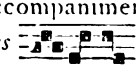
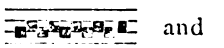
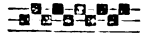
above everything else to impart to the execution the character of modesty and piety.

The dependent notes must grow softer, decreasing in accent and force until the lowest note is reached. They must not be hurried or slurred over, yet breaks in the descent are only allowable when it is necessary to take breath, and dragging is especially to be avoided. In this respect organists are often to blame from their desire to end up with full chords, which nullify the effect of the chant. When organists cannot accommodate their playing to the nature of the chant, there is nothing left to do but to get rid as much as possible of such an objectionable accompaniment.

(*a*) In the *torculus* the rules of the *podatus* apply to the ascending, and those of the *clivus* to the descending, part. But, because it is a combination of two opposing forces, the accents are not so strongly marked as in those figures; the impulse of the voice is more evenly distributed, so that each note receives nearly the same accentuation. The *torculus* is a transition from the *clivus* and *podatus* to the

(c) *Quilisma*  and *pressus* which are now seldom met with in our chant-books. It was in all probability these figures which drove to despair the singing-masters sent of old to the Franks, when all efforts failed to make those barbarous throats produce the trills. The *quilisma* is plainly a kind of quaver or shake of the voice—in short, a kind of trill. The *pressus*, which is still found in many old editions, differs from the *quilisma* only in its notes following each other on the same line, while those of the *quilisma* can stand on different lines or spaces—"plures chordæ sonant dum una nota profertur." 

Johannes de Muris says of the *quilisma*: "Quilisma dicitur curvatio et continet notulas tres vel plures, quandoque ascendens et iterum descendens, quandoque e contrario." Aribon says: "Tremula est neuma, quam gradatum vel quilisma dicimus." Engelbert is more explicit: "Unisonus est aliqua conjunctio vocum non habens intervallum vel distantiam, sed est vox tremula, et designatur in libris per neumam, quæ vocatur quilisma. . . ." And again: "Voces unisonæ sunt, quæ indistinctæ unum æqualem et continuum reddunt sonum; in quibus est accipere cum tremore vel sine tremore solam moram vocis, et nullam distantiam nec aliquod intervallum."

Here we might have added the most necessary outlines of the method of rendering the chief figures of the melodic chant, but the narrow limits of our work warn us to bring to an end this subject of the rhythm. We shall only, by way of summing up negatively what has been said, set down briefly a few of the principal errors by which the rules we have given are most commonly violated:

The rhythm is destroyed and the chant rendered unnatural—

1. *If an equal value is given to every note.*

In this way the chant becomes drawling and tiresome. Instead of an intelligent recitation we have only a dull, heavy pronunciation of syllables, destructive alike to text and melody. Instead of the language of the liturgy we have only unintelligible, isolated syllables and meaningless sounds; instead of

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the suggestive Gregorian melodies, disconnected notes mechanically drawled out, without spirit or character. In the time of Charlemagne, the Roman singers upbraided the Gauls for mangling the chant, saying that they could neither read the notes nor give expression to the melodies—"frangebant voces, non exprimebant." To-day also this reproach is still due to by far the greater number of those who sing the chant, since the system of considering all the notes of equal value has become almost universally prevalent, finding its strongest support from the organists, who are so given up to measure and time that they will permit no freer movement.

2. *If while an unequal value is given to the notes, this value is yet fixed and proportionate.*

Plain chant, when an equal value is given to all the notes, with all its heaviness and monotony, has yet a certain decency and gravity. But to give the notes a proportionate duration is to make the holy chant jerky and frivolous, to rob it of its worth and majesty, to pervert its grave and sublime strains into something miserably ridiculous. Nothing is more at variance with the ecclesiastical chant than such music, which has adopted all the defects of measured music without a single one of its beauties.

3. *If each word is separated from the others by bars, or, in general, if the divisions are made otherwise than according to the given natural laws.*

Chant-books are to be found in which, in order to show the divisions of the text and melody, bars are placed either after every word or after every group of notes of about the same length. The absurdity of this is self-evident and needs no further comment.

4. *If the singer, ignoring the distinction between the text and the melody, either makes too many rests or sings too many notes in one breath, without regard to the normal divisions of the grammatical or melodic phrase.*

This error differs from the preceding one in this: that the former does away with all those natural and traditional divisions which have been determined according to grammatical and musical rules, and sets up bars at regular intervals like fence-posts; but the latter, while preserving the musical figures and the natural divisions of the text, groups them in a way inconsistent with the harmony of the whole.

5. *If, in the translation of the neumatic notation or in the recitation of the chant, the figures and the accents are confounded.*

Under this are embraced all those errors which offend against the correct accentuation of the melody as well as of the words, and are to be ascribed less to false principles than to ignorance or a lack of the necessary ability.

In concluding this, the most important chapter of our treatise, we unhesitatingly express our conviction that the prevalence of the principles we have put forth would bring back the chant to as close a resemblance as is possible to that of old time, of which St. Augustine says: "Primitiva ecclesia ita psallebat, ut modico flexu vocis faceret resonare psallentem, ita ut pronuntianti vicinior esset quam canenti."

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BLANCHE BLAKE'S CHOICE.

ONE evening towards the close of the month of February, 187–, an outside car dashed up to the portals of the Shelburne Hotel, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. The London mail had just arrived, and the somewhat rickety conveyance had been chartered by its solitary and ulster-enveloped fare at the dingy and dismal station at Westland Row. The luggage consisted of a solid leather portmanteau marked in scarlet letters "C. G., Temple, London," a hat and dressing case. The sound of the dinner-gong was crashing as the outsider drove up.

"That's humorin' it anyhow," gaily observed the driver, flinging himself from his elevated perch to the flagway. "Here, Tim," addressing himself to a porter, "be nimble wud the luggage, for the say has med me fare that hungry that he'll ate th' exthra shillin' av ye don't be lively. A hungry fare is a bad fare."

"What am I to pay you?" asked the passenger, plunging beneath the ponderous folds of his ulster for his purse.

"Be the mortial, it wouldn't be worth digging so deep as that for anything littler nor half a sovereign," was the ready response.

"Half a sovereign for a ten minutes' ride?"

"Shure didn't ye get five pounds' worth av Irish histhory out av me? Didn't I show ye Dargan's statue; and Sir William Wilde's house, in Murrin Square, and Speranza herself, that wrote the beautifullest poethry that ever was wrote *barrin'* be Tommy Moore, lukkin' out av the parlor windy—a fine, eligant lady she is; more power to her! An' didn't I show ye Prence Albert's statue, an' where the Juke o' Wellington was born, an'—"

"Here, my good fellow, I admit that you *have* earned the money, and that *I* am being chiselled out of seven and sixpence," laughed the traveller, tossing the grinning carman the "bit of yellow gold."

"Be jabers ye done that well," observed a bystander in a tone of the deepest and most respectful admiration.

"Ye can always cod an Englishman over the Juke o' Wellington. Let them think he's wan av thimselves, an' they'll pay for him," was the driver's observation as, springing upon his car and chirruping to his sorry nag, he drove in an opposite direction to that by which he had come.

"I require a bed-room," said the new-comer, addressing the clerk.

"Have you ordered one, sir?"

"I order it *now*."

"I'm afraid we cannot accommodate you."

"I was advised to stop here by my friend Mr. Morgan Blake."

"Mr. Blake is stopping here now, sir."

"When did he arrive?"

"By the five from Galway."

"Is it possible that you cannot put me up?"

"I shall be able to let you know in one moment."

"Are you always in this plethoric condition."

"Not always, sir; but this is our busiest season. The lord and lady lieutenant are at the Castle,

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the chief secretary is at the Lodge, the judges have not yet gone circuit, and this is the height of the season. Yesterday we had to send away some fifty or sixty of our best clients, who had neglected to telegraph for apartments."

"How long does your season last?"

"Till Patrick's ball; then the court leave the Castle for the viceregal lodge in the Phœnix Park. We have a lull then for a few weeks till our American season opens, when we are kept going until November."

A gentleman approached the desk.

"At what time does the Cork mail leave?" he asked.

"7.30."

"Can I do it?"

"Yes, Captain Miles. Shall we keep your room for you?"

"No."

The clerk now turned to the owner of the C. G. luggage.

"You're in luck, sir. I can give you number ninety-seven. Dolan, take this gentleman's luggage up to ninety-seven. The elevator is first door to your left, sir. The first *table d'hôte* gong has sounded; the second in ten minutes. Please to write your name in this book."

A white hand fit for a countess wrote "Charles Greville, the Temple, London."

Greville is a tall, black-haired man of thirty, with a head superbly set upon a pair of stalwart Saxon shoulders, with even features clearly cut as those of a stone Antinous. His eyes are of that dark blue that in some lights assumes the hue of the violet. His mouth is a laughing mouth, showing a set of glittering though somewhat irregular teeth. He is shaved very far back upon his face, leaving a silken fringe of black whiskers.

Charlie Greville, the second son of Sir Percy Greville of Dawdly Chase, Cheshire, was a young Englishman of the active and ambitious type. At first it was Sir Percy's intention to have obtained a nomination for him in the Foreign Office, whence he would blossom into an attaché at some fourth-rate foreign court, and subsequently, if lucky and plucky and brassy, become a secretary and a swell; but the lad having evinced a very decided wish to go to the English bar, his father at once turned the current of his studies towards the woolsack, and Charlie was duly "called" at the early age of three-and-twenty. Four years brought him about as many briefs, but four years ripened his understanding, and filled his mind, not with legal rubbish but with legal diamond-dust, and when the tide of his affairs rose he took it at the flood, pulling with the current onward to fame and fortune. It was the old story. The leading counsel being absent, the junior was called upon to conduct the case. Charlie had a rotten case apparently, though with truth at the bottom; he managed so to prop and patch and pad it that its craziness did not make itself apparent to the jury, and he won in a canter. The attorneys were in ecstasies, and the junior counsel became a marked man.

Greville led a busy life. It was his wont to live perpetually under pressure; to dress with his watch open on the dressing-table; to breakfast with his watch beside his plate; to mete out the exact time he could spare for his reading; to hasten from place to place; to spend all his days in a kind of

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mental fever, all his nights in a restlessness engendered of overfatigue. He was playing for high stakes, for one of the many big chances that come to the patient, the persevering, the strong. He had no intention of placing a flower in his button-hole and of sauntering down the sunny side of life. Where the fight was the fiercest there would he be, and, when the time came, his the hand to strike for power, for position, for elevation above the "ruck of breathing automata."

"Men have sat in the Upper House who began with smaller advantages than mine," he thought. "All I require is a wife with a fortune. A fortune will buy anything in commercial England. One by one the old names are dropping out of the list, and of ten new ones eight are chosen for their broad acres or their balance at the bank. Money conjoined with professional renown clears the ermined road to 'my lords' in double-quick. Yes, I must go in for a girl with money, and will accept all dowager invitations even at the risk of a slice of my constitution, as girls are only to be met with at those Turkish baths called balls. A man must sacrifice something when he goes into training for the great event of his life."

No lady in the land extends more gracious hospitality to rising statesmen, *littérateurs*, artists, barristers, and such like than Frances Countess Waldegrave, wife of Lord Carlingford, whilome the Right Honorable Chichester Fortescue, Mr. Gladstone's "right-hand Irishman." Her ladyship's receptions, both at her Belgravia residence and at the historical Strawberry Hill—shade of Horace Walpole!—are the most attractive crushes in the immensely great little world of fashion. It was at one of these crushes that Charlie Greville met Mr. Morgan Blake, member of Parliament for Connemara—an English Irishman who was engaged in a perpetual endeavor to conceal a rich brogue beneath a thin veneer of cockney Saxon, and who regarded the fact of having been born in Ireland in the light of an actual misfortune. The possessor of a splendid estate which he seldom visited, of a princely residence in which he never dwelt save at spasmodic intervals, and of a rent-roll of three thousand per annum, he was so impregnated with the poison of absenteeism that he came to regard everything Irish as a mistake, not even excepting the constituency which he so grossly misrepresented and whose interests he so glaringly neglected. In this anti-Irish feeling he was fondly encouraged by his wife, the daughter of a wealthy cotton merchant, who believed in Central Africa but not in Tipperary, and who by his will tied up the sum of thirty thousand pounds in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its being expended, or any portion thereof, in that "cursed and impossible country." Mrs. Blake was to enjoy the interest until her eldest child came of age—if a son, at twenty-one; if a daughter, at eighteen; the son to marry an Englishwoman and to reside in England, the daughter to marry an Englishman and to reside in England; and, in default of issue, the money on the demise of Mrs. Blake was to go to Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, or the then sovereign of the realm. It was a strange will—the will of an ignorant, prejudiced Saxon, the will of a man who regarded "the mere Irish" as of less importance

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than the horses in his stables, the cattle in his fields. And are there not many men of his thinking in merrie England at this present time of writing?

"Aw! how de do, Mistaw Greville?" exclaimed the M.P., as the barrister was gently crushing past in a hopeful endeavor to reach within greeting of his hostess.

"*You* here, Mr. Blake?"

"Why not?"

"Why, the house is in a frenzy over Mr. Butt's amendment, and there is just a chance for the Irish party to beat the government."

"It's a Home-Rule question, I suppose?"

"You *suppose!* Why it's *the* question of the session."

"I'm much better off here than with those ragamuffins."

"I thought you were a Home-Ruler, Mr. Blake?" said Greville, very considerably astonished.

"In Connemara yes; in London no. Haw, haw!" And the M.P. indulged in a languid chuckle.

"Will your constituents stand this?"

"My dear fellah, an Irish constituency stand anything. They are so accustomed to being sold that, by Jove! they rather like it than otherwise."

At this moment Mr. Blake was joined by a fair, slenderly-built girl with hair of that special hue that is seen on the shell of the Spanish chestnut, and the complexion of a May morning. A pair of limpid hazel eyes gave to her countenance somewhat of the grace of a Correggio's Virgin Mother, a starry radiance, calm, pure, seraphic.

"For what hour did you order the carriage, papa?" she asked in a somewhat weary tone.

"Half-past one, Blanche."

"Another hour of this?"

"Are you tired?"

"I suppose so. I don't much care for this sort of thing."

"Let me present Mr. Greville to you. Mr. Greville, my daughter."

The aspiring barrister felt a thrill of exultation pass through him. Thirty thousand pounds! Mr. Blake moved away in the wake of a duchess from whom he hungered for a nod, a beck, or a wreathed smile, and Greville was left alone with Blanche.

"What shall I talk to you about, Miss Blake?" he asked.

"Ireland, if you *can*," she laughed.

"Are you *very* Irish?"

"*I am*," firmly, almost haughtily.

"I've never been across."

"Shame upon you! and Dublin but eleven short hours from where you stand."

"I hope to 'do' Ireland some day."

"Some day is *no* day; go at once!"

"You reside in Ireland?"

"Oh! very little; *too* little," she exclaimed. "I have been at a convent near Honfleur for three years, and my vacations have always been spent in London; but we go over next week. I am to be presented at the Irish court, and then we go to Curragh-na-Copple for some weeks."

Greville became strangely interested in the young, fresh, artless girl, whose unhackneyed ideas were full of a breeziness new to this jaded brain-worker, this toiler in the great rush for place. She was so unlike the animated dolls, the be-powdered, smiling-to-order class of women whom he was compelled to be extra civil to in society, that every word falling from her lips possessed its own fascination, while

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every idea seemed fraught with a vivid, warm, and caressing grace.

"Is Dublin much?" he asked after Miss Blake had dashed over Connemara as though mounted on a thoroughbred and leading the "Galway Blazers."

"How do you mean?"

"I believe it's as dead and buried as Herculaneum or Pompeii."

"Not quite. You burn cheap coal in your Saxon Vesuvius, and your lava is at best but very poor cinders."

"All metaphor aside, Miss Blake, *do* tell me something about Dublin. Have you any society?"

"We have a court, Mr. Greville."

"A Brummagem one."

"Am I in the witness-box or in Lady Waldegrave's drawing-room?" she laughingly asked.

"Both."

"But this is only my direct examination?"

"I shall reserve the 'cross' for another occasion."

"Why should not Dublin be for society the societiest? Have they not a Castle and a lord lieutenant, a lord chancellor, a master of the rolls, twelve judges, the law officers of the crown, a few—alas! too few—resident nobility, a large fixed gentry, and, thanks to Saxon terror, a tremendous garrison? Have they not clubs, and musical societies, and coteries to no end? Have they not a beautiful city, and *such* a park, with *such* hawthorn groves and *such* purple mountains for a background, and have they not a bay as fair as that of Naples, and suburbs as beautiful as Frascati or Buena Vista?"

"You quite interest me. I *must* make time for a flying visit, using Holyhead as the trapeze between London and Dublin. I do like Irish people," he added honestly enough.

"Collectively you hate us, individually you love us. Pshaw!" with an irresistible shrug, "you are too self-opinionated here, too conceited, too full of the triumph your gold has purchased, ever to think of us save as a purchased people. Am I not right, Mr. D'Alton?" turning to a gentleman who had just lounged up to her side.

"Of course you are, Miss Blake; and having conceded this, may I ask what the question at issue happens to be?"

"This conceding is the recklessness that leaves the county throbbing between hope and despair. Why *concede* anything?"

"Expediency! Although, seriously, we should concede *nothing*. To-night, for instance, in the House we are fighting the government with cold steel, beating them at their own weapons, contesting the ground inch by inch. The struggle is raging *now*."

"And Mr. D'Alton, the member for Dunmore, dallies in Lady Waldegrave's drawing-room, instead of taking his stand at Thermopylæ," cried Blanche, her lips curling in open scorn.

"You are unjust, Miss Blake," retorted D'Alton hotly. "I was sent here by Mr. Butt to bring down your father *vi et armis*. Mr. Sullivan is speaking against time, and will go on until half-past two. I relieve guard, and shall talk till the gray dawn. We are trying a change of front, Miss Blake; and, although we are very few, we mean to stand shoulder to shoulder to the bitter end."

Herbert D'Alton, as he stands in Lady Waldegrave's gilded *salon*, is a superb specimen of the Irish gentleman. Six feet two in height, he has the shoulders of an athlete and the waist of an Adonis. His

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handsome face, ever sunlighted, is a face that irresistibly attracts. Come of the "rale ould stock," his love for Ireland is a love that is more than love, and with her glowing cause he has cast his lot. He is member for Dunmore; an ardent Home-Ruler, an eloquent and fiery speaker, fearless as a lion, defiant as Ajax, and incorruptible as Fabricius.

D'Alton had been "badly hit." Blanche Blake was just the one woman worth playing a life against, worth every thought, every hope, every aspiration. Her adoration for that country in whose future he was so wrapped up was a golden link that bound him to her even before the white radiance of love-light had penetrated his heart. He sought her as the passionate lover of nature seeks the first violet in springtime, always to be refreshed by the fragrance of her youth, her purity, and her beauty.

"Can a woman apologize to a man, Mr. D'Alton?" she asked earnestly enough. She felt bitterly sorry that she had wronged him.

"Never!" he laughed. "She just looks a little *triste*, a pearl-colored cloud crosses her face for the span of one brief second—*et viola tout.*"

"There is more in us than that. I hope so, at least. I would apologize if I could," she said in a low tone.

"I could not let you, if you would," he responded, still smiling and enjoying with manly grace the pleasure of placing the fair girl at a generous disadvantage. Greville felt himself *de trop* here, and turned aside a moment to watch the company.

"Well," she said with a half-sigh, "I feel that I am in your debt."

"My dear Miss Blake, you make altogether too much of a mere nothing."

"But it was not a mere nothing. It was wrong—it was an insult—even to think such a thing of you. I am very sorry." And she laid her hand on his a moment. At her touch he grew deadly white. She saw his pallor and added: "You are hurt?"

"*Very, very sorely.*" The words forced themselves out in a despairing sort of way.

"I knew it, and yet you smiled. Can you forgive a silly girl a silly remark?"

He had recovered himself, and the old smile came back as he said:

"I can forgive Miss Blake nothing."

"Oh! why?"

"For the very good reason that I have nothing to forgive," said the good-natured fellow.

"You are generous, Mr. D'Alton; but I feel that I am still your debtor, and—and—I pay my debts."

He looked at her a moment earnestly, and a deep flush swept over his face. He bent towards her, all his soul in his eyes, and again recovered.

"I had better go back to Thermopylæ," he said huskily. "Good-night, Miss Blake."

"There's papa. *Make* him go back with you."

"I wish I were the Usher of the Black Rod for about twenty-five minutes," laughed D'Alton as he plunged through a maze of silks, and lace, and *tulle illusion*, and flowers, after the mis-representative of Connemara.

Later on, as Greville was about to surrender Miss Blake to her *chaperone*, he earnestly exclaimed:

"I mean to go to Dublin."

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"That's right. When?"

"Next week. Yes," he added, "I'll run over and see you presented at court."

As Charlie Greville walked towards the Temple he allowed his thoughts to bathe in rose-color. "Oh! to be a country gentleman, living at Curragh-na-Copple with twenty thousand a year, and to live my own life; to marry Blanche Blake, and to dawdle away my harmless days riding round my estate; to superintend the felling of a tree or the levelling of a hedge; to have the renown that goes with a good old name and a handsome income, and to have nothing to wrestle for, no prize to pluck from the slow-growing tree that bears the sour fruit yclept worldly success. Yes, I shall go over on Monday, and win this girl—if I can."

In pursuance of his "drift," Charlie Greville one fine February morning, deserting the village by the Thames, in less than eleven hours found himself at the Shelburne Hotel, enjoying all the luxury of a "big wash" in the softest of all soft waters, brought from the sweet little river Liffey, from out the very heart of the purple Wicklow Hills; fully prepared to sneer, as all Londoners do, at the idea of a "Dublin season," but keenly alive to the fascinations of Blanche Blake and her thirty thousand pounds.

After a poor *table d'hôte* dinner —the Shelburne is *not* noted for its *chef*—Greville sent his card to Mr. Blake's room, whither he was ushered by the returning waiter.

"Ah! how de do, Greville? What on earth could have induced you to venture among us?" exclaimed the M.P. "Business, of course; I cawn't understand anybody coming here for pleseaw. Only fancy, they want the royal family to come and live here—in *such* a country! I voted against the Royal Residence Bill as both impudent and preposterous."

"I cannot see it in that light," said the barrister; "I can't see why the Queen showers every possible favor upon Scotland and snubs Ireland whenever she gets a chance of doing so. I don't see what benefit a royal residence would be to the country, but if the Irish wish to have her it is a very short-sighted policy not—"

"They *don't* want to have her," said a low, soft voice at his elbow; "it's the mere outcry of tuft-hunters and Castle-hacks."

It was Blanche Blake.

"Yes," she continued after the conventional salutations had been duly exchanged, "we can get on very well without England; all we want is our own parliament, and a tax on absentees."

"What absurd nonsense you do talk!" observed Mrs. Blake languidly. She had entered the room attired *en costume du bal.* "A tax on absentees! Why, who on earth would live in Ireland that could live out of it?"

"*I* would, mamma," replied Blanche.

"Oh! as for you, you are incorrigible. She is a Fenian, Mr. Greville. I am sure I cannot say where she picked up her *outré* and *bizarre* notions about this country; not from *me* nor from her papa."

"I am a Blake of Curragh-na-Copple," said the girl proudly.

"You are a Blake of Cavendish Square, London."

"Never."

"*Passons!*" exclaimed her mother with a shrug. "A week in Ireland is enough for me. Mr. Blake

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is, *bon gré mal gré*, obliged to remove here twice a year to keep his constituents in good humor, and I am tied to his chariot-wheels. Fancy what his tenants did when we were at Cur-cur-ch—I never *can* pronounce that horrid name. They presented a sort of petition asking him to stop at least three months out of the twelve at what they were pleased to term his ancestral seat. Did you ever hear of such audacity?"

"Never," said Greville with a smile.

"It was simply monstrous."

"Under *all* the circumstances of the case it was a strange proceeding, Mrs. Blake," with a tinge of irony in his tone.

"If you only knew the thrill of intense pleasure that vibrates through me as the steamer glides out of Kingstown harbor *en route* to Holyhead! Why, it is a sort of resurrection from a living grave."

"Surely the society—"

"Don't speak to me on that subject, *please*," interrupted Mrs. Blake. "Society is so mixed that you really become bewildered. Only fancy, I dined at the Castle on Saturday, and I was taken into dinner by an alderman who keeps a tobacco shop not a hundred yards from the Castle gate."

"The alderman was invited because of his office as high sheriff," said Blanche.

"He should have been left in the servants' hall. It's too ridiculous seeing such people in a so-called *regal* set."

"Ah! by Jove, the company is doosidly mixed," observed Blake. "You'll see some queer fishes at the *levée* to-morrow."

"And as for the drawing-room!" here Mrs. Blake threw her eyes up to the ceiling in a martyred sort of way; "what a lot of stories you will have for your *coterie* at the club when you get back!"

"I am quite sure, mamma, that Mr. Greville is not here either as a private detective or as one of the staff of *Punch*."

"Miss Blake only does me justice," said the barrister with a deep bow.

"He requires to be neither a detective nor a journalist to take back the most vivid impressions of this horrible, half-civilized country."

"Mamma, we can never agree about Ireland, so let us talk of—the weather."

"Mr. Greville, take my advice and return to our beloved London by the morning boat."

"I cannot go back, Mrs. Blake, until I shall have done three things."

"What are they?—if not an impertinent question."

"Number one, to see Miss Blake presented at court; number two, to have a tremendous ride on an outside jaunting car; and number three, to take a dash with an Irish pack of hounds."

"What Saxon is talking of Irish hounds?" demanded a bright, cheerry voice, as a dapper, round-faced, black-eyed, curly-headed little fellow, whose age might have been fourteen or forty, arrayed in the white waistcoat and brass-buttoned coat turned over with light blue poplin indicative of his being attached to the household of the lord lieutenant, plunged into the apartment.

"Mr. Greville is, Captain Dillon. Let me introduce Mr. Greville, of the English bar, to Captain Dillon, of his excellency's staff."

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I was just saying," said Greville, "that I want a plunge with an Irish pack."

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"You're in luck, then, Mr. Greville, for the Ward Union staghounds meet to-morrow almost at the Castle gates, and the Meath on Wednesday, and the Bray and Wicklow harriers on Saturday; but if you want real hard riding, run down with Blake here to Curragh-na-Copple, and you'll never ask to try a bullfinch with the Pytchley again. By the way, you'll want a 'mount.'"

"I suppose I can arrange that."

"I don't suppose you can without *my* help. Let me see. Bertie Hope is off to town and won't be down until Thursday. You can have Bertie's chestnut. She's a weight-carrier. You ride sixteen stone? I thought so. Come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning; eleven o'clock, at the aide-de-camps' quarters, Lower Castle Yard; a devilled bone and a bit of red. You'll dine with me at the Guards' mess at Beggars' Bush to-morrow night. On Wednesday night I'll be on duty, so I can't do much for you except luncheon and dinner. Blake, have you put your friend up at the Kildare Street Club?"

"Why, my dear Captain Dillon, you overwhelm me!" cried Greville.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Greville? When a stranger comes amongst us we only try to take him in. What! not dressed yet, Miss Blake?"

"I am not going to the Jephsons' ball."

"Not going?" exclaimed the aide-de-camp in a tone almost approaching dismay.

"A little dissipation is more than enough for me; in addition to which I shall be out on Wednesday night."

"But a ball is a ball," urged Dillon, "and this will be a stunner. A lot of *our* people are going. His Ex. cannot, of course; but the cubs go, and two of the girls. Change your mind!"

Blanche laughingly shook her head.

"Do you not care for balls, Miss Blake?" asked Greville.

"*Indeed* I do not."

"Nor for dancing?"

"Nor for dancing."

"Strange girl!" thought Greville, as, later on, he strolled round Stephen's Green smoking a meditative cigar—"a strange girl. I can't make her out. There is some *arrière pensée;* something behind her thoughts that *I* cannot plumb. What is it? Love? No; the starlight in her eyes betokens a heart as yet untroubled by the wild throbbings of that fiction termed love. And is it a fiction? Am I prepared to stand upon my defence against a charge of the same sentiment, disease, madness, call it what you will? How pluckily she fights for her country! A country must be worth something when such a girl's soul is entwined in its cause. What a recreant is her father! How like the vast majority of the Irishmen we meet in London, and whom we so despise! A true Irishman we cherish and respect, but this sort of thing—pah!" And he flung away his cigar-butt as he uttered the contemptuous monosyllable.

The breakfast at Captain Dillon's quarters proved a most unqualified success from the potted whitebait to the host. The aide-de-camp had invited two or three "mad merry wags" to meet the Saxon, and Greville now began to *feel* the flash of Irish wit and the glow that Irish hospitality ever imparts to its favored recipients. After the *déjeuner* Dillon chartered an outside car and indulged the brief-worn barrister with a dash through the "Phaynix."

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"You have the Ladies' Mile in London, and Rotten Row," exclaimed the aide; "but what's in a mile? We can offer you *five* of green velvet in this glorious park; and look at that broidery of grand old elms, and see the river Liffey winding through the valley of Chapelizod like a silver cord. That range of hills is the Dublin Mountains, and that old ruined castle at the top—that one on the extreme right—is Montpelier, where a set of demons, calling themselves the 'Hell-fire Club,' used to hold their godless orgies."

"Is Dublin much?" laughingly demanded Miss Blake, as the barrister gushed over the beauty of the city.

"I am perfectly charmed with it. What a glorious building is the Bank of Ireland! Do you know, it made me sad to stand in the old House of Lords and think—"

"It doesn't bear thinking!" she interrupted. "How do you like Sackville Street?"

"I have strolled along the Puerta del Sol at Madrid, the Nevskoi Prospekt at St. Petersburg, Unter den Linden at Berlin, and the Boulevard des Italiens, but Sackville Street surpasses them all."

"It is wide enough to drive cattle through for the English market, and that's about the best use for it," said Mrs. Blake.

The time glided past all too rapidly, and every hour the rosy tide of love crept upward, upward, until Charlie Greville felt that he was doomed to be overwhelmed unless a rope was cast to him by the dainty hand of Blanche Blake.

Greville "did" the *levée*, and, arrayed in a court suit of black velvet flashing with cut-steel buttons that glittered like diamonds, upon the following night attended the drawing-room. The grand old oaken staircase, at the top of which Lady Tyrconnel uttered the withering rebuke to James after the flight from the Battle of the Boyne, was a mass of statue-like Guardsmen, in scarlet coats and bearskin shakos, camellia-trees laden with blossoms, gigantic ferns, and a thousand lights. Up the stairway languidly moved Ireland's fairest daughters—the blooming matron, conscious of brocade and feathers and lappets and diamonds; the blushing maid in spotless white, and in all the heart-beating tremor attendant upon the awful ceremony of presentation. Mankind, from the snuffy old Q.C. in dingy horsehair wig and frayed silken robe, veritable Castle-hacks, to the newly-fledged ensign, glowing in his uniform, upon which the crease of the tailor's goose still fondly and shinily lingered. In the ante-room the light of a thousand wax candles, diffusing a mild and all-satisfying radiance, shone down upon diamonds that scornfully flashed back the glitter in a myriad sparkles; shone upon a combination of colors outvying the stereotyped rainbow, or the muchly-used, for the purpose of similes, kaleidoscope; shone down upon uniforms, from the vivid scarlet of the Guardsmen to the dark green of the Rifle Brigade; shone down upon quaint court-dresses cut after the fashion of the plum-colored suit supplied by one Filby, the tailor, to an improvident, snub-nosed little gentleman living in the Temple, know as Oliver Goldsmith; shone down upon fair women and brave men, and upon a scene that for brilliancy of effect and delightful *ensemble* is unsurpassed by the more labored efforts of the most æsthetic chamber-

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lains of any of the proudest courts in Europe.

Soft and voluptuous music, now sparkling with the glitter of Offenbach, now wailing with the dreamy sigh of Strauss, tended to add additional charm to the scene, while over and above all reigned a general joyousness and an almost unconventional mirth that savored more of the revelry of a carnival than of the cold-blooded pageantry of a court.

The presentation came off at the drawing-room, and Miss Blake, looking like a rosebud surrounded by a cloud of white mist, was duly saluted by the viceroy and made free of the Irish court. There was quite a buzz of admiration as, all blushing and radiant, she emerged from the throne-room into St. Patrick's Hall.

"It's a terrible ordeal," she laughed; "and why I did not back into my train is still a mystery to me. But that Captain Dillon so adroitly flung it across my arm I would most assuredly have bitten the dust."

Officers in gorgeous and glittering uniforms pressed for introductions. Deputy lieutenants in scarlet and silver, courtiers in black velvet and embroidered waistcoats and lace ruffles, lisping cornets, and *very* heavy dragoons asked each other who she was.

"She's eighty thousand pounds," exclaimed a Galway squire; "but she can't look at any fellow who hasn't had the luck to be born a base, bloody, and brutal Saxon."

"All this sort of thing will turn your head, Miss Blake," observed Greville with something akin to a sigh.

"*My* head? No. I value this glare and blaze and dazzle at its worth."

Captain Dillon monopolized Blanche in virtue of the blue and gold of the household. Greville was simply nowhere, and for the moment he envied the good-natured, chatty little aide-de-camp his showy plumage and butterfly existence. The barrister hovered near the fair *débutante*, watching her every movement with hungry and wistful eyes. Did a heavy swell make his bow upon introduction, a jealous pang shot through Greville's bosom; did a "plunger," tugging violently at his moustache, take Miss Blake for a promenade upon his golden-braided arm, he felt as though he could have picked a quarrel with the pink-faced, pigeon-breasted nonentity.

Early on the following morning he telegraphed to Squeeze & Drain, the eminent solicitors in Chancery Lane, London, E. C.:

"When is the case of Gole *versus* Spudge expected to come on? I want to stop in Ireland for a few days longer."

And ere he sat down to his breakfast a reply bore him the gracious tidings that he could remain until the following Monday.

This *was* a reprieve. Mr. Blake had invited him to Curragh-na-Copple, Blanche had endorsed the invitation, and he was now free to accept it. Four days in a country house was worth four years in a city. He would see her fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Conventionality would prove but chicken-hearted, and would not dare enforce its adamantine rules. Propinquity meant success, if "the case were properly handled." Luck was with him, and what a factor is this same luck in that fitful fever of combinations called life!

Curragh-na-Copple was a bleak-

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looking mansion, bearing no very remote resemblance to a barracks. It was all windows and dull gray walls. It stood on a vast plain of meadow-land, the river Sugawnanah washing a neglected plesaunce that stretched to the water's edge. Within it was bright and cheery and old-fashioned. The drawing-room furniture was of decayed brocade and rosewood, while round mirrors surrounded by golden globes adorned the walls almost to perplexity. The dining-room was rich in real Domingo, a mahogany such as one never stretches one's legs beneath nowadays, with horse-hair-covered chairs, and a sideboard of antique design, more or less battered and dingy. Some family portraits stared grimly upon the seated guests, especially that of a Blake who had been "out" no less than twenty times, and who had enjoyed the doubtful honor of pulling a hair-trigger at fifteen paces opposite no less a personage than "Fighting Fitzgerald." The surrounding country was somewhat flat, an occasional hill breaking the sky-line; timber there was none, Mr. Blake's father having "drunk every stick of it"; and the river, whilst its canal-like appearance would have charmed the heart of a Dutchman, was a little too tame for the accepted pattern of the "winding and willowy."

Greville travelled from Dublin with the Blakes. He *was* not overpleased to find Captain Dillon snugly ensconced in the seat next to Blanche, but entered him in his mental note-book as one of those indispensable, well-bred, gossiping little men who are a necessity to the relief of the dulness of a country-house. At the station they were met by a tall, strapping, dragoon-like young fellow —Andy Burke, a son of Sir Myles Burke, of Tallyho Park, in corduroy tights, boots with tops, a bottle-green cut-away coat, a white silk belcher confined by a golden fox-head with rubies for eyes, and a high felt hat.

This horsey-looking youngster, slapping his shapely leg with his whip, hung awkwardly about Miss Blake.

"I heard you were coming," he growled. "My sister told me, and I thought I'd ride over. I was dying to see you."

"Fifteen miles! The age of chivalry is *not* dead," exclaimed Blanche, wave after wave of blush breaking over her bright, fair face. "You are coming to stop, Andy, are you not?"

"I suppose so. I'll stop if *you* like," he added in a sudden, uncouth way, flinging the words at her, as he cracked his whip.

"We are always glad to see a Tallyho man at Curragh-na-Copple."

"But are *you* glad to see me, Blanche?"

"Why, of course I am, my dear old playmate."

And Greville thought: "This unlicked cub is spooney on her."

"I'll tell you who promised to give us a couple of days, my dear," observed Blake to his wife upon the evening of their arrival at Curragh-na-Copple; "he was in Dublin, and I asked him down. He's an influential fellow with those groundlings, the Home-Rulers—D'Alton."

Mrs. Blake raised her hands, her eyebrows, and her voice in protest.

"Don't expect *me* to be civil to that person. Did you read his attack upon *us*—I mean people who choose not to live in bogs and pig-styes for ever, and spend a little of their time elsewhere?"

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"He is very advanced, I know, but a little friction with the loungers on the government benches will rub him down."

"Mr. D'Alton will hardly come so far for two days," said Blanche.

"He's coming west to confer with Dr. MacHale on some absurd Home-Rule question," was her father's remark in response.

"This looks like business," thought Greville; "but I have the pull over these Irishmen. By the provisions of her grandfather's will she can only bring her fortune to a Saxon husband—not but that she would be a bride worthy of King Cophetua, were she but a lowly beggar-maid."

Herbert D'Alton duly arrived, looking bright and brave and handsome.

"Mr. D'Alton," observed Mrs. Blake icily, "while you honor us with your company I must *request* that no politics shall be discussed, and above *all* no such loathsome topic as Ireland as a nation."

The red blood surged angrily in the ardent Irishman's veins, and a fierce retort was on his lips when Blanche interposed:

"Except with *me*, Mr. D'Alton."

And D'Alton bowed as he would not even have made obeisance to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

"The hounds meet at Rowsonstown to-morrow morning at ten sharp," was Mr. Blake's good-night to his four guests as they quitted the smoking-room together. "Greville, Andy Burke, here, will give you a lead that means neck or nothing. Don't let your English prudence be overridden by his Irish recklessness."

It was a fine morning, but the hoar-frost lay thick in the misty meadows, and the hard beat of the horses' hoofs on the Ballinasthoragh road proclaimed anything but a hunting morning. Nevertheless many riders wended their way toward the little village of Rowsonstown, as in the adjoining coverts of Ballieborough a fox was sure to be "convaynient."

The "pinks" looked comparatively few by reason of the black and gray coats of the sporting farmers; but there, like one of Ackerman's old prints, sat Sir Myles Burke of Tallyho, faultless in a deep-skirted coat and a velvet cap, and not far off, in modern contrast, Captain Dillon, A.D.C., in the loveliest of pink coats, the highest of silk hats, the whitest of linen scarfs fastened with a diamond-studded horse-shoe pin, the tightest of buckskins, and the shiniest of tops. Here, with a broad blue collar, was the hard-riding resident magistrate, alongside of a young lady, in "billy-cock hat," whose father was a magnate in the neighboring county. The M. F. H., Jack Bodkin of Ballynahooley, a fine, military-looking man, sat his thoroughbred as firmly as the Commendatore his iron horse in "Don Giovanni," while a crowd of country people on low-backed cars as well as on foot gathered on the "fringe of the fun."

Presently the Curragh-na-Copple party put in an appearance, Mr. Blake, in a hat, blue striped shirt, and leathers defying description, mounted a superb weight-carrier; D'Alton riding a serviceable but not particularly handsome hunter; Greville on a wiry, long-limbed black; and Andy Burke bestriding a "knowing one."

Blanche, in the most coquettish of sealskin hats, and the most caressing of sealskin coats, and the most gently-pressing yellow gaunt-

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leted kid gloves, drove over in her basket carriage, as young Freemantle, of the Westport Rifles, observed, "just like a dozen of wine, by Jove!"

The four gentleman guests paid her court as she pulled up opposite the little hostelry at Rowsonstown.

"Which of you cavaliers will bring me the brush?" she asked.

"I shall do or die," laughed Greville.

"I'll trust to luck," said Dillon.

"Neck or nothing," cried D'Alton.

"And what do you say, Andy?" she inquired.

"Faith, I'll say nothing," was the young fellow's reply, as he dismounted in order to tighten his girths.

In a few minutes the hunt was speeding over the dewy turf, the crowd breaking and following them, horse and foot, helter-skelter through hedges, over ditches, and across stone walls, till by the time two coverts had been drawn unsuccessfully the field was as thin as the locks of a man of fifty. Suddenly the glad "View-halloo!" broke out on the frosty air, and Master Reynard was perceived making for a copse about half a mile to the right.

"Now for it," thought all four men. Each of them had resolved upon riding over the dogs, if necessary, in order to bring back the coveted trophy to Blanche Blake.

. . . . . .

The sun had set a blood-red as the guests returned to Curragh-na-Copple. Andy Burke had ridden like the wind, but as he faced "a six-foot wall" his horse shied, flinging him against a granite boulder, where he lay insensible until picked up by the people who followed the hunt on foot.

Greville, by cautious detours and careful reckoning, made very good running. Dillon "fetched a cropper" at the outset, and was not placed; and D'Alton, plunging as he would into a Home-Rule debate, following fast and furiously upon the huntsmen's heels, came in at the death and gallantly won the brush.

Poor Andy Burke, with a bandaged head, did not put in an appearance at dinner, but later on he honored the drawing-room with his presence.

The gentlemen were still over their wine, Mrs. Blake was enjoying a post-prandial nap, and Blanche was nestled in a blush satin caressing arm-chair, occupied in reading, when Andy limped in.

"Don't stir, Blanche," he said. "I'm infernally sorry that fellow got the brush; if it wasn't for Firefly's balk I'd have had it as sure as fate."

"I'm certain that you would, Andy. But why did you leave your room? Dr. Moriarty—"

"I'll tell you, then, Blanche, and don't interrupt me till I'm done; then I'll shut up altogether."

There was something in the young man's manner, his earnest gaze, the words pantingly uttered, that caused Blanche to blush and cast down her eyes nervously on the half-opened book in her lap.

"I know that these fellows are all after you, Blanche, and that *I* have no chance; and—and—I just wanted to tell you that I care for you more than the whole of them boiled into one, and—and—there, now, I'll go back to Tallyho."

Blanche raised her silken lashes, and looked at him with appealing pity.

"Andy," she faltered, "dear Andy, don't say that. It's a mistake—

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a sad mistake. You don't mean it. You are feverish, excited; it's your poor head—"

"My skull is cracked, I hope," said the young fellow bitterly; "and I only wish it were my neck."

"Andy, you are wicked!"

"Pshaw! broken heads are easily mended. But what can mend broken hearts? I see you don't care a straw for me—"

"Andy!" There was such real pain in the tone that even he was touched.

"God bless you, Blanche!" he muttered hoarsely. "God bless you! I hear them coming. It wasn't to be. You were too good for me—too good—too good." He snatched her hand and kissed it passionately. The excitement and pain were too much for him. He fell fainting at her feet as the gentlemen entered.

"What brought that scapegrace out of his bed?" asked Dr. Moriarty with professional anger, as he and all rushed to the fallen youth's assistance. "I told him it was as much as his life was worth. Here, D'Alton, take a hand. So; easy now. I'll strap him down this time. I'll strap him for a week as sure as my name is Felix Moriarty."

Blanche followed them, pale and trembling. "Tell me, doctor," she said, "tell me the truth. Is he so badly hurt? Is it dangerous?"

"Dangerous? A cracked skull dangerous to a Burke of Tallyho Park! Is the girl in her senses? Sure there was never a Burke yet that hadn't his skull cracked fifty times. The family is noted for it. Broken heads run in the line. What I wonder at is that they want heads at all, seeing the use they put them to. This is the sixth time I mended that boy's head, and I'll be mending it again, please God, in a fortnight. There's no breaking a Burke's head," said the doctor emphatically; and with this comfortable assurance the company assumed its normal condition.

D'Alton rather avoided Miss Blake, and she noticed and felt it. As he presented her with the brush that he had won so gallantly and in the face of such resolute rivals, there was a passing gleam of triumph in his eye that all his force of will could not hold back. He sat next to her at dinner, but the brilliant young debater and bold rider was strangely silent and quiet even to awkwardness. Blanche Blake could not understand him. She had risen from the table half annoyed. Then came poor Andy's episode, which distressed her deeply and would have caused her to retire, only that she feared her absence under the circumstances would be too marked. And now the one man of all others in the room with whom she would have really cared to interchange a few words held studiously aloof from her. She was pained, hurt, irritated, angry all in a breath.

For most of the company the incidents of the hunt supplied ample topics of conversation. D'Alton, the hero of it, sat silent and abstracted. The conversation grew loud and hilarious as the recollections of former hunts came up, and Dr. Moriarty kept the table in a roar. Greville crept to the side of Blanche, and sought to engage her in conversation, but the attempt met with such poor success that he soon bowed himself away and joined the general throng. At this instant D'Alton raised his eyes and met those of Blanche. There was a look, half of scorn, half of sadness, in them. He rose and came to her side.

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"I am dreadfully stupid to-night, Miss Blake, am I not?" he asked timorously.

"Not more than usual, Mr. D'Alton," she replied, in tones that would have been freezing did not the faintest smile dissipate some of the frost.

He started and reddened. She saw that he was offended. He was about to rise, and for the second time she laid her hand on his, but now no pallor blanched his cheek.

"Stay," she said; and as he still hesitated, "Won't you stay with me a moment?" she almost implored.

He sat down, but his face was stern and fixed and on his cheeks two scarlet spots burned.

"You are angry with me, Mr. D'Alton. Are you not?"

"No." There was scorn in his tone this time. "I am angry with myself."

"May a woman ask why?"

"Bah! Neither myself nor my anger is worth a thought, Miss Blake. Here, I won't be angry. Look, now. You see it is all gone." And he turned a face towards her smiling and open indeed, but the smile was a very sad one and the eyes were grave. She turned her head away hastily, and her glances were bent upon the floor.

"Mr. D'Alton, I owe you a debt which I have never paid. It was my rudeness contracted it. We have not met often. You have not given me a chance of paying it. I meet you again in my own home, and again I—I—insult you. Here," and she stretched out her hand to him helplessly, "tell me how I am to pay my double debt."

"Blanche," he whispered—the little hand tightened on his—"don't look at me. Don't move. Listen! There is only one way. I let the debt go, but claim the debtor."

The clasp of the little hand tightened more, and the little hand said as plainly as little hands can say: "I will never, never let go."

Andy Burke's head was mended in due time, and in due time also, but longer by far, his heart. Greville rose and rose, and, it was whispered, rendered such efficient service as one of the secretaries to the British Plenipotentiaries at the Berlin Congress as to have attracted the notice of Lord Beaconsfield himself; and Lord Beaconsfield, who is by no means an unkindly man, has had a finger in many a happy match. Blanche insists to this day that she has never paid her debt, for Mrs. D'Alton lost not a penny by her choice. D'Alton had the Irish misfortune of having been born in England, and the English law, which is proverbially good to its own, insisted on claiming him as an Englishman, Home-Ruler though he be ten times over.

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A PROVENCE ROSE.

WILD was the winter storm without, with twilight wilder grown,
Before the heightening northeast wind the blinding snow-drift blown :

Within, we heard against the panes the rattle of the sleet,
And cry of lusty traveller treading the gusty street :

Fell flickering on the pictured walls the street-lamp's wind-blown light,
While, gray with whirl of driven snow, drew near the starless night.

Closed, with the dark, the book whose lines had led my soul in thought
Amid the pines of Lerins' isles—love's furnace where God wrought—

Amid the olives and the vine where Mary, Mother kind,
Brings blessing unto simple hearts from chapel hill-enshrined.

I saw, in thought, St. Honorat kissed by the waves at play
While on the brow of Provence hills sunshine kept holyday.

Among the knotted olive-trees twinkled Crusaders' steel,
And, ringing day's last benison, sounded dim convent peal.

As legend old maketh more fair some consecrated place,
So lent a maiden's holy life unto my dream new grace.

As Hilda guards in saintly state her dear-loved Saxon soil
Where Whitby's caves sing sad refrain tuned by the sea's recoil,

So, on Provence's violet fields, e'en unto seas serene,
Falls the soft light of virgin saint—high-born St. Rossoline.

First seemed the maiden, in my dream, carved rudely in dumb stone—
A sculptured prayer appealing e'er for pity to God's throne;

Then shone she from illumined page 'mid borders strangely wrought,
Bright letters and devices quaint of mediæval thought.

Now looked she forth from miniature in beauty of first youth,
A Provence rose on either cheek, her violet eyes of truth,

A rippling smile about her mouth—meek waves on holy shore—
Falling the light her cradle knew her maidenhood still o'er,

While hers the rosy miracle of Hungary's dear saint :
God's guerdon for heart's charity for needy beggars' plaint.

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Now, on the old black-lettered page, nun's coif bound sweet child-face,
Unto the dark veil's mystic shade bride-roses lending grace,

Whose fragrance not more pure ascends amid their living green
Than rose the vow that bound to God for e'er St. Rossoline.

Now, in the ancient chronicle, was limned an older face,
Wearing, with added majesty, the old look of child-grace,

Lying the eloquent lips apart as if they spoke God's word,
The shoulders crossed with sacred stole by saintly hands conferred.

Now seeming busy fingers love's illumined text to trace—
Wrapt recluse, aiding in soul's calm true learning's work of grace,

So lifting ever unto God her loving heart more near,
So seeking, in her earnest zeal, to make men hold Him dear

Who was the light that burned unquenched within her soul serene,
The dew that kept the roses fresh that crowned St. Rossoline.

O pale-hued, sainted Provence Rose! that pil'st thy country's fields
With fragrance not the purple wealth of all her violets yields;

Pure rose, that from thy heart of gold didst holy truth unfold,
Fray that thy land in these dark days thy unstained faith uphold.

About her sons lie threat'ning clouds—the shadow of souls' death—
More subtle than the Moors of old a new foe wandereth,

Who wears the old beguiling face dear Liberty once wore
When pious sculptor wrought her form above cathedral door.

O pitiful St. Rossoline! that didst with spirit-hand
Undo the chains that captive held Christ's knight in Holy Land,

That didst thy maiden veil outspread, as once did Salome,
Wafting thy brother on its folds in safety o'er the sea,

Lift thy sweet voice unto thy Lord, beseech for France his peace,
With spirit finger-touch her chain, her darkened mind release;

Pray that the old evangel's law by men be understood,
By justice bound the welded states in love's true brotherhood:

Smile down on thy fair Provence hills, on white-lipped Norman seas,
Keep ever note of earthly want in thy heart's harmonies:

And ever keep thy veil outspread when eyes lose light of life,
Wafting in peace thy brother souls amid the death-waves' strife—

So may in that dread final day thy folded robe disclose
A fragrant burden of freed souls, O heaven-born Provence Rose!

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SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM IN "THE INDEPENDENT."*

A SERIES of interesting articles from the pen of Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D., is in course of publication in *The Independent*. When any production from the scholarly pen of Dr. Woolsey appears in print we expect to see something more than a commonplace or superficial treatment of his subject, especially if it be one intimately related with the spirit and history of Christianity. His name and character have been always associated in our mind with greater insight and candor than are commonly met with among non-Catholic writers when principles are under discussion which have a bearing more or less direct on the Catholic Church. In the present instance, however, we confess with regret to a disappointment. The reasons for this will be made plain as we proceed in our analysis of the article on "The Monastic System," so far as it concerns the cause which we defend.

The learned author treats his subject from a historical point of view, and it is obvious that in the course of his articles he would have to come in contact with the religious institutions of the Catholic Church, since, in regard to the possession of property, they have in practice some points in common with the theories of socialism and communism. But as their principles and aims are essentially spiritual, we fail to see why Dr. Woolsey might not have adhered to his subject without going out of his way to attack monastic institutions, monastic life, and the Catholic Church generally. Had he but kept his remarks within the bounds which he prescribes for himself, as expressed in the last sentence of the following paragraph, which we italicize, there would have been no cause for the observations which we now feel bound to make:

"Of the monastic system in its distinct orders spread over the world; of the vast wealth which belonged to the religious houses; of the use of monasteries in learning, education, and the relief of the poor; of the eminent services of many abbots to letters; of the lights and shades of their religious life; of the introduction of the begging and preaching friars; of the last stroke of worldly wisdom in the institution of the order of the Jesuits; of the services of the monks in maintaining the papal system — of these and other results of monasticism we can say nothing. *We confine ourselves to the simple inquiry how the communistic plan of life stood related to the great influences of the orders of monks upon the Christian world.*"

But this is precisely what he has failed to do. In the beginning of the article from which we have quoted, in its first paragraph, he goes beyond this "simple inquiry" and enters upon a further inquiry as to the origin of "The Monastic System." To this system he refuses a Christian character; he charges it with lending its strength to false principles; and, waxing bolder, he passes an unsupported and sweeping sentence of condemnation upon the monastic system and the Catholic Church.

"The monastic system of the ancient church," says Dr. Woolsey, "both in the

* "Smaller Communistic Societies within a State. The Monastic System." By Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D., LL.D. *The Independent*, Jan. 9, 1879.

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east and in the west, is a most important chapter in ecclesiastical history, on account of its tenacity of life and its vast influence for good as well as for evil, and because it could not have grown up in a pure, enlightened Christian Church. As in the Papacy, so here, the good and seemingly innocent nature of the system lent strength to false principles, which had no necessary connection with the spirit and principles of the Gospel. These false principles took hold of supports which belonged to an age and to its way of thinking, in order to construct institutions which have lasted until this day, and which, although they have reached senile weakness, are still a strong if not a chief power in several decaying churches."

Let us take up this paragraph and analyze these ungracious accusations in the order of their importance. First:

DR. WOOLSEY'S ATTACK ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"The monastic system of the ancient church . . . could not have grown up in a pure, enlightened Christian Church."

This is, it is true, a more scholarly phrase than we are accustomed to hear from the mouths of anti-popery ranters against the Catholic Church, but it contains all the stock of their rude abuse; for transform the phrase into direct terms, and it says: From early centuries onwards the Catholic Church was corrupt and ignorant. This is what his words plainly imply, and this is the meaning we suppose Dr. Woolsey intended they should convey to the minds of his readers. But does the learned professor not deem it necessary to bring some proofs to sustain his charge of corruption and ignorance against the Catholic Church? Not at all. Why not? Can he imagine that inteiligent men will accept his assertions as axioms? A generation ago, when phrases were more in power, almost any charge against the Catholic Church might have passed current in a Protestant community; but let us assure the venerable doctor that this state of things has passed away. There are those in the atmosphere of New Haven, and even among the readers of *The Independent*, upon whose better instincts such serious and indiscriminate accusations grate harshly, and they fail to pass before the bar of their intelligence unchallenged. "The schoolmaster is abroad," and there are thinking and enlightened minds not a few among non-Catholics who have come to the conclusion that if there be a divine revelation, and no divine authority to guard, to interpret, and to teach its truths, the claims of Christianity upon reason as a supernatural revelation can have no standing ground. And if there be such an authority established by the divine Founder of Christianity, the only one who can legitimate her titles of being historically the Church of Christ and possessing this authority is the Roman Catholic Church. Hence well-informed men naturally inquire whether there was upon the whole face of the earth any other Christian Church than that in which "the monastic system grew up." Perhaps the learned doctor knows? perhaps he can point it out? perhaps he can prove its claims? perhaps he can name the church? He must save historical Christianity, if he would save an intellectual and logical basis for his own personal belief in Christ.

But we have the Gospels? True; and how do you know that these are the Gospels which you have, except on the testimony of "the ancient church"? And if "the an-

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cient church" was corrupt and ignorant, what value can be put on the testimony of a corrupt and ignorant witness? We confess to the curiosity of wishing to know how a Christian doctor of divinity will save his Christian faith and maintain at the same time the accusation against the ancient church of corruption and ignorance. Would it not be a strange spectacle to see brought into court, to sustain one's faith in the Gospels, a witness whom with your own mouth you had condemned beforehand as corrupt and ignorant!

THE HISTORIC ORIGIN OF THE MONASTIC SYSTEM.

In the following paragraph Dr. Woolsey puts this question:

"A community of goods is an essential feature of all kind of communism. What shall we say, then, when it is asserted that the community of goods in the early Christian Church at Jerusalem, just after the death of Christ, is a sufficient reason for the rise of monachism?"

What ought to be said depends on the meaning which the author attaches to the phrase, "is a sufficient reason." It is not clear whether he means by these words that "the monastic system" took its rise at the time of "the early Christian Church at Jerusalem," or whether it came into existence some centuries later. Most likely the latter was his meaning, for there is an apparent distinction made in the article between the "early" and the "ancient" Christian Church, and further on St. Anthony and St. Pachomius of Egypt are spoken of as if the writer was under the impression that they were the first, or among the first, of the anchorites and cenobites. Then he follows the above sentence with his own answer, consisting of a contrast in the way of living of the first Christian community at Jerusalem and the general body of Christians at that time with the true monastic life, ending by an explanation of certain texts of the New Testament which he knows, as a theologian, have received from grave authorities in exegesis an interpretation the very opposite of the one which he gives for the purpose of turning them against the monastic life.

This question of the origin of the monastic life is an interesting and weighty one, for it touches the very essence of Christianity. Venerable authors have maintained that the monastic system was the continuation of the community established by the apostles "in the early Christian Church at Jerusalem." St. Basil so thought and wrote. St. John Chrysostom maintained the same opinion, and held that the cenobites existed from the time of the apostles, and that the monks lived in the same way of life as the primitive faithful of Jerusalem. Cassian, who was familiar with the whole subject, a contemporary of St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and whose writings have always been held in high esteem, in his eighteenth conference relates the account which the Abbot Piammon gives of the origin of the monastic system and life. The abbot was an anchorite, or hermit, and he affirms that the cenobites were first, and then followed the anchorites; and that the cenobites followed the general rule of life existing in the time of the apostles. These continued to exist down to the time of Abbots Paul and Anthony, and he adds, their descendants may still be seen in several monasteries. Historians of religious orders con-

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firm these statements by giving a list of saints of the first, second, and third centuries who lived under the monastic system.

Dr. Woolsey's article would surely have displayed better scholarship and been more gracious had it considered these facts, weighty with tradition, and appreciated them, instead of dealing in unsupported charges and doubtful interpretations of the inspired Scriptures.*

DR. WOOLSEY'S IDEA OF THE ORIGIN OF THE MONASTIC LIFE.

Our highly esteemed professor further on leaves no room for doubt as to his own idea of the origin of the monastic life.

"The true origin," he says, "was in that tendency of the age toward a solitary and contemplative life, as being the only life suited to the attainment of truth and virtue, which began some time before the Christian era, and diffused itself like some epidemic from the East, with the help of some of the Greek philosophical systems."

It is the fashion in our day, among writers who seem never to have had a true conception of the divine idea of the church of Christ, to speak of her as "a monument of human wisdom"; as displaying an "amazing sagacity in adapting herself to the various tastes and propensities of human nature"; or as subjected to the characteristics of a race, as "Latinized Christianity"; or as subverted by a system of philosophy, as "Platonized Christianity" or as "scholastic Christianity." In the same way our erudite author would have us believe that "the true origin of the monastic system was a tendency of the age . . . with the help of some of the Greek philosophical systems." These phrases may serve as sand to cover the heads of their authors like the ostrich; and they may fancy that, in shutting out from their sight the divine side of the church, they have led others to follow their example. But in this they make a great mistake. Men who love truth above all things refuse to bury the light of their reason under the sand of prejudice. They are not disposed to concede so great a sagacity to Catholics; or that the religion acts wisely, or comes from the Creator of man, that rejects human nature and despises philosophy.

Christianity, when separated from its divine centre, loses its universality, becomes subject to the peculiar characteristics of races, is limited by systems of philosophy, confined to nationalities, degenerates into sectarianism, and is even narrowed down and vanishes out of sight altogether under the private interpretation of the subjective judgment and caprices of each individual. But this is not the case when it preserves its divine integrity. Christianity then displays its divine origin and character, purifies and rectifies all these natural elements, elevates them to the Christian stand-point and life, and establishes through the instrumentality of a regenerated humanity the kingdom of God upon earth.

The eminent philosophical historian Görres looked with other eyes upon the origin and meaning of the lives of the Fathers of the Desert than the distinguished writer of the article in *The Independent*. He says:

* Those who wish to consult authorities on this subject will find them referred to in the introduction of a work entitled *Les Vies des Pères des déserts d'Orient avec leur doctrine spirituelle et leur discipline monastique.* Par R. P. Michel-Ange Marin.

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"This new way of life had already its precedent and examples in the Old Testament, in the person of the Prophet Elias, who, to escape the persecutions of Jezabel, retired with his disciples to the desert on the borders of the Jordan. John the Baptist, the precursor, came later also with his disciples to inhabit the same country, and gave the example of a penitent and mortified life. The solitaries of Egypt only followed the paths already traced out by these holy men, and their influence in their century was much greater than one ordinarily imagines, because they prepared in great measure the way for Christianity in these countries. In leaving the world to retire into the desert they renounced, it is true, all human interests; but, on the other side, by the control which they had acquired over their ardent and savage nature, they became examples which excited the astonishment and esteem of the pagans and disposed the Christians to imitate their lives. The profound change which had taken place in their being under the victorious action of grace presented to the world a picture of the wonderful effects which Christianity is able to produce upon a greater scale in all society. As religious men and spiritual directors, they continued, so to speak, the Psalter.

"Their life in this respect was like a lyre of sacred poesy. They seized hold of Christianity in a lyrical spirit and gave expression to it under this form. Their whole life was stamped with the character of a religious idyl."*

Instead, therefore, of looking for "the true origin of a solitary and contemplative life" in a "tendency of the age" "with the help of some of the Greek philosophical systems," which, indeed, may have been its human side—and it is none the worse for that—the divinely-enlightened soul will open its spiritual eyes and discern the operation of supernatural grace, instead of comparing the spread of the vocation "to a solitary and contemplative life . . . like some epidemic from the East." If seen in their true light, those times will be looked upon as blessed with a fresh infusion of the Holy Spirit from on high. Instead of condemning the monastic life as "meeting with no favor from the *spirit and institutions* of the New Testament," a soul actuated by a Catholic spirit would delight in recognizing the rare gifts of the Holy Spirit in those good old Fathers of the Desert, and admire their lives as the most beautiful of the spiritual flowers adorning the garden of the "early" and "the ancient Christian Church."

We are not disposed to question that the truths of human reason serve as the foundation for the truths of divine revelation, nor do we doubt that there is a natural element in all the operations of supernatural grace in the human soul. This relation of the supernatural order to the natural is a fundamental principle of all sound theology. Hence when the Egyptian or the Greek, the Latin or the Celt, the Teuton or the Chinese, become Christian, and the Holy Spirit dwells in their souls, he rectifies what is amiss, perfects what is good, and heightens whatever there is in man of native charm. It is no part of the Holy Spirit to reduce men to a dead-level and thus undo the work of his own hands.

The reason why writers of Dr. Woolsey's class fall into so many errors concerning the Catholic Church is that they see the Catholic Church only on the human side, and they insist upon interpreting everything from their one-sided view, and that side, too, the outside! Hence their interpretation of the Catholic Church is as intelligent and adequate as are the explanations of the universe given by the Huxleys, Tyndalls, Darwins, Haeckels, and Drapers, our modern Cyclops, who in forging their

* *Die Christliche Mystik.*

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pseudo-sciences examine nature, but with only one eye.

THE SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN OF THE MONASTIC VOCATION.

The whole inquiry in this matter lies in the question: Is there or is there not in the Christian dispensation a special grace which inspires those souls to whom is given the grace to follow in virginity, poverty, and obedience the example of Christ's life? If it does please God to bestow such a grace, then the inquiry as to the supernatural origin of the monastic life is placed beyond cavil among all who profess Christianity. The question as to anchorites or cenobites, as to vows, solemn or simple, or voluntary associations, as to Benedictines or Cistercians, or Franciscans or Dominicans, or Jesuits or Oratorians, or any other of the numerous orders or communities of men and women in the Catholic Church, is one merely of form, and does not alter, or even touch, the substance of the thing. For these different kinds of religious institutions were nothing else than suitable opportunities offered to men to follow with freedom the instinct of the Holy Spirit, at the same time meeting the highest natural aspirations and dispositions of their souls.

Now, if there be any fact plainly recorded on the pages of the history of Christianity from the time of its divine Founder to the present day, it is that a number of souls have held with the deepest and firmest conviction, as a part of their spiritual experience, that a grace of this kind has been vouchsafed them by the Giver of all good gifts; and among this class of souls will be found the names of those whom the Christian world has never ceased to venerate and honor for their wisdom, greatness, and their truly Christian character. Who, then, will have the hardihood, not to say the presumptuous impudence, to face such men as St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory the Great, St. Benedict, St. Bernard, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas of Aquinas, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Sales, St. Vincent of Paul, and a thousand other venerable names which might easily be added to this list, but are not so well known, and venture to tell them one and all—for these eminent men were each either founders or members or warm supporters of the monastic life—"Your devotion and advocacy of the monastic system was a mistake; there is no such special grace as its vocation supposes; your experience was a delusion, and your monastic system could not have grown up in a pure, enlightened Christian Church"?

This is, we know, the general answer of the followers of one who fell from his faith, forsook the holy estate of the monastic life, and started the religious revolution of the sixteenth century; and it is also the particular answer of Theodore Woolsey, the distinguished minister and divine of the Protestant Congregational Church. But what a contrast is such an answer with that which the divine Founder of Christianity gave to the young man recorded in the holy Gospels!

"And behold one came and said to him: Good Master, what good shall I do that I may have life everlasting? Who said to him: Why askest thou me concerning good? One is good, God. But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments. He saith to him: Which? Thou shalt do no murder; Thou shalt

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not commit adultery; Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Honor thy father and thy mother; and Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. The young man saith to him: All these have I kept from my youth: what is yet wanting to me? Jesus saith to him: If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me" (Matt. xix. 16–21).

"Darling of God, whose thoughts but live and move
Round him; who wooes his will
To wedlock with his own, and does distil
To that drop's span
The attar of all rose-fields of all love!
Therefore the soul select assumes the stress
Of bonds unbid, which God's own style express
Better than well,
And aye hath borne,
To the Clown's scorn,
The fetters of the threefold golden chain." *

But we would not have our readers think that Dr. Woolsey is not broader and more gracious than his Calvinistic creed. He is far more so, and we are gratified at finding our first favorable impression of the author confirmed in this very article.

"From one passage only," he says, "of the New Testament (Matt. xix. 12) can we infer that a pure single life is not only allowable, but even praiseworthy, for those who can lead it for the kingdom of heaven's sake, which we certainly would be far from denying." We will not stop to cavil on the word "only" in this passage, as though the words of Christ have less authority because they were only once spoken! We accept it as a candid and sincere confession of the supernatural origin of a celibate life, and as not beyond the flight of our author's thought. This fact is sufficient to cover the whole Catholic ground of the essential point in a religious vocation; from and upon this special grace as from a fruitful seed all the various forms of the anchorite and cenobite life have grown up, developed, flourished in the "early," in the "ancient," and continue to exist and flourish in the modern Christian Church.

In the spirit of this truthful admission we are disposed to think that Dr. Woolsey would perhaps agree with us in the opinion that a few divine vocations in our own country of this sort, looking wholly with high mind and heart to heavenly riches, might possibly operate as an antidote to that grovelling spirit of worldliness and insatiable thirst after earthly riches which reigns to so great an extent among our people.

But the reader may ask, Is not Dr. Woolsey illogical in this concession? Rather than make so cruel an accusation against so eminent a scholar, we would give credit for it to the truth-loving mind and noble instincts of the writer. Inconsistency of this kind is no cause for surprise. Rarely does one read a work written by a Protestant author on religious topics that he will not find on almost every page, especially where the doctrines or discipline of the Catholic Church are concerned, a mingling of truth and error, of facts and fiction, of history and invention, and frequently with a degree of unconsciousness that would be amusing were the subject-matter treated of one of indifference.

A CATHOLIC PLEA FOR LIBERTY TO FOLLOW THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"If the life of the anchorite," says Dr. Woolsey, "had never given way to the conventual life, the type of religion would have become much more distorted than it actually was."

According to St. Piammon, Ab-

* Coventry Patmore.

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bot, it was the conventual life which gave way to the anchorite life; consequently Dr. Woolsey's argument falls to the ground. But were the facts the reverse, as our learned author asserts, we cannot see for the life of us why the soul which has the grace of vocation to the anchorite way of life is not as evangelical and healthy as the one which has the grace to a conventual life. "The Spirit breatheth where he will; and thou hearest his voice, but thou knowest not whence he cometh and whither he goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."* God knows how to take care of his own, and so that it be the Spirit which prompts the praise, we cordially join with the Psalmist in saying: "Let all the Spirits praise the Lord!"

Whether they be anchorites or cenobites, let each abound in his own gift. "But thou, why judgest thou thy brother? or thou, why dost thou despise thy brother?"†

"The hermit," continues Dr. Woolsey, "in his loneliness was exposed to all kinds of vagaries of the imagination; to temptations which he would not have been called to encounter in society; to spiritual pride and self-righteousness."

This is considerate on the part of a wise and prudent leader in Israel to expose the dangers and difficulties which the hermits have to encounter in their solitary life. But we have always been led to think that, in itself considered, the safest and easiest way of salvation is that to which the soul is called by the grace of God, whether that be to a hermit-life, or a community-life, or that of the holy state of wedlock. And why so sensitive about the temptations and trials which beset the path of the solitary life? Is there any danger of any of our New-Englanders attempting to imitate the solitaries of Egypt or Palestine? We never knew of any in our limited acquaintance that way inclined, unless it was our esteemed friend Henry Thoreau, who, with the grace of God, under the guidance of God's holy church, might have rivalled, in his wonderful sympathy with nature, sturdy integrity, great abstinence, directness of speech, and love of solitude, a Paul the Hermit or the great St. Anthony of the Desert.

"The influence of a common life was, of course, far greater for good than that of the life of so many hermits." Indeed! We should suppose that if God gave the special grace to a hermit-life, a hermit-life "was, of course, far greater for good"; and if God gave the special grace for a common life, a common life "was, of course, far greater for good." The indwelling Holy Spirit is the animating principle and director of the Catholic Church, acting as the immediate Sanctifier in the souls of her members, and as the criterion of truth in her authority. What is—and we are concerned to know—Dr. Woolsey's criterion of the Holy Spirit? These outside authors who write about the Catholic Church mix up matters dreadfully, become so narrow and grow so captious that even the work of the Holy Ghost in souls, and its way of directing the holy church, must pass examination before the critical faculty of their subjective private judgment.

Thank God! his holy church is one of freedom. If a Paul or an Anthony feels prompted to go into the desert, and, remote from all converse with the society of men, to adore

* St. John iii. 8.
† Rom. xiv. 10.

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and worship God in spirit and in truth, the Catholic Church, so that it be sure it is the Holy Spirit which prompts their souls, moved by the same divine instinct, does not hesitate to give her sanction, bestow her blessing, and bid them God speed!

The action of the Holy Spirit in the visible authority of the church as criterion, and the Holy Spirit dwelling invisibly in the soul as Sanctifier and Guide, are one; and this twofold action of the Holy Spirit in synthesis begets in the soul of a Catholic the highest certitude, produces the firmest conviction, and enables it to run with the greatest safety, with most perfect liberty, and with giant steps in the ways of salvation and sanctity.

But, says one, how is this? The Catholic Church, we always thought, lays the greatest stress on her sacraments, especially on confession and communion, on attendance, and frequent attendance, at divine worship, on the value of forms and ceremonies, on the need of symbols and pictures as aids to prayer and devotion, and at the same time she will approve of men hiding themselves in remote deserts in more than Quaker silence and simplicity, deprived of all these means and helps. What does this mean? Why, it simply means that there is in the Catholic Church more than you in your philosophy have learned or dreamed of. It means that if you attribute her conduct to "an astute policy," or to "cunning craft," or to "natural tendency," or to "false principles," you understand about as much of the spirit of the holy Gospels as you understand about the spirit of the Catholic Church. It means that either you do not understand the Holy Spirit or do not trust him, and the Catholic Church does both. The essential aim of the Catholic Church is no other than this: to bring each and every soul wholly under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Those good old Fathers of the Desert, God bless them! "distorted" the Christian life, did they? How widely different was the estimate of the holy writer of that remarkable book which ranks, in the minds of all Christians without distinction, next to the Sacred Scriptures, *The Following of Christ!* Listen to his description of the lives of these holy souls who led "a solitary and contemplative life":

"Oh! what a strict and self-renouncing life the holy Fathers of the Desert led. What long and grievous temptations did they bear! How often were they harassed by the enemy! What frequent and fervent prayers offered they up to God! What rigorous abstinence did they practise! What great zeal and fervor had they for spiritual progress! What a valiant contest waged they to subdue their imperfections! What purity and straightforwardness of purpose kept they towards God! By day they labored, and much of the night they spent in prayer; though while they labored they were far from leaving off mental prayer. They spent all their time profitably; every hour seemed short to spend with God; and even their necessary bodily refection was forgotten in the great sweetness of contemplation. They renounced all riches, dignities, honors, friends, and kindred; they hardly took what was necessary for life: it grieved them to serve the body even in its necessity. Accordingly they were poor in earthly things, but very rich in grace and virtues. Outwardly they suffered want, but within they were refreshed with

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grace and divine consolation. They were aliens to the world, but they were very near and familiar friends of God. To themselves they seemed as nothing, and the world despised them; but they were precious and beloved in the eyes of God." *

PRINCE BISMARCK'S PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

WITH the disastrous results of the *Kulturkampf*, the rapid spread of socialism, and the repeated attempts on the emperor's life before them, all sincere patriots fondly hoped that Prince Bismarck would at last see the necessity of returning to more conservative principles in his dealings with the Catholic Church. They further hoped that by offering her fair terms of peace he would secure her powerful and ever-successful support in rescuing the state from the yawning abyss into which it is gradually drifting under his present mistaken rule. These well-wishers of the empire thought themselves all the more justified in entertaining such hopes, as it was well known that the emperor himself strongly inclined to a cessation of hostilities with Rome, and that on several public occasions he had expressed a strong desire to see religion preserved and better practised among the people. Even Prince Bismarck, from his lofty position better able than any one to survey the religious, moral, and social dangers conjured up by his fatal church policy, was supposed to be relenting and anxious to get out of the perilous position. We, too, believe that Prince Bismarck, driven as he is by the force of circumstances, and perhaps giving way to the will of the emperor, wishes for a speedy termination of this unprofitable war; but at the same time we confess with regret that we can place no confidence in the desire he professes to do justice to the Catholic Church—the only true basis on which a sound and lasting peace could be concluded. And how can we be expected to trust Prince Bismarck's good-will towards the church, when we know that the second great object of his life is the destruction of the papal authority, and consequently of the Catholic Church, in Germany? How could we have faith in his alleged conciliatory disposition when we remember the various utterances by which he bound himself, as long as he would be in office, "to stand and fall with the May Laws," and, if out of office, "to use all his moral power and influence in parliament for the defence of this his great work"? As late as last summer the prince assured some of his political friends that on no account would he touch the May Laws, and that their recognition by the Pope and the German bishops would always be the *conditio sine qua non* in any settlement the Prussian government might arrive at with the Roman Pontiff. And yet, in spite of these

* Book i. cxviii.

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clear and trenchant declarations, Prince Bismarck, apparently from his own initiative, suddenly sought and actually resumed those interrupted diplomatic relations which he once so sternly repudiated with the frantic applause of his admirers. If he did not go to Canossa, he certainly was rightly suspected of being on the road to it when, towards the end of last July, he invited and received the papal nuncio, Monsignor Masella, at Kissingen. When the news of this startling event flashed through the world, the German people for the greater part believed in Bismarck's good faith and earnestness — Catholics and well-disposed Protestants, because the disturbed state of Prussia made them wish for the restoration of religious peace; infidels, because their bad conscience threatened them with the approaching downfall of their position, power, and influence. All those, on the other hand, to whom Prince Bismarck's inveterate hatred of the Papacy is no secret, and who have watched the extraordinary acuteness and cunning of his tactics, could not help distrusting his honesty of purpose, and wisely warned their Catholic brethren not to indulge in misleading hopes, lest they should have to taste the bitterness of disappointment.

The wisdom of observing a cautious reserve at this critical juncture soon earned its reward. Already a few weeks after the first overtures at Kissingen, and in spite of the most reassuring language of the semi-official press, all parties, friends and foes, shared the conviction that, by whatever ultimate results the Kissingen interviews might be attended, their immediate aim had nothing to do with serious peace aspirations. For some years past Prince Bismarck has been trying to form a new conservative party in parliament; but experience taught him that to succeed in such an undertaking he required the cooperation of the Catholic party. By resuming diplomatic relations with the Curia on the eve of the Reichstag's elections he hoped to influence Catholic voters in his favor, at least to win their votes for conservative candidates not opposed to his home policy. If the manœuvre had answered his expectations, he would have easily reached the planned destruction of both the Catholic Centre and the national-liberal parties; in case they should fail, he would then make use of the second string of the bow he took with him to Kissingen. As an equivalent for certain concessions which he declared himself prepared to make to the Pope, he required him to order the Centre party to vote with the government in all important questions. Even the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, which made this revelation from the Kissingen conference without meeting with the least official contradiction, thought it strange indeed that a statesman like Prince Bismarck should have been a second time so unwise as to advance a claim with which the Pope could not have complied even if he had personally been inclined to do so.

As soon as the German chancellor found out that he could not reckon upon the Pope's assistance in his hostile designs against the Centre, he suspended the negotiations, which he had sought and begun, we may almost say, under false pretences. If they were to be renewed at all it must be on the only admissible basis of truth, justice, and right, and with the honest intention of furthering the

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religious interests of the suffering Catholic subjects in Prussia. Had Prince Bismarck been prompted by such sentiments instead of pursuing purely selfish aims, he might have easily and quickly brought the Kissingen conference to a satisfactory issue. He chose, however, another course. Leaving the way open for fresh negotiations, he parted with the papal delegate and began an active campaign against the Centre, both in parliament and in the press. Both attacks proved wretched failures. But before describing them to our readers it may be as well to chronicle, from semi-official sources, the chief incidents connected with the Kissingen interview and the subsequent so-called peace negotiations between Berlin and Rome.

Some time before his departure for the Bavarian watering-place in July last Prince Bismarck had declared to several of his friends that, in the present distracted state of affairs in Prussia, he considered it his duty to come to an understanding with the Curia. At the time he astonished his friends by this declaration he had already taken steps in the intended direction. On the occasion of Monsignor Masella's presence at the silver wedding of the royal couple of Saxony, in Dresden, Prince Bismarck, through the Prussian ambassador at Munich, had addressed a pressing invitation to the nuncio to meet him at Berlin. The invitation, however, was declined after instructions received from Rome. Then the prince resolved to seek an interview with the Roman diplomatist at Kissingen. Immediately after his arrival there he despatched his son to Munich to express to the nuncio how glad his father would be to make his personal acquaintance. Having again communicated with Rome, Monsignor Masella this time received permission to accept the invitation, and accordingly went to Kissingen. What passed between the two statesmen in their frequent interviews, in what points they agreed or disagreed, what they settled or rejected, whether they adopted a common basis for a future peace settlement or left matters in *statu quo*, is not as yet known, both parties, as was understood, having pledged themselves to secrecy. The only revelations the German chancellor allowed to be made were of a negative nature, and what we have already mentioned above concerning the Centre party. Besides these, the official press had the double task of removing the alarm of the national-liberals, who were told in endless articles that the Kissingen conferences would not in the slightest degree prejudice the principles on which the May Laws are based; and of assuring the Catholic population that the government was most sincere in its endeavor to adjust the church conflict. To create faith in Bismarck's good-will, and to win Catholic sympathies, the conservative organs kept on publishing statements attributed to him which, if they had been genuine and made publicly by himself, would certainly have satisfied the Catholic demands, and constituted a sufficient guarantee for the government's sincerity. But they were mere unauthentic assurances, part of the general political manœuvre. The large concessions Prince Bismarck was reported to be willing to grant, provided he could thereby obtain the submission of the Centre party to his own political views, were comprehensively suggested in an article communicated to the

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Kreuz-Zeitung, which was, according to a general rumor, written by a Catholic under official sanction and at the inspiration of Prince Bismarck. After having accurately sketched the existing situation and stated all points of difference between church and state, the writer of the article pointed out, with a most encouraging positiveness, what concessions both powers might safely make without prejudice to established rights and privileges, and what, on the other hand, they could not, without self-destruction, consent to. The following are the chief conclusions which the author of the communication arrived at: 1. The church cannot permit that without her co-operation valid ecclesiastical offices should be conferred by the state power, by right of patronage, or election by the congregation. 2. The church will never recognize the right of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court to depose bishops and priests, to declare their offices vacant, and inflict penalties on them if, after being thus deposed, they continue to exercise purely spiritual functions, such as saying Mass, administering the sacraments, etc. 3. The church will never allow her ministers to give the promise of absolute obedience to all state laws, as is prescribed by the laws of May 30, 1874, and April 22, 1875. 4. She rejects the assertion that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction is but an emanation of the state supremacy of justice, and will never relinquish her independent power of discipline, which finds its highest expression in the Pope. 5. The state cannot claim the right to suppress or punish religious orders at will and without having first proved them dangerous to the commonwealth. 6. The church will never consent to the state assuming the right to decide who is a member of the church, as was done in the case of the Alt-Catholics, who were pronounced by the government an integral part of the Catholic Church. In conclusion, the Protestant *Kreuz-Zeitung* urged the necessity of an alteration of the May Laws in harmony with the claims set forth in the preceding statement. As the article contained a sweeping condemnation of Prince Bismarck's own views and measures concerning the relations of church and state, Catholics justly considered it a trap laid for their credulity, firmly convinced that the chancellor, contrary to his own press utterances, would use very different language towards the nuncio at Kissingen.

Another piece of news diligently circulated at that time, with the evident purpose of making a favorable impression on German Catholics, was the announcement of Bismarck's intention to favor the establishment of a nunciatura at Berlin. This semi-official intelligence, too, left Catholics cool and unconcerned, for they did not believe in it; on the other hand, it provoked the fears and indignation of orthodox Protestants, who supposed, not very unreasonably, that such an event might soon be followed by the return of the hated religious orders.

As to the national-liberals, they seemed at first not fully to comprehend Bismarck's move, and for this reason, more than from a desire to please him, they remained for a time very quiet, evincing even a disposition to accede to a revision of the May Laws, if such a measure could ensure peace and harmony in the country. Still, not seeing their way out of the difficul-

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ty, not knowing how to kill the church and keep the state and themselves alive and flourishing, they maintained for a long time an expectant attitude, neither approving nor disapproving Bismarck's advances to the church. But when, later on, the situation had become sufficiently clear to show to their satisfaction that the contemplated overthrow of their party could not be effected yet, they generously and bravely, as is their wont, assisted the government in its parliamentary attacks on the Catholic Centre.

More sympathy for Bismarck's undertaking was manifested by the Protestant conservatives. They unreservedly declared themselves partisans of peace, demanding the immediate cessation of the *Kulturkampf*, just as they had once been the first in demanding its inauguration. But whilst they professed to be animated by the same warm desire for peace as the chancellor, they entirely disagreed with him as to the mode of restoring it. According to them, such a happy result ought not to be reached by means of negotiations with Rome, which would be tantamount to recognizing Rome's equality with, if not its superiority over, the state power; it was, on the contrary, to be brought about by a spontaneous, self-determined act of the government; they argued that, as the state possessed the right to make those laws, so also had it the right to alter or suppress them; that is to say, they shared Bismarck's and the national-liberals' fallacy that the state has a right to settle all Catholic Church affairs without consulting either pope or bishops. How these conservatives could possibly hope for a conclusion of peace with the church if such erroneous notions were acted upon, is more than we are able to understand. The fear that Prince Bismarck, in spite of the "milder views" attributed to him, had not given up that preposterous pretension was the very reason why Catholics did not expect any satisfactory result from the recent relations entered into with the Pope. As to these, they had not been entirely broken off by the departure of the nuncio from Kissingen. From semi-official communications sent to liberal and conservative papers it became known that concessions and demands had been formulated and carried to Rome as a proposed preliminary basis for real negotiations. Whether and how far these negotiations advanced towards a reconciliation is as yet a secret, for even the Pope's letter to the Archbishop of Cologne leaves us in the dark on this point. But what German Catholics knew from the beginning, for their own comfort and their enemies' vexation, was the all-important fact that, to whatever length the Pope would deem it his duty to go, he would never relinquish one jot of the inalienable rights of the Church. Moreover, German Catholics had the deep conviction—which no amount of official sophistry and misrepresentation could shake—that they and their representatives in parliament had all along stood on the firm ground of truth and faith in their opposition to state persecution, and that the Holy Father, as he and his predecessor had done before, would also on this occasion approve and confirm the correctness of their conduct. They knew also that the Pope's representatives were trying to obtain from the Prussian government the restoration of that happy state of religious freedom

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which the Prussian constitution and several royal statutes had solemnly guaranteed up to the passing of the May Laws. On September 29, however, they were told by the *North-German Gazette* that a successful continuation of the negotiations would entirely depend on the previous recognition of the May Laws by the Curia. Notwithstanding their want of faith in Prince Bismarck's honesty of purpose, Catholics at first attached little weight to this assertion of the officious paper, simply because, if the prince at that early stage of the transaction had but hinted at such a condition forming the basis of peace proposals, the Holy Father would hardly have used such confident language as is found in his letter to Cardinal Nina, in which he expressed a strong hope that the negotiations set on foot would end in a true, solid, and lasting peace equally beneficial to church and state. And yet some unacceptable demand must afterwards have been made by Prussia; for, with all his desire and sincere exertions for peace, the Holy Father found his hopes greatly reduced, as we may be allowed to surmise from the following passage from an article in the October *Osservatore Romano:*

"Seeing the emperor inclined to peace, the Pope's first thought was how he might secure it. In case of success a new, beneficent era would commence; if his attempt failed he would have the merit of having offered his help to the German emperor, and thereby be free of all responsibility. The Pope wants a lasting peace, not a truce to serve the political ends of the hour; but for such a result is necessary the revocation and abrogation of all those laws which run counter to the church statutes or encroach upon the rights of the head of the church. Only on these conditions can peace be concluded and preserved. Pope Leo, as was his predecessor, is most willing to smooth the way to his adversaries, but at the same time he will hold high the banner which in the nineteenth century has hitherto waved unstained."

In the same month, almost on the same day, October 14, Deputy Windthorst openly denounced the government for demanding impossibilities in the pending negotiations. "You are not in earnest with the adjustment of the conflict," said he, turning to the ministerial bench, "for it is notorious that no acceptable proposals are being made to the Pope."

Up to the middle of November the indirect information published by the two negotiating parties was anything but satisfactory. Whilst the ecclesiastical authorities contented themselves with giving denials in Catholic organs to incorrect news circulated by opposite journals, the Prussian and foreign reptile press continued to mystify the public by representing the Pope and some of the German bishops as being inclined to accept the Prussian demands, and greatly dissatisfied with the Catholic members of parliament, and the Catholic people generally, for throwing obstacles in the way of a reconciliation by their continued and unjustified opposition to the Prussian government. Formerly German Catholics were ridiculed by these same papers for being tools and puppets of the Bishop of Rome; now they are stigmatized as rebels to him. Of the negotiations themselves the reptile press pretended to know all kinds of accepted arrangements; for instance, that several of the exiled bishops would soon return to their dioceses, that a general amnesty would be granted for May-Law transgressions, that the Supreme Ecclesiastical

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Court would be suppressed, etc. In November several papers under government influence went so far as to maintain that a common basis for a peace settlement had been found through the Pope's acquiescing in Prince Bismarck's proposals. All these and a great many other would-be revelations, although reproduced in various forms, evidently emanated from one and the same source, and were published not only by German papers such as the *Cologne Gazette*, the *Post*, the *National Zeitung*, but also by the London *Times*, *Daily News*, and even the *Standard*. Suddenly the government changed its tactics of mystification, and gave a flat denial to all rumors of an approaching conclusion of peace. By the positive declarations and warlike language in which Dr. Falk indulged on December 10 in the Prussian Landtag, and of which we shall presently speak at greater length, the exact state of affairs between Prussia and the Catholic Church became clear and intelligible even to those who had hitherto hoped against hope. Still more decisive for Catholics, because they implicitly believe in it, is the information conveyed in the Holy Father's letter to Archbishop Melchers, of Cologne, dated on December 24, 1878, and, strange to say, published without molestation in all Prussian newspapers. From this important document we may safely infer that up to that date the negotiations had produced no positive result whatever, so that the church conflict in Germany was, at the beginning of this year, in exactly the same hopeless condition it was in six months ago. And thus the strong suspicion entertained by many, that Prince Bismarck availed himself of the general outcry for religious peace solely for the purpose of gaining certain political advantages, has been sufficiently confirmed. For him the negotiations were but an ordinary business transaction, in which he would have eventually been prepared to barter away some of the less important May Laws in exchange for a number of Catholic votes—a result that might have been accompanied by the double advantage of securing an immediate majority for his Anti-Socialist Bill, and a lasting conservative Bismarck party in lieu of his unnatural alliance with the national-liberals. But Prince Bismarck was soon to learn by bitter experience that the Centre would never submit to his leadership for the sake of mere party advantages and political distinction; that in all questions, whether political or religious, it would, as it always did, shape its course of action according to its own well-defined programme. When the Socialist Bill came on for discussion the chancellor still hoped that the Catholic members would at the last hour see the expediency of joining the compromise agreed upon between conservatives, national-liberals, and the government, inasmuch as Catholics were known to confess principles diametrically opposed to those of the socialists. But the Centre deputies turned a deaf ear to all official allurements, disdaining to sacrifice their own principles for a measure which they thought neither just nor effective, and utterly disbelieving the assurance of the officious conservatives that by making their peace with the Prussian government in this question they would powerfully contribute to the longed-for restoration of peace between church and state. Manfully resisting all

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government advances and threats, the stanch defenders of right and justice stood their own ground with unfaltering firmness and dignity, and did their duty regardless of consequences. And when Baron von Franckenstein had read the famous Centre declaration in which, after fully condemning the socialist agitation as far as it is directed against God, Christianity, the church, society, and property, the Catholic deputies expressed their firm conviction that the proposed police law was unjust, unnecessary, and would prove unprofitable in the end, then Prince Bismarck was fain to give up all idea of ever seeing the Centre members chained to his political chariot. At once turning his back upon them, he put them down as an incorrigible party of negation, incapable of any salutary action, and advocated a coalition between national-liberals and conservatives against all state-destroying elements—*i.e.*, Catholics, Socialists, Progressists, Poles, and Alsatians. Out of parliament, and chiefly through the columns of the governmental *Provincial Correspondence*, the angry prince continued his war against the Centre with extraordinary animosity and most unfair, not to say unworthy, means, among others accusing its distinguished and universally venerated leader, ex-Minister Windthorst, of pursuing, under the cloak of religion, unpatriotic, anti-Prussian (Hanoverian) aspirations. For weeks and weeks the reptile press, as in duty bound, seconded the attack with scandalous virulence, heaping on the Centre insult, calumny, ridicule, all in the delusive hope that by these unscrupulous denunciations the party would sink in public estimation and finally lose the confidence of its constituents. Truth, however, proved stronger than calumny. The Catholic people of Prussia knew the sterling worth of its deputies, as it understood the malignant intentions of their detractors. In numerous meetings and addresses it expressed its disgust and its indignation at the slanderous language used by the government press, whilst it loudly proclaimed its unlimited confidence in the Catholic members, its fullest agreement with their views and line of conduct observed in the socialist as well as any other question, and finally promised to cling to them as unflinchingly as it clings to its bishops and priests.

Nor did the Prussian Catholics set faith in the equally false assertion, heard in the government press and on the ministerial bench, that the Pope was dissatisfied with the conduct of their representatives. In order to show their unbounded confidence in the Holy Father's wisdom and sense of justice, they declared in the great Catholic organs, as Windthorst did in Parliament in the name of the whole Centre, that German Catholics would hail with unfeigned joy and happiness whatever peace Leo XIII. would deem right to conclude with the Prussian government, Windthorst adding, "Even if in our private opinion the Holy Father had shown himself overgenerous."

These repeated violent attempts to destroy the unity and independence of the Catholic deputies and the good understanding with their constituents afford in themselves convincing proofs of Bismarck's unabated antagonism to the Catholic Church, and throw a glaring light on his motives for continuing the negotiations with Rome. If,

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after all this, over-credulous people had not yet abandoned all hopes of seeing the Prussian government return to more friendly sentiments towards Catholics, they had them at last effectually destroyed by the parliamentary events which took place in December. On the 10th and 15th of that month Windthorst introduced into the Prussian Landtag two motions, the fate of which gave irrefutable evidence that neither the government nor its majority in parliament had the remotest intention to remedy the evils caused by the *Kulturkampf* or to arrest the course of the persecution; that, on the contrary, they rejoice and glory in its results, and mean to follow it up to its utmost consequences. In the first of these motions the Centre prayed parliament to consent to the suspension of the dissolution of the last few teaching orders, which, in consequence of section 1 of the law of May 31, 1875, will have to break up their establishments before April 1, 1879. The other motion demanded the restoration of articles 15, 16, and 18 of the Prussian constitution, abolished in 1875 to enable parliament to do away with the freedom and independence of the Catholic Church in Prussia. These articles ran thus:

"Art. 15: The evangelical and the Roman Catholic churches, as well as every other religious society, arrange and administer their affairs independently, and remain in the possession and enjoyment of the institutions, foundations, and funds destined to purposes of worship, education, and charity. Art. 16: The intercourse of religious societies with their heads is free. The promulgation of ecclesiastical ordinances is subject to the limitations in force against all other publications. Art. 18: The right of nomination, presentation, election, and sanction for filling up vacancies, as far as it belongs to the state, and not to patronage or special titles, is abrogated."

These two motions, although perfectly justified by their own intrinsic nature, seemed chiefly to have been proposed as a test of the government's sincerity in its alleged endeavor to restore religious peace. The answer Dr. Falk gave to the proposed measures was as clear and unequivocal as could be; but it destroyed also the last vestige of confidence in the hearts of those Catholics who are still ignorant of Prussian traditions. With the urgent, stirring appeal of the seconder of the first motion, Dr. Bachem, of Cologne, to do an act of justice to poor defenceless ladies and thousands of Catholic families who are compelled to seek education for their daughters in foreign countries, the Minister of Public Worship had not a single word of sympathy. He coldly and cynically pronounced the motion not justified by necessity, and called upon the House to reject it, which was accordingly done with great applause. Anticipating the other motion of which the Centre had given notice, Dr. Falk volunteered the solemn declaration that under no circumstances would the government ever consent to a restoration of the former constitution, as such an act would involve a rejection of all their political church laws. In his opinion the Centre asked for submission on the part of the state. Such a demand might be addressed to an enemy who lies prostrate with pinioned hands and feet, but not to an adversary who is standing upright and resolved to remain in that position. Turning to the pending question of peace, the minister was equally candid and

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explicit in his utterance. He admitted that negotiations were being carried on between the Pope and the Prussian government, and, without being directly provoked to make such a confession, he informed the House that no peace settlement need be expected unless it be based on the recognition of the May Laws. This open declaration, made, no doubt, by Prince Bismarck's desire, dashes to the ground all hopes of an approaching reconciliation. It fully confirms the suspicions now shared by all Prussian Catholics that the government never intended to propose peace to the Holy Father on an acceptable basis, and that if the negotiations are still continued it is chiefly, on Bismarck's part, in deference to scruples of the emperor, who wishes to terminate his days in peace with his loyal Catholic subjects. If it had been otherwise, if the chancellor had actually sacrificed his own cherished views, once for all given up his utopian schemes of gradually transforming the Roman Catholic Church into a German state church with the emperor for its head, would he not, in such a case, have long ago concluded a peace which is so ardently desired by all classes of his countrymen, and so imperiously required by the interests, nay, the very existence, of the empire? Surely, a sincere resolution to re-establish the disturbed harmony would have at least suggested to him the necessity of discontinuing the useless and cruel execution of the May Laws? When two countries engaged in war wish to make peace, the first step they take towards it is to conclude a truce, to forbid the unnecessary spilling of blood. Why did not Prince Bismarck, if he wished for peace, act according to this universally-recognized custom? The answer is obvious.

Instead of giving orders for a suspension of hostilities at least during the negotiations, the chancellor allowed the execution of the May Laws to be continued with unabated violence. A cardinal of the church was twice summoned before a district court and sentenced *in contumaciam* to pay several thousand marks for so-called transgressions of the May Laws, and a writ of arrest was issued against him in that offensive form which is used in Prussia for thieves and murderers. Scores of priests were fined, dragged into prison, or expelled from the country for saying Mass or administering baptism in other churches then their own. Young priests ordained abroad, and returning in disguise to bring their fellow-countrymen the blessings of their church, were tracked and chased, imprisoned and exiled. The few remaining convents had to break up, more priests were deposed as school inspectors, others dismissed as teachers, and Protestant professors appointed at purely Catholic establishments. Moreover, anti-Catholic reading-books found their way into Catholic schools, and the system of erecting simultan schools instead of the suppressed convent schools was extended and applied in every province. All these measures evidently tend to the realization of one great object, that of gradually and imperceptibly Protestantizing the rising Catholic generation—an attempt that has far more chances of success than the other attacks made on the Catholic faith by the May Laws. The government hopes everything from the present school management, even more than from the rapid decrease of priests in the country.

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According to the newest statistics, two and a half millions of Prussian Catholics are now deprived of all and every spiritual assistance, and the number of vacant parishes and vicariates amounts to about 1,000—viz.:

Diocese.	Parishes.	Vicariates.	Total.
Cologne.....	138	50	188
Münster.....	90	68	158
Paderborn.....	81	53	134
Treves.....	163	82	245
Ermland.....	18	15	33
Fulda.....	12	3	15
Culm.....	33	24	57
Limburg.....	20	7	27
Hildesheim.....	23	2	25
Osnabrück.....	18	13	31
Breslau	108	93	201
Posen.....	99	80	179
Grand total.....			1,293

The material loss inflicted on the Catholic population of Prussia by the *Kulturkampf* amounts annually to 2,200,000 marks.

Considering all the circumstances which have accompanied Bismarck's mysterious peace negotiations, we think ourselves justified in coming to the following conclusion: In face of the proofs, resulting from our demonstrations, that the Prussian government started the negotiations with insincere intentions; in face of Dr. Falk's declaration that the government is resolved to maintain its hostile attitude towards the Catholic Church; and above all in presence of the persecution, which is continued with all its vehemence, no immediate change can be expected in the present sad condition of religious affairs in Prussia.

"EXTRA ECCLESIAM—NULLA SALUS."

ST. MATTHEW xiv. 30.

I, PETER, sink! Take warning by my fate,
Ye, who with me securely keep afloat.
Despite his wisdom or his high estate,
He'll sink, whoso shall dare to leave my boat.

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FERNANDO.

A STORY OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

It was a beautiful evening on the Lagunes. The sun had sunk behind one of the small islands dotting the Adriatic, in a sea of purple and yellow and gold. The fishermen were spreading and drying their nets on the shore, while their wives were sitting outside their doors, chatting and laughing and showing off the charms of their respective babies, and the older children built imaginary villages of sand and peopled them with shells. Suddenly a deep bell was heard, and instantly the voices were hushed, and all knelt and repeated the "Angelus" with the simple faith of the Italian race, whose evening would be incomplete without that touching tribute to Our Lady. But among the women was one who had sat apart sadly from the rest, and down whose furrowed cheeks a few tears were coursing when she rose from her knees and found herself suddenly facing a venerable priest, with silver hair, who had just come from the neighboring village. "What ails you, my good Caterina?" he asked, seeing the marks of distress on her face. "Is it the old sorrow always, or something fresh?" The woman bent forward to kiss his hand, and replied: "The old grief is ever fresh, my father; and widows cannot forget. It is a weary long waiting for the meeting up there," she added, pointing to heaven. "But it was not that which made me cry just now. It was Fernando. Ah! people tried to console me when my husband died by telling me I had the children to comfort me. The children! It is they who make my cross intolerable to me. To be left alone to bring them up; to have no one to help me to guide them, or to consult with about them, or to speak to about their faults or their virtues—it is that which sometimes drives me to despair! Lotta is all very well—she is a good child on the whole—but Fernando is always headstrong and wilful. I cannot manage him. He will not listen to me, but goes off for days together, I don't know where, and I fear with bad companions. Now he is gone again. I waited up half the night last night to let him in, but he never came, although he promised me he would return yesterday evening and bring me some things I wanted from the town. It was only an excuse to get away, and I am fairly broken-hearted about him." And the poor woman covered her face with her apron and began to sob bitterly.

The good old priest did his best to comfort her, and reminded her of the efficacy of a mother's prayers; but he knew well how great were the difficulties of the case. The boy was bright, handsome, and clever; he had learned quickly at school, and, as long as his father lived, had been checked and controlled and made to obey. But with the father's death this wholesome authority mingled with fear had ceased. He loved his mother, but she was too soft and gentle to influence so headstrong and rebel-

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lious a character. He began to deceive her in a thousand little ways in order to compass his own ends; he neglected his religious duties, and though compelled to go to Mass with her on Sundays, and outwardly to behave as usual, the priest, who knew his heart, found him entirely changed. In vain he reasoned with him and represented to him the solemn charge his father had left him on his deathbed to obey his mother and care for her and his little sister. The boy was stubborn and sullen, and at last determined to run away from home and "earn a living independently," as he said. But, like the prodigal son, after a week or two's absence he had repented of his folly. He had suffered a great deal in his vagabond life, and at last determined to come back to his mother and own his fault. Her joy was so great at his return that perhaps she did not make him feel sufficiently the full extent of his sin. She thought that by showering love and tender offices on him his heart would be touched and that he would spare her a repetition of such conduct. But there was no earnest purpose of amendment or true repentance in the boy's heart. Very soon he got tired of the monotony and slight control of his home life, and the result was that, at the moment our story opens, he had again deserted her, and ever after led a wild, unsatisfactory life, sometimes coming home, but always refusing to give any account of himself or to confess how he spent the intervening time. No wonder that the poor mother's heart was riven, and that the place where she knelt in the church was generally wet with her tears.

At last affairs came to a crisis Fernando had returned one evening more out of temper than usual, and had flatly refused to obey some trifling order his mother had given him. His words and manner roused even so gentle a nature as hers, and, speaking to him for the first time with real sternness, she warned him "that if he continued in his wilful and disobedient career, indifferent to the bitter pain he caused her, God would signally punish him, and that he would surely die on the scaffold." Her words startled him at the time, and he promised to behave better. But the impression was a transitory one, and a few days later he again left her—this time for ever. The teachings of his childhood were forgotten, the whisperings of conscience and of his good angel were stifled; the devil entered into his heart and blinded him with visions of liberty and independence. And God never permitted him to see his poor mother again on earth.

We will pass lightly over the intervening years of the boy's life till he became a man. He was first engaged as a cabin-boy on board a merchant brig sailing from Trieste. Then, finding him clever and intelligent, the ship's carpenter took a fancy to him and taught him his trade, which he quickly learned, and soon was able to command higher wages. All this time, though growing in knowledge and strength, he was far from growing in grace or in the love of God. Now and then he would turn into a church and say an occasional prayer. But his companions were bad and jeered at anything like religion; so that he soon became ashamed of even so scanty a practice of his faith. After a year or two he was taken on board a Neapolitan vessel bound for South America. But the crew were Carbonari, socialists,

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and infidels, enlisted in a secret society to overthrow both the altar and the throne. Finding Fernando a likely subject, they quickly won him over by bribes and promises, and finally enrolled him as a member of their detestable sect, and initiated him into every species of iniquity. Unhappily, they found in him a ready pupil, and his gigantic strength made him a formidable instrument when any deed of unusual daring and villany was required. But low as he had fallen, and rapid as had been his descent from good to evil, yet God did not altogether forsake him or overlook his mother's prayers and tears on his behalf. He sent him a dangerous illness, and his heartless companions, finding him, in consequence, only a burden upon them, sailed away, leaving him to seek a hospital in a strange port of South America. The sufferings he there endured, the desertion of his wicked companions, and the kind and tender care he received from his nurses awoke in his breast feelings of remorse and compunction for his past life, and a wish to turn over a new leaf, if God should once more spare him. The fear of eternal punishment and the recollection of the teachings of his childhood strengthened these good dispositions in his heart, and an apparently trifling circumstance helped to confirm them. Among the nurses was a young girl, the daughter of the matron, to whom he became deeply and passionately attached. She was good and pious and a devout Catholic; so that before encouraging his addresses in any way she wished to ascertain if he were of her faith. He assured her he was a Catholic and born of Catholic parents; but when she questioned him as to his mother and his home, and especially as to his religious practices, she found he had nothing to say, and that he could give her no proof of his sincerity. Fernando became almost desperate, and poured out to her the story of his love and his repentance in a way which could not fail to touch the girl's heart. Finally, on his recovery, she gave him a conditional promise that she would marry him at the end of a certain time of probation, when she would see if he had been faithful to his new and good resolutions; and tying a small bag round his neck, she made him swear never to take it off, for her sake. This was the only gleam of sunshine in Fernando's sad and checkered career. It was a pure and honest love, which, with the grace of God, might have brought about his salvation. But, unhappily, he did not seek for that grace; his repentance and his good resolutions melted away as his health became restored; he trusted in his own strength; and so "the last state of that man was worse than the first."

No sooner was his health re-established than Fernando was anxious to be afloat again, partly to hasten the time of his probation, partly to earn more money wherewith to enable him to marry the pure, good child whose heart he had won. His skill in carpentering was well known, so that in a short time he obtained an excellent situation in an Italian ship bearing the English flag, in which he hoped to make only a short cruise and then return to claim his bride. They parted with much love on both sides, but with a growing anxiety on hers which their late intercourse had only strengthened. She could not satisfy herself that his heart was really changed, and dreaded

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his being again led away by evil companions. The result justified her fears but too well.

The captain of Fernando's ship was a man of bad character; but he took a great fancy to his new carpenter, and even admitted him on terms of equality to his table. He had on board a handsome Italian woman who passed for his wife, but who was not so in reality. This woman had no sooner seen Fernando than she conceived for him a strong and guilty passion, which she at first endeavored to conceal, and only showed by increased kindness and attention to Fernando on the plea of his having lately recovered from a serious illness. Fernando was pleased and flattered by her manner, and so began an intimacy which was destined to have the most fatal consequences. In spite of his genuine love for his affianced bride, the passionate nature of this bad woman worked upon all that was worst and lowest in himself, degrading him in his own eyes, yet blinding him to the inevitable consequences. She became his evil genius, a siren dragging him slowly but surely down to perdition. We need not enter into the sad story of passion and ambition on the one hand, leading to jealousy and fury on the other, and ending in the commission of a fearful crime. Suffice it to say that, under the impulse of a sudden and terrible temptation, Fernando mortally stabbed the captain in his own cabin, and the woman shared the same fate. The mate, hearing the murderous cries, rushed in to the assistance of his master and was killed also. The captain and the mate died instantaneously; but the woman lived long enough for her Neapolitan faith to revive, and, calling Fernando to her, she exclaimed, "See what you have done!"

"Yes," he replied sullenly, "I see; but you know well it is all through you!"

Then the wretched woman appealed to him to do her at least one last favor, and that was to light six candles before a picture of Our Lady which hung in the cabin, and to promise her that when he came ashore he would have six Masses offered for the repose of her soul. This he did and promised mechanically, for, his furious passion being over, he was, as it were, stunned at his own acts. His miserable victim expired a few minutes later on the couch where he had laid her. It was then for the first time that he realized what he had done, and, without stopping to consider, he instinctively opened the little bag which hung round his neck, and saw that it contained a scapular with an image of Our Lady. At the sight he was softened, and, bursting into tears, he exclaimed: "My God! my God! what have I done!" But the voice of grace was soon hushed in the tumult of fear and remorse which had taken possession of him. He realized also the excessive danger of his position, and his one idea was how to save himself. At last he made up his mind to take possession of the ship, and, effacing as far as possible the evidence of the struggle, and locking the cabin-door, he quietly went on deck, and, taking the helm, determined to alter the ship's course. But the sailors, who had liked their captain and suspected there had been foul play, would not obey him. Finally they rose against him in a body and tried to seize him. Being a man of herculean strength, ten of his opponents lay at his feet in his struggle for

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liberty. At last he was overpowered by numbers and safely secured; after which the sailors ran the ship into the port of Montevideo, and delivered him over to the English authorities there on a charge of treble murder. From thence he was sent to England on board a man-of-war, bound with chains. But in a fit of frenzy he burst his bonds and threw himself into the sea to put an end to his miserable life. He was rescued, but again and again attempted the same desperate act. God had, however, other and more merciful designs as regarded this poor sinner, and he was safely landed at Southampton, and from thence sent to Winchester, where he was tried; and the evidence against him being overwhelming, he was finally condemned to death.

We must now leave the criminal for a short time, and give our readers the graphic description of his conversion from the pen of the holy Capuchin father who was God's instrument on this occasion. He writes:

"I had been but a short time in England, and spoke the language very imperfectly, when I was one day sent for by Dr. Grant, the late saintly bishop of Southwark, who, to my great astonishment, asked me if I would go down as soon as possible to Winchester jail, to attend an Italian youth who had been condemned to death for three murders committed by him on the high seas. The bishop added that the unfortunate man, who was only eight-and-twenty, had refused the ministrations of more than one priest who had been sent to try and influence him; that he (the bishop) had himself endeavored to get at him, but had failed in the attempt, the prisoner having declared that as he had lived so he would die, and that he would have nothing to say to any priest whatsoever. It had then come into the bishop's head that he would send me, as I, being an Italian, might probably have some effect upon him and possibly soften that hard heart. I pleaded my inability to speak English, and the difficulty I should have not only in finding my way to Winchester, but in explaining my wants and wishes to the prison authorities, who were not likely to be favorable to the poor monk's brown habit. But the bishop replied that as a son of St. Francis my duty was to obey, and bade me go in God's name, and not doubt that Our Lady would assist me, and that, through my means, this poor guilty soul might be saved from eternal damnation. It was the Feast of the Immaculate Conception; and so, trusting in Our Lady's all-powerful aid, I accepted the bishop's commission and started. I borrowed a dictionary at the monastery and studied it diligently during my journey down, so that I might know what words to use on my first arrival and how to enquire my way to the jail. . . . I was very courteously received by the governor of the prison, to whom I announced myself and explained my mission. He insisted on my taking some refreshment at his own table, and then conducted me himself to the cell of the condemned man. He warned me not to approach too near him, for he was so very violent that it had been found necessary to chain him, and no one dared go within his reach. When I entered the cell I understood at once the meaning of the governor's warning. The prisoner, in truth, looked more like a tiger

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than a human being. He chafed and glared at me like a maniac; but remembering under whose protection I had placed myself, I went straight up to him and spoke to him gently and lovingly, saying I was his fellow-countryman and had come a long way on purpose to see him. I requested the governor to leave me alone with him; and then, taking his hand, I told him how grieved I was to see him chained like that, and that I would ask to have the manacles removed, so that we might sit down comfortably together like brothers, as we truly were. He asked me 'if I should not be afraid of him.' I assured him I had no fear whatever; and at my earnest request the chains were removed, though the warders were evidently alarmed at my being left thus alone with him when his limbs were freed. I reassured them, and the moment we were left by ourselves the poor fellow fell at my feet and burst into tears. I knelt down and prayed with him, and consoled him in every way in my power; and he then and there poured out to me the whole history of his past life, as it has been partly related above, tracing back all his misfortunes to his first act of rebellion as a boy and to the pain and trouble he had given to his widowed mother. He said that her voice still rang in his ears when she had told him that 'if he continued in his disobedience he would surely die on a scaffold.' 'And her words have come true,' sobbed the poor fellow, as he knelt in the deepest penitence before me, crying, in fact, like a little child, and begging and imploring God's forgiveness for his sins; so that the heartiness of his contrition moved me likewise, and we mingled our tears together. I saw that he was evidently not fit to be alone. I did not know what he might do to himself in his despair; so that I went and obtained from the governor permission to remain with him every day from early morning till late at night. I kept the bishop informed of every particular regarding his state; and when he heard that Fernando had shown such contrition and made so open a confession, he exclaimed with joy: 'This is indeed a miracle of the Immaculate Conception!' Only a few months before two other Italian Carbonari had been executed for murder at Winchester, without having consented to see a priest. The poor bishop, standing among the crowd, could only give them conditional absolution when the drop fell; and he had always feared that Fernando's end would be as sad as theirs had been. When, then, Dr. Grant heard of the wonderful change which the grace of God had wrought in this poor young fellow's heart, he gave me leave to celebrate Mass in his cell. And there, on a little temporary altar, I daily offered the Holy Sacrifice, Fernando himself serving my Mass with the greatest devotion and reverence, and frequently receiving his Lord in Holy Communion. The rest of the day we spent in prayer, saying the Rosary and the Stations of the Cross, or reading the Gospel narrative of the Passion of our Lord or the lives of the saints. Thus we spent the greater part of the month of December. I became intensely interested in and attached to him: and the warders and governor of the prison never ceased expressing their astonishment at the total change which had come over their once refractory prisoner. I would I could describe more minutely

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the strange events of his checkered life, and the interior conflicts he had gone through on several occasions before his last entire conversion. But up to the very end he dreaded lest I should reveal any circumstances connected with the wretched secret society he had so unhappily joined, seeming always to fear the vengeance of the Carbonari, so terrible is the terrorism exercised by those men over their victims, lest their infamous practices should be revealed!

"Only a week before his execution I had a specimen of the influence these men still had over him. Christmas day had dawned. I had said my first Mass, as usual, in his cell, and had gone to the church to celebrate the other two. During my absence three Italians of the worst possible sort asked for and obtained permission from the governor to see the prisoner. Of course he had not an idea who or what they were, and only thought they were friends and countrymen of Fernando's; and his conduct had been so exemplary since his conversion that every one was anxious to show him some kindness and sympathy. When I returned, which I did the moment my Masses were over, I found, to my dismay, that Fernando was an altered man. He was no longer my humble penitent, anxious to do everything he could to atone for the past. There were again passion and vengeance in his eye. He walked restlessly up and down his cell, eyeing me askance from time to time. I saluted him as I entered, and said a few loving words to him on the feast; but he never answered a word, and looked sullenly down on the floor. I own that for the first time I was frightened, but I determined not to show it. I said nothing more, but knelt down before our little altar with the picture of Our Lady of Dolors upon it, and began to pray, keeping an eye on him all the time. Suddenly he came up behind me and seized me by the back of the neck so as almost to strangle me. I felt sure that he meant to murder me and that my last hour was come. I made a fervent act of contrition, and called, as I thought for the last time, on Mary, invoking her aid. She did not fail me; in another second Fernando had relaxed his hold and fell again sobbing and powerless at my feet. Grace had once more conquered. He knelt and implored me to forgive him for what he called his base ingratitude. He then confessed that the three Italians who had been with him in my absence were members of this same secret society, and pretended that as I, an Italian priest, was attending him, all the evil secrets of their wretched lives would be revealed to the world; that the only way to save them would be for him to take my life. They urged that it would make no difference to him; that he was, anyhow, to die on a scaffold, and that he could but die once; but that if he would only follow their advice and rid them of me, they would make the most desperate efforts to release him, and that they thought they should succeed, even if they had to wait till he was on his way to the place of execution. All this poor Fernando poured out to me with many tears, ending by beseeching me to request the governor not to allow any one in future to be admitted to see him except myself.

"After this terrible internal struggle he was, if possible, more con-

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trite and more fervent than before. But the days passed only too quickly, and then the last night came. I dreaded lest the devil should make a final effort to gain the soul so lately snatched from his grasp, and so went again to the governor and besought him, as a very great favor, for leave to pass that last night with the prisoner. He said at first it was a thing that was never allowed; but I was so urgent that at last he said he could not refuse me. He likewise ordered a second bed to be placed in the cell, so that I might, at any rate, have some rest during the night. But I had no inclination to lie down, and still less to sleep. Fernando wanted to watch with me; but I insisted on his making use of the bed prepared for me, and told him to try and get some sleep, that he might be braver on the morrow. He obeyed me; and I sat with my Breviary in my hand, but my eyes fixed upon him, thanking God in my heart for the great grace of repentance he had vouchsafed to him, and with a yearning yet (as I well knew) fruitless desire that his life might be spared. I can never describe all I felt during those last hours. Soon after midnight Fernando suddenly started up in a paroxysm of despair. He screamed out in a loud voice that he saw the blood of the victims he had murdered before him; he dashed himself in a frenzy against the wall, tearing the bed-clothes from him and trying to destroy himself. I took up my crucifix, and, putting my arms tenderly round him, began to preach of God's mercy and forgiveness, and of the all-sufficient atonement offered for us all on the cross. God only knows what I said; I was almost beside myself with grief and compassion. But he deigned to bless my poor words, and again his grace triumphed. Once more poor Fernando came back to himself, penitent, strengthened, and consoled. But he would not lie down again, lest another frightful nightmare should come upon him. At two o'clock in the morning, for the last time, I celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in his cell, and he made his last communion with such penitence and fervor as would have moved a heart of stone. After it was over he asked me to sing with him the 'Stabat Mater,' the hymn his mother had taught him as a child, and which he had never forgotten. I could hardly join in it, for my voice was choked with tears. Then he remained on his knees in prayer, renewing his confession, his acts of contrition, and also of thanksgiving for the singular mercy God had shown him in calling him to repentance. So he went on till eight o'clock in the morning, when I heard a knock at the door of the cell, and shuddered, for I knew but too well what it meant. The governor, entering, said to me:

"'Mr. Pacificus, it is time.'

"'All right,' I answered; 'leave him to me.'

"And then I turned to Fernando, and told him simply 'it was time to go.'

"'To go where?' he asked, as if bewildered.

"'To Calvary,' I replied. 'Do not fear; I will go with you, and One mightier than I will be with you to the end.'

"And then, for the last time, we knelt together before the little altar where the Holy Sacrifice had so lately been offered, and before the image of Our Lady of Sorrows which hung above it, and we said

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one more 'Hail Mary' to her whose loving aid had wrought such marvels of grace; and then we rose and left together that cell which had indeed become a sanctuary. The warders desisted from taking hold of him when I assured them that he would be as quiet as a lamb; and he walked firmly, leaning on my arm, to the place of execution. I wore my Franciscan habit, and we repeated together the litany of the dying in a loud voice as we walked along. When we had got a little way Fernando stopped me and begged that he might take off his shoes and his coat.

"'I have been a great sinner,' he said, 'and I wish to go to the scaffold as a humble penitent.'

"A little further on he stopped me again, and said that when I went about preaching to others I must mention the example of his life, and warn all children to be dutiful and obedient to their parents, and especially to their mothers, lest they should end as he had done. He added that ever since he had run away from his mother, and caused her such sorrow and anxiety, he had always felt miserable and unhappy.*

"At last we arrived at the scaffold, and he quietly mounted the steps, I and the executioner being by his side. He embraced me, and then meekly submitted to have his hands tied. But when the cap was put over his face he complained to me that he could not again see or kiss the crucifix. I lifted the covering from his mouth, and held the sacred image to his lips while he joined with me in fervent ejaculations, and implored the mercy of God to the last instant when he was launched into eternity.

"It was an awful moment; even now, after the lapse of so many years, I cannot think of the terrible details without a thrill of horror. Fernando was in the full vigor of youth, and, as I have said, of enormous strength, and the consequence was that his death was very, very hard. It seemed to me an eternity before the doctor, with his finger on his pulse, pronounced that he was quite dead. There was a great crowd around the prison doors and around the scaffold; but, contrary to what is usually the case on such occasions, their demeanor was quiet and even respectful, and many were moved to tears. Two of the officers of the jail were so impressed by what they had seen that they came to me the following day, asked to be put under instruction, and became Catholics."

The local Protestant papers, when describing the execution, all said that, "if ever there were a true penitent, it was Fernando, and if ever there were a priest worthy of the name it was the poor Franciscan monk."

"If you wish for more details," writes Father Pacificus, "I will try and give them to you; but I think the foregoing narrative is correct in every particular. I have tried to read it over again, but I have

* I had forgotten to mention that the day previous to his execution he tried to write to his mother (who he fancied was still living) to express his love and sorrow for having grieved her; but he was so affected when he began to think of her he could not write a word. After his death I wrote for him, but in such a way that she should, if possible, be spared the knowledge of his execution. I said: "DEAR MADAM: I am sorry to inform you that your dear son, Fernando, died the other day. But it will be a comfort to you in your sorrow to know that he died penitent. I have assisted him in his last moments, and given him the sacraments of the church; and I was present at his death. The day before he died he begged of me to write to you, and implore your motherly forgiveness for having been the cause of such grief to you, and for having run away from you. He never ceased deploring his conduct towards you, and besought your pardon and blessing. I remain, dear madam,

"Your faithful servant,

"FATHER PACIFICUS."

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never succeeded. It brings me back to Winchester, to the cell, to the scaffold, to all those terrible moments. It makes me cry! I had become so fond of him, there was so much that was so grand and beautiful in his character; and I had loved him as a son, for many reasons, but especially because, through the intercession of Mary, I had been permitted to deliver him from the hands of the devil and his instruments, the Carbonari, and to bring him back, as a loving and penitent child, to the feet of our dear Lord, who had suffered and died for him on the cross."

We feel we can add little or nothing to this beautiful narrative of the first missionary work in England of this holy and devoted Capuchin father. Many as may be the souls whom he has saved since these events took place, we think that in the last day, when he will receive his reward, none will give him greater joy than that of this poor Italian youth, whom his wonderful charity and courageous faith rescued from so terrible a condition, and brought, as he so touchingly writes, to the "feet of our dear Lord."*

THE NEW SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHICAL FICTION.

When Don Quixote gravely listens to a story he now and then interrupts the narrator with some moral, historical, or philosophical observation; but Sancho hearkens with mouth and ears open to the tale itself, and yawns at *l'envoi*. The simple delight with which of old we read a novel has been turned of late years into a severe task. Virgil, that prince of *raconteurs*, does not care a whit about the anachronism of Dido entertaining the pious Æneas. The modern novelist is realistic. Like a celebrated actor, he will not play Hamlet for us until he has studied all Danish archæology. He rather despises Shakspere for making a clock strike in the play of "Julius Cæsar." Once we were contented, like Sancho, to listen to the story for its own sake, but novelists have made us decidedly Quixotic, and we are on the look-out to see that the hero has correct views on the question of evolution, and the heroine does not commit herself to any theories at variance with the promise and potency of matter.

We purpose tracing the development of this tendency in English fiction. It begins to show itself markedly in the later novels of Charles Dickens, and reaches its acme in the studies of George Eliot. We take the Scott novels as a starting-point, for Sir Walter was unquestionably the founder of

* The profits of this article will be devoted to the building of a school chapel in a very neglected district with a large Catholic population, which has been set on foot by the untiring charity and energy of this same Capuchin father whose first missionary work in England has been here related. Any contributions for this work from those who have the means of grace within daily reach will be gratefully received by

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the English novel. The stories of Fielding and Smollett are autobiographical, and, however excellent they may be as pictures of life, they lack the unity and plot which Scott has made imperatively necessary to his successors. The *Tristram Shandy* of Sterne is nothing but a collection of very detached and, with an occasional exception, of very indecent essays.

Still, the older English novels would have pleased Sancho Panza. They had no profound philosophical system to advocate, no special theory of morals or new social scheme. Who now reads the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney? Possibly such writers as Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., to get a name for a gallant knight. Yet many of the novels of the seventeenth century, gross as some of their descriptions are, do not communicate that subtle poison of unbelief and that downright sanction of lust from which the politer modern romance is not always free. There is a hearty morality in *Tom Jones* infinitely superior to that inculcated in many a recent story. The animal life of England in those days, the excessive eating and drinking, the license of conversation, the inefficiency of the English Establishment, are brought out in the liveliest colors in the pages of Fielding and Smollett. But it is well that, on the whole, they are no longer read. The novels of Richardson were publicly commended from the London pulpit—a circumstance which gives us a curious idea of the taste of the time, for the very "moral" of *Clarissa Harlowe* and of *Sir Charles Grandison* is shocking. But what nobler natural morality can be found than that advocated in the *Rasselas* of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield?* The general characteristic of this era of novelistic literature is its adherence to the true idea of a story. There is no painful elaboration of character such as wearies us nowadays, no passionate advocacy of certain rights, no prolonged attacks upon certain public abuses, and none of that psychical anatomy of motive which we do not encounter in ordinary experience. With few exceptions the old-fashioned notions of duty and honor are insisted upon, as in Mackenzie's *Man of Feeling;* and though the theatrical love-making causes a smile, there is present brave, honest, and manly feeling which charms us when we contrast it with the description of the passion and its vagaries in many a contemporary romance. In the old stories, too, the villain invariably comes to grief.

The "subjective" novel had not as yet appeared. Heroines had not a "dynamic quality" in the rustle of their dress, as has Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda.* Their curls were not an adumbration of their mental states, nor did their eyes reveal all sorts of "passionate possibilities." They are, of course, superlatively handsome. The old novelist would as soon make his heroine an Ethiop as a Jane Eyre. They engage in household duties, help the dairy-work along, and, indeed, "make themselves generally useful." Sir Charles Grandison praises the excellent pies of his lady-love; and Olivia, in the *Vicar of Wakefield,* nearly equals her mother in the *cuisine.* In many of the quaint old tales the heroine presents the hero with a "warm scarf" or "well-knit hose"—a token which, to the practical mind, is far preferable to a "pink flower pale with her tears," which is the usual

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modern substitute for the stockings.

The *Caleb Williams* of Godwin is really the initial philosophical novel in the language. In power of statement, in sophistical reasoning, and in its lamentable success it has never been surpassed. Crabb Robinson describes the sensation which it caused. It set the example, which has become so general, of able minds taking the novel as a medium of communicating their particular political and other opinions. This is an invasion of the province of the novel proper. We can trace the influence of Godwin in this whole species of novelistic literature. He was the most powerful personality in that wretched Shelley school. His daughter married the divorced poet, and showed the paternal genius in her *Frankenstein*, which is another invasion of the province of the novel proper. The soul-terrifying tales of Mrs. Radcliffe and the *Castle of Otranto* of Walpole are quite cheerful in comparison with the monster of Frankenstein. The idea is blasphemous, and is said to have been suggested by Shelley himself.

The Scott novels are the best specimens of the romance in any literature. The genius is healthy, sunny, moral. The reflections upon the church rarely touch any doctrinal point, but chiefly relate to mere questions of discipline. The superiority of Scott is seen by contrasting him with Victor Hugo or Turgenef, though Manzoni comes near him. This powerful and good genius left a deep impress upon the mind of the English-speaking races, and yet it is remarkable that the influence of Sir Walter is departing, if not departed. The fact is that his stories never took full hold upon Covenanting Scotland. That he was read at all in Scotland is the most stupendous evidence of his genius. Carlyle, the Mentor of Scotland, refused to speak to him on the ground that he had wasted his powers in writing lies—*i.e.*, novels. As if his own writings were not essentially novelistic! What is his *French Revolution* but a series of sensational chapters? And if *Sartor Resartus* is not a novel, it is not because Carlyle did not try to make it one. It was Carlyle that introduced the subjective school of thought, and from that day farewell to the pageantry of court and tournament, war and dashing love! "Enter Hamlet reading."

A great producer of the philosophical novel was Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. He had everything but genius. He had fair abilities, a love of study, wealth to carry out his literary projects, and a vivid imagination which he mistook for philosophical insight. His novels are scholarly and show the fastidiousness of the student. Here the ghost of the "subjective" which haunts the whole school is dimly seen in *Pelham*, rattles its chains in *Zanoni*, and "materializes" in the *Parisians*. As Bulwer's novels cover a period of nearly fifty years, and confessedly founded a prominent school of fiction, it is well for us to form an idea of the salient points of their teaching.

The Bulwer gospel is the inevitable success in life which attends good looks, talent, and a determination to treat the world as did Iago — an oyster to be opened. None of his characters, good or bad, fail. All succeed in conquering fate, Providence, or call it what you will. His youth move through life *en prince*. The dandy conquers by lying and cheating charmingly.

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The student has no higher motive of study than utility. All is of the earth earthy. The old, unbelieving, and epicure philosopher dies as calmly as a saint. The sceptic is really irresistible. Success! success! is written on every page as the sufficient reward and crown of his heroes and heroines, whom he dowers with so many magnificent gifts.

Now, there is something very beautiful in youthful enthusiasm. We delight in our handsome, noble-minded hero, our lovely and virtuous heroine. We sympathize with his high purpose to make a name for himself by some great achievement in literature, art, politics, or war. We feel our hearts throb with his when we read the praises of glory as sung by bard and described by historian. Bulwer certainly makes many of his heroes very noble fellows—as Caxton or Kenelm Chillingly. But (and here is the false moral) worldly success is not the all-in-all, either in idea or in fact. We tire of this overwhelming success, because it is false to life. The truth is that men of superlative endowments generally fail in life; the very fineness of spirit which Bulwer gives to his young heroes would work against them in the rough-and-tumble world. So, too, his statesmen never sat in any cabinet but that of a student and dreamer. A very thoughtful writer says that the more he has studied the causes of worldly success, the less disposed is he to pass judgment upon those who are classed among the failures. Of course we have nothing to say against the ringing cheer which greets Bulwer's youthful heroes when they drive Fortune, Fame, and Beauty up to the winning-post. We all are glad of our neighbor's success, if we are right-hearted and see that success does not spoil the man; and of course Bulwer's heroes are not to be spoiled. Yet there is a tawdriness about these spangles and ribbons, this surfeit of honor, this lavish favor of applauding beauty, which makes us wish for a failure somewhere, if it were only for the admirable footman to upset the soup upon the head of the sceptical old philosopher who discourses so wittily and sneeringly about the world and the follies of humanity when it disregards the Bulwer maxims.

Lord Lytton set in fashion that morbid speculation about the mysteries of the other world which has been carried to ridiculous lengths by Wilkie Collins. The machinery of the supernatural cannot be worked except by a master-hand, which Bulwer was not. An old-fashioned ghost-story, such as Mrs. Radcliffe or her successor, Miss Braddon, could tell, frightens people a great deal more than the exhibition of the dreams of the old necromancers apparent in *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story*. This false supernaturalism is one of the most detestable phases of the philosophical school. It is unholy, unbelieving, and untrue. We were not surprised to learn from a biographical and critical review in *Blackwood's*, upon the occasion of Bulwer's death, that he had fallen into the delusion of spiritism in his old age. The writer of this review, evidently well acquainted with his mental habits and religious views, dwelt with exceeding delicacy upon this evidence of mental aberration; but we Catholics easily understand it. If a mind, particularly a cultivated and imaginative one, has not the divine spirituality of the church, it is pretty certain that it will drift into superstition, perhaps into

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diabolism. The man who believes that he has a guardian angel specially commissioned to watch over and pray for him personally; who believes in the communion of saints, and that he can hold through prayer as veritable a communication with St. John or St. Francis Xavier as if he were a contemporary neighbor; and who believes that he can assist by his prayers and his good works the beloved dead, and receive sweet intimations, based upon a divine faith, that his prayers shall be heard and that he himself is by baptism and by grace a living member of the city of God, feels no curiosity about the other life, no disposition to pry into its secrets. Indeed, it has no secrets from him, and he either laughs at *diablerie* or commends himself to God and passes on. The other world to the Catholic is far better known than this. Protestants shudder over the "supernaturalism," horrible and portentous, in Bulwer and Wilkie Collins, while they laugh at the benign apparition of our Lord to the Blessed Mary Alacoque, or put down as monkish legends the traditions of demoniac temptation and power recorded in the lives of the saints. If it fell within the scope of this paper, we might amuse, and perhaps instruct, our readers by paralleling from the old monastic chronicles many of the mysterious adventures that occur to the characters in the modern ghost-story. The devil, after all, has a narrow round of deception, and it would be a curious study to identify his modern manifestations with his former *mirifica*, as recorded for us, in their true character, in the quaint legends of the middle ages. Collins may be familiar with these, but there is no question that many of the phenomena of modern spiritism are traceable to demoniac influence. It is worthy of notice in the evolution of the Collins stories that the spiritual influence is always attended by a wretched and miserable condition of the nervous system, or a confusion of idea, or, at the very least, a perplexing inability to certify all the circumstances. This is in strict accordance with the old devilish practices, and is explained on the principle that the great aim of Satan in our times is to make men disbelieve in his existence or in the state or condition of hell.

Bulwer, having no true spirituality, found it necessary to have recourse to a sort of Rosicrucianism, or, if you choose, a pagan Swedenborgianism. In the other world we shall continue to progress indefinitely in intellectual power, somewhat after the idea of Thomas Dick, who tells us that a soul like Newton's, contemplating the starry spheres, will be inundated with a bliss wholly denied to the ignorant rustic. But the carnal views of heaven which Protestantism has made so familiar are too trite a theme to need more than indicating. It is said that Bulwer felt keenly the laughter which his spiritualistic dream drew from the critics, and he sought to impale them—a very foolish proceeding.

The reader of Bulwer will notice that after success, which is to be obtained at all hazards, he enthrones intellect. This is the great mark of the philosophic school. They have a word, "culture," which corresponds to Bulwer's deification of the intellectual powers. Yet he falls short of the full religion of culture, for he makes study and investigation subservient to utility, whereas your true lover of culture makes it its own exceeding great end and reward. This exaltation

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of the intellect is carried out with varying success in the many novels that have imitated the great Bulwer standard. The women imagine that a learned man must be perforce an ethereal creature, in defiance of history. Plato and St. Thomas of Aquin were probably the two noblest minds, naturally, that God ever created, and yet both were big, burly, bushy-browed men. The novelist's beau-ideal of the genius, a great favorite with the ladies since Byron and Bulwer, is a gentleman with an alabaster brow, raven hair, eagle eyes, and taper hands. This interesting being is torn with doubts about his origin and his end. He paces gloomy terraces and interrogates the Night. The low, sullen clouds answer him with thunder-growls. He wanders by the sea, but it mocks his despair. He broods over the awful sayings and runes of the Druids, studies the Zend-Avesta, pierces the meaning of the Egyptian animal-worship and the strange rites of the Abyssinians. All in vain until he learns wisdom from Love.

Thackeray is a member of the same philosophical school as Bulwer, but he works with different methods. A man forgets Bulwer as he does Ovid, but he remembers Thackeray and Horace. Thackeray is no more like Dickens, with whom he has been foolishly compared, than a sailor is like a child's nurse. He believes in the unmitigated "cussedness" of human nature—an error which leaves his moral as worthless as that of Bulwer's "success." The complexion of Thackeray's genius is seen in his attitude to the Catholic Church, which is the only test that can be applied to any man or institution. Far back in his literary career his bias toward the church was well known. Some one said to Sydney Smith: "Thackeray has a leaning to Catholicism." "I hope," said Sydney, "the leaning begins with his nose"—which was broken. Yet he doubted and analyzed, and finally lost the grace of conversion. He had no earthly reason to keep out of the church, and he was just the man that could afford to let snobs and fools laugh at his serious step. Indeed, they would have been afraid to laugh.

Thackeray's theory of life is that the game is not worth the candle Trollope's recent attempt in the *Nineteenth Century* to make out Thackeray as a wonderful moral power and the greatest *censor morum* of the age is just the sort of opinion one expects from a romantic novelist. It is not only false even in the world, but it is sinful, to represent life as a Vanity Fair. There are, indeed, coldness and wretchedness enough in it, but at least one thing is true: human nature is not totally depraved. The Catholic Church meets a man face to face in all these theories. It is wonderful how the doctrines of faith are interwoven with our very mental structure. Now, who would suppose that the definitions of the Council of Trent, about the fall of Adam, and the preservation of our natural integrity even if weakened by original sin, and the loss of our supernatural state not involving the loss of our own natural excellences, make it just simply impossible for us to accept Thackeray's and other satirists' views of the essential depravity, worthlessness, meanness, and selfishness of our human nature?

There is too much analysis of character in Thackeray's novels, too much quizzing of motives; little generosity, little true wisdom. Af-

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ter all it is better to be too trusting than too suspicious, and the highest and widest wisdom and experience confirm it. Besides, there is a deeper error and want in English aristocratic society than aught which the great cynic indicated. We could forgive the social blunders, or even the petty vices, if there was present an atmosphere of faith. This Thackeray ignores, and substitutes nothing. There are, indeed, a few charming passages descriptive of loving prayer and submission to God, but these pious emotions are mainly confined to doting mothers. The ridicule of fashionable worship is unsparing.

What a heartless picture is *Barry Lyndon!* Here Thackeray is in full feather as a pessimist. What a thorough understanding of every source and deed of meanness, treachery, and coldest selfishness! This fierce cynicism mellowed with years and success, but it is clear that he must have met with some deep disappointment, some betrayal, some wretched failure in early life which his pride could not stomach, and which never left his mind. The natural man finds it so very hard to forgive those that trespass against him. Virtue is made supremely ludicrous in Thackeray, which is, for the English as the French mind, the same as making it impossible. Voltaire did not disprove Christianity; he laughed at it, and made it laughable to an unbelieving generation. Thackeray makes love ridiculous. It is a matter of bargain and sale. He makes fidelity, as in Captain Dobbin, contemptible. He makes Pendennis, an impudent snob, a model of a husband and friend. Philip is a fool, though the best fellow in the world. Colonel Newcome, though admirable and lovable, has the same limp mentality and dies in an almshouse. We have the monotonous repetition and false interpretation of the words, Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity. This must be read with the gloss of Thomas à Kempis: "Except to love God and to serve him alone." Seen in this light the world may indeed be a Vanity Fair, but we pass through it in calm patience, seeing its fun, its pathos, its joys and sorrows, and using it as if we used it not. It is the height of folly to fly into a passion with the world, or to sneer at it as wholly reprobate. Thackeray's books are very dangerous to a young man, especially if he has met with any disappointment. Still, he is enjoyable, like Horace, for pretty much the same reason.

The first novels of Charles Dickens are his best. Afterward he became philosophical and failed. The rollicking fun of *Pickwick* grows fainter and fainter. Somebody must have told Dickens that he might become a great moral reformer, and he was foolish enough to believe so. Every one of his novels "with a purpose" has in it the elements of quick literary death. A story, to be immortal, must be largely personal. *Don Quixote* and *Gil Blas* communicate immortality to even poor imitations. But *did Oliver Twist* reform the English poor-house, or *did Martin Chuzzlewit* prevent American immigration? It must be said of Dickens that, notwithstanding this unhappy deflection of his talent, he was the most popular novelist since Scott. There was a vast fund of animal spirits in the man which he poured over his pages. He was lavish of his stores. Of course he wrote too much, and it must have been his ill-advised and

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unlucky son that permitted the continuation of *Edwin Drood*, which was almost a posthumous work. Everybody knew that Dickens had written himself out after the ghastly failure of *Our Mutual Friend*. But he was tolerated as are the oft-told jokes of our old friends. England was honestly proud of him, inasmuch as he worked his way to commanding eminence by the sheer force of his talents. He did not write the English language well. He knew little about the unities. He fails egregiously in the delineation of high life, which his snobbishness should never have attempted to describe, and his humor is broad burlesque. But he redeems much by an admirable modesty of word and description, and a hearty appreciation of virtues which humanity will always love, although they are not of a high order—good-fellowship, hospitality, a natural desire to help the distressed, and quick sympathy with the unfortunate.

But is Dickens "subjective"? asks the reader in astonishment. Yes; and it is he that has largely modelled that religious sentimentalism which we find in his imitators, such as Farjeon, Charles Kingsley, George Macdonald, and the authoress of the very much overrated story, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. The Dickens religion, as explained by himself, is a vague love for the true and beautiful, with an abundance of flowers, and a yearning after stars, angel-childs, and other celestial objects of a hazy nature. Paul Dombey wonders what the wild waves are saying, and Joe, in *Bleak House*, asks if the light is a-coming. Mrs. Dombey drifts out into the great ocean that rolls all around the world; and, in a word, death, except in the case of murder or suicide, is rather a sentimental affair, just as religion in life is, to Dickens and his host of imitators. As for any robust virtue or supernatural motive, you may as well expect it in the man in the moon.

The sentimental religion of the Dickens people is shared in by all the characters in that large section of novel literature which flourishes in the weekly story-papers. Where this religion originated no theologian appears to have determined. It has no creed, no doctrine, no positive precepts, no ministry, and no necessity for use except on death-beds or other trying occasions. It is a mere sentiment, and evidences itself by tears, by passionate appeals to Heaven, by a dark despair that there is no God when a faithless lover departs, and Heaven smiles when the young lady whispers the all-important answer. This religion avoids poverty, deep moral disease, and general unrespectability. It is no wonder that Thackeray and *his* imitators hold it in pitiful scorn. Anthony Trollope imitates the master most patiently, but he is too sentimental. Perhaps Justin McCarthy treats it with deepest satire.

Dickens was not subjective in the full sense of that favorite word. His characterizations are broad and bold. They lack delicacy, and he has not sufficient continuity of mind to preserve consistency or gradual development of character. This defect is really a merit in his humor. What can be funnier than the rapid transformations of Micawber? Indeed, Dickens is tedious when he attempts to trace any long series of mental struggles or resolves on the part of his hero or heroine, and we share his buoyancy when he launches out again into the stir, bustle, fun, and pathos of external life. He unfortunately

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made many of his "religious" characters easy of imitation to weak-minded men and women. There is only one good touch in this line in any of his books. It is where Captain Cuttle, after hearing of the death of Walter, in *Dombey and Son*, reads our Lord's Sermon on the Mount and then the Church of England's service for a burial at sea. It is simply appalling how a mere feeling, as exalted and made hysterical by Dickens, should be regarded in so many works of fiction as indicative and completely expressive of the profoundest truths and principles of genuine Christian faith. People weep over the death of Little Nell who look with stolid indifference upon an image of Christ Crucified, and they believe that Dickens' Christmas stories inculcate a higher benevolence and substitute a more fitting observance of the festival than all the teachings of the church.

Disraeli, like Godwin, used the novel as a medium for political purposes. *Vivian Grey* is very Bulwerish, and emphasizes the cardinal necessity of success, which the premier certainly illustrates in his own career. *Lothair* is so obviously a partisan pamphlet that only in name does it hold its place among novels. Of all his romances *Henrietta Temple* is the only one which merits the name. Yet its painful analysis of love, its raptures, its disappointments, are all as affected as the jaunty curls which the aged author and statesman still carefully nourishes. The "moral" of the Disraeli novels is sensation —nothing is worth living for that is not brilliant, flashy, dazzling. The very love-talk is epigrammatic. Bulwer's public men differ from Disraeli's in having a conscience, at least a public one. The gorgeous dreams of Eastern conquest which Disraeli pictures in *Tancred* appear to have come true under his own leadership. The lesson of patient waiting which he derives from his Hebrew blood is inculcated on every page, and is a faithful illustration of his own prophetic words when, having been coughed and laughed down in the House, he exclaimed: "I have tried many things, and I have always succeeded. One day I will make this House listen to me." And he certainly has fulfilled his own prediction.

With the pleasures of sense and political excitement and elevation as the measure of life and its highest reach, Disraeli, of course, revels in all the luxuries of existence. Lothair's diamonds, Henrietta's conservatory, boundless wealth, the choicest wine, the rarest books, the very exuberance of an Oriental imagination in his novels, all defy description. The Jew is seen in an aureola. Wealth is deified. Culture is religion and the state an idol, like that of some mythologies, to be alternately worshipped and beaten.

The imitators of Disraeli are chiefly American women who write about dukes and lords. Unlike Godwin, Disraeli has had no effect upon public opinion by the agency of his novels. They have been laughed at as unworthy of a man of his unquestionable genius, and some have supposed that they were written in a mocking spirit. But the character of the man forbids any such idea. If his heroes love to startle us, so does he. If they dream of the East, so does he. If their highest joy consists in the sensational, surely he must have tasted bliss unspeakable after his *coup de théâtre* of Cyprus.

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It remains for us to speak of the most eminent representative of the philosophical school of fiction, Marian Evans Lewes (George Eliot). All English literature has become introspective. Why should not the novel? Tennyson's poetry is almost entirely concerned with our mental and moral states. We long to hear a cheery song from some of our poets, not this continual analysis of feeling. It is of course notorious that the Protestant theological literature of the past decade quite ignores the external church. We have Mr. Froude evolving a Life of St. Thomas à Becket out of his own inner consciousness, as Professor Freeman has shown us. Here is Mrs. Lewes, who edited the *Westminster Review*, and was trained by Stuart Mill and other lights of the positive and utilitarian schools, able to throw herself into the precise mental state of our modern man and woman, and evolve a great philosophy of life.

Like Dickens, Mrs. Lewes' first sketches are her best. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* are charmingly written and quite full of truth and pathos. But along came Mentor, or Mr. Barlow, who told her that she could become a great moral power; and George Eliot was deceived. She takes up radical questions and anatomizes poor Felix Holt, an enthusiastic youth, until she makes the very word reform a synonym of absurdity. She tracks vice in *Romola* until she thinks she proves, what is not true, that it is its own most terrible punishment. She has a far daintier touch than Dickens, and tortures a victim as a cat tortures a mouse. She weighs ethical questions in the scales of utilitarianism, and he who cannot read Mill's *Logic* will take up *Middlemarch*. The failure of imaginative power and beauty, so bright in *Silas Marner*, appears in *Daniel Deronda*, particularly in the attempt to rehabilitate Judaism, which has lost all its charms for the most imaginative mind; for the world simply laughed at the attempt to represent the Judaism of London and to-day as identical with even that of the middle ages, not to speak of ancient Judea.

George Eliot's analysis of life is the old positive and utilitarian one of personal self-sacrifice for the benefit of the whole race, with the corresponding obligation on the part of the world to sacrifice itself for you too. Of course the present state of society, and the selfishness inculcated by the Christian religion, prevent this happy consummation. Nevertheless, a great "law" works punishment upon selfishness. Thus Dorothea sacrifices herself for old Casaubon, whose meanness is properly punished. Gwendolen selfishly marries Grandcourt, and makes expiation for the sin by a life of wretchedness. All of the Eliot novels are sad and saddening. There is evidently no prospect of the world's growing any less selfish. We have nothing to do but to put up with this miserable state of affairs, and it is unheroic to look to God or hereafter for any recompense.

This fivefold philosophy of life is miserably jejune. Bulwer's "success," Thackeray's "failure," Dickens' "reform," Disraeli's "sensation," and George Eliot's "humanity" are *vox et præterea nihil*. Life is none of these things, but it is a high trust, a pledge and promise of eternal happiness if it is spent in the service of God. Who or what is this deity, this *deus ex machina*, this supreme law, about

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which all these novelists prate? Do they not believe that God is so intimately concerned about his creation that, though infinitely distinct from it, we live and move and are in him? That life is success which gains its end, the attainment of the infinite Blessedness, which is God. That life is failure which fails in this. What gospel is this preached by Eliot which is to take the place of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? A preaching-up of the divine in humanity, of the self-poise imparted by culture, of the broadness of view attained by science, of the putting-down of low forms of vice, ignorance, and superstition by the authority of law wedded to knowledge. Not a word about supernatural grace. Not a syllable about the need of leaning upon a divine arm. This is the gospel of Satan, for its very essence is pride. There may be a natural virtue able to achieve merely human ethical results; but this virtue is so rare that Cicero himself doubts of it, though having Cato the Censor before him for proof. The Eliot gospel politely bids the Creator step aside, or coolly ignores him altogether. Man is sufficient for himself; or, if there be a lack of self-control, we must search for the cause, not in any so-called moral conditions, but in his physique, his education, above all in the narrow superstition which he dignifies by the name of religion.

As for us, give us a good story, full of plot, adventure, romance, excitement, graphic sketches of scenery and character, but let it be objective. When it comes to analysis of life, propriety of motive, speculations about Providence, tolerance of sin, and a dozen other difficult points, we have a philosophy which is simply divine, and it runs? Man is created to adore, love, and serve God in this life, in order to be for ever happy with him in the next.

We have thus analyzed the distinctive thought and conviction of the five acknowledged leaders of recent English fiction, to show the reader how fallacious are their views of life, and how unworthy of serious study on general grounds. There is little necessity for quoting the prohibition of the church in the matter of indiscriminate novel-reading, for a sensible man will quickly discover sufficient reasons for giving up such reading. In fact, too rigorous an exclusion of novels from the family library often tempts the young folk to read them. If they are trained to see how far the greatest masters of fiction fall short of the true wisdom of life and its responsibilities, they will not be so anxious to peruse them, much less the lucubrations of writers of no ability or novelistic skill.

We have spoken only of the leaders. We may summarize the imitators quite rapidly. Charles Reade's ideal of woman is a mere creature of impulse; the more deceptive she is in a foolish way, the more lovable; the more weakly compliant with her passions and the deafer to reason, the more does she show forth true femineity. Is not this a contrast to that majestic type of the Mother Undefiled? Anthony Trollope describes English home-life as a humdrum affair without religion, culture, or noble impulses. This we believe to be a false picture. Luckily, he is such a prosy writer that he has few readers. Edmund Yates is a sort of buccaneer Dickens.

It may be granted that we have no clear right to any religious ele-

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ment in a novel; but we have a right to demand that life be not distorted, morals left without explanation or incentive, and the great issues of our existence made dependent upon a blind fate. It may be true that nobody reads a story except for the interest of the plot or for the escape afforded into dreamland. Still, this does not exempt the romancer from high ethical obligations. He need not print for us the Ten Commandments, but he should not suffer their violation without condign punishment.

We offer these few suggestions in the hope that they may call attention to the subject of novel-reading, which is assuming vast proportions since the printing and publishing of very cheap editions. So far as we have glanced over these collections, there appears to be a disposition to reproduce standard, and even classic, novels. It is claimed that the better novels will supplant and counteract the trash. We do not think so. There are few standard novels in the language. We doubt if a wild Indian story would do as much harm as one of Reade's. It would be a good idea for professors of literature, editors, and other moulders of public opinion to familiarize the public, now feeding on this literature, with the characteristic "philosophy" of popular novelists. We should then have an antidote. There is nothing like just criticism for even the novel-loving public.

TO SS. PETER AND ANDREW CRUCIFIED.

"And Jesus said to them: Come after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men." - St. Mark i. 17.

'Tis leave one net another net to cast;
And, catching better fish, make good the loss.
The sport hath famous luck; for here, at last,
Ye both are caught in your own net—the Cross

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THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

In view of its great value and importance we publish the full text, with a translation, of the recent Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father to the bishops of the church. The letter has been received with universal respect by the secular press, and spread abroad over the world. The eagerness with which it was caught up and discussed indicates that it contains something especially adapted to the needs of the present time. The Holy Father speaks with the authority that belongs to his office alone as head of the Catholic Church. He goes to the very root of the evils that most afflict modern society in all lands, and shows the only remedy for them that is sure and lasting. The letter deserves to be studied and restudied, as much from the character and position of the writer as from the manifest wisdom and charity of its advice.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI LEONIS DIVINA PROVIDENTIA PAPÆ XIII. EPISTOLA ENCYCLICA AD PATRIARCHAS, PRIMATES, ARCHIEPISCOPOS, ET EPISCOPOS UNIVERSOS CATHOLICI ORBIS, GRATIAM ET COMMUNIONEM CUM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTES.

VENERABILIBUS FRATRIBUS PATRIARCHIS, PRIMATIBUS, ARCHIEPISCOPIS, ET EPISCOPIS UNIVERSIS CATHOLICI ORBIS GRATIAM ET COMMUNIONEM CUM APOSTOLICA SEDE HABENTIBUS,

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER LEO XIII., BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE, TO ALL THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD, IN THE GRACE AND COMMUNION OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN, ALL THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD, IN THE GRACE AND COMMUNION OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE,

LEO PP. XIII.

Venerabiles Fratres, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem!

Quod Apostolici muneris ratio a nobis postulabat, jam inde a Pontificatus nostri principio, litteris Encyclicis ad vos datis, Venerabiles Fratres, indicare haud prætermisimus lethiferam pestem quæ per artus intimos humanæ societatis serpit, eamque in extremum discrimen adducit: simul etiam remedia efficacissima demonstravimus, quibus ad salutem revocari, et gravissima quæ impendent pericula possit evadere. Sed ea quæ tunc deploravimus mala usque adeo brevi increverunt, ut rursus ad vos verba convertere cogamur, Propheta velut auribus nostris insonante: *Clama, ne cesses, exalta quasi tuba vocem tuam* (Is. lviii. 1). Nullo autem negotio intelligitis, Venerabiles Fratres, Nos de illa hominum secta loqui, qui diversis ac pene barbaris nominibus *Socialistæ*, *Communistæ*, vel *Nihilistæ* appellantur, quique per uni

LEO PP. XIII.

Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

At the very beginning of our pontificate, as the nature of our apostolic office demanded, we hastened to point out in an encyclical letter addressed to you, venerable brethren, the deadly plague that is creeping into the very fibres of human society and leading it on to the verge of destruction; at the same time we pointed out also the most effectual remedies by which society might be restored and might escape from the very serious dangers which threaten it. But the evils which we then deplored have so rapidly increased that we are again compelled to address you, as though we heard the voice of the prophet ringing in our ears: *Cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet* (Is. lviii. 1). You understand, venerable brethren, that we speak of that sect of men who, under various and almost barbarous names, are

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versum orbem diffusi, et iniquo inter se fœdere arctissime colligati, non amplius ab occultorum conventuum tenebris præsidium quærunt, sed palam fidenterque in lucem prodeuntes, quod jam pridem inierunt consilium cujuslibet civilis societatis fundamenta convellendi, perficere adnituntur.

Ii nimirum sunt, qui, prout divina testantur eloquia: *carnem quidem maculant, dominationem spernunt, majestatem autem blasphemant* (Jud. Ep. v. 8). Nihil quod humanis divinisque legibus ad vitæ incolumitatem et decus sapienter decretum est, intactum vel integrum relinquunt: sublimioribus potestatibus, quibus, Apostolo monente, omnem animam decet esse subjectam, quæque a Deo jus imperandi mutuantur, obedientiam detrectant, et perfectam omnium hominum in juribus et officiis prædicant æqualitatem. Naturalem viri ac mulieris unionem, gentibus vel barbaris sacram, dehonestant; ejusque vinculum, quo domestica societas principaliter continetur, infirmant aut etiam libidini permittunt. Præsentium tandem bonorum illecti cupiditate, quæ *radix est omnium malorum et quam quidam appetentes erraverunt a fide* (1 Tim. vi. 10) jus proprietatis naturali lege sancitum impugnant; et per immane facinus, cum omnium hominum necessitatibus consulere et desideriis satisfacere videantur, quidquid aut legitimæ hereditatis titulo, aut ingenii manuumque labore, aut victus parcimonia adquisitum est, rapere et commune habere contendunt. Atque hæc quidem opinionum portenta in eorum conventibus publicant, libellis persuadent, ephemeridum nube in vulgus spargunt. Ex quo verenda regum majestas et imperium tantam seditiosæ plebis subiit invidiam, ut nefarii proditores, omnis freni impatientes, non semel brevi temporis intervallo, in ipsos regnorum Principes, impio ausu, arma converterint.

Hæc autem perfidorum hominum audacia, quæ civili consortio graviores in dies ruinas minitatur, et omnium animos sollicita trepidatione percellit, causam et originem ab iis venenatis doctrinis repetit, quæ superioribus temporibus tamquam vitiosa semina medios inter populos diffusæ, tam pestiferos suo tem-

called *socialists*, *communists*, or *nihilists*, and who, spread over all the world, and bound together by the closest ties in a wicked confederacy, no longer seek the shelter of secret meetings, but, openly and boldly marching forth in the light of day, strive to bring to a head what they have long been planning—the overthrow of all civil society whatsoever.

Surely these are they who, as the Sacred Scriptures testify, *Defile the flesh, despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty* (Jud. Ep. i. 8). They leave nothing untouched or whole which by both human and divine laws has been wisely decreed for the health and beauty of life. They refuse obedience to the higher powers, to whom, according to the admonition of the apostle, every soul ought to be subject, and who derive the right of governing from God; and they proclaim the absolute equality of all men in rights and duties. They debase the natural union of man and woman, which is held sacred even among barbarous peoples; and its bond, by which the family is chiefly held together, they weaken, or even deliver up to lust. Lured, in fine, by the greed of present goods, which is *the root of all evils, which some coveting have erred from the faith* (1 Tim. vi. 10), they assail the right of property sanctioned by natural law; and by a scheme of horrible wickedness, while they seem desirous of caring for the needs and satisfying the desires of all men, they strive to seize and hold in common whatever has been acquired either by title of lawful inheritance, or by labor of brain and hands, or by thrift in one's mode of life. These are the startling theories they utter in their meetings, set forth in their pamphlets, and scatter abroad in a cloud of journals and tracts. Wherefore the revered majesty and power of kings has won such fierce hatred from their seditious people that disloyal traitors, impatient of all restraint, have more than once within a short period raised their arms in impious attempt against the lives of their own sovereigns.

But the boldness of these bad men, which day by day more and more threatens civil society with destruction, and strikes the souls of all with anxiety and fear, finds its cause and origin in those poisonous doctrines which, spread abroad in former times among the people, like evil seed bore in due

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pore fructus dederunt. Probe enim nostis, Venerabiles Fratres, infensissimum bellum, quod in catholicam fidem inde a sæculo decimo sexto a Novatoribus commotum est, et quam maxime in dies hucusque invaluit, eo tendere, ut omni revelatione submota et quolibet supernaturali ordine subverso, solius rationis inventis, seu potius deliramentis, aditus pateret. Ejusmodi error, qui perperam a ratione sibi nomen usurpat, cum excellendi appetentiam naturaliter homini insertam pelliciat et acuat, omnisque generis cupiditatibus laxet habenas, sponte sua non modo plurimorum hominum mentes, sed civilem etiam societatem latissime pervasit. Hinc nova quadam impietate, ipsis vel ethnicis inaudita, respublicæ constitutæ sunt, nulla Dei et ordinis ab eo præstituti habita ratione; publicam auctoritatem nec principium, nec majestatem, nec vim imperandi a Deo sumere dictitatum est, sed potius a populi multitudine, quæ ab omni divina sanctione solutam se æstimans, iis solummodo legibus subesse passa est, quas ipsa ad libitum tulisset. Supernaturalibus fidei veritatibus, tamquam rationi inimicis impugnatis et rejectis, ipse humani generis Auctor ac Redemptor a studiorum Universitatibus, Lyceis et Gymnasiis, atque ab omni publica humanæ vitæ consuetudine sensim et paulatim exulare cogitur. Futuræ tandem æternæque vitæ præmiis ac pœnis oblivioni traditis, felicitatis ardens desiderium intra præsentis temporis spatium definitum est. Hisce doctrinis longe lateque disseminatis, hac tanta cogitandi agendique licentia ubique parta, mirum non est quod infimæ sortis homines, pauperculæ domus vel officinæ pertæsi, in ædes et fortunas ditiorum involare discupiant; mirum non est quod nulla jam publicæ privatæque vitæ tranquillitas consistat, et ad extremam perniciem humanum genus jam pene devenerit.

Supremi autem Ecclesiæ Pastores, quibus dominici gregis ab hostium insidiis tutandi munus incumbit, mature periculum avertere et fidelium saluti consulere studuerunt. Ut enim primum conflari

time such fatal fruit. For you know, venerable brethren, that that most deadly war which from the sixteenth century down has been waged by innovators against the Catholic faith, and which has grown in intensity up to to-day, had for its object to subvert all revelation, and overthrow the supernatural order, that thus the way might be opened for the discoveries or rather the hallucinations, of reason alone. This kind of error, which falsely usurps to itself the name of reason, as it lures and whets the natural appetite that is in man of excelling, and gives loose rein to unlawful desires of every kind, has easily penetrated not only the minds of a great multitude of men but to a wide extent civil society also. Hence, by a new species of impiety, unheard of even among the heathen nations, states have been constituted without any count at all of God or of the order established by him; it has been given out that public authority neither derives its principle, nor its majesty, nor its power of governing from God, but rather from the multitude, which, thinking itself absolved from all divine sanction, bows only to such laws as it shall have made at its own will. The supernatural truths of faith having been assailed and cast out as though hostile to reason, the very Author and Redeemer of the human race has been slowly and little by little banished from the universities, the lyceums and gymnasia—in a word, from every public institution. In fine, the rewards and punishments of a future and eternal life having been handed over to oblivion, the ardent desire of happiness has been limited to the bounds of the present. Such doctrines as these having been scattered far and wide, so great a license of thought and action having sprung up on all sides, it is no matter for surprise that men of the lowest class, weary of their wretched home or workshop, are eager to attack the homes and fortunes of the rich; it is no matter for surprise that already there exists no sense of security either in public or private life, and that the human race should have advanced to the very verge of final dissolution.

But the supreme pastors of the church, on whom the duty falls of guarding the Lord's flock from the snares of the enemy, have striven in time to ward off the danger and provide for the safety of the

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cœperunt clandestinæ societates, quarum sinu errorum, quos memoravimus, semina jam tum fovebantur, Romani Pontifices Clemens XII. et Benedictus XIV. impia sectarum consilia detegere et de pernicie, quæ latenter instrueretur, totius orbis fideles admonere non prætermiserunt. Postquam vero ab iis, qui philosophorum nomine gloriabantur, effrenis quædam libertas homini attributa est, et jus novum, ut aiunt, contra naturalem divinamque legem confingi et sanciri cœptum est, fel. mem. Pius Papa VI. statim iniquam earum doctrinarum indolem et falsitatem publicis documentis ostendit ; simulque apostolica providentia ruinas prædixit, ad quas plebs misere decepta raperetur. Sed cum nihilominus nulla efficaci ratione cautum fuerit ne prava earum dogmata magis in dies populis persuaderentur, neve in publica regnorum scita evaderent, Pius PP. VII. et Leo PP. XII. occultas sectas anathemate damnarunt, atque iterum de periculo, quod ab illis impendebat, societatem admonuerunt. Omnibus denique manifestum est quibus gravissimis verbis et quanta animi firmitate ac constantia gloriosus Decessor noster Pius IX. f. m., sive allocutionibus habitis, sive litteris encyclicis ad totius orbis episcopos datis, tum contra iniqua sectarum conamina tum nominatim contra jam ex ipsis erumpentem Socialismi pestem dimicaverit.

Dolendum autem est eos, quibus communis boni cura demandata est, impiorum hominum fraudibus circumventos et minis perteritos in Ecclesiam semper suspicioso vel etiam iniquo animo fuisse, non intelligentes sectarum conatus in irritum cessuros, si catholicæ Ecclesiæ doctrina, Romanorumque Pontificum auctoritas, et penes principes et penes populos, debito semper in honore mansisset. *Ecclesia* namque *Dei vivi*, quæ *columna* est et *firmamentum veritatis* (1 Tim iii. 15), eas doctrinas et præcepta tradit, quibus societatis incolumitati et quieti apprime prospicitur, et nefasta Socialismi propago radicitus evellitur.

faithful. For as soon as the secret societies began to be formed, in whose bosom the seeds of the errors which we have already mentioned were even then being nourished, the Roman Pontiffs Clement XII. and Benedict XIV. did not fail to unmask the evil counsels of the sects, and to warn the faithful of the whole globe against the ruin which would be wrought. Later on again, when a licentious sort of liberty was attributed to man by a set of men who gloried in the name of philosophers, and a new right, as they call it, against the natural and divine law began to be framed and sanctioned, Pope Pius VI., of happy memory, at once exposed in public documents the guile and falsehood of their doctrines, and at the same time foretold with apostolic foresight the ruin into which the people so miserably deceived would be dragged. But as no adequate precaution was taken to prevent their evil teachings from leading the people more and more astray, and lest they should be allowed to escape in the public statutes of states, Popes Pius VII. and Leo XII. condemned by anathema the secret sects, and again warned society of the danger which threatened them. Finally, all have witnessed with what solemn words and great firmness and constancy of soul our glorious predecessor, Pius IX., of happy memory, both in his allocutions and in his encyclical letters addressed to the bishops of all the world, fought now against the wicked attempts of the sects, now openly by name against the pest of socialism, which was already making headway.

But it is to be lamented that those to whom has been committed the guardianship of the public weal, deceived by the wiles of wicked men and terrified by their threats, have looked upon the church with a suspicious and even hostile eye, not perceiving that the attempts of the sects would be vain if the doctrine of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiffs had always survived, with the honor that belongs to them, among princes and peoples. For *the church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of truth* (1 Tim. iii. 15), hands down those doctrines and precepts whose special object is the safety and peace of society and the uprooting of the evil growth of socialism.

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Quamquam enimvero Socialistæ ipso evangelio abutentes ad male cautos facilius decipiendos, illud ad suam sententiam detorquere consueverint, tamen tanta est inter eorum prava dogmata et purissimam Christi doctrinam dissensio, ut nulla major existat: *Quæ enim participatio justitiæ cum iniquitate? aut quæ societas lucis ad tenebras?* (2 Cor. vi. 14). Ii profecto dictitare non desinunt, ut innuimus, omnes homines esse inter se natura æquales, ideoque contendunt nec majestati honorem ac reverentiam, nec legibus, nisi forte ab ipsis ad placitum sanc.tis, obedientiam deberi. Contra vero, ex Evangelicis documentis ea est hominum æqualitas, ut omnes eamdem naturam sortiti, ad eamdem filiorum Dei celsissimam dignitatem vocentur, simulque ut uno eodemque fine omnibus præstituto, singuli secundum eamdem legem judicandi sint, pœnas aut mercedem pro merito consecuturi. Inæqualitas tamen juris et potestatis ab ipso naturæ Auctore dimanat, ex *quo omnis paternitas in cœlis et in terra nominatur* (Ephes. iii. 15). Principum autem et subditorum animi mutuis officiis et juribus, secundum catholicam doctrinam ac præcepta, ita devinciuntur, ut et imperandi temperetur libido et obedientiæ ratio facilis, firma et nobilissima efficiatur.

Sane Ecclesia subjectæ multitudini Apostolicum præceptum jugiter inculcat: *Non est potestas nisi a Deo; quæ autem sunt, a Deo ordinata sunt. Itaque qui resistit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit: qui autem resistunt ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt.* Atque iterum *necessitate subditos* esse jubet *non solum propter iram, sed etiam propter conscientiam;* et *omnibus debita* reddere, *cui tributum tributum, cui vectigal vectigal, cui timorem timorem, cui honorem honorem* (Rom. xiii.)

Siquidem qui creavit et gubernat omnia, provida sua sapientia disposuit, ut infima per media, media per summa ad suos quæque fines perveniant. Sicut igitur in ipso regno cœlesti Angelorum choros voluit esse distinctos aliosque aliis subjectos, sicut etiam in Ecclesia varios instituit ordinum gradus officiorumque diversitatem, ut non omnes es-

For, indeed, although the socialists, stealing the very Gospel itself with a view to deceive more easily the unwary, have been accustomed to distort it so as to suit their own purposes, nevertheless so great is the difference between their depraved teachings and the most pure doctrine of Christ that none greater could exist: *for what participation hath justice with injustice? or what fellowship hath light with darkness?* (2 Cor. vi. 14). Their habit, as we have intimated, is always to maintain that nature has made all men equal, and that therefore neither honor nor respect is due to majesty, nor obedience to laws, unless, perhaps, to those sanctioned by their own good pleasure. But, on the contrary, in accordance with the teachings of the Gospel, the equality of men consists in this: that all, having inherited the same nature, are called to the same most high dignity of the sons of God, and that, as one and the same end is set before all, each one is to be judged by the same law and will receive punishment or reward according to his deserts. The inequality of rights and of power proceeds from the very Author of nature, *from whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named* (Ephes. iii. 15). But the minds of princes and their subjects are, according to Catholic doctrine and precepts, bound up one with the other in such a manner, by mutual duties and rights, that the license of power is restrained and the rational ground of obedience made easy, firm, and noble.

Assuredly the church wisely inculcates the apostolic precept on the mass of men: *There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation.* And again she admonishes those *subject by necessity* to be so *not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake*, and to render *to all men their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor* (Rom. xiii.)

For He who created and governs all things has, in his wise providence, appointed that the things which are lowest should attain their ends by those which are intermediate, and these again by the highest. Thus, as even in the kingdom of heaven he hath willed that the choirs of angels be distinct and some subject to others, and also in the church has insti-

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sent Apostoli, non omnes Doctores, non omnes Pastores (1 Cor. xii.); ita etiam constituit in civili societate plures esse ordines, dignitate, juribus, potestate diversos, quo scilicet civitas, quemadmodum Ecclesia, unum esset corpus, multa membra complectens, alia aliis nobiliora, sed cuncta sibi invicem necessaria et de communi bono sollicita.

At vero ut populorum rectores potestate sibi concessa in ædificationem et non in destructionem utantur, Ecclesia Christi opportunissime monet etiam Principibus supremi judicis severitatem imminere; et divinæ Sapientiæ verba usurpans, Dei nomine omnibus inclamat: *Præbete aures vos, qui continetis multitudines et placetis vobis in turbis nationum; quoniam data est a Domino potestas vobis et virtus ab Altissimo, qui interrogabit opera vestra et cogitationes scrutabitur . . . Quoniam judicium durissimum his qui præsunt fiet . . . Non enim subtrahet personam cujusquam Deus, nec verebitur magnitudinem cujusquam; quoniam pusillum et magnum ipse fecit, et æqualiter cura est illi de omnibus. Fortioribus autem fortior instat cruciatio* (Sap. vi.) Si tamen quandoque contingat temere et ultra modum publicam a principibus potestatem exerceri, catholicæ Ecclesiæ doctrina in eos insurgere proprio marte non sinit, ne ordinis tranquillitas magis magisque turbetur, neve societas majus exinde detrimentum capiat. Cumque res eo devenerit ut nulla alia spes salutis affulgeat, docet christianæ patientiæ meritis et instantibus ad Deum precibus remedium esse maturandum. Quod si legislatorum ac principum placita aliquid sanciverint aut jusserint quod divinæ aut naturali legi repugnet, christiani nominis dignitas et officium atque Apostolica sententia suadent *obediendum* esse *magis Deo quam hominibus.*

Salutarem porro Ecclesiæ virtutem, quæ in civilis societatis ordinatissimum regimen et conservationem redundat, ipsa etiam domestica societas, quæ omnis civitatis et regni principium est, necessario sentit et experitur. Nostis enim, Venerabiles Fratres, rectam hujus societatis rationem, secundum naturalis juris necessitatem in indissolubili viri ac mulieris unione primo inniti, et mutuis pa-

tuted various orders and a diversity of offices, so that all are not apostles or doctors or pastors (1 Cor. xii.), so also has he appointed that there should be various orders in civil society, differing in dignity, rights, and power, whereby the state, like the church, should be one body, consisting of many members, some nobler than others, but all necessary to each other and solicitous for the common good.

But that rulers may use the power conceded to them to save and not to destroy, the church of Christ seasonably warns even princes that the sentence of the Supreme Judge overhangs them, and, adopting the words of divine Wisdom, calls upon all in the name of God: *Give ear, you that rule the people, and that please yourselves in multitudes of nations; for power is given you by the Lord, and strength by the Most High, who will examine your works, and search out your thoughts. . . . For a most severe judgment shall be for them that bear rule. . . . For God will not except any man's person, neither will he stand in awe of any man's greatness, for he hath made the little and the great; and he hath equally care of all. But a greater punishment is ready for the more mighty* (Wis. vi.) And if at any time it happen that the power of the state is rashly and tyrannically wielded by princes, the teaching of the Catholic Church does not allow an insurrection on private authority against them, lest public order be only the more disturbed, and lest society take greater hurt therefrom. And when affairs come to such a pass that there is no other hope of safety, she teaches that relief may be hastened by the merits of Christian patience and by earnest prayers to God. But if the will of legislators and princes shall have sanctioned or commanded anything repugnant to the divine or natural law, the dignity and duty of the Christian name, as well as the judgment of the apostle, urge that *God is to be obeyed rather than man* (Acts v. 29).

Even family life itself, which is the corner-stone of all society and government, necessarily feels and experiences the salutary power of the church which redounds to the right ordering and preservation of every state and kingdom. For you know, venerable brethren, that the foundation of this society rests first of all in the indissoluble union of man and wife according

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rentes inter et filios, dominos ac servos officiis juribusque compleri. Nostis etiam per Socialismi placita eam pene dissolvi; siquidem firmitate amissa, quæ ex religioso conjugio in ipsam refunditur, necesse est ipsam patris in prolem potestatem, et prolis erga genitores officia maxime relaxari. Contra vero *honorabile in omnibus connubium* (Hebr. xiii.), quod in ipso mundi exordio ad humanam speciem propagandam et conservandam Deus ipse instituit et inseparabile decrevit, firmius etiam et sanctius Ecclesia docet evasisse per Christum, qui sacramenti ei contulit dignitatem, et suæ cum Ecclesia unionis formam voluit referre. Quapropter, Apostolo monente (ad Eph. v.), sicut Christus caput est Ecclesiæ, ita vir caput est mulieris; et quemadmodum ecclesia subjecta est Christo, qui eam castissimo perpetuoque amore complectitur, ita et mulieres viris suis decet esse subjectas, ab ipsis vicissim fideli constantique affectu diligendas. Similiter patriæ atque herilis potestatis ita Ecclesia rationem moderatur, ut ad filios ac famulos in officio continendos valeat, nec tamen præter modum excrescat. Secundum namque catholica documenta, in parentes et dominos cœlestis Patris ac domini dimanat auctoritas, quæ idcirco ab ipso non solum originem ac vim sumit, sed etiam naturam et indolem necesse est mutuetur. Hinc liberos Apostolus hortatur *obedire parentibus suis in Domino, et honorare patrem suum et matrem suam, quod est mandatum primum in promissione* (ad Eph. vi. 1, 2). Parentibus autem mandat: *Et vos patres, nolite ad iracundiam provocare filios vestros, sed educate illos in disciplina et correptione Domini* (ibid. vi. 4). Rursus autem servis ac dominis per eumdem Apostolum divinum præceptum proponitur, ut illi quidem obediant *dominis carnalibus sicut Christo . . . cum bona voluntate servientes sicut Domino*: isti autem *remittant minas, scientes quia omnium Dominus est in cœlis, et personarum acceptio non est apud Deum* (ibid., vi. 5, 6, 7).

Quæ quidem omnia si secundum divinæ voluntatis placitum diligenter a singulis, ad quos pertinet, servarentur,

to the necessity of natural law, and is completed in the mutual rights and duties of parents and children, masters and servants. You know also that the doctrines of socialism strive to dissolve this union; since that stability which is imparted to it by religious wedlock being lost, it follows that the power of the father over his own children, and the duties of the children towards their parents, must be greatly weakened. But the church, on the contrary, teaches that *marriage, honorable in all* (Hebr. xiii.), which God himself instituted in the very beginning of the world, and made indissoluble for the propagation and preservation of the human species, has become still more binding and more holy through Christ, who raised it to the dignity of a sacrament, and chose to use it as the figure of his own union with the church. Wherefore, as the apostle hath it (Ephes. v.), as Christ is the head of the church, so is the man the head of the woman; and as the church is subject to Christ, who embraces her with a most chaste and undying love, so also should wives be subject to their husbands, and be loved by them in turn with a faithful and constant affection. In like manner does the church temper the use of parental and domestic authority, that it may tend to hold children and servants to their duty, without going beyond bounds. For, according to Catholic teaching, the authority of our heavenly Father and Lord is imparted to parents and masters, whose authority, therefore, not only takes its origin and force from him, but also borrows its nature and character. Hence the apostle exhorts children to *obey their parents in the Lord, and honor their father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise* (Eph. vi. 1, 2); and he admonishes parents: *And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord* (ib. vi. 4). Again, the apostle enjoins the divine precept on servants and masters, exhorting the former to be *obedient to their lords according to the flesh as to Christ . . . with a good will serving, as to the Lord*: and the latter, to *forbear threatenings, knowing that the Lord of all is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with God* (ib. vi. 7).

If only all these matters were faithfully observed according to the divine will by all on whom they are enjoined, most

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quælibet profecto familia cœlestis domus imaginem quandam præ se ferret, et præclara exinde beneficia parta, non intra domesticos tantum parietes sese continerent, sed in ipsas respublicas uberrime dimanarent.

Publicæ autem ac domesticæ tranquillitati catholica sapientia, naturalis divinæque legis præceptis suffulta, consultissime providit etiam per ea quæ sentit ac docet de jure dominii et partitione bonorum quæ ad vitæ necessitatem et utilitatem sunt comparata. Cum enim Socialistæ jus proprietatis, tamquam humanum inventum, naturali hominum æqualitati repugnans, traducant, et communionem bonorum affectantes, paupertatem haud æquo animo esse perferendam et ditiorum possessiones ac jura impune violari posse arbitrentur; Ecclesia multo satius et utilius inæqualitatem inter homines, corporis ingeniique viribus naturaliter diversos, etiam in bonis possidendis agnoscit, et jus proprietatis ac dominii, ab ipsa natura profectum, intactum cuilibet et inviolatum esse jubet; novit enim furtum ac rapinam a Deo, omnis juris auctore ac vindice, ita fuisse prohibita, ut aliena vel concupiscere non liceat, furesque et raptores, non secus ac adulteri et idololatræ a cœlesti regno excludantur. Nec tamen idcirco pauperum curam negligit, aut ipsorum necessitatibus consulere pia mater prætermittit: quin imo materno illos complectens affectu, et probe noscens eos gerere ipsius Christi personam, qui sibi præstitum beneficium putat, quod vel in minimum pauperem a quopiam fuerit collatum, magno illos habet in honore; omni qua potest ope sublevat; domos atque hospitia iis excipiendis, alendis et curandis ubique terrarum curat erigenda, eaque in suam recipit tutelam. Gravissimo divites urget præcepto, ut quod superest pauperibus tribuant; eosque divino terret judicio, quo, nisi egenorum inopiæ succurant, æternis sint suppliciis multandi. Tandem pauperum animos maxime recreat ac solatur, sive exemplum Christi objiciens, qui *cum esset dives propter nos egenus factus est* (2 Cor. viii. 9); sive ejusdem verba recolens quibus pauperes beatos edixit et æternæ beatitudinis præmia sperare jussit.

assuredly every family would be a figure of the heavenly home, and the wonderful blessings there begotten would not confine themselves to the households alone, but would scatter their riches abroad through the nations.

But Catholic wisdom, sustained by the precepts of natural and divine law, provides with especial care for public and private tranquillity in its doctrines and teachings regarding the duty of government and the distribution of the goods which are necessary for life and use. For while the socialists would destroy the *right* of property, alleging it to be a human invention altogether opposed to the inborn equality of man, and, claiming a community of goods, argue that poverty should not be peaceably endured, and that the property and privileges of the rich may be rightly invaded, the church, with much greater wisdom and good sense, recognizes the inequality among men, who are born with different powers of body and mind, inequality in actual possession also, and holds that the right of property and of ownership, which springs from nature itself, must not be touched and stands inviolate; for she knows that stealing and robbery were forbidden in so special a manner by God, the author and defender of right, that she would not allow man even to desire what belonged to another, and that thieves and despoilers, no less than adulterers and idolaters, are shut out from the kingdom of heaven. But not the less on this account does our holy mother not neglect the care of the poor or omit to provide for their necessities; but rather, drawing them to her with a mother's embrace, and knowing that they bear the person of Christ himself, who regards the smallest gift to the poor as a benefit conferred on himself, holds them in great honor. She does all she can to help them; she provides homes and hospitals where they may be received, nourished, and cared for all the world over, and watches over these. She is constantly pressing on the rich that most grave precept to give what remains to the poor; and she holds over their heads the divine sentence that unless they succor the needy they will be repaid by eternal torments. In fine, she does all she can to relieve and comfort the poor, either by holding up to them the example of Christ, *who being rich became poor*

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Quis autem non videat optimam hanc esse vetustissimi inter pauperes et divites dissidii componendi rationem? Sicut enim ipsa rerum factorumque evidentia demonstrat, ea ratione rejecta aut posthabita, alterutrum contingat necesse est, ut vel maxima humani generis pars in turpissimam mancipiorum conditionem relabatur, quæ diu penes ethnicos obtinuit; aut humana societas continuis sit agitanda motibus, rapinis ac latrociniis funestanda, prout recentibus etiam temporibus contigisse dolemus.

Quæ cum ita sint, Venerabiles Fratres, Nos, quibus modo totius Ecclesiæ regimen incumbit, sicut a Pontificatus exordiis populis ac Principibus dira tempestate jactatis portum commonstravimus, quo se tutissime reciperent; ita nunc extremo, quod instat, periculo commoti, Apostolicam vocem ad eos rursus attollimus; eosque per propriam ipsorum ac reipublicæ salutem iterum iterumque precamur, obtestantes ut Ecclesiam, de publica regnorum prosperitate tam egregie meritam, magistram recipiant et audiant; planeque sentiant rationes regni et religionis ita esse conjunctas, ut quantum de hac detrahitur, tantum de subditorum officio et de imperii majestate decedat. Et cum ad Socialismi pestem avertendam tantam Ecclesiæ Christi virtutem noverint inesse, quanta nec humanis legibus inest, nec magistratum cohibitionibus, nec militum armis, ipsam Ecclesiam in eam tandem conditionem libertatemque restituant, qua saluberrimam vim suam in totius humanæ societatis commodum possit exercere.

Vos autem, Venerabiles Fratres, qui ingruentium malorum originem et indolem perspectam habetis, in id toto animi nisu ac contentione incumbite, ut catholica doctrina in omnium animos inseratur atque alte descendat. Satagite ut vel a teneris annis omnes assuescant Deum filiali amore complecti, ejusque numen vereri; principum legumque majestati obsequium præstare; a cupiditatibus temperare, et ordinem, quem Deus sive in civili sive in domestica societate constituit, diligenter custodire. Insuper adlaboretis oportet ut Ecclesiæ catholicæ filii neque *for our sake* (2 Cor. viii. 9), or by reminding them of his own words, wherein he pronounced the poor blessed and bade them hope for the reward of eternal bliss.

But who does not see that this is the best method of arranging the old struggle between the rich and poor? For, as the very evidence of facts and events shows, if this method is rejected or disregarded one of two things must occur; either the greater portion of the human race will fall back into the vile condition of slavery which so long prevailed among the pagan nations, or human society must continue to be disturbed by constant eruptions, to be disgraced by rapine and strife, as we have had sad witness even in recent times.

These things being so, then, venerable brethren, as at the beginning of our pontificate we, on whom the guidance of the whole church now lies, pointed out a place of refuge to the peoples and the princes tossed about by the fury of the tempest, so now, moved by the extreme peril that is on them, we again lift up our voice, and beseech them again and again for their own safety's sake as well as that of their people to welcome and give ear to the church which has had such wonderful influence on the public prosperity of kingdoms, and to recognize that the foundations of spiritual and temporal rule are so closely united that what is taken from the spiritual weakens the loyalty of subjects and the majesty of kings. And since they know that the church of Christ has such power to ward off the plague of socialism as cannot be found in human laws, in the mandates of magistrates, or in the force of armies, let them restore that church to the condition and liberty in which she may exert her healing force for the benefit of all society.

But you, venerable brethren, who know the origin and the drift of these gathering evils, strive with all your force of soul to implant the Catholic teaching deep in the minds of all. Strive that all may have the habit of clinging to God with filial love and revering his divinity from their tenderest years; that they may respect the majesty of princes and of laws; that they may restrain their passions and stand fast by the order which God has established in civil and domestic society. Moreover, labor hard that the children of the Ca-

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nomen dare, neque abominatæ sectæ favere ulla ratione audeant: quin imo, per egregia facinora et honestam in omnibus agendi rationem ostendant, quam bene feliciterque humana consisteret societas, si singula membra recte factis et virtutibus præfulgerent. Tandem cum Socialismi sectatores ex hominum genere potissimum quærantur qui artes exercent, vel operas locant, quique laborum forte pertæsi divitiarum spe ac bonorum promissione facillime alliciuntur, opportunum videtur, artificum atque opificum societates fovere, quæ sub religionis tutela constitutæ, omnes socios sua sorte contentos, operumque patientes efficiant, et ad quietam ac tranquillam vitam agendam inducant.

Nostris autem vestrisque cœptis, Venerabiles Fratres, Ille aspiret, cui omnis boni principium et exitum acceptum referre cogimur. Cæterum in spem præsentissimi auxilii ipsa nos horum dierum erigit ratio, quibus Domini Natalis dies anniversaria celebritate recolitur. Quam enim Christus nascens senescenti jam mundo et in malorum extrema pene dilapso novam intulit salutem, eam nos quoque sperare jubet; pacemque quam tunc per Angelos hominibus nuntiavit, nobis etiam se daturum promisit. Neque enim *abbreviata est manus Domini ut salvare nequeat, neque aggravata est auris ejus ut non exaudiat* (Is. lix. 1). His igitur auspicatissimis diebus vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, et fidelibus ecclesiarum vestrarum fausta omnia ac læta ominantes, bonorum omnium Datorem enixe precamur, ut rursum *hominibus appareat benignitas et humanitas salvatoris nostri Dei* (Tit. iii. 4), qui nos ab infensissimi hostis potestate ereptos in nobilissimam filiorum transtulit dignitatem. Atque ut citius ac plenius voti compotes simus, fervidas ad Deum preces et ipsi Nobiscum adhibete, Venerabiles Fratres, et Beatæ Virginis Mariæ ab origine immaculatæ, ejusque sponsi Josephi ac beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, quorum suffragiis maxime confidimus, patrocinium interponite. Interim autem divinorum munerum auspicem Apostolicam Benedictionem, intimo cordis affectu, vobis, Venerabiles Fratres, vestroque clero ac fidelibus populis universis in Domino impertimur.

Datum Romæ, apud S. Petrum, die 28 decembris 1878, Pontificatus nostri anno primo. LEO PP. XIII.

tholic Church neither join nor favor in any way whatsoever this abominable sect; let them show, on the contrary, by noble deeds and right dealing in all things, how well and happily human society would hold together were each member to shine as an example of right doing and of virtue. In fine, as the recruits of socialism are especially sought among artisans and workmen, who, tired, perhaps, of labor, are more easily allured by the hope of riches and the promise of wealth, it is well to encourage societies of artisans and workmen which, constituted under the guardianship of religion, may tend to make all associates contented with their lot and move them to a quiet and peaceful life.

Venerable brethren, may He who is the beginning and end of every good work inspire your and our endeavors. And, indeed, the very thought of these days, in which the anniversary of our Lord's birth is solemnly observed, moves us to hope for speedy help. For the new life which Christ at his birth brought to a world already ageing and steeped in the very depths of wickedness he bids us also to hope for; and the peace which he then announced by the angels to men he has promised to us also. For the Lord's *hand is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that he cannot hear* (Is. lix. 1). In these most auspicious days, then, venerable brethren, wishing all joy and happiness to you and to the faithful of your churches, we earnestly pray the Giver of all good that again *there may appear unto men the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour* (Tit. iii. 4), who brought us out of the power of our most deadly enemy into the most noble dignity of the sons of God. And that we may the sooner and more fully gain our wish, do you, venerable brethren, join with us in lifting up your fervent prayers to God and beg the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, and of Joseph her spouse, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul, in whose prayers we have the greatest confidence. And in the meanwhile we impart to you, with the inmost affection of the heart, and to your clergy and faithful people, the apostolic benediction as an augury of the divine gifts.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 28th day of December, 1878, in the first year of our pontificate. LEO XIII, POPE.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION, ANGLICANISM AND RITUALISM. Lectures delivered in St. Ann's Church on the Sunday evenings of Advent, 1878. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G. New York: R. Coddington. 1879.

With condensed learning, terse logic, and in an easy, popular style, with the earnestness and directness of aim upon the conscience which belongs properly to sermons from the pulpit of the church, Father Preston has made a new theological, historical, and moral demolition of that most intrinsically incongruous and absurd of all things—Protestantism. This collection of lectures is perhaps the most able and complete of the author's numerous works, and one of the best of its kind for general circulation and perusal.

THE POET AND HIS MASTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Watson Gilder, author of *The New Day*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

These poems are full of promise. There is music in them, delicacy of thought, great grace of expression, and that deep sympathy with nature and the finer and higher feelings in man without which a poet, though he may have all the other gifts, can never hope to touch the human heart or catch for any length of time the human ear. Judging by his present volume, Mr. Gilder has not yet quite cut aloof from the influence of other poets, echoes of whom we catch here and there in his verse. He is evidently reaching out, however, for his own subject and his own method. These attained, he will no longer sing of "his master." The true poet has no master. He stands alone, and perforce gives utterance to what is in him as no other did or could.

The dainty little collection that make up the present volume are gushes of song that seemingly came when the humor took the poet. They are as various in merit as in subject, though all possess the characteristics we have noted at the beginning. A sonnet, a love-song, an epigram, a little ballad with a touch of humor—so they go on. The sonnets are especially good and highly finished. By far the best poem of the collection is, to our thinking, the opening "Ode," which has something of the old Greek sympathy with nature and felicity of expression. We quote a few stanzas:

"I am the spirit of the morning sea;
I am the awakening and the glad surprise;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.

. . . . . .

I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
Hurries the snowy spume along the shore,
And dies at last in some far-murmuring cave.
My voice thou hearest in the breaker's roar—
That sound which never failed since time began
And first around the world the shining tumult ran."

That last line is quite Homeric.

. . . . . .

"I am the laughter of the new-born child
On whose soft-breathing sleep an angel smiled.
And I all sweet first things that are:
First songs of birds,
Not perfect as at last—
Broken and incomplete—
But sweet, oh, sweet!
And I the first faint glimmer of a star
To the wrecked ship that tells the storm is past;
The first keen smells and stirrings of the spring;
First snow-flakes and first May-flowers after snow;
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade."

Mr. Gilder here helps us to characterize his own poems, as the

"First songs of birds,
Not perfect as at last—
Broken and incomplete—
But sweet, oh, sweet!"

LIVES OF THE EARLY POPES: ST. PETER TO ST. SYLVESTER. By the Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A. London: R. Washbourne. 1878.

It is desirable that we should have more and better histories of the popes in the English language than we as yet possess. Such as we actually have, with the exception of some lives of single popes, are very meagre and jejune. Father Meyrick's volume, which is publish-

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ed in a neat and handsome style and written with scholarly propriety and taste, is a welcome beginning in the line of papal biography, and the further prosecution of the same task will be equally welcome, especially if it should be carried out to completion, so as to give the reading public an entire collection of good, popular lives of the popes. In some instances we regret to see an uncritical following of legends which have been cast away by the best authorities as apocryphal. We believe that the author is a Jesuit, although the letters S.J. are displaced on the title-page by the M.A. of the university. It is not usual for the members of this society to fall into the fault of uncritical historical compilation. If the series is continued we trust that more care will be taken in regard to this very important point.

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND. By William Bullen Morris, Priest of the Oratory. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

Father Morris is a pleasing writer, and, though an Englishman, not at all deficient in devotion to St. Patrick and love for the poetic and marvellous side of Irish ecclesiastical history. The known and certain or probable facts, historically authenticated, in the life of Ireland's great apostle, are presented by the pious and graceful sketch of the Oratorian in a brief and succinct manner, enwreathed and embowered in the foliage and flowers of that charming legendary tradition which embellishes the narrative and increases very much the reader's enjoyment, besides giving him pious edification, if he have a simple and childlike faith in the supernatural. This legendary history has, undoubtedly, a verisimilitude surpassing the positive evidence of truth in its details which is accessible. Considering what St. Patrick did, what is the reminiscence of his apostolic career which survives in the national literature of Ireland, and what we know of other great saints, it is probable that many supernatural manifestations accompanied the first establishment of the Christian faith in Erin's charming land. We may be, therefore, reasonably convinced that there is a very considerable nucleus of actual fact in the centre of the miraculous blaze of glory with which Irish tradition surrounds the person of the great apostle whose work still subsisting before our eyes is more wonderful than any of the prodigies ascribed to him by his early biographers. We cannot accurately separate the historical from the legendary in the marvellous story of St. Patrick's life and labors, and it is not necessary to attempt it. The accomplished author gives us a spirited and interesting picture of the man and the time which we may fairly accept as representing in general features the reality, and we can reasonably regard it and enjoy it in that light, turning to other works for more critical history.

MONTH DEDICATED TO THE SERAPHIC PATRIARCH ST. FRANCIS BY HIS CHILDREN AND DEVOUT CLIENTS. Translated from the Italian of Father Candido Mariotti, at the request of the Franciscan Fathers, Stratford, London. With a commendatory letter from His Eminence Cardinal Manning. London: Burns & Oates. 1878.

Small as is this book, it is a treasury of deep yet practical spirituality. Instead of the Month of St. Francis it might well be termed the spirit of the Seraphic Saint. It will be very acceptable to all the members of the different orders of St. Francis; and not only to them but to all sincere Christians anxious for their advancement in the spiritual life we can heartily recommend, in the words of Cardinal Manning, "the following meditations and devotions in honor of our seraphic patron, St. Francis. If the world had grown cold in his day, it is, I fear, colder in ours; and if his fervor, humility, poverty, and love to God and man, and to all the works of God, were needed then, they are more needed now, when luxury, intellectual vainglory, and the pride of life have so far banished God from society, science, and the souls of men. The world was converted by the humility, poverty, and charity of Jesus in the beginning, and it will be converted by nothing else at this day."

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